

# **UNTOUCHABLE**

**That Time I Met Angelina Jolie**



MARK GILCHRIST  
January, 2019

## INTRODUCTION

Here lies the most outrageous of my works in this series, and you may agree by the third page, but I make no apologies, (I can't, of course, because Ms Jolie still won't answer my calls.)

I have really enjoyed writing these whimsical fantasies, making myself into some sort of bumbling, (adorable?) hero, but more so to celebrate, or humor, some of my favorite celebrities.

The bumbling me in this story is one I have nurtured all my life, I guess, and you may notice a few references here, to some of my desperado heroes, from the song; "Taxi," and the movie; "Five Easy Pieces," for example.

You may notice an awful lot of photographs in this book, and may even wonder whether this is just another shameless ruse to get you to look at my "work."

Hmm, busted.

Yes, my main activity, that I enjoy most, is photography, and I guess I'm just desperate to show them off, so, yeah, maybe I write these elaborate stories just to that end – I sure wouldn't put it past me.

Well, also, I found that captions within the story distract too much from it, so I made an index in the back of this book with thumbs and captions for each photograph, to give you an idea where they were taken and why.



## More great, (*quick!*) reads in the “*Time I Met*” series...

### **Tom Hanks**

in India

“*Big Chance*”

We meet on a Himalayan mountainside, and ride into Darjeeling, India, where Tom makes me a promise that he may not want to keep.

### **Stephen King**

in Maine, U.S.A.

“*9-11; The Call*”

We start the day with a dead man, and then we save thousands of lives. It's September 11, 2001 as it always should have been.

### **Angelina Jolie**

in Cambodia

“*Untouchable*”

Not only do I meet this miracle of the silver screen in her adopted homeland, but I break her heart – or I don't, you be the judge.

### **Richard Branson**

in the Dominican Republic

“*Knight of the Flies*”

I try to pry a few secrets from this wildly successful businessman, but he holds them so close in front of me, I can't even see them.

### **Jerry Seinfeld**

in New York City, U.S.A.

“*Two Guys in a Car Getting Coffee*”

I'm a guest on his show; “*Comedians in Cars Getting Coffee*,” but I'm not a comedian, I don't drink coffee, and, as it ends up, I'm not on his show?



*\* Every single word of this story is absolutely true, except for the part about meeting Angelina Jolie.*

**Surrounded by police officers and clerks, a woman is crying, all because of me.** Why me? Because I am the dumbest man in the Far East.

Inside a small, concrete building in Krong Kampot, a city in western Cambodia, she is dressed in jeans, a white shirt and conservative jewelry — well, conservative on one of the richest, most successful Hollywood actresses ever, for the woman is An-



gelina Jolie, and even without studio lighting, professional makeup and a wardrobe crew, she looks stunning — elegant, beautiful, and tall, even while sitting down. Everyone in the room stands around this woman, admiring the sight before them.

Jolie, who has Cambodian citizenship and an adopted Cambodian son, can speak the native language of Khmer, but in the state of mind she's in, what comes out right now is mostly English. A teenage Cambodian girl, Tevy,



speaks English well and translates for the officers.

“I... I just don’t understand why he would ...?” Angelina says, wiping her eyes with every word. “He seemed to be fine — we seemed to be fine. I... I just...” and she breaks down again, burying her head in her hands and crying openly. The room is quiet as everyone watches the goddess who had just fallen before them.

Yeah, right, the “He” that Angelina is referring to is, well, me, and though I am fine, really, “We” are not. Well, yeah, maybe it’s me who isn’t fine.

Anyway, I left her, damn it. In my whole, stupid life, she was the only thing right, and I just left.

We’d been traveling together for a few weeks, and everything was great. Except, I think... well, the best way to explain it is that maybe it was just meant to end. You know, all stories,





all songs, all bad jokes have a beginning and an end, and this was our end, I guess.

Yeah, I really am that stupid.

We had stopped on our way to the coast for some water and to just take a stretch. So, she went into the store, which was really just the front of someone's house, which is what they all are around here, and I just hung out by the motorbike.







Anyway, she was taking some time — she always does, talking with the family or something, playing with children, I guess, and I was just ... waiting, and then, a long-haul gravel truck just stopped right in the road. I can't explain why or how, but a wave of feelings overwhelmed me. The wildman wizard hiding in me wanted out and I guess I panicked.

One moment, I was just waiting for this gorgeous woman to walk back out of the store and back into my life, and the next, I had this incredible urge to go, to just be any place but this





place, to cut the one beautiful connection I had left in my life and run away. Freedom, I guess it was, took me by the hand and she wanted to dance, and I... I followed the music.

