



BALI • 2019

INDONESIA





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Introduction

2019 is the fourth year I travel to Bali to make a tour.

What attracts so much to me is to visit a small island that is slightly smaller than Zealand. There are several reasons, first of all it is relatively affordable to live in Bali and with more than 5,000 accommodations, it is easy to find good places at reasonable prices. In addition, it is the Balinese way of living, their culture, their fantastic nature and, not least, one can feel pressured by moving among the Balinese.

In my previous 3 years in Bali, I have not felt threatened at any time, and despite the fact that I have visited very remote areas.

It should be no secret that when I sit in the plane in Copenhagen and know there are almost 7 hours waiting for Doha, a little wait at the airport in Qatar. Then up again and another approx. 11 hours to reach Denpasar and Bali, the idea may come to mind if it is worth the trouble. Actually, the time goes very fast. The planes are not new but nicely decorated with little movies, listening to some music or just sleeping.

It is immediately something else on the way back. Getting back to Copenhagen cannot be strong

enough.

Previously, I took the train directly from Viborg to Copenhagen Airport. A trip of just over 5 hours. In 2019 I was driven to Karup and took DAT to Copenhagen. A trip of about 45 min. Besides coming quickly to Copenhagen, the trip is very cheap, as the senior costs the trip only DKK 199. DSB wants DKK 470 for the same trip.

This year I have chosen the following areas in Bali to be visited. It starts in Uluwatu, where I will visit the temple on the cliff and the beach. Then I am transported up to Munduk, because it could be an exciting area to experience. After Munduk, it is called Kintamani at Lake Batur. I have visited the area as a one-day tourist in connection with a tour. After Lake Batur it goes on to the north coast and Lulamdén. A place I've been driving several times. I am aware that the biggest activities in that area are snorkeling and diving. Eventually I picked up at Bluehill Resort and drove to Candi Dasa and Bali Palms Resort, where I have been staying twice before.

Candi Dasa can of course not surprise me, maybe just if a new restaurant should have started up.

The city of Candi Dasa is just the right size I like. From one end to the other there is a straight piece of street of approx. 1000 m. Candi Dasa has a very nice lagoon at the northern end of town just opposite the city's temple.

After 8 days here in Candi Dasa, it goes to the airport in Denpasar, a 70 km ride and small 2 hour drive. This year I am facilitating at 7 PM and will according to plan countri-

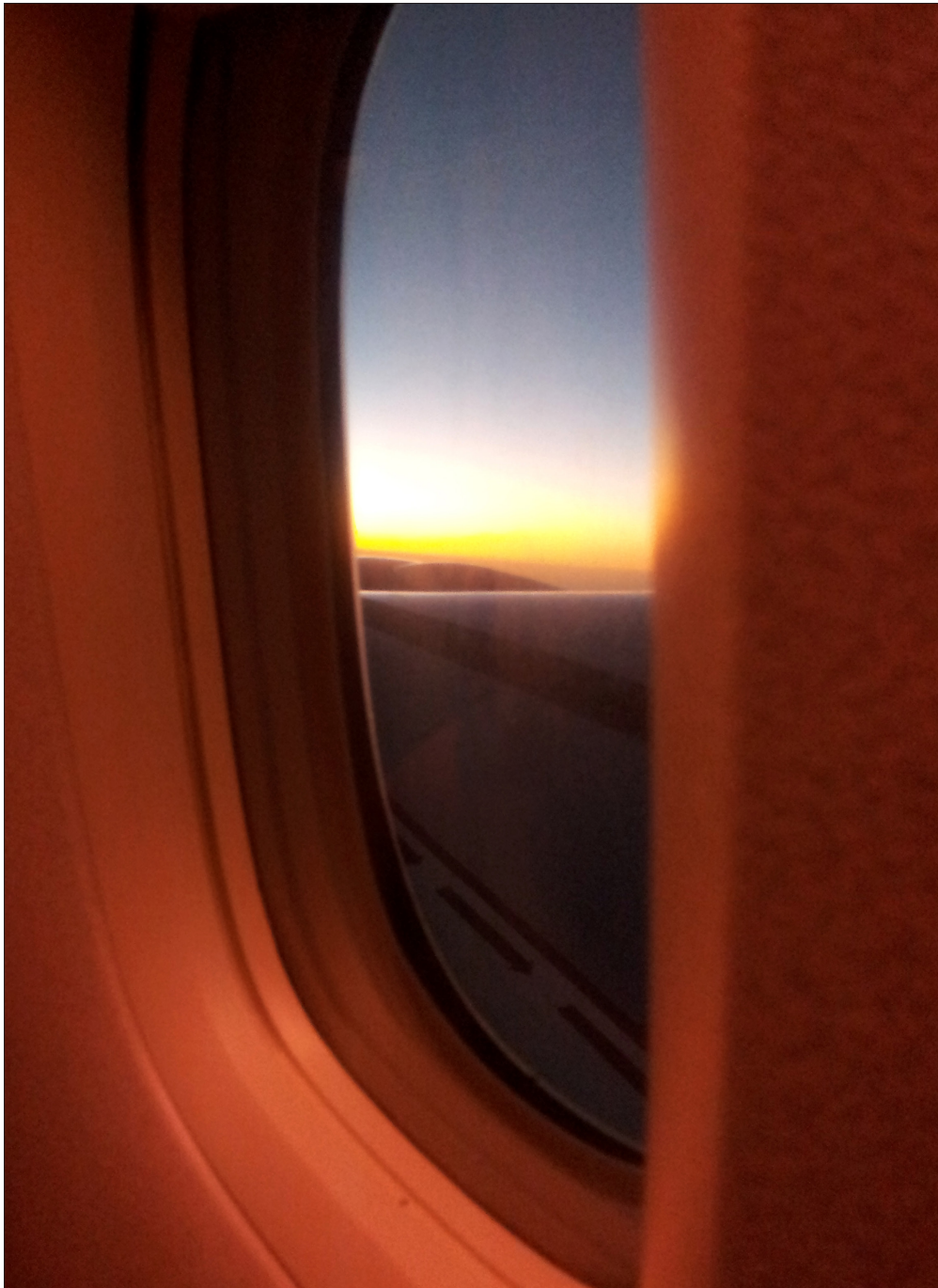
es in Copenhagen next morning 6.30 Danish time. There will be a stopover in Doha of approx. 1 hour. In Copenhagen, there are 4 hours of waiting time before I finish the last time towards Karup and will be at home in Viborg at 14 o'clock.

On the following pages I will try with my words and pictures, tell about my experiences from the trip in 2019.

