

Pedalling North Through Thailand From the Gulf to the Mekong

Leana Niemand



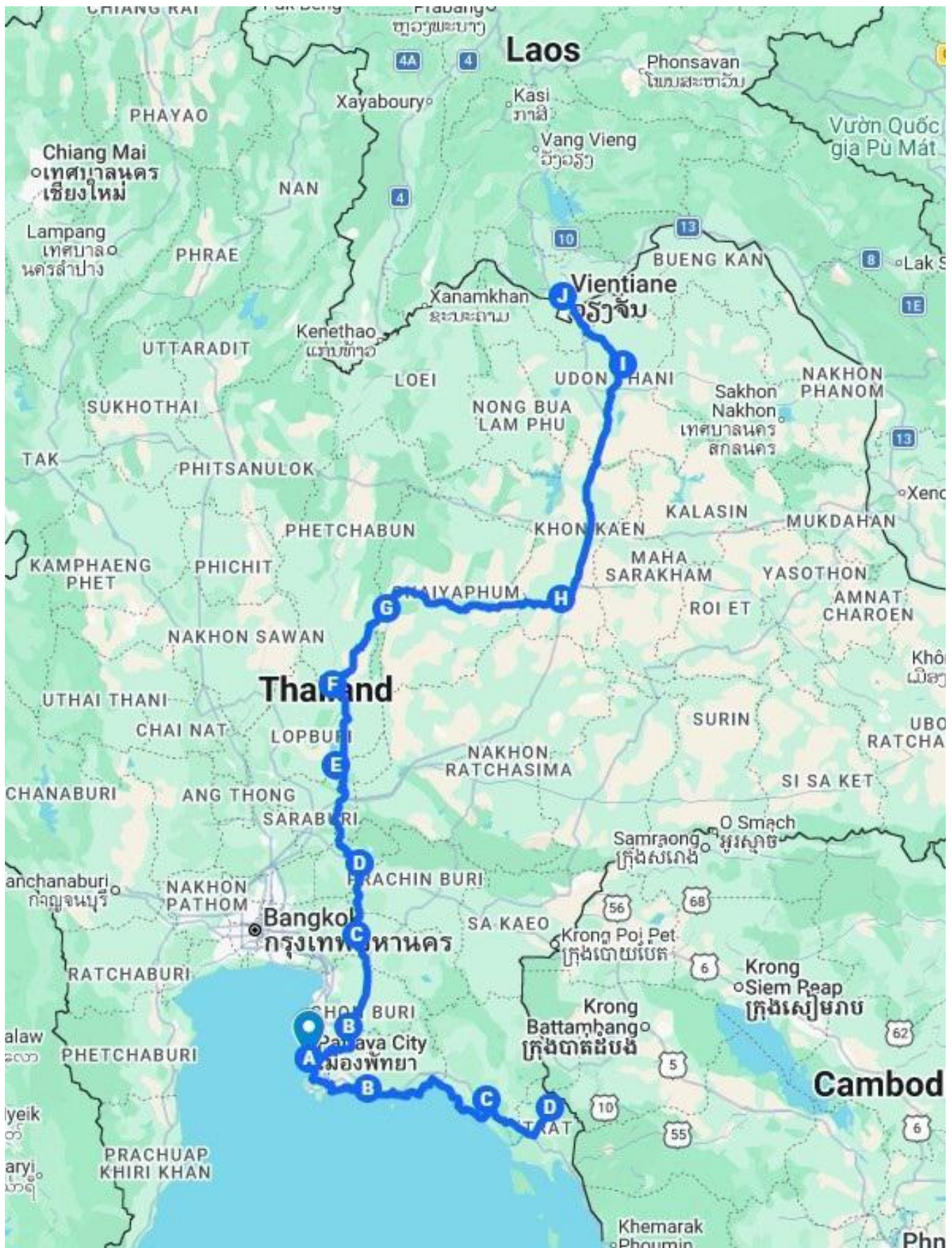
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Thank You

I'm immensely grateful for the kind generosity of strangers and the random acts of kindness I experienced during my cycle tour in Thailand. It was a humbling experience.

My sister Amanda played a significant role in documenting my travels by keeping my journal entries and photos well-organised. Without her, there would be no record of my journey.

I am much indebted to Val Abrahamse, my friend, for taking care of my personal and financial matters back home while I travelled the world. Her conscientious efforts made it possible for me to achieve my dream.



From the Gulf to the Mekong: Pedalling North Through Thailand

Prologue

A Small Escape That Became a Detour North

I only meant to slip away for a few days — a quick coastal wander before Dawn arrived and life shifted into holiday mode. But the moment I pedalled out of Jomtien, something tugged me forward. Maybe it was restlessness. Maybe it was the quiet thrill of leaving, even when you don't know where you're going.

Thailand had been home for too long, long enough for comfort to turn stale. So I followed the road, letting weather, whim, and the occasional 7-Eleven decide my direction. What began as a short escape stretched into a slow, surprising pull toward the Mekong — a ride stitched together by rainstorms, temples, forest roads, kind strangers, and the simple joy of moving north, one unplanned day at a time.



The South Coast: A Short Escape Before Goodbye

I left Jomtien earlier than expected, surprised at my own eagerness. Perhaps it was because this wasn't a grand expedition, just a brief ten-day wander before Dawn arrived. Her visit shimmered ahead of me—days of eating, laughing, and decidedly *not* cycling. My long stay in Thailand was drawing to a close, and though I loved the country, I hoped I might finally move on before the year ended. Too many months in a hotel room can make even paradise feel small.

Pedalling out of Jomtien, I chuckled to myself. There is always a spark of exhilaration when I set off toward the unknown, even when the unknown lies along familiar roads. The sky hung low and grey, and I drifted through daydreams, barely taking any photos. Most of my attention was consumed by my new Garmin watch—an impulsive purchase I instantly regretted. It was complicated, fussy, and not much better than my cheap Xiaomi. But what's done is done; I would simply have to learn its moods.

By the time I reached Rayong, the day felt ready to end. The Richy Grant guesthouse—cheap as chips, with washing machines, filtered water, and a night market nearby—was too tempting to pass up. I should have eaten a snack before heading to the market; instead, I returned with enough food to feed a small battalion. I spent the evening reorganising panniers and working my way through the mountain of snacks.



Rain, Repairs, and the Slow Drift Down the Coast

The night sky had raged with thunder and lightning, and morning arrived wrapped in drizzle. I lingered, sorting my belongings at leisure, waiting for the clouds to loosen their grip.

When the rain finally eased, I set off—only to be chased back under shelter five kilometres later. An Amazon Café at a petrol station became my refuge. But the day soon transformed: a soft ocean breeze, thin cloud cover, and the kind of gentle light that makes cycling feel effortless.

Progress was slow, interrupted by small adjustments—watch, chain, tyres—and by the irresistible urge to stop for photos. The South Coast always draws me in with its quiet beauty. By late afternoon, after only 85 kilometres, I found a cluster of roadside cottages with shops and restaurants nearby. It felt like the right place to stop.





Coastal Curves, Old Town Streets, and the King of Fruit

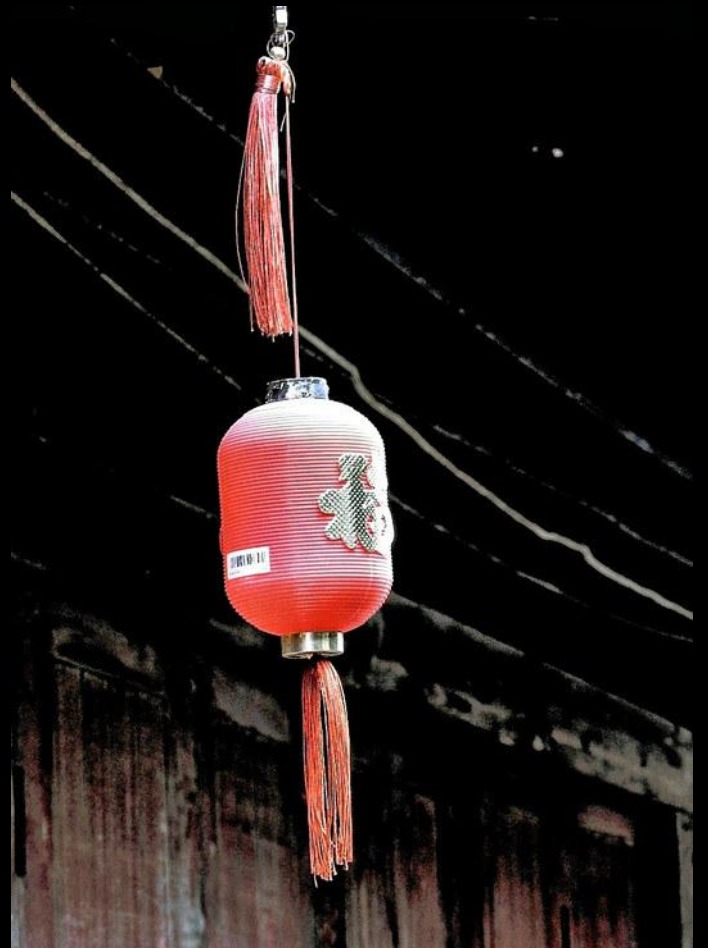
I woke at six to birdsong, brewed coffee, and the soft hush of an overcast morning. The coastal road unfurled ahead of me, winding between viewpoints that demanded short climbs and rewarded me with sweeping sea views.