So yeah, I walked over to the truck, opened the passenger door and climbed up to the cab. The driver looked at me and smiled quietly, as if he had been waiting for me, and I got in. We didn't say a word — I didn't even try — as he put the truck in gear and stepped on the gas, and we rolled on out of there, into the wild, and out of the best thing that was ever in my life.

Back inside the police station, the little girl translating has quickly become





a comforter and a close friend for Angelina, and right now, Angelina needs comforting as she pours her heart out, mostly in English, reliving the past two weeks we shared.

“Ma’am, how did you meet him?” Tevy says.

“Oh, the fool barged onto the set, taking photos like a tourist!” Angelina says. “We thought he was Netflix’s stills photographer. The P.A. chewed him out for getting in frame — he didn’t even have a [blimp](#), the fool.”





“A, a what?...”

“I met him later, at the craft trailer. He had bags of chips in his arms and was stuffing his pockets full of cookies and trail mix. I offered him a passion fruit. ‘These won’t kill you,’ I told him. Ha ha, I... I don’t know what I saw in him. There was just something in his eyes that was so... interesting! A wild but innocent kind of... eagerness, I guess, a vapid curiosity, all framed by some pathetic helplessness.” She hands Tevy her phone, with a selfie of us on the home screen.

“Hmm,” Tevy says.

“Kinda cute... I think...”

“Yeah, isn’t he though? And after a few days, we just got to talking between scenes, and well, we got along. I mean, he’s kinda nice, like a lost-puppy nice, and I liked to watch him wag his tail.

“Then, one day near the end of production, he took me for a ride into town on his motorbike and I was hooked. I... I don’t... I can’t explain it, but sitting on



that little seat, holding onto... nothing. I was carefree, the wind. .. the whine of that little motor. I just knew I wanted more of that.”

“You sure took a risk,” Tevy says. Angelina laughs.

“Oh, my co-producer blew a fuse! Mark isn’t union, or even safety-certified, and the insurance, and oh, whatever...”

“And then, I



was so exhausted by the time we wrapped, I just wanted to get away — escape. I texted Sarah to clear my calendar, and I asked Mark if he felt like taking a little trip.”

“You ... you just ... left?”

“Yeah! Crazy, but yeah, what fun! I just said; ‘Mark, let’s go somewhere,’ and he said; ‘Uhh, okay,’ and I filled a backpack with clothes, and we just took off. Crazy — oh, we had fun! Such fun ...”

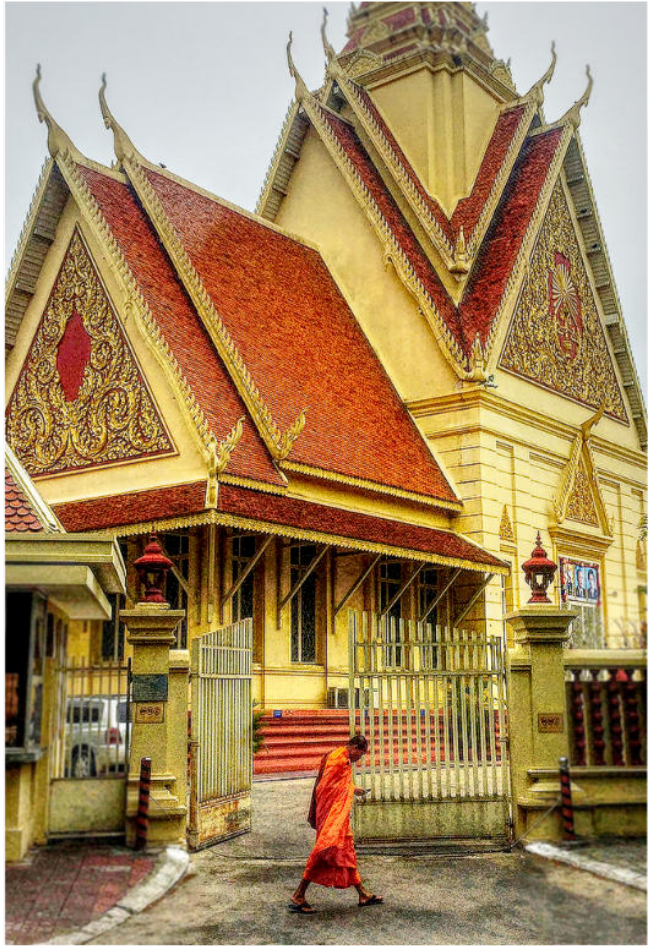
“Ma’am?” Tevy says as Angelina starts crying again.

“Yes?”