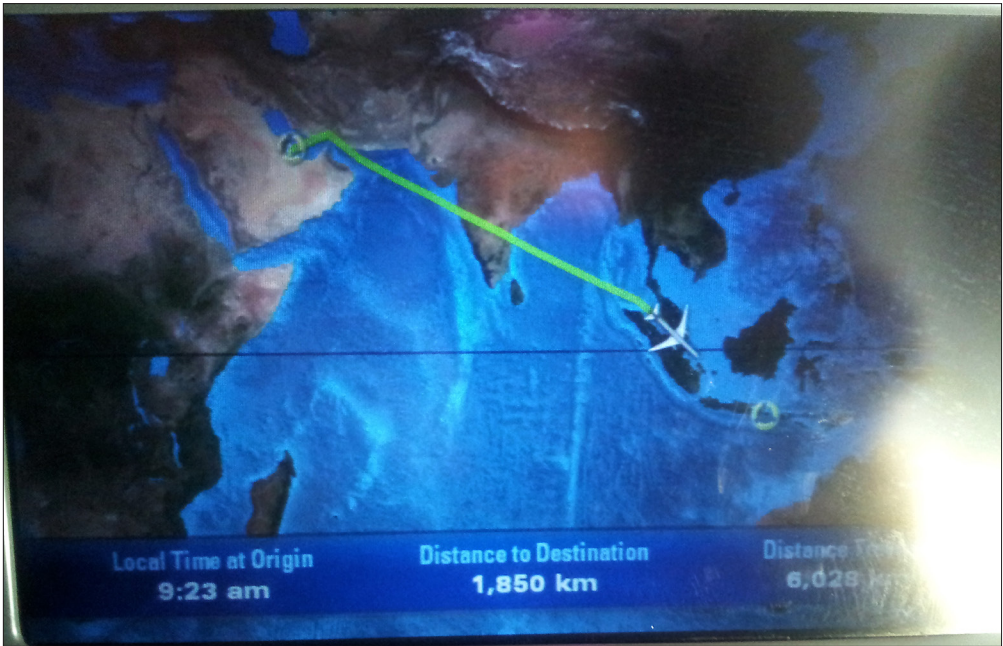
Enjoy! - Peer Holm

Ready to land in Doha.



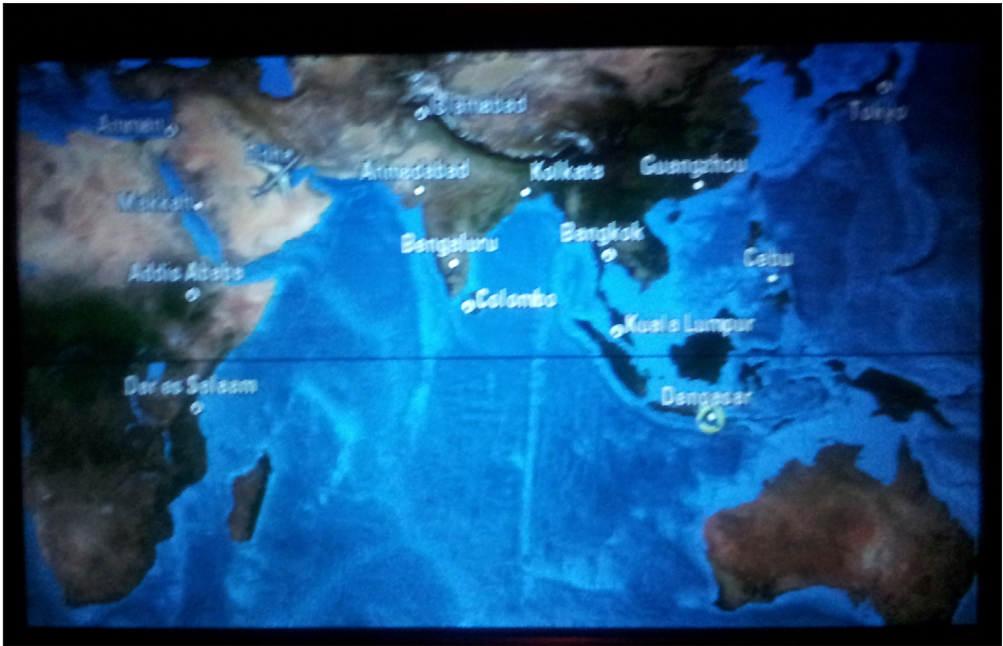


Sunrise looking out the window of the plane.



Doha is abandoned, well on its way to Bali.

Ready to land in Denpasar in Bali.



Departure and arrival

Wednesday 13th and Thursday 14th of February 2019

The day of departure has arrived and it is going for the fourth time against Indonesia and Bali.

Sitting right now in Midtjylland's Lufthavn in Karup and waiting for an aboard increase in the plane to Copenhagen. The day started quietly at 6 with the usual travel server that always appears with me.

The sun here in the middle of Jutland has just risen above the tree tops. A nice Danish spring morning.

The aircraft was on time and after approx. 45 min. we land in Copenhagen. The aircraft - DX077 - from Karup to Copenhagen was a slightly older lady. There is still something special about propeller flying. It sounds quite wild. It's hard to hear what you think. This is the older lady's last trip. She is taken out of service after 20 years and 70,000 flight hours.

After a little walking around the airport - have always had a hard time finding the airport - I find out which can be walked between terminals 2 and 3. Is there a place I can get lost is exactly at Copenhagen Airport. Well they speak Danish and are willing to help an old pensioner well on their way.

After a couple of hours of wait-

ing, the plane from Copenhagen to Qatar eases and there are 6-7 hours waiting in the air.

The menu is delivered after an hour's flight. There are two dishes to choose from, chicken and beef. From beverage you can choose everything from water over juice to beer and wine, and a small one for coffee. It is difficult to complain about the food in Qatar Airways flights. Excellent food they serve.

Doha was reached after a couple of circles around Qatar before landing permission.

After the landing, it is out of the plane and the long distance until the security check. It is something of a walk and the sheer chaos of the security check. Even though it looks like chaos around the safe zone, it goes so fast. I have a habit of emptying all pockets and getting everything in my backpack.

There are a few hours of waiting before it is up to Denpasar and Bali. A 10-11 hour trip and approx. 8000 km.

After landing in Bali it is again on a long walk before coming to the passport control. This year, the registration slip was handed over to the aircraft, which ticked off what one does not have anyway. Last



The DAT plane that brought me from Karup to Copenhagen. It was the plane's last journey. The aircraft used up all its flight hours and had to be taken out of service.

year I forgot to fill in the banknote and had to make it in the queue.

Bali's international airport is incredibly beautifully decorated. Here too, there is a long way to trot before reaching the passport control and receiving his entry stamp in the passport. This time I was

asked to state my name and when I would leave Indonesia again.

It took some time to find the driver I had ordered from home, found each other. He hid at the end.

After 1½ hours driving I landed at my first hotel on this year's trip to Bali.



Just arrived at Sandat Mas Cottages. The sun is moving away.

View from my terrace over the garden at Sandat Mas Cottages.



The last piece of stairs down to Uluwatu Beach. There were many stairs to pass.

Uluwatu Beach facing a restaurant on the ledge.



Uluwatu

Friday the 15th to Sunday the 17th of February 2019

Sandat Mas Cottages

Jl. Pantai Suluban, Uluwatu
Pecatu, 80361 Uluwatu, Indonesia
Phone: +62 857 3801 2777

Usually, I am not particularly picky with my hotel rooms, they must be clean. The standard may differ from region to region.

But Sandat Mas Cottages is honored to deliver the smallest room I've ever stayed in. The room itself was so in order, but the bathroom

A little breakfast is needed before I go for a hike down to Uluwatu Beach, which is a pure mecca for surfers. A nice little beach with a lot of rocks.

The walk down to the beach is approx. 500 m, but the last 200 m are on stairs. Already here I am about to give up the old one. I also want to go back again. I'll come down. Halfway down I pass a monkey colony that has taken a few steps and is not allowed to move voluntarily.

I have left without water and am holding one of the many stalls that pass through the beach. An older lady is sitting and doing something clear. I'm curiously asking what she's working on. It is a plant to be used in cooking. I ask if she has

anything against me taking a picture. She answers, if I buy something, I have to take a picture while she works. There were 2 bottles of water. It turned out she was 10 years younger than me.

One of the many Balinese people I met on the trip down to Uluwatu Beach.





Advertising on the cliff at Uluwatu Beach.



In the middle of the stairs reserved for the monkeys, they were fucking naughty.

The beach was very nice with real sand. At night it is not possible to stay on the beach when the high water arrives.



