



So, you want to fly ! Getting Started



There are in fact many ways of getting airborne. Most of the wings and powered paraglider set ups do the same thing. I.e. get you in the air. Some are heavier, some have electric starts, some have centrifugal clutches so whilst the engine is running the prop is standing still, some have more power and some are strong enough to push two people. Heavier pilots over 100kgs will need a slightly stronger set up. Heavier pilots will also need a slightly larger wing and flying two up will require a separate wing designed for larger weights.

1 Your weight

will determine what engine we supply you. Also at what altitude above sea level. The higher you go the more power you usually need.

Make the important components yourself using our plans.

You'll need someone with a lathe and milling machine. You have to make 2 pulleys, a mounting plate, 4 pillars and a camshaft and a few smaller accessories. The harness and propeller, depending on wood or composite variable pitch are freely available from us. A tuned pipe can be added for extra power or for heavier pilots. The accelerator, fuel tank and mounting rubbers are very cheap to acquire and make. A really cost effective design is using a go cart engine with our plans for its power output. The entire PPG can be made for under R6000. Our CD has recommendations for building a PPG from of a

number of different engines. The 100cc go cart engines are the cheapest to build with and can be obtained 2nd hand (Engine From R2000) from different sources such as the carting fraternity. It is recommended however for heavier pilots (especially flying at elevated take off sites) to use the Solo, Hirth or 1 of the other varieties such as some motor bike engines. The Solo and Hirth are also very basic with very little to go wrong, lots of spares and accessories. (2nd hand around R16-25000 ex wing) We also have pictures and recommendations for the Racket engine but for heavy pilots if a tuned pipe is not added it may be slightly underpowered. We now have detailed photos of how to build it from a motor bike engine. (See my web site - Build it.)

2 Spending less money does not mean you will get an unsafe set up. It may however determine if you get one with all the 'bells and whistles!' We can find wings from R6500 upwards and powered paragliders ready to clip in from under R20 000. (New from around R40 000) Go cart (for lighter pilots up to 85kgs) and motor bike paragliders as low as R8000. **Currency converter - bottom of page**

<http://www.skytribe.co.za/PricePics/pricelist.htm>

3 Want to build your own

You will need someone with a lathe and milling machine, then it's real easy using our plans. Making your own can be done from motor bike engines, go cart engines and most other providing they are light enough. (see our photos of the para-trike on wheels made from a motor bike engine and go cart paramotor).



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Training



This depends where in the world you are situated, or whether you require a license or not. My advice is get going with the groundwork, which you can do

Our plans consist of...

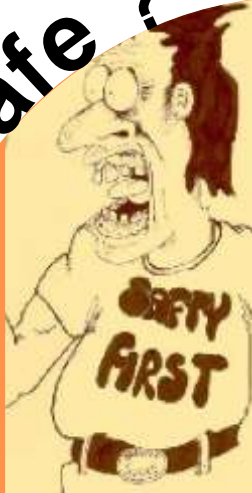
We have what is probably the world's most comprehensive document on this sport worldwide. Apart from many designs and recommendations for various set-ups we have a full color section on assembly hints and an e-book of over 260 pgs on powered paragliding called 'An Insight into Powered Paragliding'. We also have a video, which is around 26 minutes on the sport incl. on the same CD. Cost- 95US\$ ex postage. You can also purchase the Powered Paragliding E-book which may be printed separately with a video incl. Cost - R220 ex. postage.



Built from our plans using a motor bike engine



How Safe?



Probably the safest form of aviation as unlike other forms of flight it doesn't matter if your engine stops as you simply glide slowly down. The golden rule is try and always stay out of turbulence and avoid anything solid.



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Includes a free E-book & probably the largest in the world on PPG (printable)
Make your own PPG - Plans

An Insight into Powered Paragliding

A FEW ANSWERS



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HOW DOES ONE GET STARTED

The easiest is to initially purchase a wing (2nd hand (from R6000- R12000) or new (from R16500)- we have both available). Once you have this you can start practicing on the ground in order to master what you will need to get airborne. Also the technique on the ground is almost exactly the same, as you would employ in the air.

PURCHASED 2ND HAND

Complete or bought new depending on accessories such as electric start weight or tuned pipes. I think electric starts are over rated and just add weight however if you obtain one at the right price that's all very well.

SECOND HAND EX WING

From R16 000 upwards with most likely the Solo 210cc. It is an older design but has been proven time and time again. It is easy to work on with only one big piston and no electronic ignition and plenty of spares.