“Well, everyone here is wondering ... I mean, the photo on your phone, of you and him ...” This makes Angelina smile.

“Well,” Tevy says. “You are such a beautiful, accomplished woman, and he... well... Ma’am, what did you see in him?”

Somehow this causes Angelina to break out crying, almost uncontrollably. She weeps out loud, clenching her hands, sobbing, wiping her eyes and she just outright bawls for several seconds, until someone in the room thinks quickly, someone who perhaps had been on the set of; *“First They Killed my Father;”* the movie that she is talking about, which she co-wrote, produced and directed. It was filmed entirely in Cambodia, with all Cambodian actors.





“Cut!” that person says, and Angelina stops crying and sits up straight.

“Seriously,” Tevy says. “I mean ...”

“Well, I ... I mean, he ... he was just so fun. Kind of like a pet turtle; you know; you put it on its back and rub its belly and watch all the legs wiggle? What will my little turtle do out there all by himself? Who will navigate for him? He can’t see the GPS without his reading glasses. Who will remind him to turn his blinker off? Or to downshift into first at stop lights? Or put his kickstand down when he parks? Who will be his gas gauge?”

“His what?”



“His... well, c’mon, the gauge is right on the handlebar in front of him — I don’t know why he won’t look at it — and he will just run right out of gas if I don’t warn him. Honestly, he’s so... focused.”

“Hmmm...”

“We just would ride around all day, exploring this beautiful, beautiful country,” Angelina says. “I can still feel him between my legs.”

“Gasp.” (Tevy)

“Oh, on the motorbike. “Sitting behind him, you know? I

would squeeze my legs together when things got scary, like when people would pull out in front of us — which is all the time around here — or when they ride right at us in our lane—which is all the time around here — or potholes, or crazy curves. Or just to wake him up, you know?”

“We would stay in whatever guest house or homestay he could find. He insisted on paying, so yeah, no real hotels. He was so proud of the rooms he rented for us. Like one, where he said; ‘Look, our own bathroom!’ Yeah, no, he wouldn’t let me pick rooms — are you kidding?”

“But Ma’am, you are used to so much, um, luxury,” Tevy says. “How did you cope?”







“Right, sister, exactly. Well, I am used to roughing it too, really. But a lady just needs some space sometimes, you know? So, one morning in Phnom Penh, I just couldn’t take it. This place he rented was... uhhh! So, guess what? He steps out of the shower and finds our room empty — no clothes, no cameras...nothing, and no me!

“Nothing?”

“Just a note;

‘We’re at the Rosewood tonight, Love, A.J.’”

“You took everything...”



“Well, yeah!” Angelina says. “Everything except for a pair of his tattered, old shorts and a matching shirt.”

“Matching?”

“Dirty...”

“Haha, you just left him there...”

“Well, I had a Rosewood driver there, waiting for him.”

“So, was he upset?”



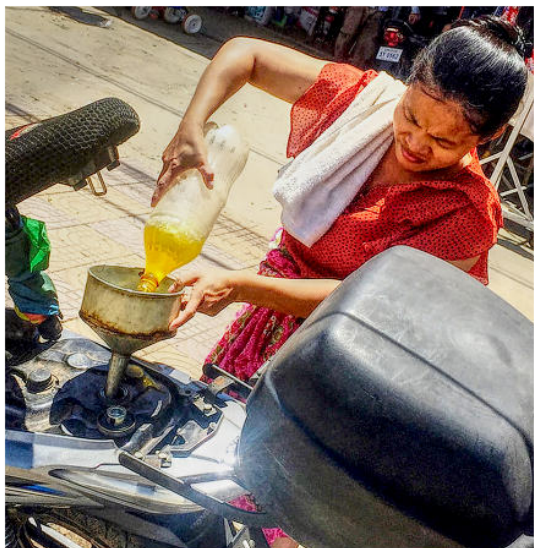
“Oh, yes, and he complained. But he calmed down. I made him happy. Sigh, he’s so... proud.”

The people in the room believe that they’re in the company of just another beautiful actress, and they don’t even know that Angelina had been a [United Nations Goodwill Ambassador](#) and Special Envoy for more than a decade, visiting and helping developing countries around the world, or that she has advocated internationally for children’s safety and education, or that, right here in Cam-

bodia, she has built at least a dozen schools and a health clinic.

The people in the room pamper her like she's a fragile goddess, but this woman has slept in shacks and she has earned her stripes.

"One day, we got caught in the rain," Angelina says. "It hit us hard and we were way out in the open. We got so, beautifully soaking wet, so we just kept going, and he started singing, and we sang. Ha! We sang our hearts out in the pouring rain, so carefree on that winding back road. We were still singing when we found



a shelter, and the people there thought we were crazy — heck, we were crazy...”