After a good hour at the beach, it was up the 200 meter stairs again. Past the monkeys that had become a little more lazy in the heat.

The evening's menu was a local Balinese dish.

Saturday, February 16th

The body has not fully acclimated yet. Wakes up first at. 9 after a restless night. I have never been able to with the air conditioning running. Here in the room it was set to 23 °, yet I freeze when it runs.

The driver who brought me from the airport to the accommodation told it was only 10 min. Walk to the Uluwatu Temple on the cliff, it should be tried today.

But first a little breakfast.

Time did not hold. It went up and down in one away and only after 30 minutes. I landed at the entrance to the temple.

Because it should not be a lie, there were stairs up to the vantage point. The temple itself was seen from a distance. If I could get up completely, it wasn't interesting with all those stairs. Well through sweaty I managed to get so far up to the temple it was possible.

Before I got to the temple, a scooter stopped and asked if I wanted a

lift in the back seat. It was a great wish for me, who almost came to fruition here. But I thanked no, was almost near the temple, lacked only a small 100 m. The scooter driver stopped was an incredibly beautiful Balinese girl.

Back to the temple. Ripped for 15,000 RPI to borrow a saron. It became, as usual, a bigger fight to tie it around the rumen. Dressed in this piece of cloth then went around the temple, which proved to be incredibly beautiful and with a view of the sea. There was more than 30 ° again today.

It's moving day tomorrow.

Uluwatu Temple, viewed on the cliff.



Also from the Uluwatu Temple. The visit was a bit of a disappointment.

Uluwatu Temple. I do not know if it was possible to reach the cliff completely.





There was given export right to four beers from Viborg Bryghus.

The director had given export rights to 4 beers from Viborg Bryghus.



The terrace and view from my chair at Nadya Homestay in Munduk.

In the northern part of Denpasar there is a very large roundabout.



Munduk

Sunday 17th to Thursday 21st of February 2019

Nadya Homestay

Jalan Pura Puseh, Munduk,
81161 Munduk, Indonesia
Phone: +62 819 9993 0085

It was agreed that the driver had to pick me up at Sandat Mas Cottages at 11. It was my wish not to get too early to Munduk.

In the evening came the proprietor and asked if we could not start at 9 rather than 11.

I had forgotten that we were going up and over the mountains and the trip was scheduled for 4 hours, which also stopped. You have to remember, the driver has as long home the other way.

Little by little the landscape changes. The mountains come closer and closer and the roads become narrower and narrower, the turns move into serpentine swings, where we swing 180° sometimes.

After just over 4 hours we land in Munduk at Nadya Homestay, where it turns out to be situated on the hillside with a fantastic view down the valley with the many rice terraces and fields and the mountain range we had passed earlier in the day in the background.

After a separate dinner of a little local origin, relax on the fantastic

terrace with the view.

Later in the evening while the sun leaves us, I button one of the brought brewed beers from Viborg Bryghus up. The director had allowed the export of “our beer”. A local draft beer was used for the brewhouse “Eftertanke”, which had not been damaged by the flight to Bali and was fully enjoyed.

Monday, February 18th

Waking up here in 800 m h, pulling off the curtain and seeing the amazing view is absolutely stunning. I have been through the area around

A beautiful woodcut's work.



A view in Munduk I never got tired of looking at.

Munduk is located on a mountain with valley to both sides.





Don't know what that means, but stands in many places along the roads.

The Balinese are keen to play futsal.



Valley at Munduk seen south north. It was very magnificent to look at. Hard to take a picture of.

Is the country at the end of a city where there were several ATM machines.



Munduk several times, but never stayed here for a long time, so I am looking forward to hiking tours in this beautiful nature.

After dinner, I agreed with the “mami” here on the spot that she would have to surprise me with local Balinese breakfast and dinner during the time I lodged with her.

Up in the morning I went for a walk despite a hike to the nearest ATM machine, which was to be located in the nearest town.

It had been told me there would be approx. 4 km to walk, which kept plugging. In rising heat with serpentine swings and sweat drifting down arms, back and legs, downhill went most of the way, which told me it would reverse the other way.

I love nature in Bali and some photos were taken on the road. It wasn't long before the first 3 bottles of water were purchased. After an hour's walk I was on the outskirts of the city, whose name was to be Banyuatis. I found the local bank Mandril and got raised a few million.

The host is thus arranged in Bali, everything that goes further than 25 m on scooter rather than With the help of a cute girl, I managed to

lure funds out of the ATM machine in the 3rd hug.

Started with 2.0 million, no did not work, then 1.5, but no, neither. Then the usual 1.2 million, then it was there. At this point the legs seemed somewhat dull. I stopped by woodcutters and within no hour, there was immediately one with the question, and yes, I wanted a lift back to Munduk.

We agreed a price to 25,000 IDR, about 12 DKK for transport back to Munduk. Before we reached so far there was oil on the animal and he had no money, so there was prepayment for the transport.

I came back with my 100 kg which I informed him about.

No problemas! But the scooter had to work for the case, but home I came without sweat on the forehead.

The day then ended with a genuine Balinese menu.

The Mami made very good food.

Tuesday February 19th

It's a week since I left Viborg to travel to Bali for the 4th time.

The first week did not offer more surprises than expected. Maybe just the first place to stay that didn't live up to my expectations. Maybe I



Impressive Balinese artisans are so skilled.

Going down the hill to the rice fields in Banyuatis.





Vue beyond the valley close to my homestay.

The local store that contained almost everything - also a cold beer.



The driveway to Nadya Homestay, located 3-400 meters down the road.

Entrance to a local temple in Munduk.



should have anticipated it. With an overnight stay of 300,000 IDR per night, night won't be nothing to stay in a room. I have never experienced it until this year. The room seemed very used and lacked maintenance.

The bathroom, if it could be called, was second to none the least I have ever experienced during my 3 previous visits to Bali. The bathroom was incredibly dirty. The interpreter looked like something that had not been cleaned for many years.

That said, the garden area and the staff at Sandat Mas Cottages were fine. Back to the present and Nadya Homestay. There are three rooms for rent. The ground floor will be three more and the bottom of the house will be the owner of the place.

As an accommodation, it is highly recommended to take Nadya Homestay 3-4 days. The whole menu may not be fulfilled at Nadya Homestay, but ask for local food and you will be pleasantly surprised.

Munduk does not have dining places besides street kitchens, which are not the smallest place to eat.

Incidentally, I once again ventured in to raise a little more money

and this time I could myself.

This visit resulted in the locals having seen me the day before. I had to talk to quite a few of the locals who were curious enough to ask where I came from and where I was going. It is really nice in this way to meet other people. Something suggested there would be a ceremony of the stack. At each end of Munduk, people with flute were placed in the mouth to drive the traffic.

Even today I had made an appointment with the madmo about dinner of local character. This day I have noted down what the court consisted of. Started with a local soup followed by grilled chicken breast with accessories. I think the menu cost me 35 kr - totally wild so much served for so little.

Wednesday, February 20th.

Now I have looked down into the valley for 3 days. Today I will trot down there and look a little closer to the area. After what the nature guide here on site has told, the valley must be very beautiful.

Yes, and it went downhill in one away, which again reminded me that it would be back home.

The hike brought me into con-



The day before, I had met these boys without a camera, now they asked for photography.



An adorned entrance to a house on the way to Banyuatis.

Very simple but incredibly nice to meet on his way.



Rice fields below the town of Banyuatis.

To be up in the height and look down into the valley.



tact with some local people, who again wanted to know where I came from. There was something special about telling I am a Dane. At least it gets the smile on them. One of the places where I had to have a pit stop was in connection with a small coin. A little boy was not quite happy with my stay on his bench. One picture I had to take. I bought some water and a cup of local coffee.

