



in the 101 and it seemed for a while as if Mike had temporarily joined the caribou herd. Just a few hundred yards further on, a beautiful caribou buck was spotted about 200ft off the road and it was a bit less startled of the traffic. We were fortunate to get some great photos of him.

We were hoping to make the Klondike River Lodge at the end of the Dempster, where we had purchased fuel on the way up, but due to the unpredictable nature of the road, and it being recently opened, we had to wing it and hope for the best. As it turned out, the rumored 8ft snow drifts were never seen.

We had toyed with the idea of 'running the gate' and taking our chances Camel Trophy-style out on the deadly Dempster the day before while staring at that locked gate. In the end we elected to wait it out instead. We did not need another broken truck.

We made excellent time, reaching the end of the Highway well before our ETA. Although we had been driving for a bit over 11 hours already (and were quite tired after driving that nightmare road) we

reluctantly pressed on all the way to Carmacks. This effort placed us back on schedule and avoided any more epic driving days through to the end of the trip (barring any further breakdowns).

The total distance from Inuvik to Carmacks was 647 miles in 15 hours. That's a long, hard day of driving on some pretty scary roads. In fact, as it turned out, this was the longest drive of the expedition.

### MARCH 20

Departing Carmacks was much less stressful, as we were once again on schedule. Just outside of Whitehorse (about a quarter of the distance for the day), I collected yet another trophy; a flower of shattered glass on my windshield. Nothing like the first one, it was, however, much worse than the second one which I never even mentioned as it simply paled in comparison. Thanks to our first encounter with shattering windshields on the way up, we knew exactly where to go for a repair.

As you may remember, Mike was running with no cooling fan after it decided to eat itself and shake his truck apart in the process. The cool

*Above: Do not stop? But the truck broke again!*

*Inset: Sunrise over my shoulder in the 110.*

*Below: It's gorgeous up there, isn't it?*

temperatures were working just fine to keep the 101 engine at the right temperature, until things went wrong somehow. A rather large cloud of maple syrup-smelling fog erupted – not at all surprising, but a bit alarming nonetheless. "Is there smoke coming from the truck?" was the panicked voice heard over the radio from Mike. "Oh, yeah" was the reply from Eric, as he struggled to wipe the contents of Mike's radiator from his windshield.

We pulled over and assessed the damage. We found nothing out of order and the engine temperature never rose above normal when this all happened. The spill came from the overflow tank, but since it empties onto the left front tire (brilliant British engineering), it makes a big mess with a small amount of coolant. We checked every connection, hose and clamp to be sure we were OK and topped up the radiator. It seems an air bubble had managed to find its way out.

Just about a half mile down the road, Kim noticed parts falling off the Disco ahead. Again, not surprising, but you never know when something important might fall off a Land Rover so we had to