“Beautiful... “ Tevy says. “In a way.” A woman walks in the room carrying a tray of food, and Tevy notices her.

“Ma’am, are you hungry? Would you like something to eat?”

“Oh, dear, I’m famished, thank you,” Angelina says. “We saddled up early today — oh, but please bring more bowls. Is anyone hungry? Oh yes, let’s all eat!” The woman empties the tray on the table and leaves, returning minutes later with more food, and a few more times until everyone is eating, and talking, and talking and eating.

“Oh, this reminds me; Mark didn’t eat, today,” Angelina says, “and he took a malaria pill, so if you want to find him, just follow the barf.”

The room fills with aromas of barbecued pork and chicken and sizzling sauces, all eventually heaped onto piles of white





rice. Fruits like rambutan and pineapple, durian and dragon fruit fill in gaps between plates on every table in the place. Voices ebb as chopsticks and spoons heave food into mouths, and then flow for moments into choruses of chatter.

“Is that tamarind sauce?” Angelina says, reaching for a small bowl. “May I?” On her plate is rice covered with a few pieces of fish, slices of cucumber and tomatoes. Someone drops a barbecued frog leg on top. “Thank you!” she says, smiling. But the smile doesn’t last.

“Oh dear, who is going to order food for Mark now? I mean,





the man knows English, but nothing else. He orders food by walking around a restaurant staring at other people's dishes, and pointing to one he likes. Sigh, he's so... monolingual."

"He does love to talk, though. He told me this beautiful story once, about when he drove a cab in San Francisco — 'Cisco,' he called it — a woman flagged him down one night. It was raining, so, well, isn't that romantic? Turns out, she was an old girlfriend! Beautiful story, made me cry ..."

The chief approaches with a notebook in his hands, and speaks through Tevy.

"Ma'am, we are very pleased to have you as our guest, and are so sorry about your friend," he says. "I am in contact with police around the district, and I will ask them to help you." He then asks her to describe me, and after the usual height and weight, clothing, etc., he gets to the personal part.

"Ma'am, does he have any piercings or identifying body



marks?” He asks.

“You mean?...”

“Tattoos. Does he have any?”

“Of course he has a tattoo,” Angelina says. “What kind of lady do you think I am?”

“Oh, good, where is it and what does it look like?” Tevy says.

“Oh, it’s a snake bite.”

“A what? A...”

“Snake bite. Haven’t you seen one?”

“Well, I have been bitten, and so has...”

Angelina retrieves her cell phone and taps it a few times, looking for a photo.

“Here, on his upper arm — left one, I think,” she

says, showing the phone to the chief, who passes it around the room so everyone can see the three small marks.

“It’s so cute,” Angelina says as everyone discusses the photo and they squint at the tiny tattoo. “Sigh...” Then, holding two fingers and her thumb out to look like biting teeth. “So... fierce.”

“I guess it looks scary,” Tevy says.

“You know, he loved to just talk,” Angelina says. “Share with me all his vast knowledge. I... I didn’t have the heart to tell him about my aviation instrument rating — sometimes a woman just has to play all dumb and let a man be all smart.”

“Okay... Say, what did you guys do for fun? Play tourist?” Tevy asks. “I mean, when you weren’t riding, or...”

“Oh, no, he doesn’t like touristy things. We had so much fun, just going around, getting lost and getting found, and making his little videos. He’s doing really well — he even has 53 subscribers! Isn’t that wonderful?”

“His videos are so cute... and he does everything himself! He always does the narration — won’t let me do it — says he needs me to hold the camera. He said I was a really good tripod. Well, I guess so.”







“Mind blowing...”

“I know, really! And some of our best times were the quietest ones; We would solve puzzles. Crossword or Sudoku — the hard ones, of course — and sometimes we would get stuck, and we would just sit and cuddle, and stare at the paper, oh, for hours! Sigh, so ... romantic.”

“Sigh...” (Tevy.)

“Oh, this was funny. Yesterday, we heard an excited little girl on a playground let out a wild shriek, and he said; ‘Well, that was a shriek of ecstasy if I ever heard one,’ and I said; ‘That’s a big if!’ He didn’t talk to me for hours.”

“Sounds like he could have been a little troubled,” the chief says through Tevy. “Did you notice anything else of concern?” “No. Well...” Angelina says. “Last thing we did today was stop



for gas in Phumi Chhuk. It cost, like, 25,000 Riel. Well, his wallet was buried in a saddlebag, so I gave him a 200,000 note, and I said; ‘Mark, just keep the change.’”