The tour stopped at a school. Whether they just enjoyed themselves or held a fixed name, so I was unaware, but one of the students would be photographed with his mask and stayed there.

Home to homestay, where I, as a reward, nibble a little Bintang and do some stretching of the leg muscles. The nature guide is present and goes in the kitchen and comes back with a small bowl. It turns out the contents of the bowl is a little oil added a little coarse salt. I have to rub the leg muscles with the contents of the bowl and stay on until the tenderness has subsided. What I didn't think, but the city seemed so.

This is the last day here in Munduk. The experience of the stay has been something of an experience. It's the

first time I've used a homestay, but definitely not the last time.

Anything I could get mami to surprise me every morning and evening with some lovely local dishes, can't be described but must be experienced.



Masked at this school should not be said, but he would be photographed.

Down the hill towards Nadya Homestay, I had a little talk with this family.





The challenges may be great, this staircase did not come into use.



First meal in Kintamani. Tiger shrimp with satay.

Balinese local breakfast at Nadya Homestay. Got the tea, the coffee was not the best.



Kintamani

Thursday the 21st to Tuesday the 26th of February 2019

Lakeview Eco Lodge

Jalan Raya Penelokan 8,
Kintamani, Bali 80652.

It has become a moving day. End here in Munduk and ready for Kintamani, probably enough overlooking Lake Batur, but it must show later on. In any case, the stay here in Munduk has been something of an experience I would like to repeat again.

This morning is absolutely stunning with a bluish glow across the hillside on the opposite side of the valley. The sight is experienced at breakfast.

After a couple of hours driving here in the mountains in the middle of Bali, the driver and I arrived at Kintamani approx. 1200 m and above and in heavy rain. The locks had really been opened that day.

I was promptly directed to my room, lodging, with customary procedure. I was upgraded to a better room, the reason I had chosen to stay here for 6 nights. The room turned out to have direct views towards Mount Batur and over Lake Batur. The view from the restaurant is unobtrusively beautiful. In 2016, in connection with a day trip around the eastern and central Bali,

I visited the lake and the volcano, whose smallest crater remains active.

The transport from Munduk to Kintamani I thought was a little over the top, 700,000 IDR, approx. The driver really came on overtime. We were over three mountain passes - if I could use that term - before we turned in front of the Lakeview Eco Lodge in Kintamani.

Later I found out why the hotel upgraded my room. The reason was, I had chosen 5 nights at the place and then probably also because the time was in the low season with very few lodgings.

Back to the departure in Munduk. For breakfast on the last day, we settled for my four nights. The room was booked from home but not paid. The price for the four nights I knew - 1,800,000 IDR. The total bill came to 2,250,000 IDR. The difference was for food and drinks, just over DKK 200 for nice local food.

The day menu this evening was satay sticks with giant shrimps and a glass of ice-cold hat's red wine. The Balinese do not have better knowledge about serving wine.

Next to the hotel was a music café, which this evening had live



In relation to Munduk I am here in Kintamani moved 200 higher up in the air.

There is not much space, but around they have to do with everything it entails.





Mount Batur looks just above the cloud layer that covers Lake Batur.

The picture is taken a little in 9 in the morning down Lake Batur.



At the entrance to Lakeview was the music café Nonna's. Nice place to come.

The picture is taken at the reception and down over Lake Batur with the volcano in the background.



guitar music. Why not end the day listening with.

Friday, February 22nd

As the curtain is pulled from noon 6 in the morning the view is shown as the picture at the top right shows. The sun's rays rise on the horizon. The skyline is thick down over Lake Batur.

When 9 o'clock the morning, the bottom image is shown to the right. The skyline is lifted and the stunningly beautiful lake is displayed in all its splendor.

What should the day bring?

I want to move the 10 min. down to the lake, it may be appropriate. It is downhill all the way. It turns out later, the trip takes 50 min. There are really many turns down the hillside. The lake is located in approx. 900 m. H.

At 11 o'clock the descent starts. However, I have not come outside the hotel area before I take the ramp on the ramp. I slide, and both rods suddenly hang up higher than the head and I land on the butt and elbow. Camera, backpack and what can get a ride in the air. After a while I am up and over again, trying to sidestep the ramp and this time nothing happens unexpectedly. In ad-

dition to a little abrasion and a sore right bale, nothing happened with cravings.

When I later told about the incident at the reception, the ramp was shut off and there was a major detour to then to reach the lake.

So after the 50 min. I reached the lake, at the same time it stood in rods for 1½ hours, which I spent under a roof with a bottle of water. After the rain had stopped I walked a little walk in the city along the lake, which I do not know the name of. A scooter stopped and asked if I needed a lift. This time I said yes yes and 10 min. afterwards I was up next to the hotel again. The price I decided, but was 50,000 IDR.

It started to drip again and I decided to stay at the music cafe and have a chili pizza for late lunch. The best pizza I've got in the Eastern Hemisphere.

The evening's menu became Asian and was called Red Curry, which was swallowed with two glasses of Two Islands Shiraz. A wine produced in the northwest of Bali on a vineyards called Hattens. The day ended on my terrace with the lovely view down the Batur lake and a Bintang purchased for the occasion.



Sunrise at 6 in the morning at Lakeview.

The clouds have released Lake Batur and a beautiful sight encounter one.





There was actually pretty nice inside Lakeview. Especially the flowers made an impression.

The hotel department at Lakeview was covered with lava stone. I lived in the middle of the top "holes".



Balinese plant school, looking down the road to Lake Batur.

One of the small boats used for fishing. To the right, tomato plants standing in water for the knees.



Saturday, February 23

Last night I fell asleep to Rod Stewards Time. Very good after the ass and elbow trip the day started with. It doesn't seem like I've been hurt since it only became a huge blue mark on the right ball.

The day here starts with breakfast, which is here on the spot ta'-self-breakfast with cobble coffee that can get a half-sloth Dane to wake up.

The day I can always come back to. Instead, let me tell you a little about the hotel. The hotel is called Lakeview and the name does not lie. At least from my terrace there is a beautiful view towards Mount Batur and down the hillside towards Lake Batur. The entire building is covered with lava rock, from the volcano that was last erupted in 1973. Then it went beyond the northern side of the landscape. The side of the volcano facing the hotel can clearly be seen where the lava has moved in 1926.

The hotel may seem a little used. There are little things that had to be repaired in my eyes. For example. why should the toilet board always be loose? Those who clean every day cannot fail to notice the seat is loose.

What else should Saturday bring? I want to go on a little walk, approx. 200 m to the viewing bridge and a little out of the way that brought me here. Previously, I had promised a couple of ladies who sold T-shirts, I'd like to separate them with a few. It turned out later, they were too small for me.

I ended up after a little ascent at a shop that sold canned beer. Four Bintang changed owner. Then return to the hotel again.

The evening's menu consisted of grilled fish with some of their vegetables and a couple of glasses of Shiraz.

Sunday February 24th

After the curtain was pulled aside and the beautiful sight hit me in the spring again, was down to take the day's best meal - breakfast.

It was decided already yesterday Saturday, I would again go down to the lake and out to the temple in the lake, which is 5-6 km from the hotel. So far, however, it did not.

The brain was turned off when I moved down the hill again. It was still my old hiking shoes I used. Slightly worn out and worn, but they were well on their feet.

After a good ½ hour, I needed a



Like so many other cities in Bali, Kintamani also has a Citygate.

There can be crowded at the viewpoint in the middle of the picture to the right behind the scouts.





This should be sustainable settlements.