NEW - VARIETY OF ENGINES

From R30 000 upwards depending on the size and power required. Tandem will require more power and a larger engine. All our tandem flying in our promo video was done with the Solo and tuned pipe so it's possible contrary to what everyone says to fly 2 up on the Solo210.

BACKPACK

One then needs to obtain a **backpack** (engine, Propeller, harness etc) that attaches to your wing. Obtain the correct size wing that will carry the additional weight 25-35kgs). Once you are in the air there is no more weight on you and it is simply the same as sitting in a chair. **Your deciding factor will be your budget. A cheaper setup is not necessarily unsafe. It more than likely will be slightly older, possibly heavier and louder, electric start vs pull start Vs centrifugal clutch etc.**

KIT FORM COMPONENTS

We can supply you all components in a kit form (raw frame (or make it yourself from mild steel and save costs), prop, harness, accelerator, tank fittings and tank if you wish and complete engine). The easiest would be to use our small centrifugal clutch engine, complete with gearbox, tuned pipe and engine mounts ready to mount directly onto a frame. You just drill four holes and mount the sidebars for the harness set up and your weight. All this will cost around R24500. This same set up new retails from R35000 upwards and everything can be assembled in your garage at home.

HOW SAFE?

Probably the safest form of aviation around as unlike other forms of flight it doesn't matter if your engine stops as you simply glider slowly down. The golden rule is try and always stay out of turbulence and avoid anything solid.



2 extracts from 'Its not just about Madness'
A humorous true recollection of short stories by Dave Briggs of different events each cleverly illustrated.



CUSTOMISE YOUR MOTOR

Send us your PPG, no matter what state it is in and we will send it back brand new. We use a combination of ceramic coating and chroming for exhausts, pistons and internal components and powder coatings and anadizing for all others. Airbrush and complete stickers for props. (Right) Skytribe's new harness setup with side J-bars and optional embroidered panels. Easy to convert from your current setup.



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95 US\$

Includes a free E-book & probably the largest in the world on PPG (printable)
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COST OF ENGINES

Our CD has recommendations for building a powered paraglider from a number of different engines. **The 100cc go cart engines are the cheapest to build** from and can be obtained 2nd hand (From R2000) from different sources such as the carting fraternity. It is recommended however for heavier pilots especially flying at elevated take off sites to use the Solo, Hirth or one of the other varieties. **The Solo and Hirth are also very basic** with very little to go wrong, lots of spares and accessories. (2nd hand around R16-25000 ex wing) We have pictures and recommendations for the Racket engine but for heavy pilots if a tuned pipe is not added it may be slightly underpowered. We now have detailed photos of how to build it from a motor bike engine which has just been successfully done. (See my web site under the build it section)

TRAINING

Depends where in the world you are situated, on whether you require a license of not. My advice is get going with the groundwork, which you can do yourself and then take the next step by possibly gaining some normal training.

FLY TANDEM OR TWO UP?

Tandem flying is very possible and in fact all the two up flying that is shown on our promotional video was undertaken using the standard Solo and Hirth engines from powered paragliders we made ourselves. We simply added a tuned pipe to gain more horse power. It certainly makes it easier when the passenger and pilot is on the light side and one is flying at sea level where the air is more 'user friendly', but can be achieved virtually anywhere. If you are looking at a lot of tandem flying then you have two options.

If you are light then you can use the Solo and Hirth, add a tuned pipe and undertake a few internal modifications that result in good thrust.

Purchase a designated tandem machine (can be used for single flying). Unfortunately these are slightly more expensive if you purchase it complete as it is imported. You can purchase the engine complete with pulleys and pipe, then all you do is mount it on a frame, and make up the accessories which save a fair amount of money.



Built from our plans using a motor bike engine

WHAT DOES OUR CD CONSIST OF

We have what is probably the world's most comprehensive document on this sport worldwide. Apart from many different designs and recommendations for various setups we have a full colour section on assembly hints and an Ebook of over 260pgs on powered paragliding called 'An Insight into Powered Paragliding'. We also have a video, which is around 26min on the sport. All we ask is to cover the postage and costs. In South Africa R50 and overseas. The DVD is R80 ex postage. R12US\$.