“Really, Ma’am?” Tevy says. “Do you think... well. Umm, couldn’t that have made another man angry? Or... hurt?”

“Oh, I don’t know. The attendant gave him the change and then he just stashed the bills in his shirt.”

“Ma’am?” the little girl says.

“Yes, Tevy?”

“Sometimes you love something so much... that you smooch it. You know?” This puts a sudden pause in the conversation,



and Tevy thinks maybe she went too far. Angelina flutters her eyelids and looks around the small room, but all she sees is people looking back at her.

“Yes, dear,” Angelina says. “Yes, indeed. Especially when a creature, sigh, is so ... fragile.”

“You can find another creature, Ma-am. I just know you can!”

Angelina wipes more tears and gives a real stiff-upper-lip performance. “Thank you, Tevy,” she says. “I’ll keep looking, okay? It’s just, well, it’s strange how you never know, but we’ve both gotten what we asked for, haven’t we?”

“Yes ma’am, I guess so...”



And with that, Angelina gets up and walks outside, her long legs carrying her easily and elegantly, while everyone scurries behind and around her.

She walks up to the motorbike that had brought her here, its plastic body looking wilted in the afternoon sun, and she glares at it. In typical Cambodian fashion, two officers walk up, excitedly talking in Khmer as they push the small bike off its center





stand and hold it for her. She just continues to glare at it, and then she looks around.

Angelina takes a half-dozen long strides across the street to where a dozen motorcycles are parked in front of a karaoke bar. She looks over the street bikes and scooters, and walks to the one off-road bike among them; a Yamaha 250cc, water-cooled, high-performance machine. She crouches beside it and checks its condition, running her fingers under the crankcase looking for oil leaks, and checking the





lines and cables.

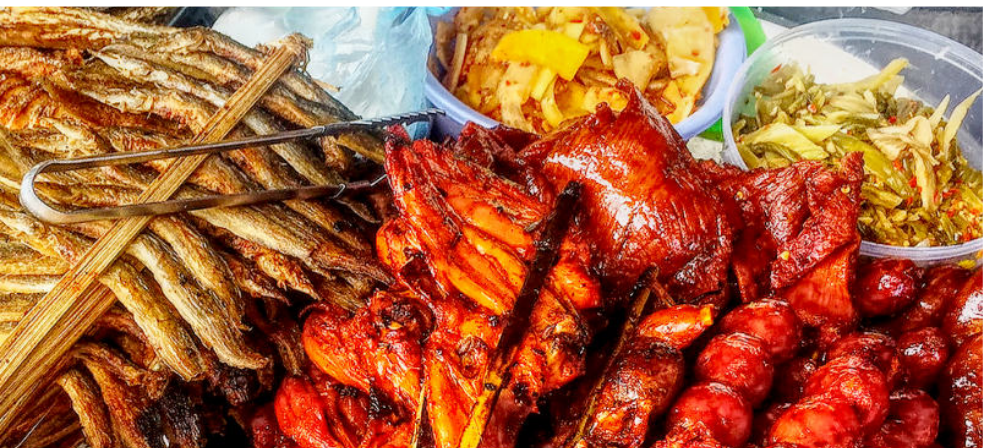
“I need a little more meat on the bones,” she says to herself. She waves Tevy toward her, and the girl sprints across the street.

“Yes, Miss — Ma’am!”

“Do you know who owns this motorcycle?”

“Uh, no Ma’am,” Tevy says, then she turns to the crowd that has grown to about two dozen people, and asks them something in Khmer. Their response is mostly just head shaking, but two men dash toward the bar.





“It belongs to someone in the Karaoke,” Tevy says, and in a few minutes, the men emerge with the owner of the motorcycle and a half-dozen of his drunken friends.

“Tell him I would like to buy his motorcycle,” Angelina says. “I’ll give him twenty million for it.”



“But, I... Um.” Tevy says, then she speaks to the owner, causing drunken laughter all around. He calms down, frowns and shakes his head.

“Ask him if it runs,” Angelina says, and Tevy translates, bringing more laughter and a response from the owner.

“Yes,” Tevy



says, “Like a hungry tiger chasing a, chasing....”

“Yeah, okay,” Angelina holds up four fingers. “Forty million.” The men are quiet now, and the owner shrugs and nods, a drunken smile covering his face. “Great, tell him he will have his money this afternoon.” She reaches into her jeans pocket and pulls out a Sharpie marker, (all stars carry these...) She walks over to the man and takes his arm. With a gentle, almost seductive smile, she cradles his arm in hers, removes the marker cap with her teeth, and writes on his arm:

“I.O.U. \$10,000 U.S. Angelina Jolie”

This causes more laughter and some whooping. Everybody clamors all over the guy, wrestling to get a look at his arm autographed by a movie star. After a few minutes of this, he smiles and hands a key to Angelina, having been reassured that within a few hours he will receive enough cash to replace that old bike with four brand-new ones.