Buildings located at Lake Batur and should be sustainable buildings.



Popular Balinese resort located down to Lake Batur.

The mountain in the background, my resort is at the top. There was a lot of fishing here.



pit stop, which turned out to be at a shoe store. Sweat drove me down when I entered the store. At first I thought it was women's shoes they sold, but quickly became wiser. After a couple of attempts, In the back room, a pair of shoes were found that suited me. A size 44 came on the counter and when I asked for the price, I was somewhat surprised. 400,000 IDR or equivalent to approx. 180 kr. It was also in the shoe store I received first aid. They discovered I had hit the elbow and the big bandage started. They also talked about getting a doctor, but I said no thanks. The wound on the elbow was cleaned and a patch applied. With that end! After 50 min. I hit the end of the road and this time left to visit the global city!

I think more than 5 stopped to offer me a lift on their scooter. And everyone gradually got the same explanation. When I had chosen to walk, so was because I needed to move the body, especially the lower part.

Encouraging the town by the lake, I met a few fishermen who kindly showed me their catch. It was goldfish that slipped into the hook. It wasn't just a leash and a hook that was fished with. No, air-

bags were also used, where the arrowhead was a fish hook. Very exciting to look at.

On the exit I talked to someone who was building a homestay. The offer came here, for the return trip he would give me a lift in his car. Halfway through the hotel I stopped at a street kitchen and tasted some of their local food with a fucking cold Bintang. It is simple but very good food they produce at these street kitchens. Let it just come, from the lake and up, it just goes up and up in one away.

When I got back I went straight to Nonne's and took some drinking. Was completely dried up.

It's Sunday, it's pizza day, and so it was. For dessert, a Mojito slipped down.

Monday, February 25th

Yesterday Sunday it was about to go goat date, until I found out the week ending Saturday and next week starts Sunday here in Bali.

Today there is a visit to the Unesco Global Museum, located here in Kimtamani and not far from the hotel and the entrance hall is "free". It was an exciting visit, where much was told about the two volcanoes - Batur and Agung - in large planes



The local bank in Bali.

Meeting with new shoes. I got new shoes here, as well as first aid for my elbow here.





The building there museum of Geopark Global Unesco Bali.

The exhibition Geopark Global Unesco Bali was free of charge.



The lower part of the building shows this basic plan Geopark Global Unesco Bali.

Geopark Global Unesco Bali has an exciting exhibition about the volcanoes in Bali.



and at various lava rocks and other wells that had been thrown out of the interior of the earth.

The internet was in black at the hotel. At least it was not possible to

get in touch with the outside world, so I dragged my PC over to Musik-café Nonne's and borrowed their Wire Free for a couple of hours.



A very large area of Indonesia covers.

One of the many lava rocks that have been in the air before landing.





After 8-9 years, my old walking shoes would no longer have to leave life here in Kintamani.



The view from my terrace down the garden with the pool at Bluehill. Fantastic garden.

Image of garden at Bluehill in Tulamden.



One of the many cozy hooks in the garden at Bluehill.



Tulamben

Tuesday, February 26, to Monday, March 4, 2019

Blue Hill Tulamben

Jln. Raya Tulamben - Kubu,
Tulamben Bali 80853

The suitcase was packed once again, it is moving day. The trip today is at 1-1½ hours drive, approx. 60 km. across the mountains and up to the north coast of Tulamden.

Next time I want to visit Indonesia I will consider whether there are 5 hotels to use. Maybe I should settle for 3 and find some more touristy places to visit.

Before I get too old again, I should consider renting a scooter that can carry me around, rather than the legs. At Lakeview, a scooter for an entire day cost 100,000 IDR, about DKK 45. That cost is not unmanageable.

I was picked up at 11.30 as agreed. Before, I had visited Nonne's to borrow their network connection.

Tulamden and Bluehill Resort as the next accommodation is called, a little out of country law and law - I know that before arrival.

After taking over the room, which turns out to be located on the 2nd floor with a fantastic view over the sea and with the volcano Agung in the backyard. The best

sight at first sight is the garden / park with a nice pool and a lot of small hooks, where shade can be found depending on the sun's passage over the sky.

The drive from Lake Batur and to Tulamden was quiet. The driver chose to drive a little detour because I didn't have to arrive too early to the resort. Again we had to cross two mountain passes and for the first hour the car was not over 3 gear. The last good half hour took place on the northernmost highway, which runs all around the island.

In January, it had rained a lot here in the mountains and I saw what the rain does about the landscape. From the volcanoes and out to sea, a lot of channels of different widths have been dug. Somewhere, the road was almost gone over a distance of 50 m. It was a little scary. In 2018, where I drove a bit of the same road around Bedugul, the road was halved in many places due to landslide.

Wednesday, February 27

Woke up late this morning, a little over 8. A little over 9 down to take breakfast, which consisted of coffee, omelette and fresh fruit, just my menu in those places of the world.



The northeast of Bali is ingested.

Beach opposite Bluehill. 10 meters out, it became really deep.





A very rocky lagoon with its excursion boats.

Volcanic waste lying by the sea.



6 months old Balinese boy. We got a high five after photography.

It's not a road, but a drainage channel from Agung. In January 2019 it was full of water.



With the hiking shoes, pack the backpack with water, camera and fresh t-shirts and money. The trip went until Tulanden, a hike of about 50 min. The whole city looked like Skagen, just before all the tourists took the city. The city was not completely human empty. I got more offers for snorkeling and even diving, until I told, I'm too old for that kind of excess. One of the offers went on one hour of free teaching. It was certainly not possible this day to find an eatery that was open. January, February and March months are low season in Bali.

The exercise tour today was about 10 km in rising heat. Back at the resort they told that the temperature had been above 35 ° today.

For the evening, the menu consisted of a soup for starter, followed by a grilled fish. It all blamed it with a big Bintang. Wine is not available here.

The room I have been allocated is very large and for once sake well decorated. There is always something missing, the last finish. Here on the spot and my room it was the tap at the wash basin on the toilet. The cock was not at all fixed in the worktop.

Thursday, February 28

After breakfast at 9.30 it went up to the foot of the volcano Agung. The crater is well over 12 km from the resort, but some of the way I came in frightening heat with sweating drifting down the body. The trip stopped at a school where I took a little rest. The pupils were waiting for transport home. It was on scots. It was a lot of hi - hey - hey.

While I was at school, a grandfather came. Three students were going with him. I couldn't help but the camera came up, which the students discovered. Two of the students were about to slip away just because they had to see if I was photographing them.

Home to the resort, change clothes and then otherwise relax within today's menu.

Again today it has been extremely hot. It can be seen on all the water bottles that have been in use.

All the respect for the Balinese, but they tend to let used things like emptied cigarette packs, plastic bottles, paper etc. fall out of hand and into nature. I have always returned my many used water bottles to the accommodations.



The volcano Agung in the background rises above a settlement.

Grandfather with 3 children. They were close to falling off when they discovered I raised the camera.





Sunrise over the Bali Sea, seen from my balcony.

The building in the background contains the resort's rooms for rent. Forest is seen by the garden.



In fact, along the whole coast of Bali, one finds this type of boat.

A pickup on the north coast. Works impeccably if the forces are there.



Friday March 1st

Again it was terribly hot yesterday. Didn't think I'd wake up early this morning, but nature demanded its right, so a little in 6 slipped legs out of bed and I just got to experience a fantastic sunrise.

What will the day bring?

Consider renting a scooter and heading towards Amlapura to visit the temple. A temple I visited in 2016.

Today's breakfast consists of coffee, freshly squeezed orange juice, omelette and fresh fruit.