In Chanthaburi, I checked into Laluna River House—simple, affordable, and perched above the river. I spent the afternoon grazing through the night market: banana-leaf parcels, spicy salads, flavours that lingered long after the last bite. The next day drifted by lazily as I wandered the old town's narrow lanes, admiring its historic shophouses and vibrant street life.

Durian—Asia's self-proclaimed king of fruit—made its presence known everywhere. Enormous, spiky, and unapologetically pungent, it is a fruit that demands commitment. I've never bought one (too pricey), but I adore durian ice cream. Its smell is so potent that many hotels ban it outright. Only in Southeast Asia could a fruit be both revered and outlawed.







Forest Roads and an Unexpected Reunion

With no fixed plan, I followed minor roads until they spilt me onto the main highway. I escaped it at the first chance, slipping onto a quiet forest road that felt forgotten by the world. Hardly a soul passed me. Dense greenery pressed close, and the silence felt ancient.

Then, unexpectedly, Bo Rai appeared—a tiny town with a lovely hotel and a 7-Eleven. As I settled in, a message arrived from my friend Anil: he was in Pattaya. After missing him in India, I had promised we'd meet there. So I arranged a ride back, my heart lifting at the thought of familiar faces.

A Sudden Turn Back and a Month of Friendship

Just like that, I was back in Pattaya. Anil and his friends welcomed me into an evening of laughter at the Beer Garden. With Dawn arriving in four days, I stayed put.

Her visit became a month of indulgence—food, drinks, stories, and slow days that slipped through our fingers. We spent time on Ko Samet, wandered Bangkok's streets, and met up with Luke before they flew home. We had grand plans, but life had its own pace, and we surrendered to it.

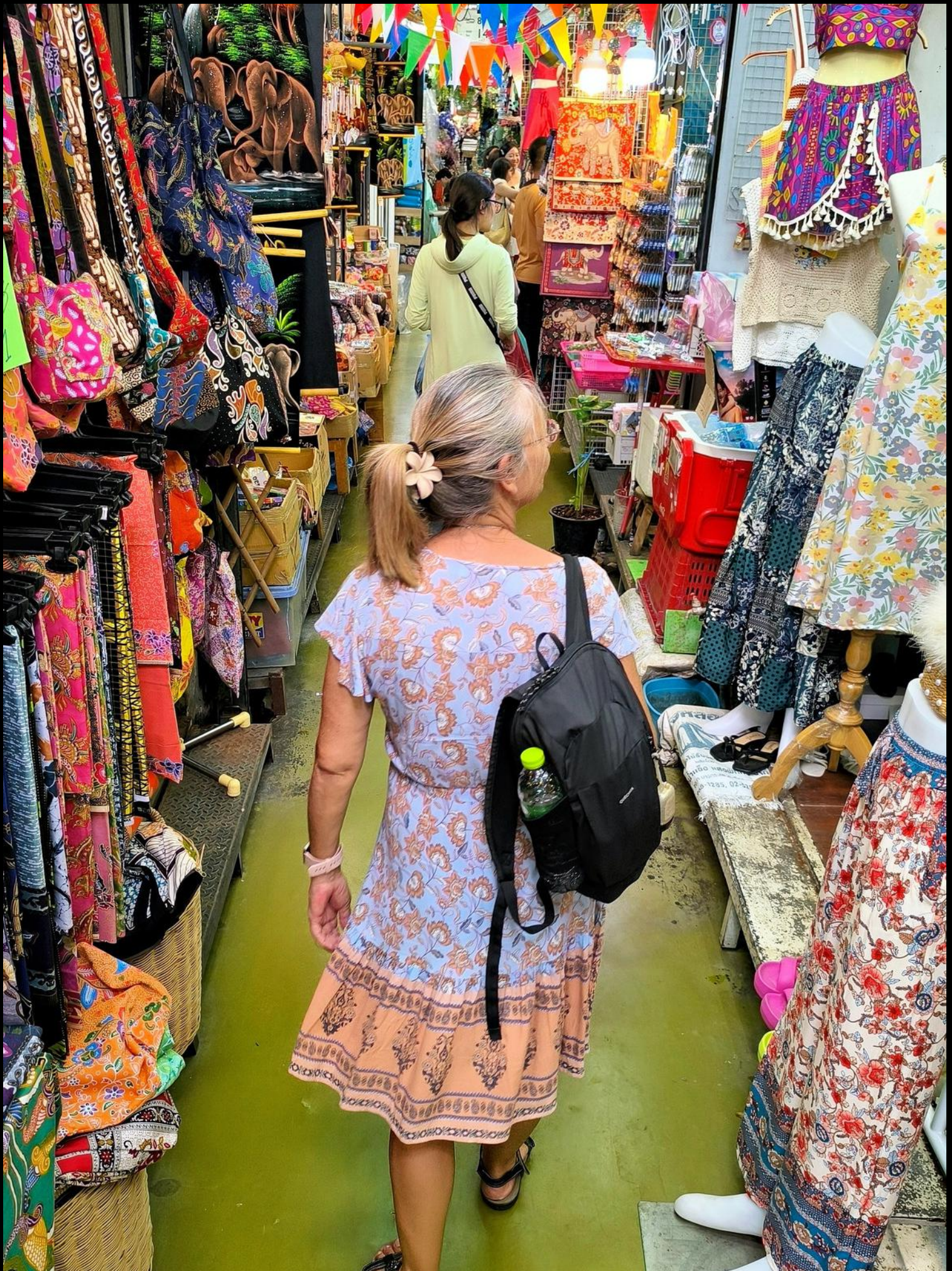
Back in Jomtien, I waited for my second bicycle to be serviced and began packing for my upcoming journey around Asia. I cleaned the room, sorted my belongings, and discarded the unnecessary things I had accumulated—objects that had no place on a bicycle.