Angelina walks over to the Honda, takes my helmet off the seat and tosses it in the dirt. She opens the two saddlebags, and throws all my clothes near my helmet. She empties her backpack into the bags. Then she takes her helmet in one hand and grabs the saddlebags with the other.

She walks over to the Yamaha as the swarm of people around her try to help. She brushes them off and walks so confidently that they give up. She throws the saddlebags over the seat.

The motorcycle is facing away from the street, and two men approach to turn it around for her, but she shoos them away. She grabs the back of the seat with her right hand, and the handlebar



with her left, leans the bike toward her on its kickstand, and spins it around like it's a bicycle.

Angelina throws a leg over the seat and sits, looking just perfect on the tall, muscular machine. Then she presses the starter button. Nothing.

Seeing this as an opportunity that they could jump to, half the men around her take a step forward to offer a hand, or a foot. But she shoos them off with her right hand on its way down to the kickstarter. She swings it out and then rests it in the arch of her right boot. With just one powerful kick and a pull of the throttle, the machine fires up and she guns it just a little, to show who's boss. Everyone takes a step back.

She waves a finger at Tevy, who jumps toward her. Angelina pulls a key from her pocket. "I bet Mark wants you to have his little Honda," she says, handing the key to the girl, who responds with huge eyes and a sudden loss for language.

"Do me a favor," Angelina says, leaning down close to Tevy



so she can hear her over the growl of the engine. She points behind her and winks. “When my friends show up, tell them I went that way, okay?” Angelina holds the girl’s head in her hand and gives her a kiss on the cheek. “Thank you, little girl,” she tells her. “You are beautiful!”

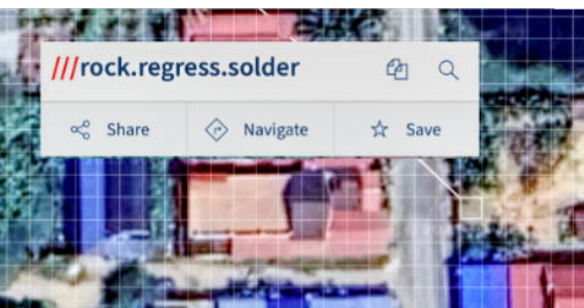
Angelina looks around and gives each person their very own smile that they can take home with them forever. Then, she puts her helmet on, and with a twist of the throttle and a spin of the rear wheel, she kicks up an enormous cloud of dust as she soars away down the dirt street.



All that remains is a trail of dust and roar of the engine shifting through gears, and all of that falls gently to earth as this goddess falls out of their lives as quickly as she had fallen in.

## **EPILOGUE**

Before Angelina rode off, she had texted her assistant to let her know where she was, something she had not done for two weeks, even putting her cell phone on dark-mode so no one could track her. She called her children every day, but she had made it clear that she was to be untouchable until such time when she would





make it clear that she could be touched.

The text she had sent minutes ago was only three words; “rock. regress.solder,” and Sarah knew to type those into the website [www. What3words.com](http://www.What3words.com) to know exactly where Angelina is. Or was, actually, because, in the few hours it would take them to race 100 miles from the capital, she of course would be far away, up in the Cardamom Mountains, headed for one of her homes inside a 200-square-mile nature preserve. She just needed them to go to Kampot for a

few errands.

So, yes, two hours later, a white SUV rolls into Krong Kam-pot, through the Durian Rotary, and right to the 10x10-meter square where the three words indicated Angelina would be, or had been.

Two men and a woman get out and wait. Not long, actually,



as Tevy and the IOU guy are waiting for them in the Karaoke bar. Tevy answers the big question first; that Angelina is not there — she had left hours ago — and, no, they don't know where she went. She tells them all about what had happened that day, how exciting it all was, and how thrilled everyone still is.

Then, she explains the IOU. In response to that, the woman walks to the back of the SUV and opens the door. Inside, she opens a small briefcase and pulls out a sealed stack of U.S. hundred-dollar bills. She goes back to the IOU guy and counts off a hundred, and then makes Tevy write "Paid" on his arm.

"By the way," the woman says to Tevy, "do you know where Mr. Gilchrist went?"

"No," Tevy says. "I never even saw him. Why do you ask?"