It turned into a small hike to the east and ended by a bridge over a dried out channel. One of the channels that had been filled up in January with water.

At the turning point - the bridge - was a small street kitchen where I was convinced of a Bintang - cold - would be served. No, they had nothing stronger than Fanta.

The rest of the day was pure relaxation on the terrace and in the restaurant, where I talked to some of the staff.

Saturday March 2nd

Today I take a trip to the west, maybe up to Agung's foot from a slightly different angle. It's a bit cloudy



Kilometers of stone in Bali. Above 103 km for DPS, which stands for Denpasar. At the bottom left, 25 km to AMP, which stands for Amlapura and to the right is 5 km to Kubu.



The machine in the middle of the picture can produce concrete elements for construction.

The wall behind the building works on the image is made of concrete machine on top image.





Picture from the lagoon with lava remains. The white on the beach is dead corals.

A somewhat shabby coast, but it was nice to stay here.



A wrapped cutting piece. Can't remember why they do it. Maybe against demons.

A fisherman on the north coast. Watching him run around on the rocks was amazing.



and barely as hot as yesterday Friday.

After breakfast I headed west, a couple of hundred meters and swung into the hinterland. Viewed from a distance, the landscape seems very flat, but it cheats until one stands in the middle of the glory.

Before I swung a dirt into the hinterland, I struck a stroke down to the sea, where, on a slightly unstable staircase, access to a small lagoon. Beach is so much said. It was filled with lava waste and dead corals, but there was beautiful down there at the temple as it turned out to be.

A local Balinese try if there was a catch in the sea. A small talk with him showed he had some fish home.

Finally I walked towards Tulamden to find a pair of t-shirts, but they turned out too small. Instead, I took a lunch at a small café.

After a couple of detours down to the sea, I was returning to the resort after a couple of hours. The heat had returned, so it went home at a very leisurely pace.

Sunday March 3

If I have to describe the place here on the north shore of northeast Bali, it is snorkeling and diving area. The

place I am staying is located midway between Tulamden and Kubu. Besides street kitchens, there are no other eating places within walking distance. Nearest ATM is located in Tulanden 3-4 km from Bluehille Resort.

I have visited many beaches and all of them have floated with waste in the form of plastic, blamed from the sea. On the beach in Tulamden I was surprised. There was nothing lying and floating. On the other hand, there were more waste containers, one for plastic and one for other waste. It must be said to be a step in the right direction.

After breakfast this Sunday, I trotted the few hundred meters to the west and swung into the country. Here I walked into the hinterland 2 hours, when it went slightly upwards all the way.

After a while I came across the first rooms that were sitting, it turned out, and the peanuts were peeling off the splashes. They could not speak a word of English and I did not Balinese, about which everything is communicated nicely together.

After a good hour's hike I landed by a coin that turned out to sell



A few days earlier I visited a street kitchen. It was hot for everyone - also the boy.

Asked and allowed to take the picture. The women made small boxes of palm leaves.





The view over the bay seen to the northeast a small km inside the back of the country.

Distance painted on a lava rock in the road side.



Large lava rock thrown out of Agung as seen everywhere in the back country at the foot of the volcano.

There was still at least 4-5 km right up to the foot of Agung.



beer. Asked if she had a cold beer I had to buy. No, it wasn't beer she was missing, but they were all very hot. So no cold beer to go home.

The whole hinterland is characterized by a volcano 8 to 10 km away. It is some huge lava stone Agung has thrown into the air at some point during an outbreak.

Now I have visited the area. Wander around and see what I am interested in seeing. So it must be good for this time.

It turned out I had walked for over 35 ° in the shade and a humidity of well over 90%. Nothing to say until all the clothes were drifting wet by sweat when I landed again at the resort.

Tomorrow, Monday is the day of relocation again. The trip now goes to Bali Palms Resort in Candi Dasa.

Monday, March 4

I have now reached the last week of this year's Bali holiday.

For the fourth consecutive year I have visited the wonderfully lovely island of Bali in the low season, which runs from January to April. Bali has become my Malorca. Despite the distance, approx. 20 hours in flight, I definitely take over again in 2020.

10 years ago when I was planning my 5 weeks to Cook Islands and New Zealand, I have applied the same approach and myself selected and booked my hotels from home via the web and mostly not disappointed when I arrived at the night.

The difference between the places I have stayed this year against previous years is that there have not been other restaurants within a suitable distance beyond street kitchens, which can definitely be recommended.

There is departure at 11. It may take an hour to get to Candi Dasa from here Tulamden. The driver and I talked about making a stay in Amlapura to see the Tirta Gangga Temple, but gave up when we discovered there were parking difficulties on the spot.



Dead collected corals from the beach.

Peanuts are spilled. They called something else on Balinese.





The message has reached Bali. A lot of effort is being made to avoid plastic in nature.



Looks poisonous, but don't let yourself down, the drink tasted really good.

Candi Dasa

Monday 4 March to Monday 11, 2019

Bali Palms Resort

Jl. Dasa Candi, Nyuh Tebel,
Manggis, Bali, 80581 Indonesia
Tel. (62) 36342191

Monday, March 4

It was so goodbye to Tulamden and Bluehill Resort with the lovely garden and hello to Candi Dasa and Bali Palms Resort again.

The drive lasted just over an hour and by 12.30 we landed at Bali Palms, which is something before check-in can take place. But during “no time” I was staying in a lovely room with a large terrace, bar and own pool.

The suitcase was not unpacked before I spelled in to Candi Dasa to say goodbye to the many acquaintances I had met here.

The first stop was Ari, where an Australian named Gerry has his lodging. He had gone from drinking beer to over to gin. Then the trip went on to You & Me and the usual start of the stay in Candi Dasa - a Mojito.

Then I can say Candi Dasa was taken again. During the week it wasn't much I stayed with You & Me with their very good musicians. Much of the time this week was spent at Bali Palms this year.

Tuesday, March 5

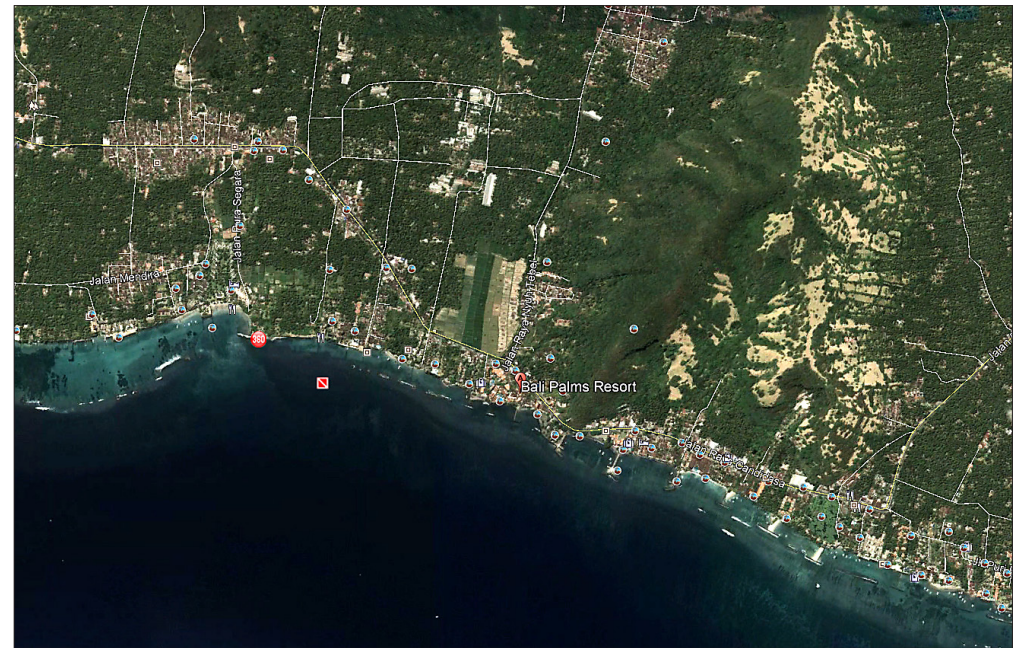
Around noon I was just about to look at the rice fields, which are just 100 meters to the left of the resort. On the corner where the road goes towards Tenganan, the restaurant was rebuilt and I made a visit to look at the menu. It turned into a little lunch. For an amount of DKK 70 I got a nice menu with fish and a great Bintang. The restaurant is located above the ground with a beautiful view down and beyond the rice fields.