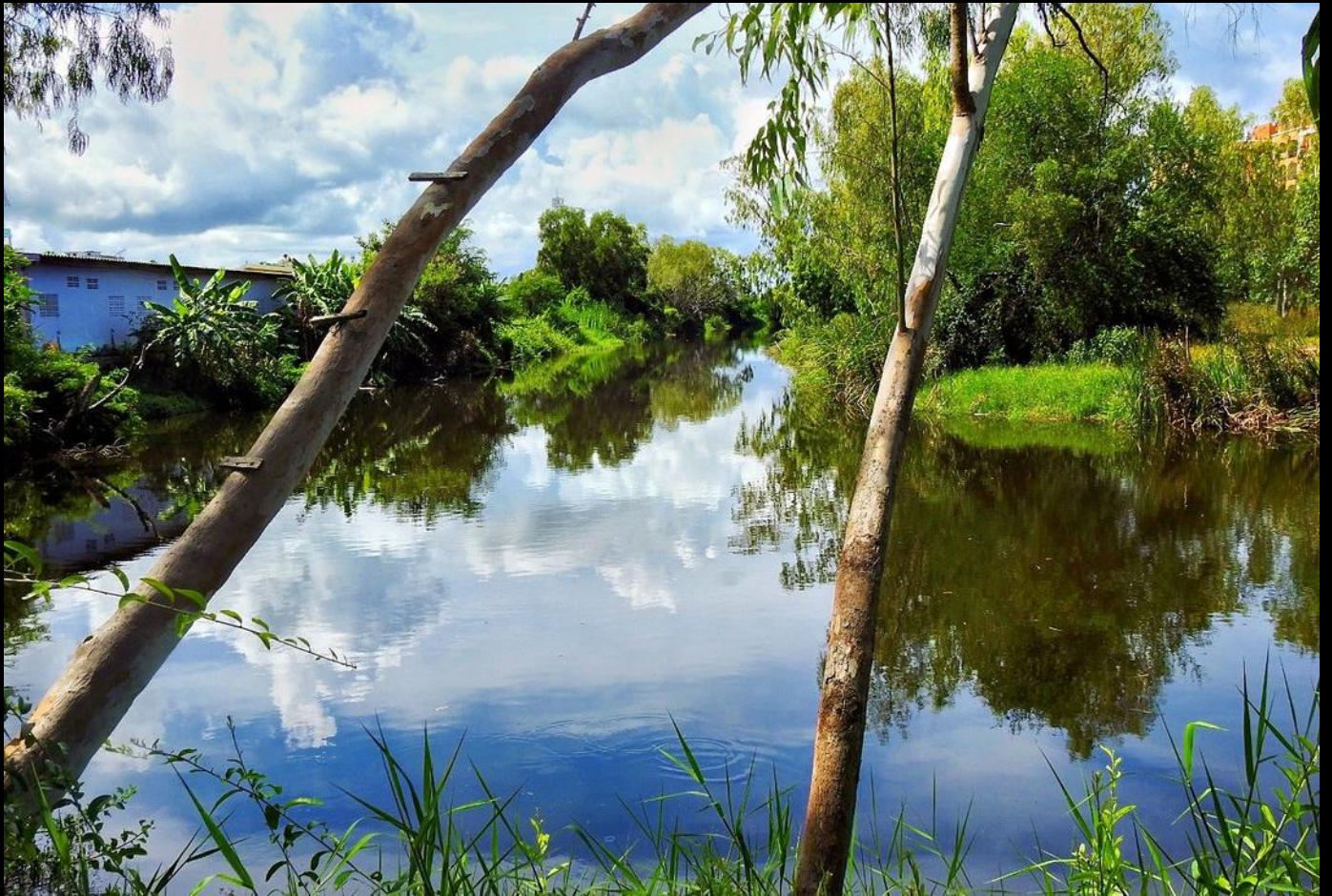
Northbound to Nong Khai

Immigration Errands and a Chaotic Start to the Northbound Ride

I finally pedalled out of Jomtien on 28 August, though “pedalled out” makes it sound far more romantic than it was. In truth, I limped away from the Immigration Office after spending the better part of two hours securing a re-entry permit, so my Non-Immigrant visa wouldn’t evaporate the moment I crossed a border. Bureaucracy has a way of turning even the strongest coffee into regret.

By 11:30 a.m., passport in hand, I pointed the bike north with all the confidence of someone who had absolutely no plan. The minor roads looked innocent enough on the map, but in reality, they were clogged with trucks, cement mixers, and construction vehicles that seemed to multiply every time I blinked. It felt like cycling through the backstage area of a nation under renovation.

Accommodation was equally elusive. Every guesthouse was full of long-term construction workers, and the traffic was becoming so unhinged that even my stubbornness began to wilt. Eventually, I surrendered, turned around, and slunk back to a guesthouse I’d passed earlier. Not my proudest moment, but at least I survived the day with all limbs attached. Time to consult the map again — preferably with a stiff drink in hand.



A Day of Admin, a Veranda Cat, and a Slow Reset

I keep saying I stayed in “Khao Khan Song,” but honestly, it could be the name of the town, the guesthouse, or the cat. Everything was written in Thai, and I was too frazzled to investigate further. What I *did* know was that I’d left Jomtien in far too much of a hurry, trailing a small comet of unfinished tasks behind me.

Fortunately, modern life allows one to conduct an entire existence from a plastic chair and a patchy Wi-Fi signal. My room came with a table, a veranda, and a resident cat who appeared to be the property’s true manager. With such luxurious amenities, staying put felt like the only sensible choice.

My online work swallowed the day, and by the time I resurfaced, it was already 5 p.m. I wandered to the supermarket for dinner and a beer, feeling oddly content. Sometimes the road demands motion; sometimes it demands stillness. Today, the cat won.



Tailwinds, River Roads, and Thai Table Manners

The next morning, I saddled my old iron horse — a creature of questionable elegance but unwavering loyalty — and rolled back onto the main road. Thankfully, this stretch was newly paved and boasted a shoulder wide enough to host a small wedding. I attempted a detour onto a quieter route, but the road fizzled out like a bad idea, so I returned to the highway and let a generous tailwind push me northward.

I flew into Bang Khla just as the sky decided to empty itself. I darted into the first accommodation I saw and paid a little more than usual, but the reward was a spacious, air-conditioned room with hot water for \$14. At least I was out of the madness — the trucks, the dust, the construction zones that felt like cycling through a nation mid-renovation — and finally heading north. The promise of river roads, temples, and green horizons tugged me onward. Thailand has a way of rewarding perseverance with beauty, as if patting you on the back and saying, “There, there. Have a waterfall.”

Over a plate of fried rice that tasted far better than my day deserved, I had a small revelation: Thailand’s table manners are a quiet masterpiece. While other cultures duel with knives or twirl pasta like Olympic gymnasts, the Thais have perfected a gentle choreography. The spoon — *chon* — is the star performer, gliding food gracefully to the mouth. The fork — *som* — is the backstage crew, nudging rice into place, never daring to enter the spotlight itself. Knives are largely unnecessary; everything arrives already in bite-sized diplomacy. It’s elegant, efficient, and frankly, a relief for someone who has dropped more noodles than she cares to admit.



Temples, Fruit Bats, and a Lunch Without Words

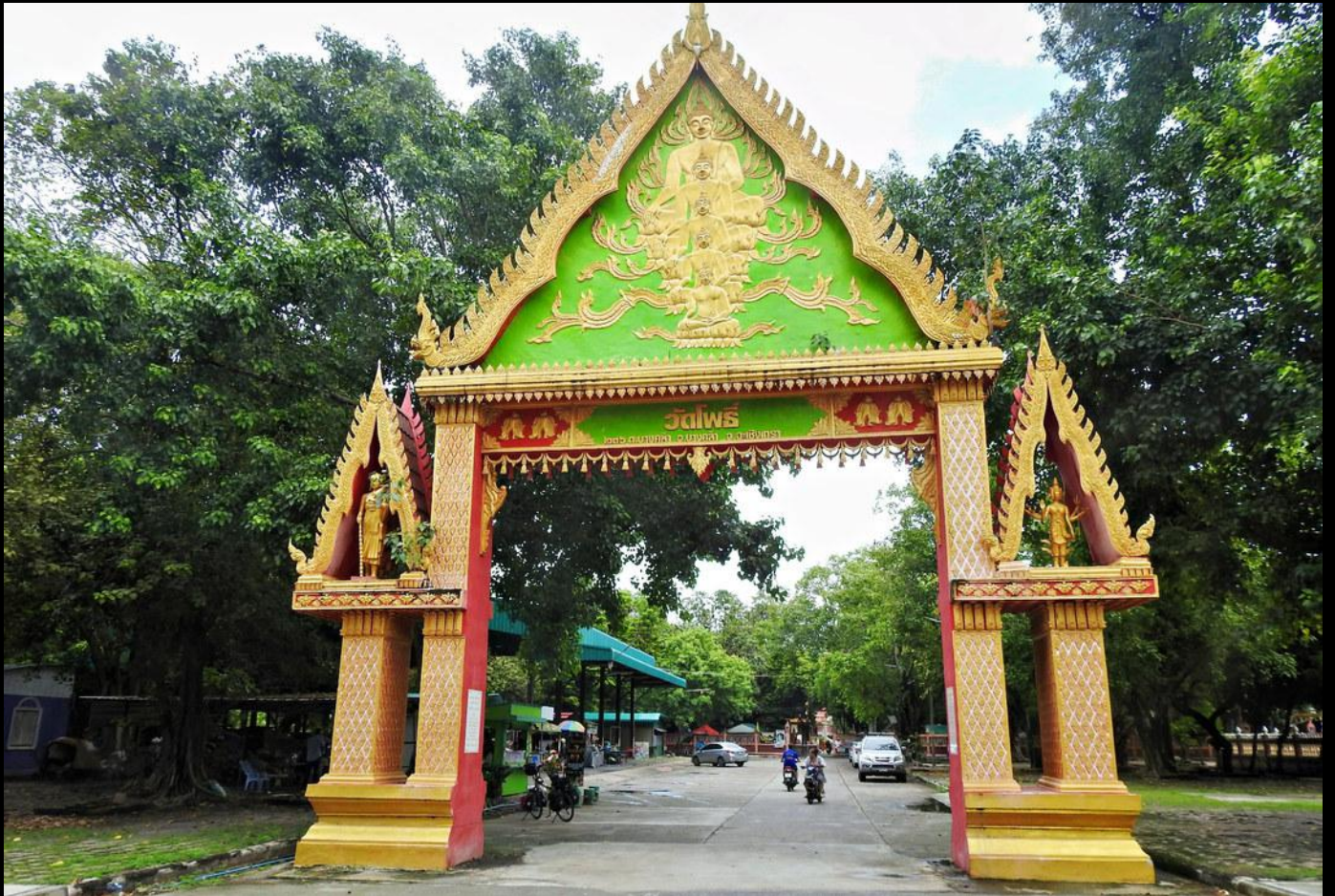
The next morning, I pedalled a few kilometres to Wat Pho Bang Khla, a temple believed to date back to the reign of King Taksin the Great. Its architecture carries whispers of Ayutthaya and Rattanakosin, but the real showstoppers are the fruit bats — enormous, leathery creatures dangling from the trees like oversized ornaments. They rustled and shifted above me, a living ceiling of wings.