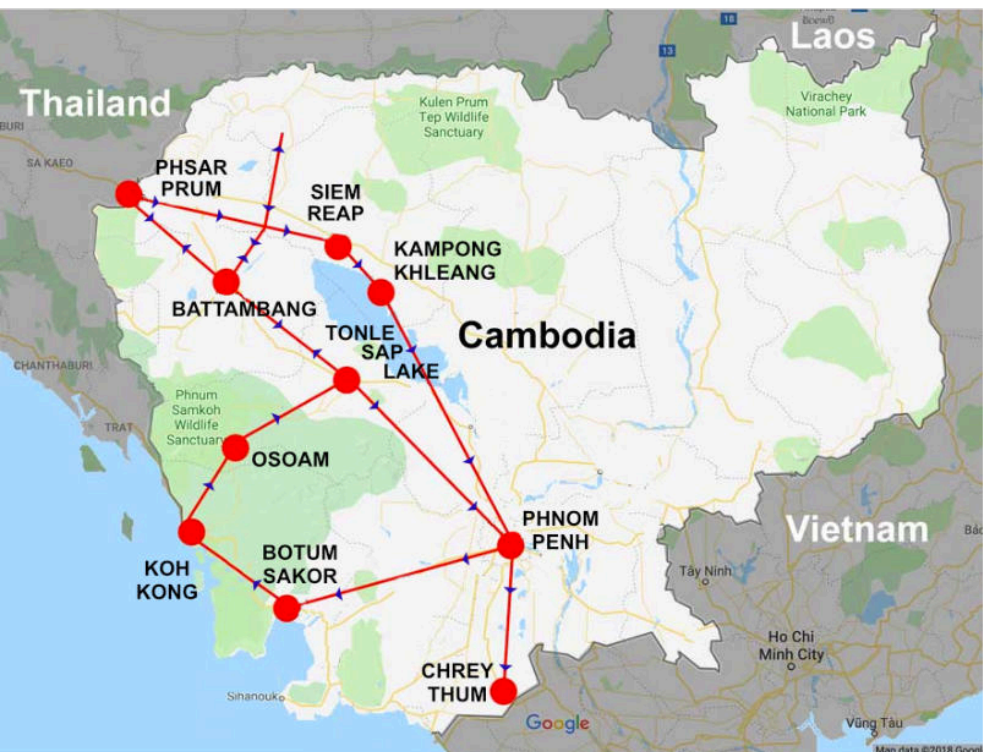
"He owes us a few photographs."

**MARK GILCHRIST, 2019**

# PHOTOGRAPHS

All photographs were taken in Cambodia, and the following thumbs are shown in the same order as in the story.

My tour through Cambodia started in May, 2018, when I left Thailand into the border city of Phsar Prum. I visited these cities and villages, and left two months later through Chrey Thum into Vietnam. (Most of the Kmere population is in the western half of the country.)





Heading out for more fish, under a bridge in Kampong Khleang, a village near Siem Reap that floods each year from Tonle Sap lake, requiring temporary bridges, roads and walkways to be built.



A statue in Wat Botum Park, in Phnom Penh. (Background removed)



Students leave school in Kampong Khleang. Depending on the flood season, students can walk over a bridge or take a boat home.



Girls discuss lessons outside their classroom in Kampong Khleang.



A girl walks back to her home in the fishing village of Kampong Khleang.



Ready for fishing in Koh Kong, where I slept a night in a hut on stilts just a few feet away.



Rainy season in the Cardamom Mountains, where I was stranded for days, then I hired a driver to carry me and my motorcycle out in his SUV.



A classic temple amid construction in Phnom Penh.



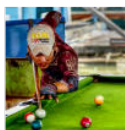
Human skulls of murdered Kmere at the Choeng Ek Genocidal Center south of Phnom Penh, one of many "Killing Fields" where Pol Pot led his Kmere Rouge gang to slaughter more than 1 million Cambodians.



Mothers care for their children at a clinic in Battambang. (This is not a private room, btw; I took this photo from a sidewalk.)



Sometimes hiding out with your bff in a brand-new sewer pipe is exactly where you want to be, in Botum Sakor.



Most businesses in the mild climate throughout SE Asia are at least semi-outdoor, like this pool hall in Kampong Luong.

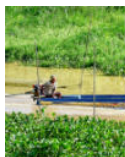


One of many, many friendly faces I encountered in Botum Sakor.



Only 12 degrees north of the equator, Kampong Luong has no winter, but it does have flood season, when homes must either float or drown.





Going out to empty the nets, in Kampong Khleang. The "long-tail" boat has a long propeller shaft, (about 6-feet,) to better maneuver the wetlands.



