

OLLIES LAST AMAZON JUNGLE TEAM LOG

WHEN FINDING OUT SEAMASTER HAD BEEN ATTACKED AND PETER HAD BEEN KILLED

Being so remote on the Casiquiare and only having scheduled satellite telephone calls at certain times of the day, we did not learn about the incident and Peter's death until several hours after.

Myself, Marc, Janot and Lucho had just been away from Big Bongo "Seamaster II" investigating a lagoon in preparation for a dive. I remember thinking while there how much Peter would have loved it.

On return to Seamaster II, we were advised of the news.

It was like a bad dream, our worst nightmare and soul destroying.

Looking back to the previous evening when we were anchored on a small sand island I reflected upon the events plus the strange occurrences we had had that evening. Firstly at around the time of the tragedy, I was fast asleep in my hammock fastened between two poles dug into the sand. I awoke when for no reason one pole snapped in half and I was thrown to the ground. In the next hour the largest storm we had seen during our trip unleashed itself in the area. Lightning, thunder and very strong winds lashed our small island and all the tarps covering our hammocks were flying horizontal with the wind strength.

It was all quite unnerving at the time and I am not a spiritual person however on reflection I personally say that the Amazon was unleashing it's grief having lost one of it's strongest environmental supporters.

In the morning after the sad news we were heading up the river and came into a particularly beautiful area. All the team were very quiet and grieving in their own way, when I noticed a large flock of lovely white herons unnesting and coming towards the bongo. This was particularly unusual as all the flocks we had encountered previously had fled away. They came towards us and as I yelled to all the team they circled and led us up the river. This continued for several minutes with them returning, circling and guiding us on. It was a wonderful sight and we sat in awe. Myself I felt it was a sign from Peter. He loved the birds and he had sent a message through them for support.

I write this with some guilt for not being onboard Seamaster that dreadful night and can only find solace in the fact that we were away doing what Peter had wanted.