The so-called floating market came next. “Floating” was perhaps optimistic; it was more of a food market politely sitting beside the river, but the smells alone were worth the detour. Then on to Wat Pak Nam Jolo, a temple said to be around 200 years old, shimmering quietly in the morning light.

From Bang Khla, the ride along the Bang Pakong River was pure joy — the kind of cycling that makes you forget the weight of your panniers and the questionable decisions of the previous day.

By midday, hunger struck, and I pulled into a roadside shelter. A startled woman emerged, and without a single shared word, she conjured a plate of rice, spicy vegetables, and a fried egg that could have won awards. We communicated entirely through gestures, smiles, and the universal language of “Yes, more chilli is fine.” The whole exchange was so seamless and absurdly charming that I laughed out loud.

Just before reaching Nakhon Nayok, I detoured to the ruins of Dong Lakhon, an ancient town dating back to the ninth to eleventh centuries. Not much remains — a well, a moat, a few quiet stones — but the place hums with old stories. It’s the kind of spot where you stroll slowly, letting the centuries settle around you.







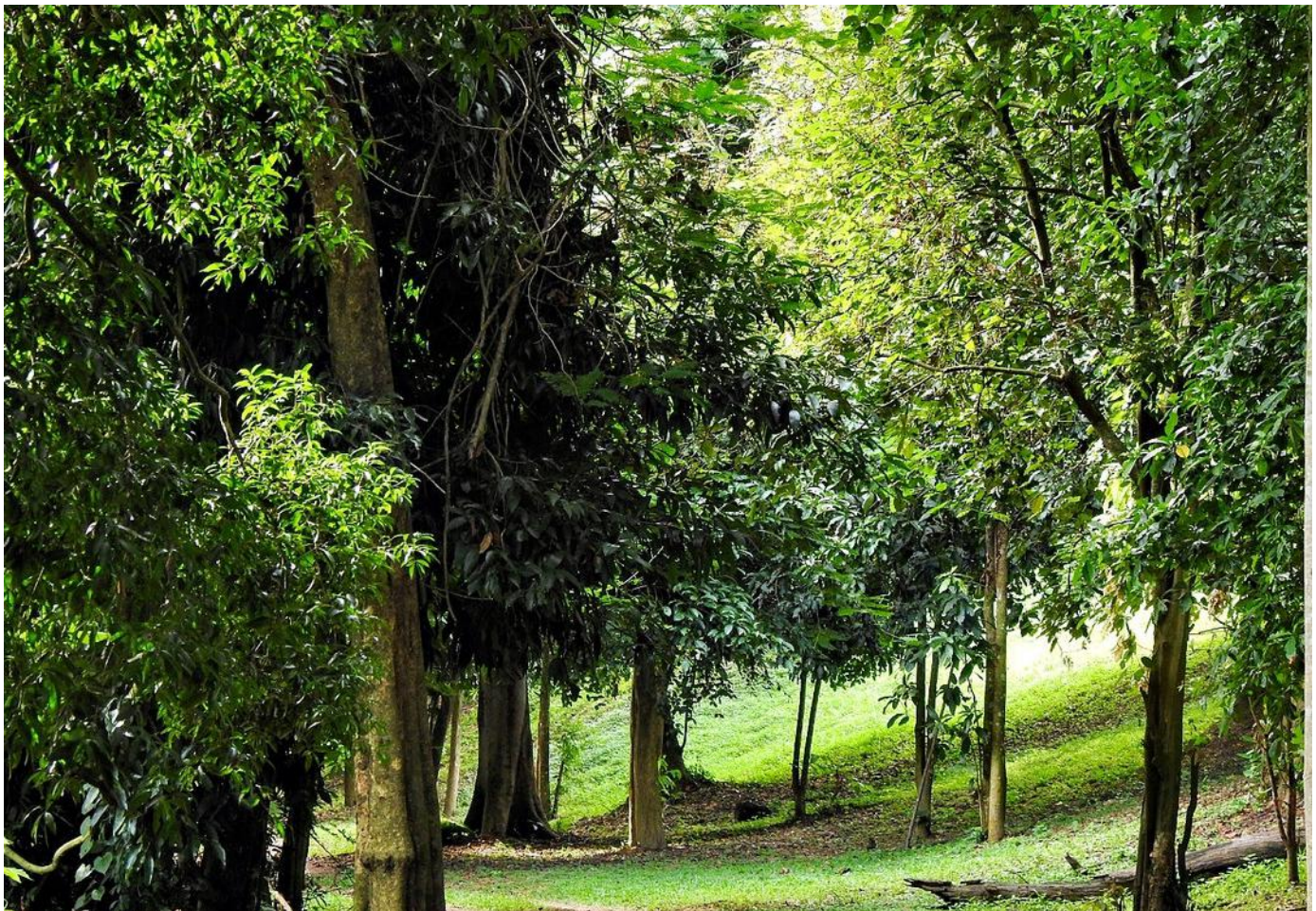




Waterfall Dreams in Khao Yai National Park

I stayed an extra night and ventured into Khao Yai National Park, dreaming of serene waterfalls and a peaceful lunch with my 7-Eleven sandwich. The park is vast — over 2,000 square kilometres — and proudly Thailand's oldest, a UNESCO World Heritage Site no less.

But it was a beautiful Sunday, and Bangkok is far too close for solitude. My waterfall fantasy dissolved into a cheerful crowd of weekenders, selfie sticks, and families picnicking with admirable enthusiasm. Still, the park was undeniably gorgeous. Next time, I'll cycle through one gate and out another — a grand traverse, and hopefully with fewer humans.





Frangipani Roads and a Quiet Night by the Water

The following day's ride was a balm. My chosen route skirted the edge of the National Park, weaving through small communities where every woman seemed to be pounding something aromatic in a mortar or coaxing magic from a wok. Some concoctions were so potent they made me sneeze as I cycled past.

Frangipani trees lined the road, their blossoms perfuming the air, and the scent of freshly cut grass drifted across the fields. With no destination in mind, I followed signs to the Pasak Chonlasit Dam. Being a Monday, the campsite was nearly empty — just one other cyclist and a Thai couple who later approached me shyly to ask for a photo. Apparently, I make quite an impression. LOL.

The evening settled softly over the water, and for the first time in days, everything felt unhurried. Just me, the quiet, and the long road north waiting patiently for morning.





Pasak Chonlasit Dam to Sa Kruat

I woke before sunrise, not because of any noble intention, but because the other cyclist in the campsite decided to rummage through his plastic bags at an hour only owls should witness. If you've ever slept in a hiking hut, you know *that* sound — the frantic rustling that suggests someone is either packing for Everest or searching for the meaning of life at the bottom of a Ziploc.