Carrying nets off to work from his home on stilts in Kampong Khleang.



Hanging out with Dad, in the village of Osoam, in the Cardamom Mountains,



Early every morning, rain or shine, Buddhist students and monks in Phnom Penh make rounds to businesses and homes, offering blessings, and accepting donations.



Sometimes, one bike is more fun than two. These girls are exploring their fishing village north of Battambang.



The building for the Supreme Court of Cambodia, in Phnom Penh looks a lot like a temple.



A tragedy waiting to happen? Or just another wild ride for residents in Kampong Khleang.



The U.S. and allies dropped millions of tons of explosives, including the notorious cluster bombs throughout Cambodia and Laos to cut off supply lines

along the "Ho Chi Minh Trail." The legacy is the arms and legs of thousands of civilians who, long after the war, found bombs just before they exploded.



Buddhist students walk across a wooden drawbridge to school in Kampong Khleang.



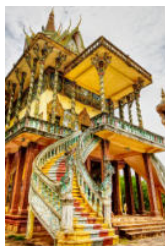
Glamor is an attitude. Yes, that is a dump truck behind this beautiful girl in Botum Sakor, and yes, I saw her there throughout the day as her parents worked.



Children inside a pagoda, (a complex with a Buddhist temple, school and park,) in Botum Sakor.



Called bowling, or the French; "boule," this is a popular sport for playing, watching and betting, in Battambang.



Wat Sonya Ram, somewhere in Moug Ruessel, between Battambang and Phnom Penh.



A bit like Bocci and a bit like horseshoes, "bowl," was brought to the region by the French. This court is in Phnom Penh, the nation's capital.



This is safe neither in the short term nor the long term. People throughout SE Asia sell gasoline from glass bottles out of their homes or stores.



Riding sidesaddle, a girl hitches a ride home from school with her friend in the Wat Sonya Ram pagoda, in Moug Ruessel near Battambang.

Mostly for motorbikes, I can't wait for electric bikes to put an end to this!



Walking home from school in Kampong Khleang.



WE DELIVER, with a homemade trailer to sell fabrics in villages on Tonle Sap lake near Siem Reap.



Tastes as delicious as it looks beautiful, in Phnom Penh.



The house will float when the water rises each year, flooding the entire village. The drawbridge is raised when the water is high enough, and is just left

raised when the entire bridge is underwater, in Kampong Khleang, Cambodia.



Looks so exciting and adventurous to this Westerner, but it is just another day of sheer terror on the streets of Botum Sakor.



I never see smiles like this on kids being driven home in Mom's minivan, but with two on one bike? Almost always.



A typical Cambodian dish of noodles, carrots, spinach, other vegetables, and cuttlefish, (squid.)



After a powerful rain, these girls must navigate a flooded street in Osoam, but they couldn't be happier.



A Muslim girl collects scraps of paper in the streets of her fishing village near Battambang.



Children enjoy lunch in the open kitchen of their home in Kampong Luong. The cheapest cloth-

ing in impoverished nations is often rejects from prosperous countries.



At Sonya Ram temple, this is enough to scare any kid into behaving.



"Surf and Turf," in Botum Sakor.



Delivering empty oil drums across the only "permanent" bridge in the village of Kampong Khleang.



A childrens game that involves tossing furry things, betting with scraps of paper and crying when you lose, in Kampong Khleang.



A real treat in Battambang, diners can feast on small fish, frogs, and processed chicken or pork, all skewered on sticks or

squeezed between bamboo slats.



A friendly soldier guarding the Royal Palace in Phnom Penh, the nation's capital.



Studying hard in Botum Sakor, a coastal town in the foothills of the Cardamom Mountains.



I was humbled by these three women from France, Switzerland and Cambodia as they rode into our remote camp in Osoam, a small village in the northern Cardamom

Mountains. Recent rains had destroyed the mud road leading north, and while their trip was filled with mud and guts, to get out of the forest I feebly crammed my street bike into an SUV.



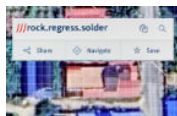
Wat Kampong Khleang, named for the fishing village on the shore of Lake Tonle Sap.



Riding through Pursat. Motorbikes are dangerous, but are cheap, practical, and most of the time, really fun.



Relaxing during a bike ride on the bridge crossing the Preak Piphot River in Botum Sakor.



A brilliant solution searching for a problem, [www.What3-words.com](http://www.What3-words.com) converts digital GPS into analog,

with three words for every 10-meter square on the planet.



A shrine at the ancient Banan Temple near Battambang.



Little does she know just how beautiful she is. A flower seller in Phnom Penh.