

THE NEW TRAVEL-SPEAK

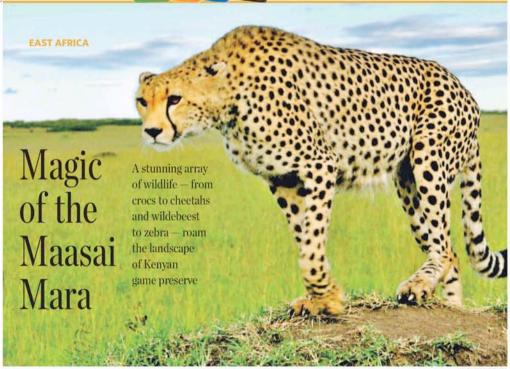
A lighthearted lexicon to help expand your vacation vocabulary, T6



FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

Cosplay is how Tokyo teens live their dress-up dreams, T5





A female cheetah surveys the grasslands of the Maasai Mara game preserve in Kenya. Cheetahs generally track the abundant prey by day and leave the night shift to the lions.

MARK SISSONS

MAASAI MARA, KENYA-Without question, this is love at first sight. Nature, in the embodiment of fe-line perfection, crouching atop a termite hill barely 10 metres away. In my imagination, she's here to greet me after my flight from Nairo-bil landed no most of the Messel Messel.

bi landed on one of the Maasai Ma-ra's grass landing strips. As dusk descends on the cheetah's

palette – the Mara's tall savannah grasses, woodlands and tree-lined rivers – the fastest, most graceful

creature on Earth locks her caramel eyes onto mine. I wonder what she makes of me as I stare back at

She breaks the spell to rapidly scan the horizon, alert to any hint of movement and its promise of nour-ishment lurking beneath the sway-ing sea of sunset rusted green.

For the next three days, my Ken-yan guide, Elphas Njuki, and I have one of Africa's most famous game

reserves virtually to ourselves.
Partly because it's the traditional low tourist season, when the Mara's

grasses are high, often obscuring game from being easily spotted.

But also because tourists have

been slow to return to Kenya since last year's political and ethnic strife left more than 1,000 dead.

Njuki, a powerfully built man in his mid 40s, possesses an encyclo-pedic knowledge of the Maasai Ma-ra and its inhabitants.

"No troublemakers would dare enter this park with its legions of predatory guardians," he says as we track our spotted sentinel, "It will always be peaceful here." For me, peaceful doesn't begin to describe the privilege of roaming this 300-square-kilometre wild kingdom.

"She must be still searching for her dinner," Njuki whispers as we creep closer to the cheetah.

"It's getting late and very danger-ous for her to be out. Cheetahs normally hunt by day, leaving the noc-turnal shift to the lions. If they catch her, they will kill her." We leave my new-found love to fo

It was 65 years ago that thousands of Allied soldiers rolled up on the beaches of Normandy in one of the decisive battles of World War II.



NORMANDY

D-Day beaches . . . and memories of a father

'Vibrant red poppies sprouting out from golden-coloured stalks of wheat'

CHERIE DELORY

JUNO BEACH, FRANCE-Sometimes, the best souvenir doesn't cost a thing. As I peer into my little honey jar, now filled with sand and what looks like tiny specks of fool's gold amid dots of blue and rust-coloured

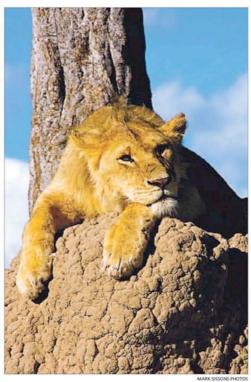
D-DAY continued on T11

What's on the Web

Dozens of tall ships will invade Halifax in mid-July for an annual festival. You can find details at thestar.com/travel. We also have a story and video on visit-ing the Seattle-area gravesite of legendary guitarist Jimi Hendrix and a story and video on the air-bus A380's visit to Toronto this week. Star photographer Rich-ard Lautens also offers his latest travel photo tips, and we have Travel Editor Jim Byers' regular blog. All at thestar.com/travel.



TRAVEL









Creatures great and small, dangerous and delightful inhabit the Maasai Mara, including herds of wildebeest, zebra and giraffe, which are fodder for predators such as lions, cheetahs and hyenas. Because of the proximity of wildlife, visitors are escorted to their camps by armed guards.

JUST THE FACTS

AIR KENYA operates daily flights aboard DeHavilland Dash 8s and Twin Otters from Nairobi's Wilson Airport to landing strips in the Mara and other Kenyan parks, Flying time is approximately 30 min utes. See www.airkenya.com

HERITAGE HOTELS runs

several boutique luxury properties throughout the region. including Mara Explorer, their flagship camp in the heart of the Maasai Mara, and Kenya's most famous tented camp, Mara Intrepid. See www.heritage-eastafrica.com

MICATO SAFARIS offers a

wide range of custom luxury safaris. See www.micato.com

FOR information, contact the Kenyan Tourism Board, www.magicalkenya.com

Plenty of beasts surrounded by beauty

cus on feeding her family and drive the final couple of kilometres to Mara Explorer, a permanent tented uxury camp on the thickly forested Mara River.

At check-in, manager David Le-wayanna delivers a sobering introductory briefing. "Under no circumstances," he in-

forms me, "are you to leave your tent unescorted after sunset." Instead, I have to call the main

lodge by walkie-talkie to summon my well-armed escort. "It's because of the wildlife," he

explains, "There are no fences surrounding this camp and predators ometimes wander through at

"A couple staying here once dis-A couple staying here once dis-covered a pride of lions camped out on their tent's porch when they awoke early to go ballooning. But such encounters are rare."

Not entirely reassured, I follow Samuel, my personal butler, along a

winding trail to my lodgings, an enormous canvas tent with perma-

nent attached bathroom.

An antique claw-foot bathtub graces the spacious deck overlooking a bend in the river where a group of snorting hippos splashes in the shallow water, occasionally wandering ashore directly beneath me to forage.

A crocodile, its jaws gaping open, sits motionless on a sandbank

among them.

As I drift off to sleep amid a comical nocturnal symphony of belch-ing hippos, laughing hyenas and shrieking monkeys, I wonder if the cheetah managed to catch anything for dinner.

Over the next three days, I go on twice-daily game drives with Njuki and encounter dozing lions, graceful giraffes, herds of nervous zebras and wildebeests, roving bands of baboons, and even an elusive leop-ard stalking its prey by the riverside as giant crocodiles bake in the equa-

I watch, awestruck, as a family of elephants emerges from the foliage right across the river from my tent. I enjoy elaborate bush breakfasts, champagne sundowners on the hood of our land rover, and sumptuous multi-course dinners, animat-ed by Njuki's lectures on Maasai culture and wildlife.

But the most memorable private

Mara moment comes during my first game drive just after dawn the morning after I arrive.

It's chilly, with mist rising over the river, and the reserve's waist-high grasses are still wet with dew.

As we slowly climb a winding track along a ridge, Njuki taps the driver on the shoulder and whispers something to him in Swahili.

Then he hands me his binoculars and points toward a thicket three

metres away.
"She's there," he says breathlessly. "Watching us, Waiting for you,"

And so she is, the cheetah that had so elegantly introduced me to the magic of the Mara, nestled deep in the underbrush with her two stuffed-toy-like cubs nuzzling up against her. We inhabit utterly different

worlds, yet on this morning as the sun rises over her magnificent East African home, I find myself under her spell again — a beast humbled by the face of beauty.

Mark Sissons is a Vancouver-based freelance writer. His trip was subsidized by Heritage Hotels, Micato Tours and the Kenya Tourism Board.

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