



Windy City Publishers

BOOK EXCERPT

Yet neither this trip nor my life has ever been about taking the easy route, making the easy choice. If I make that choice here, I will always wonder, “What if?” I refuse to be one of those people who turns old with a litany of regrets and a list of trips never taken. Trips put off until there was more time, more money, a safer world, retirement, whatever. Trips put off until the time was right—and then it never was. Anything could happen at any time, making postponed trips no longer possible. This single factor is a driving force behind my decision to go on. If it isn’t fun or doesn’t feel safe, I can end the trip later without regrets. But now I can’t end it without any ...

Botswana’s reputation as exceedingly safe, even for women traveling alone, and my interest in its wildlife and rock art make it the right choice for me, the right place for me to truly start the solo portion of my journey, the portion that I never intended to take place. These factors far outweigh Lonely Planet’s pessimism and a few warnings about boring roads I received from other travelers. Warnings about boring roads don’t concern me too much. Warnings about bandits might, but boring roads and needing to carry lots of water, I can handle. And so I board the ferry at Kazangula, Zambia and cross the Zambezi River into northeastern Botswana, alone.