SHORT EXCERPTS FROM DAVE BRIGGS' BOOK "IT'S NOT JUST ABOUT MADNESS"

AVAILABLE THROUGH www.skytribe.co.za
OR DAVE BRIGGS - 0825501462

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This new publication 'It's not just about madness is a true live account of Dave Briggs adventures which take the reader from extreme kayaking to flying and many other activities. They are told in a humorous manner with each story illustrated by a professional cartoonist. These stories are however not just a wild and humorous account of what at first may seem as total madness. When the reader looks closer one will see the interaction of the ID, Ego and Superego at play, helping and contributing to direct people into their respective endeavors. This interplay is a combination of upbringing Vs what society expects and the norms and pressures it places on people. Throughout the book Dave also draws attention to the spiritual world and a 'devoted Guardian Angel' that sits (sometimes quite precariously) on his shoulder. This he is convinced has contributed to his longevity so far through some quite extreme situations and is a possible reason why some people are 'kept' alive under ridiculous circumstances why other die for lesser known reasons. (Also ones pre-destined journey has not ended yet). He also touches on the AIDS pandemic with some interesting facts and explanations which is ravishing the world.

There's a rocket in my hair!

As any person involved in the entertainment or instructional industry will tell you, a vast amount of time is spent with clients, students or visiting personnel. I remember a time when I was teaching diving that a group of us (mostly visiting divers and students) went to the local pub down the road to celebrate the successful completion of their open-water dive course. This particular pub was frequented primarily by tourists with various groups and diving schools scattered throughout. During the course I used to keep a note of all misdemeanors that had occurred during the training period, and once at a venue such as this, make students pay the necessary forfeit. This usually entailed downing a considerable amount of the local home brew. This ferment was usually pure unrefined sugarcane alcohol or a similar liquid with an equally objectionable nauseating taste and effect, drunk through a snorkel, which had a funnel on the end, into which this liquid was copiously poured. The victim had to wear a diving mask while completing the forfeit, which made the task of drinking and breathing fairly tricky. At some stage towards the end of the evening someone produced a Guy Fawkes rocket which when ignited would career up into the sky and explode in a cascade of brilliant sparks, colours and associated bangs. This, I thought, could only be fun, so without hesitation I lit it. Well, you can imagine what ensued within the confined area of the pub. The rocket-propelled missile launched itself across the room towards our opposition school and their students, bouncing in a torrent of sparks and hisses in a magnificent display of pyrotechnics, while discharging itself off walls, tables and anything else in its trajectory. Unfortunately, though incredibly humorously, it came to rest still exploding and discharging its combustible entrails, firmly implanted in the mane of a female who had enough hair to support a number of eagles' nests. If you have ever lit your arm hairs or any other hairy part of your anatomy, you will well know how combustible collagen is. This unfortunate visitor was clearly on fire, with everyone's focus now firmly on the tail end of the rocket still protruding from her mop of permed hair.

What we think, what we know & what we believe, is in the end of little consequence. The only thing of consequence is what we do.

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While people patted, banged and smothered the igniting rocket, some clever spark eventually poured a full jug of beer over her head in an attempt to extinguish what was originally envisaged to be the high point celebrating the successful completion of a dive course. This was incredibly hilarious and our entire side of the pub collapsed in absolutely uncontrolled hysterics. Undoubtedly it was the funniest thing I had seen for a long time. No malicious harm was meant, no injuries were sustained and to our astonishment very little of her hair was in fact burned. The most difficult part of this adventure was attempting to placate the opposition school who were convinced we had openly provoked and deliberately attempted to tarnish their credibility.



Kangaroo on my bicycle

One other recollection that will probably stay with me forever is one I will very briefly detail for you as there really is not much drama involved, but it's rather intriguing nevertheless. We were cycling along at dusk in the pouring rain, trying to achieve that wretched goal set earlier which interestingly was now rapidly dividing our reasons for visiting this geographical location. We had absolutely no idea of where we were going to spend the night, when this stranger pulled over in his pick-up and said "hop on" as he would like to offer us a place to stay for the night while his wife would cook us dinner. I was extremely uneasy with this suggestion, as Tasmania had recently experienced a number of hitchhiker murders, and while free food and a warm place to stay sounded like heaven, I had no immediate desire to cease respiring just yet.

