

word of English and learned about Chinese school and home life. Others went to shopping malls or out to Chinese restaurants where they experienced different scenes and ate Chinese HotPot – where all your food is cooked in boiling water and eaten straight out of the pot.

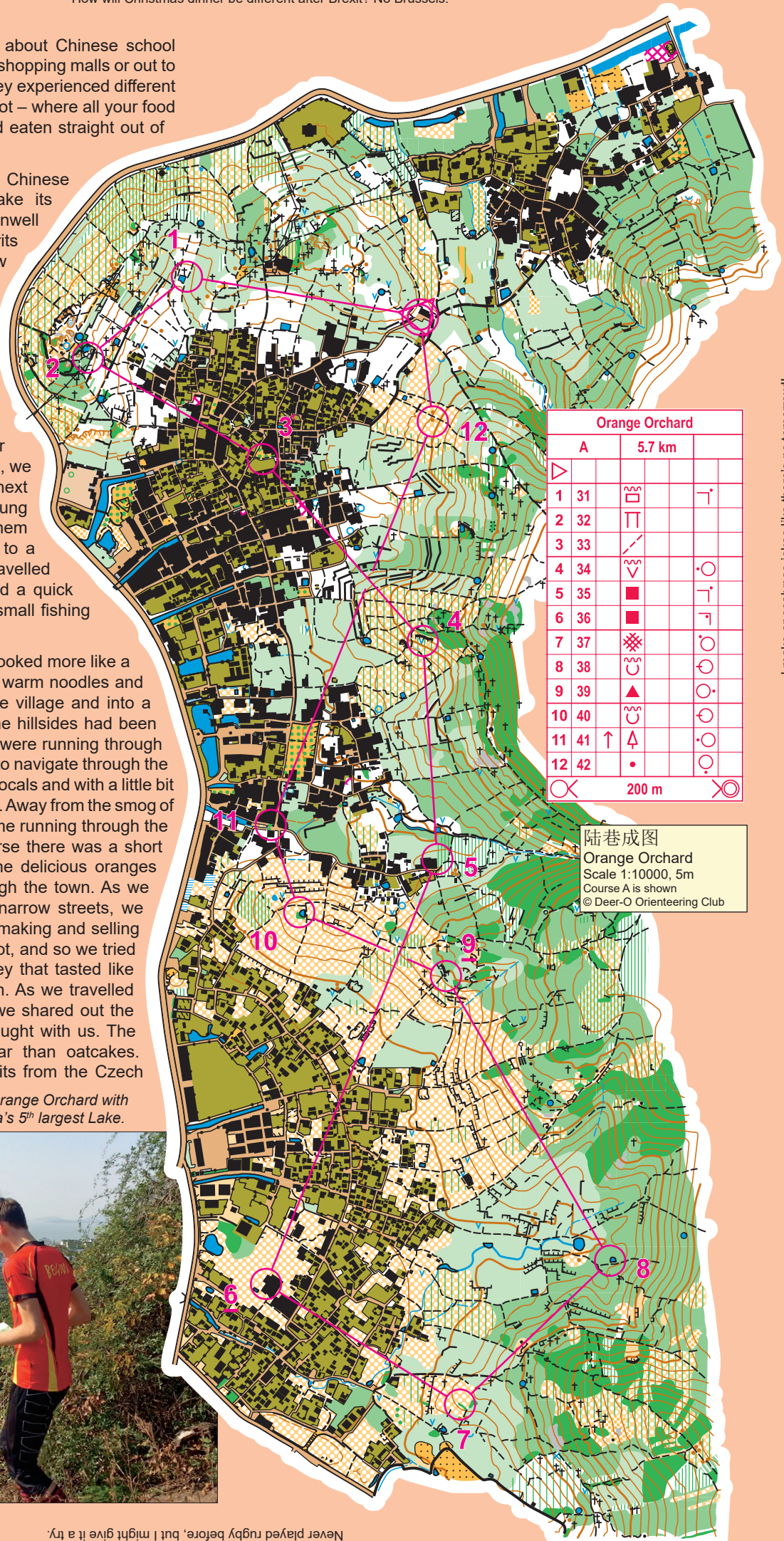
By the next morning, the Chinese cuisine was beginning to take its toll and there were a few unwell orienteers. However, spirits were not low as after a few hours on a bus we arrived at a bamboo forest to do some more technical orienteering. As control features, the contours were not obvious, and the features on the map, sparse. Concentration focus was on the compass as well as the amazing trees! After lunch of a whole duck and fish, we were taken to a park in the next town and paired with a young Chinese orienteer to coach them around a beautiful park next to a lake. Saying goodbye, we travelled along, stopping for dinner and a quick temple visit on the way, to a small fishing village further round the lake.

Waking up in the hotel which looked more like a temple, we ate a breakfast of warm noodles and walked up the hills behind the village and into a tea and orange plantation. The hillsides had been narrowly terraced, and so we were running through an uneven forest whilst trying to navigate through the many little paths made by the locals and with a little bit of urban orienteering thrown in. Away from the smog of the cities, we had a brilliant time running through the technical trees. After our course there was a short spell of picking and eating the delicious oranges before we walked back through the town. As we wound our way through the narrow streets, we came across a street vendor making and selling honey from the comb to the pot, and so we tried some. I have never had honey that tasted like oranges but I hope I do again. As we travelled back to Nanjing on the bus, we shared out the traditional British food we brought with us. The shortbread was more popular than oatcakes. We also enjoyed some biscuits from the Czech

Sampling the Chinese terrain at Orange Orchard with Lake Tai in the background, China's 5th largest Lake.