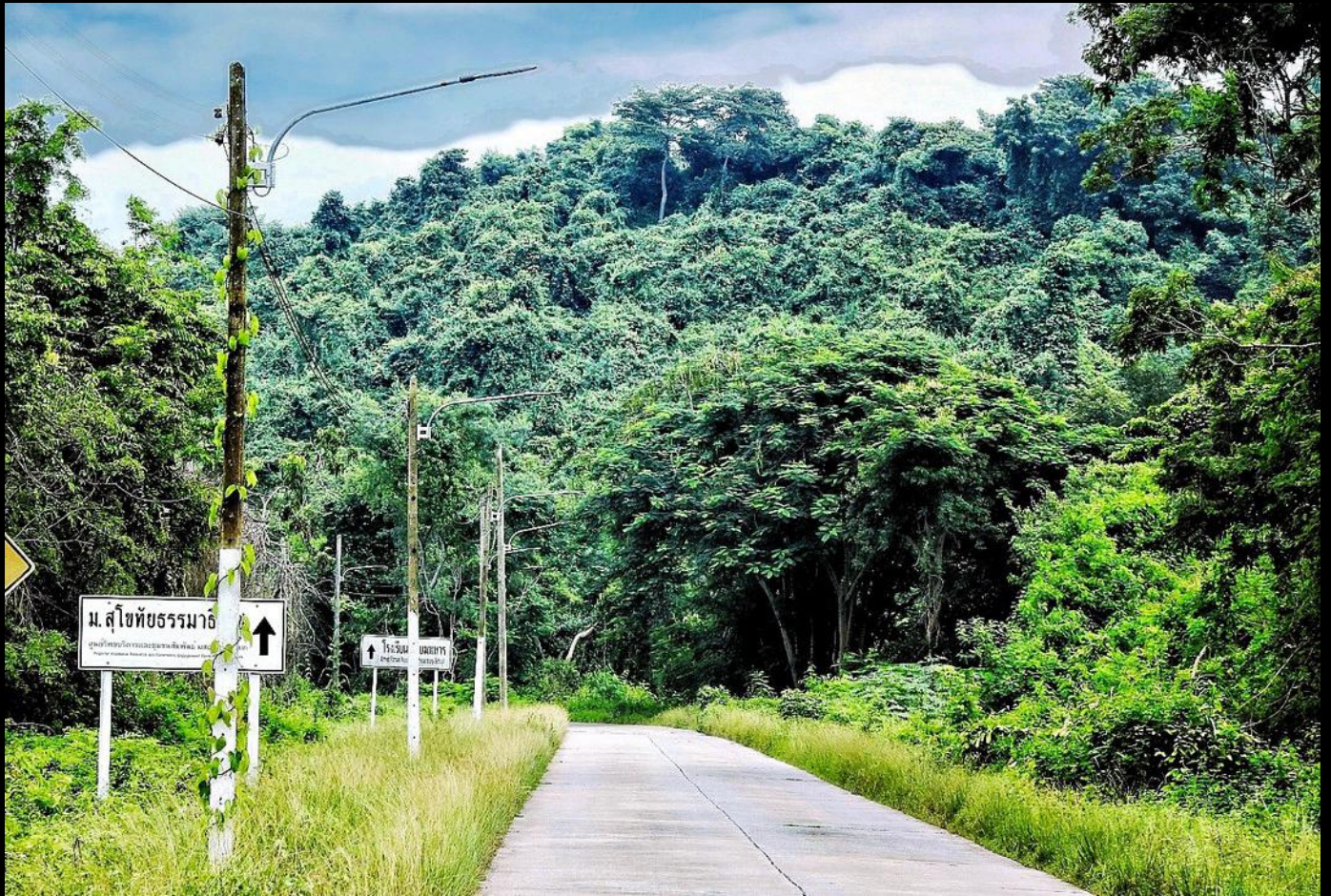
Just as I thought the symphony was over, he put on music — something soothing, I'm sure, as he gazed dreamily over the dam. Unfortunately, sound travels beautifully across open water, so I too was up at the crack of dawn.

Cycling across the dam wall, I felt a rush of gratitude. I was heading somewhere — I wasn't sure where — and that uncertainty felt delicious. The road along the eastern shore was blissfully quiet, shared only with a few motorbikes, herds of buffalo, a snake, and a large, determined Shongololo crossing the road with the confidence of a creature who knows it has right of way.

By midday, I stopped for fried rice — always an entertaining affair when you're the lone foreigner in a tiny village. The clouds thickened in the afternoon, and when the sky began to growl, I called it a day in what I *think* was Sa Kruat. I stopped partly because of the weather, partly because I was toying with the idea of visiting the Si Thep Historical Park in the morning. Decisions, decisions.







Ancient City Walls and a Guesthouse Fried Rice Adventure

I woke early, well-rested, and decided Si Thep was worth the detour. The historical park holds the remains of an ancient city inhabited from the third to fifth century CE and occupied until the thirteenth. Once one of the great city-states of central Thailand, it was added to the World Heritage List in 2023 — a well-deserved nod to its quiet grandeur.

After wandering the ruins, I checked into a guesthouse across the road to tackle laundry and fix the slow leak in my back wheel. Later, I cycled 1.5 kilometres to a supermarket, only to be ambushed by a sudden downpour. I sheltered for ten minutes, then continued in full sunshine. Thailand's weather has a sense of humour.

Dinner turned into an unexpected adventure. When the guesthouse owner asked if I wanted food, I casually said, "Fried rice," imagining he'd point me to a kitchen. Instead, he hopped on his motorbike and zoomed off to fetch it from a restaurant two kilometres away. He returned drenched but triumphant, clutching a steaming hot meal. I paid him \$2.50 for a \$1.25 dish — where else in the world can you get home delivery, complete with dramatic rainstorm, for that price?







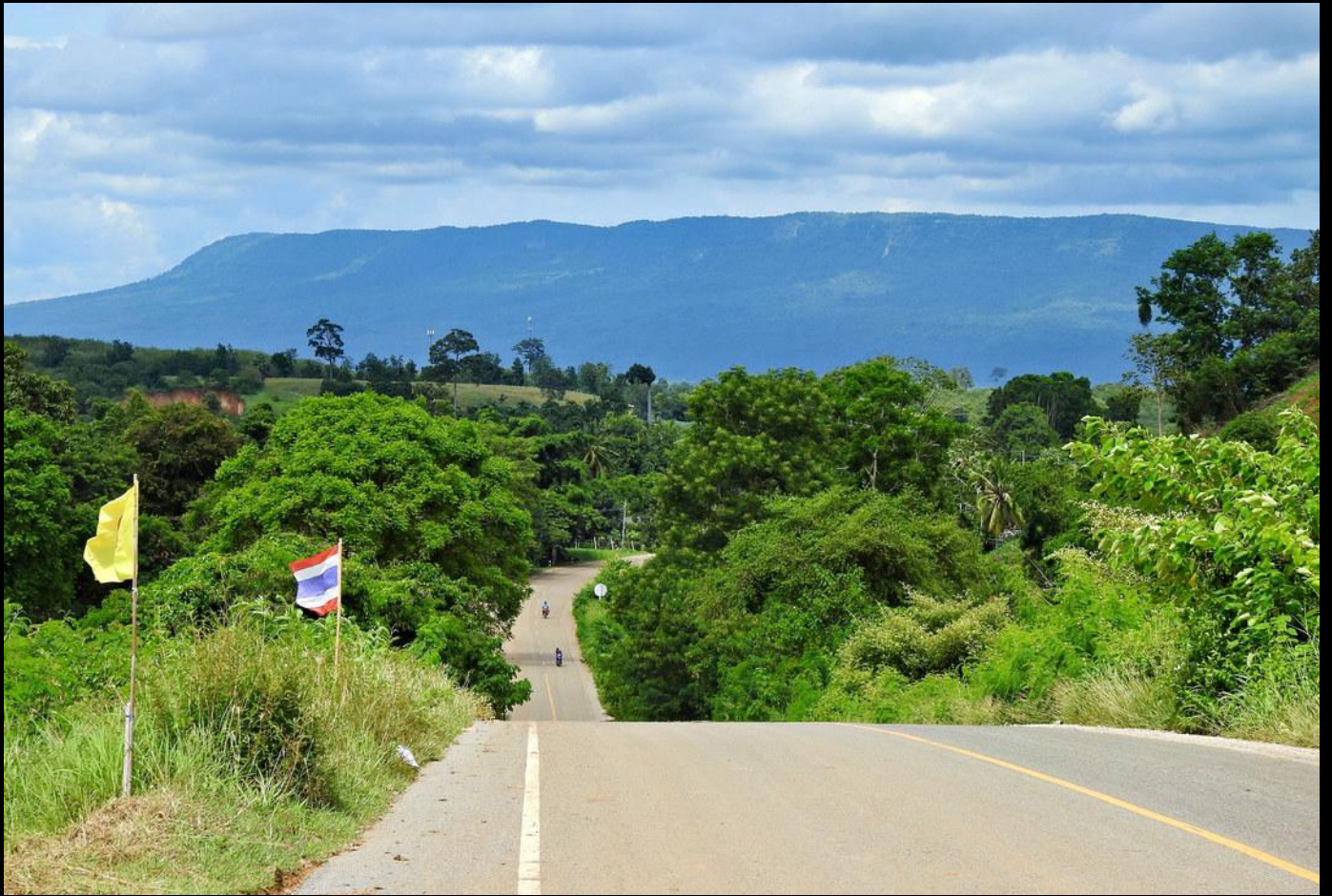
Heat, Hills, Ice Cream with Sticky Rice, and a Poolside Beer

In the morning, I cycled to Wichian Buri to buy a new inner tube. The people there were wonderfully kind — they not only directed me to the right shop but also handed me two bottles of water. A blessing, as the heat was fierce and the climb steeper than expected.