It was time to find some water and a few beers for later use.

As I have noted earlier, the Bali Palms Resort is aussie area. Australians answer to a Dane's Malorca. Australia is just under 2 hours flight from Bali.

In the afternoon, the bar should also be visited. Yoyo has the guard and we were greeted at each other.

I've gradually learned that one has to circumvent the truth a little. It is low season and many of those who have a car have nothing to do during this period. So there are many special offers on everything, especially sunglasses and transportation. This is where the truth comes to its test, telling I already have a driver to transport me



Back in Candi Dasa and at Bali Palms Resort. Lovely place to stay.

An acquaintance with You & Me. Don't remember his name, but he does some nice drinks.





The view over the rice fields seen from the Warung BintAng restaurant.

BYO "Bring Your Own" is not allowed at the Bali Palms bar.



Grilled fish at Warung BintAng restaurant, price 138.000 IDR incl. 2 beers.

When the sun is too much, the rice farmer can seek shelter from these half-roofs in the rice field.



around, and that is not quite a lie either.

The day menu was taken at the Dining Room.

Wednesday, March 6th

In fact, a pleasant morning to wake up to. Slightly cloudy and not as hot as the previous days. From the sea is a light to heavy breeze, which however ceases in the morning. Instead, it starts to rain, but it is only 1-2 hours, then it is over.

It finished and ended up being a nice hot day again. Walked the small mile to the Luwak plantation and received another tour there. In my world a great place to wander around. Besides free-range chickens to root in the soil, luwak is shut out at night. They only eat the ripe red berries, the rest they leave. The plantation contains a lot of different shrubs and plants. Some spices were bought again.

On the way home I again visited Warung BintAng restaurant with the view beyond the rice fields to quench your thirst. A restaurant located just 200 meters from Bali Palms and in Bali's condition is a nicely decorated restaurant where they produce some delicious food. The menu consisted of grilled fish

fillet with different greens and a nice glue dressing.

Thursday, March 7th

One day I have definitely not been prepared. It is "Silent Day" in Bali. From 6 am to 6 the next morning, Bali goes crazy in coma. During the day, everything is dropped here at the resort. Breakfast is served and a light lunch is served and dinner must be taken before noon. 18, where all staff leave the resort to spend this day with the family.

Nearly the day I can tell that the internet, the airport, all transport, TV, nothing runs this day. So far I have avoided staying in Bali in connection with this day, but this year the day sadly slipped for me.

The day before, the refrigerator was filled with various products in the form of wine, beer and water. Chips and dip were purchased.

I used the day with the PC and got my journal written. Build a diary in InDesign.

Friday, March 8th

It's the morning after "Silent Day" and it looks like the staff have survived the night's hardships and are fit for fight again.

On my travel machine - the old



My lodging the last week in Bali in 2019. Own pool in the background to the right.

Perhaps the best view during my three stays at the Bali Palms Resort.





In one of the Luwak plantations it is possible to taste 6 + 6 different tea and coffee products.

Luwak plantation near Candi Dasa had been given a new logo since last year.



Pictured towards the bar. The area is reserved for the buyer of Time-Share apartment.

On the way to the reception. Lovely building that meets the eyes of the trip.



laptop - I have 4 seasons of the bath hotel. They were probably seen yesterday.

The weather has become good again. There is no view of the usual 1-2 hours of rain in the middle of the day. Therefore, I have decided on my usual hike out to Tenganan, which it is not called.

As before, I walk a good kilometer to the south and swing in the back road towards Tenganan. This route goes over the mountains and is amazingly beautiful.

After a couple of hours of sweaty hike, I reached Tenganan Daud. Before I reached that far I had gone a little mile wrong. This was quickly fixed by some locals I took on the route.

The more than 1000 year old town is inhabited by 75 families, which I knew well. On arrival you can donate an amount voluntarily, and in this case I gave 25,000 IDR, and got that connection assigned to a guide who showed me around the city.

After a good half hour we land his residence, where I am told that his family has inhabited the place for more than 500 years. There are figures of people his father and grandfather have cut. The family

here consists of 2 adults and 4 children and a 30-day-old dog puppy.

Until now, I had not bought anything that could be repossessed. It happened here. I bought the story of the city told in pictures.

In connection with the exit, I met someone who was quite fond of getting me to visit the local Luwak plantation. The plantation was a honey plantation where ordinary honey and black honey are produced. The last one I tasted and the taste was very pronounced in the taste. It was the price too, so it went on. We agreed that I visited them next year and bought some honey back home at that time.

The day ended at You & Me with a Balinese dessert in the form of coffee chocolate cake with ice and a Martini Special drink.

Then it was so good night!

Saturday March 9th

The day started in glorious sunshine, which remained all day.

After breakfast, the daily exercise trip to the north and out to the prospect cliff towards the three small rocky islands, a trip that can well pull teeth. A very hilly terrain to walk in.

From the view cliff there is an



The weather on March 7 to the south.

The weather on March 7 to the north.





Gerry on the right and a friend on the left do not remember the name. We got some Bintang together.

My favorite dessert at You & Me.



I had to write my name 3 times before he could recreate it on the papyrus.

My guide in Tenganan Daud.



Fantastic lovely people to meet.



incredible view over Candi Dasa, but also to the north along the coast. After a stay at the beach to get the weather back, I walked back to Candi Dasa and almost as usual I was stopped by many people who wanted to hear where I came from and where I was going. Actually, it's very cozy and I can't get tired of meeting people this way.

Well back on track and in the city again, it was the first stop at Vincent's. Had actually decided that the day should be non-alcoholic. It also went straight to Vincent's, where I asked for a big cattery to rinse the sweat from the back.

Then the bottom was laid. In order, Yoy & Me, Ari Homestay and Bali Palms followed the bar where the day had reached Happy Hour.

Now it became difficult. The first drink I chose myself. Then I insisted that the staff at the bar surprise me with the rest. They all tried their lap to get rid of the task, but I kept by my decision that was up to them to surprise me with their choice of drinks. It's not something the Australians expose the staff to. At least they learned that Danes can well be surprised positively.

Otherwise, I don't remember much of the rest this day, nor

whether I got something to eat.

I think the night went up in hat and glasses.

Sunday March 10th

Yes, it is the day before departure and I do not really mind much more after almost 4 weeks here, 4 weeks that have been lovely in many ways.

For the fourth time, I have to buy a bigger and more spacious backpack for the return journey. I have tried this every year and know the place where they have backpacks in many shades.

Yes, it is Sunday and I am jokingly set against the city to find an ATM machine. It turns out everyone is down and does not work. Back to Bali Palms, where there is a slot machine that never fails.

The day started already at 3 o'clock in the morning by I woke up by my branded and it was no longer sleeping.

It was actually supposed that the package had been made on Sundays, but for the sake of health, the packing took place on Monday morning, and let it stay there.