© Jura MacMillan



| Orange Orchard | | | | |
|----------------|----|--------|---|---|
| A | | 5.7 km | | |
| 1 | 31 | □ | □ | □ |
| 2 | 32 | □ | □ | □ |
| 3 | 33 | □ | □ | □ |
| 4 | 34 | □ | □ | □ |
| 5 | 35 | □ | □ | □ |
| 6 | 36 | □ | □ | □ |
| 7 | 37 | □ | □ | □ |
| 8 | 38 | □ | □ | □ |
| 9 | 39 | □ | □ | □ |
| 10 | 40 | □ | □ | □ |
| 11 | 41 | □ | □ | □ |
| 12 | 42 | □ | □ | □ |

陆巷成图
Orange Orchard
Scale 1:10000, 5m
Course A is shown
© Deer-O Orienteering Club

I make apocalypse jokes like there's no tomorrow!!

Never played rugby before, but I might give it a try.

© Ben Windsor



Zuzka being interviewed by the media.

Republic and Norwegian chocolate.

Our last day of orienteering dawned and we set off up into the Chinese countryside looking forward to an urban sprint race. We arrived at a small village up in the hills and started our race at one minute intervals. We ran through a mixture of small houses, restaurants, over boardwalks and through a forest and really enjoyed comparing ourselves to our foreign friends. After lunch in the town, we explored the boardwalks over the river and found some friendly goats before heading back to the bus and drove to the official closing ceremony. At the Nanjing Bureau of Sport we were again greeted by the national press and relived the past few days by thanking the sponsors of the wonderful training camp. At dinner, the athletes and coaches had an unofficial closing ceremony where stories and traditional songs were exchanged amongst everyone. As thanks, the British and Czech Republic teams presented the organisers with maps from our own countries and every athlete was presented with a medal to commemorate our time in China. Back at the hotel, team GB and Czech Republic grabbed their bags and said a tearful farewell to our new Swedish and Norwegian friends and promised to visit each other soon. We then hurried to the train station where we took the night train at midnight which took us to Huangshan City. The train consisted of a carriage with a small corridor down one side and then open compartments with six bunk beds, three beds high, in each one. Bedding was provided so everyone tucked up for a night on a Chinese train.

We arrived at 7am and jumped on a bus which took us through bamboo and tea planted hills to the base of the National Park containing Huangshan Mountain (the Yellow Mountain). Here we had a

healthy breakfast of KFC and snickers and got a bus that took us up to 800 metres high. We started the 1000 meters of climb up concrete steps through bamboo forest which quickly led us up the sides of the granite peaks for which the park is famous. As we climbed ever higher, the forest thinned and we were able to see all the other mountains of the park rolling away beneath us. Many pictures and snickers bars later, we reached the top and found the hotel where we were going to stay for the night. The boys decided to go for a run around the plateau at the top of the mountain while the girls went for a walk before getting too cold and turning back! The boys came back with some more epic pictures and we all went for dinner. Afterwards we all played the straw game and fell into bed.

-10 degrees Celsius outside with beautiful sunshine was what we woke up to and so we left the hotel and walked up the nearest peak to get the full view of the mountain plateau. The air was misty and all the moisture in the air froze into tiny ice crystals giving the air a sparkly touch as the mountains loomed out towards



Sightseeing in Shanghai.

us. We walked around at the top to take in the beautiful views and then found a short cut. The narrow-cliff path. This was

a steep icy set of steps that we had to go down holding onto the rock at the side. With the near-death experience for the day over, we walked off down the mountain to the Welcoming Pine where we stopped for lunch on a platform over looking the many mountains below us. When we reached the bottom, we took the bus back to Huangshan City where we again took the night train but this time it was to Shanghai.

Waking up to skyscrapers out the window, we saw our first real sight of the enormity of Shanghai. We stopped off at the youth hostel we were staying to leave our bags and walked into the city. Starting off in the old town and working our way into the centre where we were walking under huge skyscrapers and twisted buildings. We visited the famous Oriental Pearl and then crossed the river to the Bund street where we could see the skyline of Shanghai. A quick stop back at the hostel and we went back out for karaoke.

The next morning, we took the underground to a train station where we boarded a 350km/hour train that took us to the airport. 12 hours of flying later and we looked down on London to see snow on the runway of Heathrow airport. Due to this we had to wait another three hours in the plane on the runway, queued for an hour for passport control and then searched for another hour for our bags. By this time it was 4am Chinese time so we were nearly asleep on the floor but managed to find our bags and get safely out the airport. The Scots and Czechs had missed their flights home but we managed to get home over the next few days safely to recount the experiences we'd had.

Thank you everyone for making this such a wonderful trip and I hope it continues for the next few years, sheh sheh!

I recently decided to sell my vacuum cleaner as all it was doing was gathering dust.

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- Location Fleming Park, Eastleigh SO50 9LH

Prizes for first three teams

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