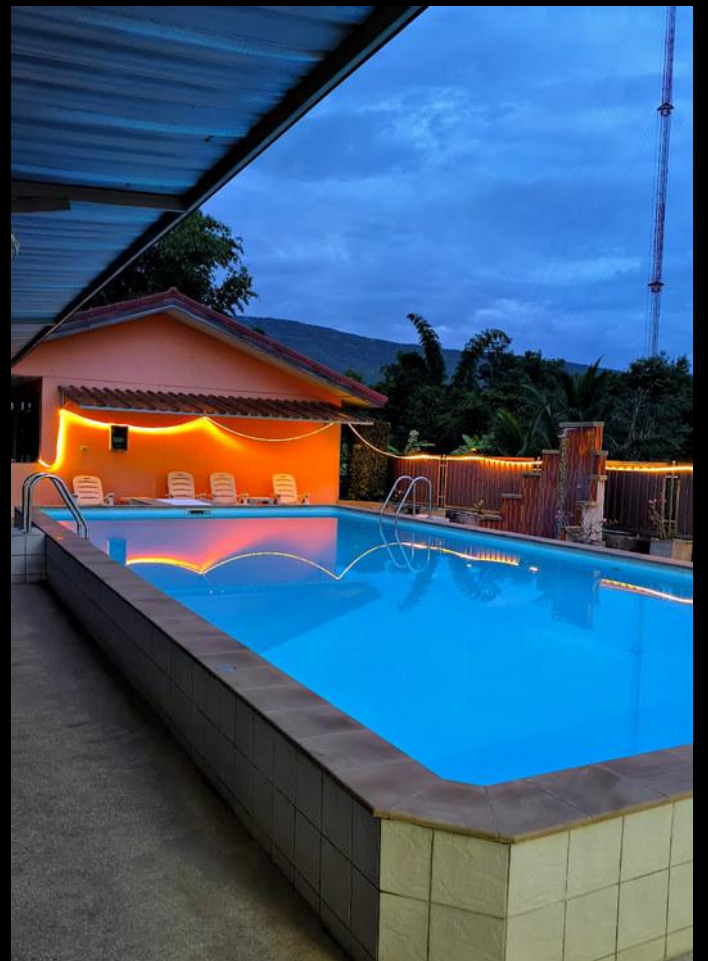
Despite the temperature, the ride was glorious. I drifted off the main road and onto a narrow secondary route threading through small communities. After cresting the pass, I found an ice cream vendor and immediately stopped. The treat came with sticky rice, tiny scoops of ice cream, peanuts, and a drizzle of condensed milk — a combination that sounds improbable but tastes like joy.

Sugar-fuelled, I sped downhill until I screeched to a halt at Haus Luneburg, a charming guesthouse with a swimming pool. I didn't even pretend to be dignified. I unloaded the bike at record speed and jumped straight into the pool with a cold Chang beer in hand. Bliss.









Rainstorms, Rural Roads, and an Early Stop

Another day, another beautiful ride. Route 2037 has been an absolute delight — a ribbon of road winding through tiny hamlets, each with its own temple, school, and market. Midway through the day, the sky opened, and I cycled through a torrential downpour. Since it wasn't cold, I simply kept going, enjoying the absurdity of it.

When the rain eased, I continued until I spotted a row of roadside cottages. It was early, but the clouds were gathering again, and I decided not to push my luck. Stopping early meant there wasn't much to do, so I tackled the dreaded laundry and hunted down a tap to wash the mud off the bike.

Sometimes the road gives you adventure; sometimes it gives you chores. Both are part of the journey.





A Perfect Ride into the City and a Day of Chores

I wore a permanent grin today — the kind that sneaks up on you when everything aligns just right. The weather was soft and generous, the rice paddies impossibly green, the corn standing tall like proud sentinels. I counted myself among the luckiest humans alive. The kilometres drifted by as if the bike had sprouted its own wings, and even the village dogs, usually self-appointed border patrol, didn't bother to chase me.

A stiff breeze nudged me through a string of small settlements and past temples painted in colours that would make a parrot blush. By the time I rolled into Khon Kaen, I felt sun-kissed, wind-blown, and utterly content. Two days here, I decided — time for chores and a reset.

The next morning, I tackled laundry at the laundromat conveniently located right outside my room. Then I wandered around the city lake, a shaded loop dotted with temples and the occasional monk gliding past like a saffron ghost. Later, I cycled to a bike shop that turned out to be a gem — well-stocked, professional, and staffed by people who actually knew what they were doing. They adjusted my gears and fitted an odometer, which felt like giving my bike a tiny brain.

By evening, I drifted through the night market in search of vegetarian food. Slim pickings. I settled for freshly made French fries and, fearing starvation, added a pizza that cost the same as my room. Foreign food always comes with a surcharge — a tax on nostalgia.







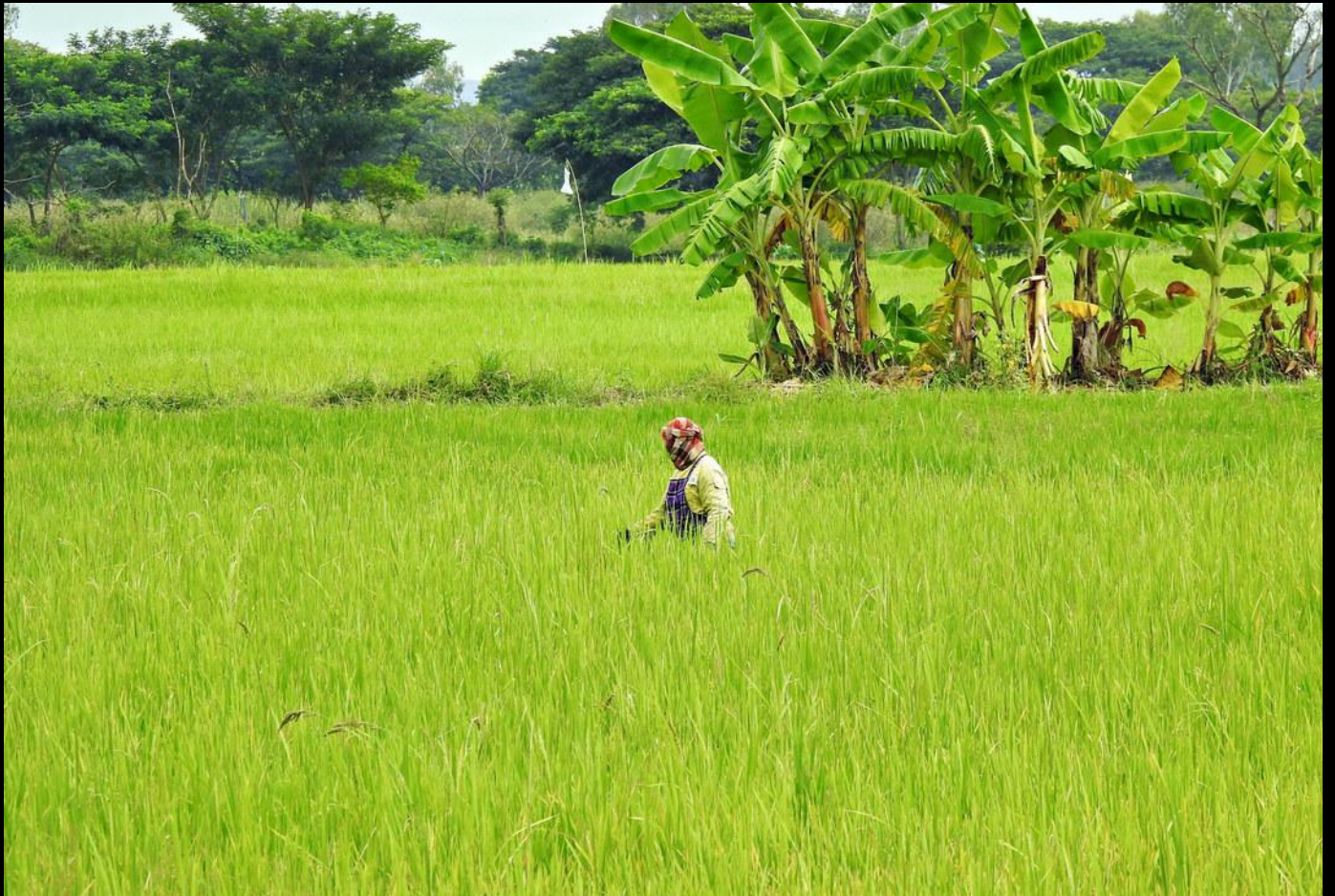
Holy Ponds, Cobra Villages, and a Smooth Highway Finish

