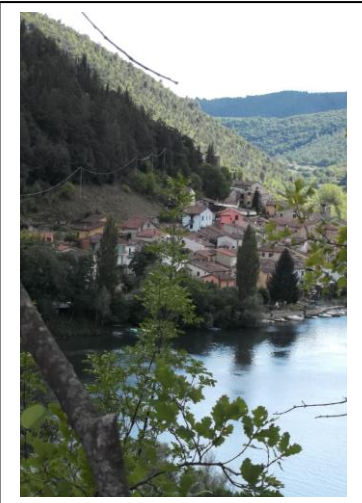
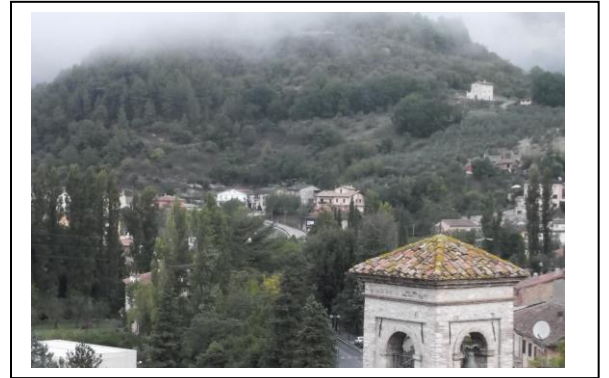


Sleeping in the cave didn't work out last night so we moved into our accommodation in Arrone. It was an apartment so we took the opportunity to cook our own meal, spinach tortellini with a tomato sauce. The pasta was not cooked al dente but having eaten Italian pasta cooked by Italians for seven weeks we have got used to a harder pasta so I cooked it less than normal. It will be interesting when we get back home if we revert to the "Australian style" or adopt something in between.

Our accommodation was a lovely apartment style B & B with a balcony with these views from the terrace, the terrace being very handy for clothes drying. We have stuck to our regime of arriving at our accommodation, showering off the walk dirt then washing our clothes. This means that I have had the same outfit on for walking for about five weeks, alas Carol decided that my favourite shirt wasn't even good enough for the salvos so she threw it out one day when I wasn't watching.

With only two weeks of walking to go, it would have lasted! I would have discarded it when I met the pope to get my walk certificate.

Today we continued along the river to its destination, Lago Piediluco with a small diversion up to the waterfalls at Le Marmore. These are artificially created waterfalls formed when one river was diverted as part of swamp clearance. Built in 271 BC and at 165 meters they are the tallest artificial falls in the world. Unfortunately, our visit did not coincide with a release of water so we



missed the opportunity to see the falls. We sat beside the lake and enjoyed our lunch and a FaceTime call back home.

This is a view of the lake on the way to the town. Lago Piediluco is used for international rowing events but today it was being used as a backdrop for an Italian drama series. The film crew had taken over the town and we, along with some locals, were prevented from walking past "the shoot" and told to be quiet. Why would the film crew expect a group of Italians to stay quiet for any length of time? One elderly lady was particularly noisy as she first of all enquired what they were filming then abused the crew. It was very funny watching the locals quietly whispering to each other presumably about what was going on. Their version of whispering was to put their mouth near the person's ear to whom they were speaking

and talk in their normal voice, all very amusing.

Later, I saw the lady in a church service at the local San Francesco church (every village has one) so she was probably upset about being delayed from attending her church service. The church is grand and this is me outside near the plaque. I have been using my home-made selfie to take some photos of us both but none of them have passed the editorial committee. Undaunted, I will persist with my submissions until a photo is accepted.



Tomorrow when we leave Piediluco we will have only seven days walking till we reach Rome, and both of us are strongly sensing the end of our journey. One hundred and forty-nine kilometres is still a fair bit of walking but emotionally we are both adjusting to the knowledge that all of this will soon end but let's hope we tramp a perpetual journey.