So it was with a huge amount of trepidation, based on meteorological and culinary comforts, that we accepted the offer and climbed onto the back. My fears were compounded as we were driven deeper into the wilds with the dirt track eventually ending at a half built wood cabin. This was starting to appear like a potential murder scene. I decided I needed a weapon, which I managed to find in the form of an old steel pipe lying in the back of the van next to me. Should our driver give me just the slightest reason to deem him a monster, I was going to deliver one almighty blow to his ego via his head. We figured for the time being we would give him the benefit of the doubt and see whether he had the wife, or possible co-conspirator, about whom he'd spoken. This might redeem him slightly from the murderous character I was now envisaging him as. Keeping our distance, and my weapon hidden, we followed him inside and, lo and behold, there was something resembling a fair amount of oestrogen! Still not convinced, I figured this charitable gesture could be a facade to put us at ease before his attack. I retained my pole to ensure our prolonged existence and minimize any immediate possibility of becoming an exotic delicacy for some psychotic madman and his cannibalistic partner. Two strangers being offered a place to stay and food in the middle of goodness knows where, was not normal in my estimation. Anyway, surviving the wine and food without any adversity removed all prior apprehensions I had had, and we settled down to a rather comfortable evening around a log fire somewhere in the remotest part of this hostile, wet and cold little island. This was, however, short-lived as he offered, at about midnight, to take us to shoot some lunch for tomorrow, in the form of a smaller version of its marsupial cousin the kangaroo. Well, I surmised, this was where he was going to make his move. I figured this just could in all reality be the serial killer that had

made headline news weeks before we had embarked on this venture of madness, so I ensured I was at all times close behind him, his gun and any homicidal thoughts that might arise in his deranged head. Again, as promised, the only thing that died that night was our lunch for the following day. This was taken home, skinned and cooked by his wife and neatly packaged for our departure. Well, ok, I thought, maybe he is a teacher with a wife that lives out in the midst of nowhere, picks up two strangers in the rain on their bicycles,



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takes them home, feeds them and shoots them a wallaby for their lunch. True to his word, the next day our feast was strapped onto the back of my mountain bike and we were taken some distance down the road, pointed in the right direction, and off we pedaled.

A gecko's revenge

Another rather nauseating encounter with wild beasts of usually elevated realms took place during a visit from chief officer Bowker. I wonder whether he had any part to play in this harrowing experience, which he convincingly and strenuously denies any part thereof. I, however, am not that certain. He arrived at my house and was filling up the kettle when he asked me what a lizard in the later stages of mortal decay was doing at the bottom, draped and rigorously fastened over the elements? It had obviously been there for some time as its entrails were in a rather liquidised form. So was its torso, which was a sickening pale colour with most of its appendages scattered over the base of the container. Its eyes were staring blankly at the unknown, mostly because they were hanging out of its sockets by threads. This gecko had been boiled a number of times and inadvertently added to various cups of tea and coffee, which the unfortunate recipients had ingested. I myself had consumed a cup of coffee a few hours prior to this discovery, which now was attempting to relocate itself out into the external environment. This was undoubtedly one of my more traumatic consumption experiences. Were the typical oddments such as traces of coagulated milk, often found in beverages, indeed of palatable bovine origin or were they, horror upon horrors, the innards, eyeball or other genetic remnants from this once very alive and voluptuous reptile? I will never know. I can now only hope that it had been there for the previous twenty-four hours, meaning many friendly and neighbourly visitors, to my great delight, were now wonderfully in the same digestive predicament! I guess we were all lucky, as the city newspaper recently featured an article about three people who died after ingesting water, also out of a kettle, that was contaminated with these house-dwelling lizards.



There's a pig in my freezer!

Having briefly made reference to pigs, an image is immediately evoked that to this day makes me chuckle. I was visiting people who had one of those small, black and usually obnoxious miniature pet pigs. (They also had a parrot which was just as loathsome and unbearable and which nearly bit my finger off.)

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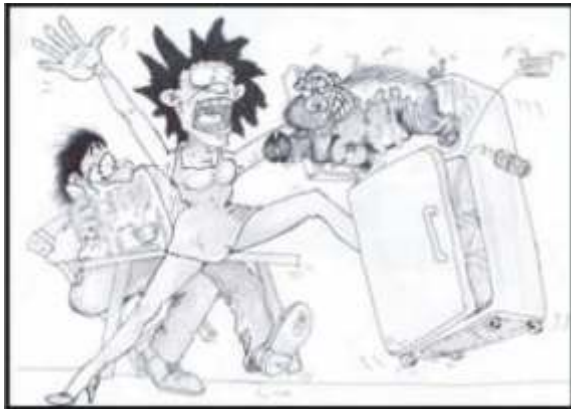
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Like all animals that are not disciplined from youth, this pig ran around the house urinating when it was too lazy to go outside, and would deliberately antagonise everyone who opposed it in any way. For those of you saying, "well it's not the pig's but the owners' fault", agreed. However it would still urinate on my shoes and then, like a dysfunctional child, take off in an attention-seizing tantrum squealing blue murder when reprimanded. Almost as if we were about to roast the beastly creature. I had on occasion suggested this to the owners; however they never responded positively, but rather with looks of utter disgust and horror. Why is there this aversion to eating something you have owned? One is quite happy to eat bits of pork that has been neatly sanitised and packaged as long as the provider of the culinary delight is far removed from one's view and subjective implications. It is still a pig, it still died and it is still providing a certain amount of gastronomic ecstasy, hopefully without the associated medicinal implications involving various de-worming or antibacterial agents. If one is so attached and sentimental about edible or domestic pets, why not have them professionally treated on their deaths and mounted above one's bed, as a reminder of their loyalty and attachment?