Monday, March 11th

The day of departure is reached,



Small 100 meters before I landed in Tenganan Daud showed this city gate.

The stairs up to the honey plantation, which is part of the town of Tenganan Daud.





Over Candi Dasa seen from the view cliff.

The good Australian Gerry with new supplies for his drinks.



On one of the beaches where there was real sand. The excursion boat was the primary for the picture.

Right in the main street of Candi Dasa. The little girl not so much as flashed during the session.



which must be stamped out before 12 noon - I think. The return trip to Denmark starts at 3 pm PM.

There are three hours for departure. Three hours to be killed in one way or another. Normally I do not consume alcohol when I have to fly.

As of 2018, I walked until Rama Shinta, the first place I lived in 2016 where I visited Bali the first time. The small hotel has a fantastic kitchen that I would contribute with a visit again as I did in 2018 before I disappeared from Candi dasa.

The menu consisted of Bali's answer to a wienersnitzel and it is just good. The host couple at Rama Shinta are Germans and some lovely pleasant people who unfortunately were not present this time. Like before, Rama Shinta still had - buy two glasses of wine and get one for free. Of course I jumped on it again to the delight of the waitress.

On my way home I slipped past You & Me to say goodbye. I hadn't visited the place so much this time as in previous years, which I also told them. I will be returning next year.

At 3 pm (3) it was departure to the airport. There still approx. 2 hours drive before the departure hall is reached. It gives 2 hours to

get through the security check and get the regular Busmills whiskey. I must have a liter of home - legally.

We arrive in the air from Bali at 7 pm and there are almost 11 hours in the air waiting for Doha to show up.

Before I reached that far, a female interpreter noticed that I had a long vacation, which made me say that I loved being in her lovely country. She - the interpreter - thanked me for the visit.

Tuesday March 12th

The plane came to the air on time from Denpasar and the 5 blocks I had to change aircraft in Doha were narrowed to an hour. We had to take a few rounds of air before landing permission in Doha.

Then only the 6-7 hour flight was missing before we landed in Copenhagen.

Back to the departure from Bali Palms Resort. As always when I leave the place, I have a glass in which there is a banknote with thanks for good service and what I have that smaller banknotes left behind.

In Doha I have relieved many times and almost always from Gate C21. This time it came from the A9 which was at an affordable distance



Ari Homestay with Gerry's Gallery on the wall and ceiling.

Menu card at Ari Homestay. The best burgers I have ever tasted.





A few years ago this was not seen in the city.



Exceptionally beautiful and lovely girl.



The sun goes down behind the mountains south of the Bali Palms Resort, last night as well this year.

There was regular live music at the Bali Palms Resort. This evening with acoustic guitar.



Balinese coffee chocolate cake with ice cream, my favorite dessert in Bali.



to walk out to.

The Danish customs officers who received us at the airport welcomed us nicely back home.

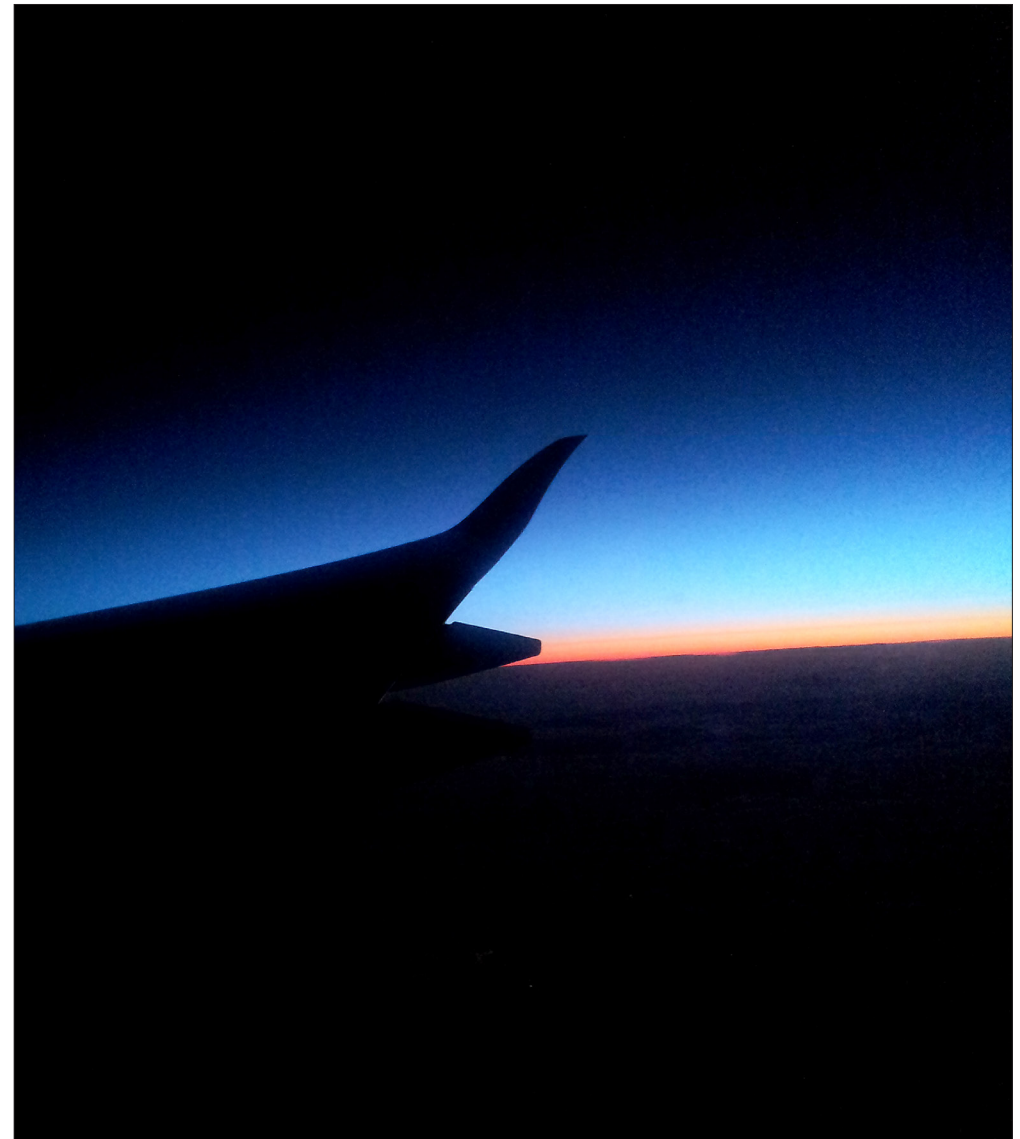
Nice to be home again. Now only the last trip from Copenhagen to Karup was missing, which I had ordered in Bali. We landed in Copenhagen around 6am and the first flight to Karup was at 8.30, but I didn't dare to reach this plane. Instead I chose one with departure at 11.30, which benefited me a lot of

time to find out the Copenhagen airport.

It turned out that SAS handled luggage for DAT and I just had to drop my luggage and find the right gate that lay the hell far away, very far.

From Karup I was going to Viborg. I called Midttrafik and asked for a teletaxi to Viborg. The price to the railway station in Viborg was DKK 42. to get to the airport in Copenhagen.

In the northern outskirts of Denpasar, this huge roundabout with the figure in the middle.



All the way in the air before landing in Doha, we got this view at 40,000 feet altitude.



Wienerschnitzel in Balinese shape served at Rama Shinta.

Very early morning. The person had found a fishing net that he tried to unravel.



Inside the restaurant at Rama Shinta Hotel, where I always take the last lunch in Bali.