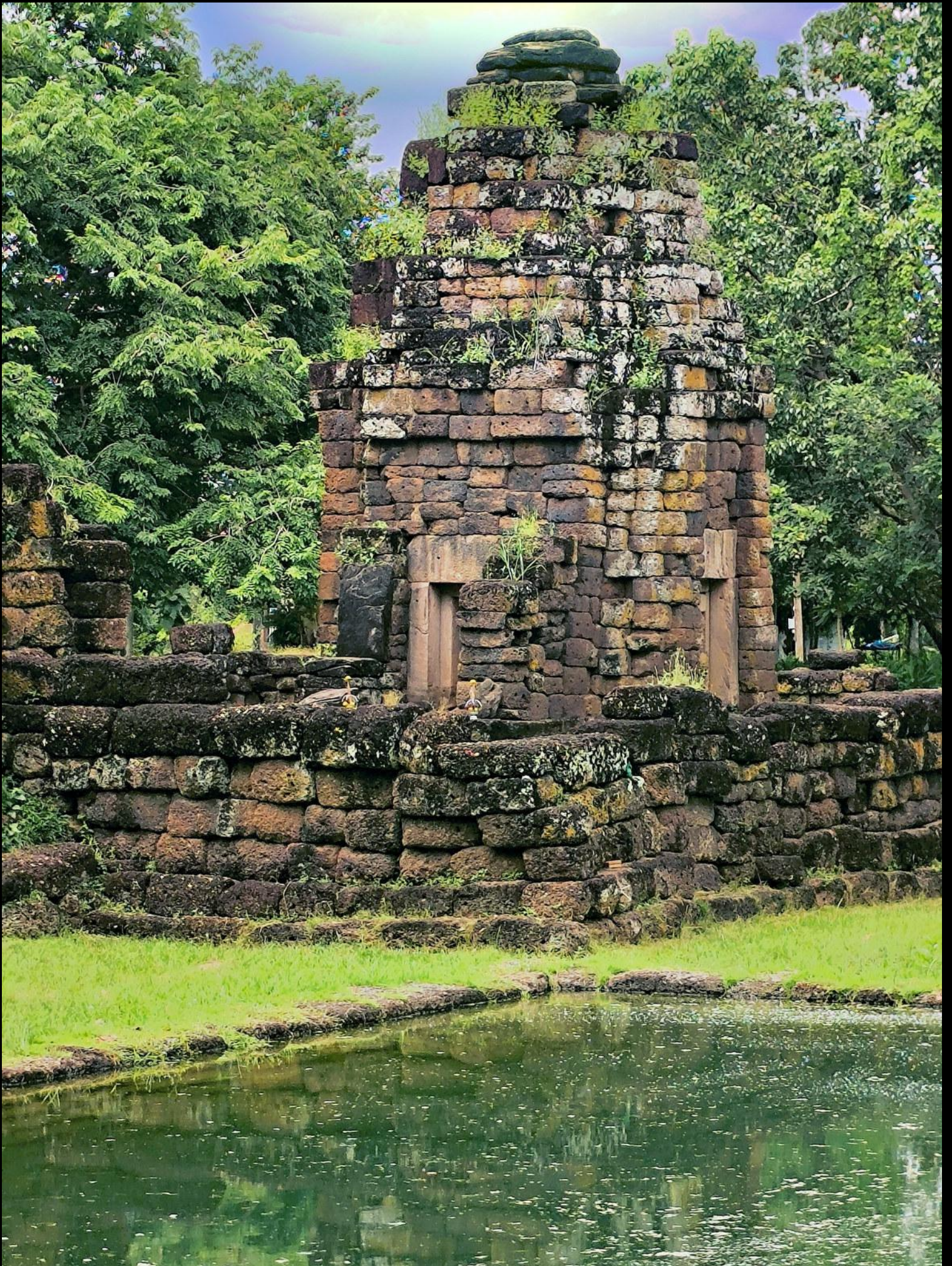
I slept surprisingly well on the lumpy mattress — for 350 THB, one must adjust expectations — and was up at six, rolling by eight. Khon Kaen revealed itself to be far larger than I'd imagined, and the morning traffic was lively. Yet, in true Thai fashion, drivers stopped to let me cross the road. Only in Thailand.

Soon enough, I was back among the rice paddies, music blaring far too loudly, feeling like the star of my own low-budget travel film. The holy pond at Ku Ban Na Kham Noi appeared like a mirage. I learned the surrounding structures once served as a hospital during the reign of King Jayavarman VII — a Khmer king with a flair for infrastructure.

Next came the Cobra Village. I didn't linger. No matter how well-treated, no animal dreams of a life in captivity, and I wasn't keen on supporting the spectacle.

Toward day's end, I veered toward the main road in search of accommodation. The highway was smooth as a baby's bottom, and despite my dislike of such roads, I pushed on another 30 kilometres. When the weather turned moody, I pulled into the nearest guesthouse and found a charming 350 THB bungalow — clean bedding, air-con, fan, and two bottles of water. No lumpy mattress. A bargain by any measure.







Monkey Parks, Red Lotus Lake, and a Night in a Temple

The next morning's ride was a treasure hunt of oddities. First up: Monkey Park. The map made it sound promising; reality revealed a city park with outdoor gym equipment and volleyball courts entirely commandeered by monkeys. Not a human in sight. I didn't dare leave the bike — those monkeys had ambition. A very accurate name indeed.

A little further on lay the Red Lotus Lake. No red lotus flowers in sight — perhaps the season had passed, or the water level was too low. Still, the ride along its shores was peaceful, and the surrounding villages hummed with the rhythm of fishing life.

Thirty kilometres later, I stumbled upon Ban Chiang — a remarkable archaeological site and one of the most important prehistoric settlements in Southeast Asia. Wet-rice culture, ancient burials, pottery older than most civilizations — the place radiates quiet significance. It's humbling to stand where humans lived, farmed, and loved thousands of years before the idea of Thailand even existed.

After leaving Ban Chiang, I headed north toward the Laos border. My presence caused quite a stir — I suspect foreigners are rare here. The area was so rural that I didn't spot a single guesthouse. When the rain began, I ducked into the nearest Buddhist temple and asked if I could pitch my tent. They pointed me to a large covered area, and just as I finished setting up, the lady monks began chanting. Their voices rose and fell like waves. It was the gentlest, most unexpected lullaby.







Pre-Dawn Chanting, Wet Roads, and the Mekong at Last

At three in the morning, the nuns began rummaging through their belongings — monks and cyclists share a fondness for early starts — and by four, the chanting was in full swing. LOL. I was on the road by six, which must be some kind of personal record.

My first stop was a food vendor, always a highlight. Breakfast in Thailand is never dull. The ride was wet but manageable, and by midday I rolled into Nong Khai. I checked into Mud Mee Guesthouse, a charming, inexpensive place right on the Mekong River, complete with a garden restaurant and coffee shop. I paid for two nights — my body insisted.

I did very little for the rest of the day. By evening, I sat in the garden with a beer and a vegetarian green curry. A massive storm rolled in, thunder shaking the building. I was profoundly grateful not to be in my tent.

The next morning, I slept in, then wandered to the supermarket to gather a few supplies for Laos. The day drifted by in a haze of riverfront strolling and Mekong-watching. Sometimes the best adventures are the quiet ones.







Epilogue

At the Edge of Laos

By the time I reached Nong Khai, the Mekong felt like a finish line I hadn't known I was racing toward. I let the river hold me still for a day — storms rolling in, curry steaming on the table, my legs finally allowed to rest. Tomorrow I would cross into Laos, but for now, it was enough to sit by the water and feel the long road settle behind me. A pause, a breath, a quiet beginning disguised as an ending.



About this Blog

Welcome to My Cycle Ride in Thailand

Join me on my ride through Thailand's captivating landscapes! This blog is your peek into my cycling adventure, sharing the roads, experiences, and stories I've gathered along the way. While this route might not be the ultimate path for every cyclist, it certainly offers a glimpse into what Thailand has to offer!

Here's What to Keep in Mind:

Distances:

These daily odometer readings may not always follow the shortest route; after all, sometimes it's the detours that lead to the most incredible discoveries. You'll find plenty of twists and turns in my daily distances, but rest assured, every kilometre is accurately logged.

Time of Year:

This bike ride took place between July and September 2024. Just a heads-up: the scenery might look different now. Roads could have been improved, charming stops might have changed, and places I once loved could be upgraded or gone.

