

Reflections ~ Mt Bruce & Tom Price

I loved the trip
from Karijini
to Tom Price....
there are some drives
you really like
and some are so so
but this was a good one.
There was a steep hill
which was challenging,
for the bloke behind too!
But the view from the top
was magnificent...,
interestingly,
I'd left Tom Price
in bright, cloudless sunshine
but over the other side
the tips of the peaks
hid under cloud..
Mt Bruce lies in
Karijini National Park
but I hadn't visited
while I was there
and I liked the drive so much
I went back!
I knew it was a
long way to the top
but I just wanted
to go some of the way
to see what was there!
Spinifex predominated
but the shrubby trees



looked healthy too...

The path, narrow in places,
was 'crushed' rock –
slivers of the rock
that is mined in the valley.

Skitter, skitter
across the path
and, his sunbaking disturbed,
he tried to hide,
nearly succeeded
but the magnifier
showed him up!
Much easier to find
on the rock
where he froze
after skittering off again



How good is his camouflage?
If he hadn't moved
I wouldn't have seen him!
I walked up for over 30 minutes

then decided I'd seen enough
so turned back.
I had to step aside quickly,
for a youngster
came running down
the track..... fast!
I presumed he'd
run up too!
I enjoy the return trip
for, as always,
I see (notice??) things
I hadn't noticed before
including the re-emergence
of the 'wrapped' tree...
I returned to Tom Price
happy
as I'd done
what I set out to do ~
the final bit of Karijini....



The colours
never cease to amaze me
and in the early morning light

as I head to the laundry,
the site of Mt. Nameless
(the west's tallest mountain)
aglow with the sunrise
was a 'wow' moment...
and great to watch
as I hung out the washing...
some of which
had lost its reddish tinge
and some had not!



A drive up Mt Nameless
was next on the list
and, tagging 'neighbours'
we adjusted tyre pressures
and set off...
Not as bouncy a road
as some I've been on...
until we headed around a bend
and up!



Then the going got rough
but Ulysses handled it well
with his super soft tyres
(well.. not too soft, but enough)
and the sights were glorious,
the rocks stupendous
the plants less so this time.
When we got to the top
a man appeared from nowhere!
"Did you walk up?" we asked.
"No... I *ran!*"



He was a bit younger
but the couple found resting
at the edge of the rocks

were not
and they had walked up
from the caravan park!
Mind you,
they were built like whippets!
Ho hum!



The encounters
did not detract from the view
which went on forever
and ever....
range upon range
upon range
marked only by
the change in hue



of the distant ranges...
Looking down
Tom Price
could be seen
w...a...y down there
and Matilda was down there
hidden in the caravan park.
Looking out to the south



we could see a huge scar
of the huge mine
which ships out
over \$6,000,000 worth
of ore EACH day
to the port in Karratha
on trains that are 2 ½ kms long
with up to 240 ore carrying
trucks!



I just stood
and soaked up
yet another amazing vista
in this amazing country of ours
and being VERY grateful
because I have the opportunity
to experience it...
my head is not full of
it yet!
As ever,
hardy plants survive
and thrive up here
though not as many
as I've seen elsewhere.



Having had
our fill
of the view,
if one could ever
get enough of this,
we turned
to head back down
the rocky road



and met two hopefuls
towing campervans up!
Well, they say you
can take 'em anywhere!
With a last, longing look
back up at where we'd been
it was back to camp
to get the ever present chores done,
ready to move on to more
adventures tomorrow.