Insurance:

Don't hit the road without a travel insurance policy! It's your safety net against loss, theft, and medical emergencies. Just make sure to scrutinise the fine print—some policies may not cover activities like scuba diving, motorcycling, or trekking.

Clothing:

As the sun beats down in Thailand (especially in lower elevations), packing smart is essential! Comfortable, high-quality padded cycling shorts will be your best friends on long rides. I recommend lightweight hiking shoes or breathable sandals. And don't forget those personal essentials—bring insect repellent and anti-chafe cream to ensure a smooth ride. Most importantly, strap on a cycling helmet for safety—your future self will thank you!

The Bicycle & Gear:

Choosing the right bike is crucial for comfort during your adventures. I ride a mountain bike equipped with a sturdy Merida frame, reliable Shimano Deore components, strong Alex wheel rims, and tough Schwalbe tyres. My secret for smooth travels? Tubus racks and Ortlieb panniers—they may cost a bit more, but they're built to last. And before you hit the trails, brush up on how to fix a puncture. A phone holder on your handlebars will keep your map handy (I personally rely on Organic Maps or Google Maps). Plus, don't forget a handlebar bag for your camera and any must-have items throughout the day!



About Thailand

Capital City: The Big Mango

Welcome to Bangkok, affectionately dubbed the Big Mango! This dazzling capital is a perfect blend of ancient traditions and modern innovation. Picture bustling streets, gleaming skyscrapers, and vibrant markets—all pulsating with life. Whether you're exploring the serene temples or diving into the city's electric nightlife, Bangkok has something for everyone!

Currency: The Thai Baht

When you're in Thailand, you'll be dealing with the Thai Baht, symbolised as ฿ and coded as TBH. Make sure to fill your wallet with these colourful banknotes as you shop for unique souvenirs or savour delicious street food—because enjoying the local culture is a must!

Language: Siamese Thai

The heart of communication in Thailand is the melodious Siamese Thai, the official language spoken by more than 80% of the nation's 63 million people. Learning a few basic phrases can go a long way in connecting with the friendly locals and enhancing your travel experience.

Religion: A Tapestry of Beliefs

While Buddhism is the cornerstone of Thai culture—embraced by around 95% of the population—there's an atmosphere of religious freedom that embraces diversity. This fascinating blend allows visitors to experience a multitude of traditions and customs across the country.

Location and Size: A Southeast Asian Gem

Thailand spans an impressive 514,000 sq. km in Southeast Asia. Formerly known as Siam, it stretches almost two-thirds of the way down the Malay Peninsula. With a length of 1,648 km from North to South and a width of 780 km from East to West, the country is bordered by Laos, Cambodia, Malaysia, Myanmar, and the stunning Andaman Sea. Each border tells a story, inviting exploration and adventure.

Population: A Melting Pot

In 2019, Thailand's population was estimated at 69,297,372, creating a lively atmosphere with a density of 136 people per square kilometre. With such a vibrant mix of cultures and backgrounds, every corner of Thailand brims with unique experiences waiting to be discovered.

Internet Coverage: Staying Connected

In this modern age, Internet services are widely accessible, especially in urban areas. So, whether you're sharing your incredible journey through social media or simply planning your next adventure, staying connected in Thailand is a breeze!

Get ready to immerse yourself in the sights, sounds, and flavours of this captivating country—Thailand is waiting for you!



About the Author

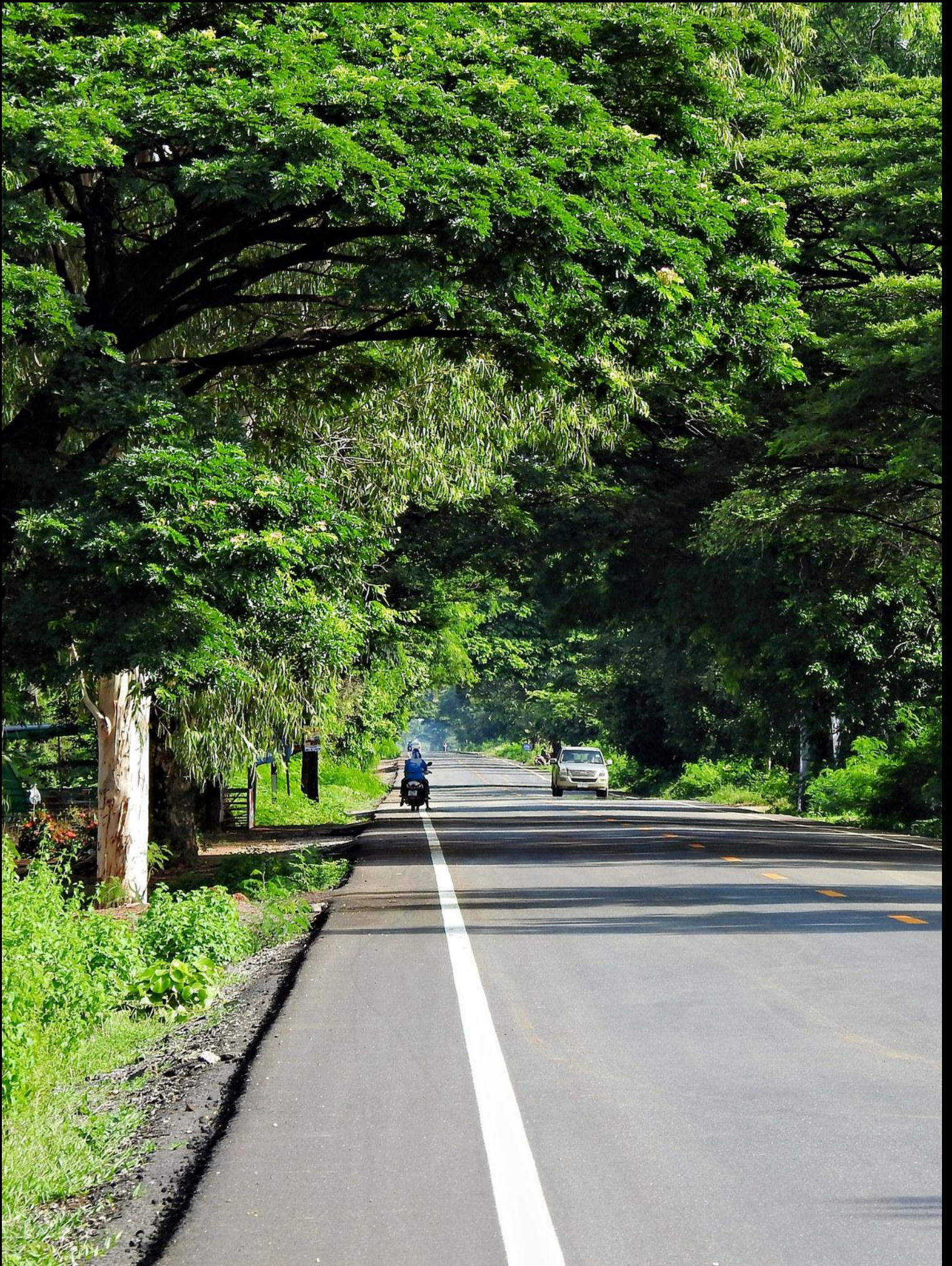
Hailing from the city of Cape Town, South Africa, Leana's journey into the world of cycling began not with years of training but with a single bold decision. In 2005, driven by curiosity and a spirit of adventure, she entered the Tour D'Afrique—a legendary mountain bike race stretching from Cairo to Cape Town. With little cycling experience, Leana purchased a bicycle, flew to Cairo, and set out on a route that would take her the entire distance from Cairo to Cape Town.

Returning home, Leana found that the rhythms of ordinary life could not compare to the freedom of the open road. The call of adventure proved irresistible, and in March 2007, she and her companion, Ernest Markwood, embarked on a journey that would evolve into a round-the-world cycling odyssey. Though they began together, the road eventually led them to discover their own unique directions—both in travel and in life.

Leana's travels have taken her across Africa twice, through the Middle East, Europe, the United Kingdom, Eastern Europe, the Caucasus, the Indian subcontinent, China, Southeast Asia, and Australia. Her wanderlust then carried her to Ushuaia, Argentina, from where she cycled the length of South, Central, and North America over several years. Along the way, she explored many of the world's larger islands, including Cuba, Jamaica, Sri Lanka, the Philippines, South Korea, and Taiwan.

Today, Leana continues her adventures in Southeast Asia, ever inspired by the promise of new horizons and the enduring joy of life on two wheels.













TELEPHONE

TELEPHONE



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DURING
DRINKING
HOURS



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It is the unknown around the corner that turns my wheels.