Anyway, during one party we had, this hairy little creature was incredibly badly behaved and came hurtling into the kitchen for some unknown reason. Having none of the female guests present - who seemed to worship this "cute", "cuddly" black ball of undomesticated pork - I grabbed it by its curly tail before it could abscond, and stuffed it in the freezer to calm down. This ice chest was by most standards rather full so the contents had to be don't know, but the next thing Snookems absconded and came careering into the lounge with fridge ice all over his black hair, transforming him into a replica of a baby polar bear. He was clearly annoyed and continued to act as if the end of the world had arrived. "For heaven's sake, what's on it's fur? Looks like ice" I asked someone. "Yes, someone found Snookems in the freezer." "How awful! Wonder how he got there?" I commiserated. The pig's owner was clearly infuriated and doing her best to investigate how her pet pig ended up neatly tucked away in the freezer. We didn't hear the end of it for the rest of the evening.

An Insight into Powered Paragliding

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"What if your fears and dreams existed in the same place? What if, to get to heaven, you had to brave hell? What if everything you've ever wanted, cost you everything you've ever achieved? Would you still go there?"

A kayaking adventure on the worlds longest river

Just recently I returned from a kayak trip to the source of the White Nile. This is the longest river in the world, travelling more than 6500 kilometres up the African continent until it exits into the Mediterranean near Cairo, Egypt. It is certainly one of the most fascinating rivers I have ever paddled. In terms of volume it is not as large in the early stages as other big-capacity rivers such as the Congo (DRC), where quite a few expeditions have vanished and whose magnitude and fury increases to untold but captivating proportions nevertheless. The Nile originates from Lake Victoria, one of the largest lakes on the African continent, so large, in fact, that it has its own tide. From here it cascades through a hydroelectric scheme into the White Nile. (The Blue Nile, which is by no means blue, originates in Ethiopia, is shorter and joins the White at Khartoum, Sudan.) After the confluence, the Nile loses around a quarter of its original volume due to evaporation, seepage and various agricultural practices. I was on this river one day, sitting in my boat, hanging onto a branch of a tree while trying to take photos of another kayaker surfing a wave, when I felt an extremely uncomfortable feeling inside my helmet and up and down my arms. Looking down, I was startled to see that my entire arm was covered with a seething mass of black crawling ants that had originated out of the trees above the river. These creatures had obviously taken exception to this larger-than-life intruder and had unanimously undertaken to eliminate it by attempting to over-enthusiastically eat and ingest me. I was now under siege; my ears were on fire, my nostrils were itching, my head under my helmet, which I couldn't get at, was burning, so the only option was to capsize to try to drown as many of these irritants as possible. So I voluntarily inverted myself, holding my breath and hoping their need for oxygen was considerably stronger than mine, thereby necessitating them to vacate my body and swim for the surface. After what seemed an eternity, and nearly drowning myself in the process, I rolled up, confident of at least seeing a glimpse of my original arm colour again; however to no avail. These bothersome ants now seemed wild beyond all comprehension and appeared to simply dash in every direction, biting everything and anything that appeared in their way. My near-drowning exercise was not an effective riddance exercise, so one of the other boaters frantically brushed off as many as possible from my head, arms and other visible parts. After a minute or two most of the visible crawling beasts had been evicted into the river. However, there were now left those that had taken refuge inside the boat by migrating down my arms, legs and torso.

I abandoned the boat at the next calm river section and proceeded to expel those that were ecstatically running round in some wild. My companion, a good friend and fellow kayaker from Germany, Berndt Karman, was nearly permanently and prematurely retired following this adventure. He unfortunately became violently trapped and retained in a large hydraulic - or

wave in the river - and severely damaged his lower leg, forming a thrombosis (or blood clot.) The danger in this is any movement or pressure change, such as flying, could potentially dislodge the clot, resulting in it moving to a vital organ such as the heart or lungs. He also, although he didn't know it at the time,



Surfing a wave on the White Nile

developed malaria. Different strains of malaria affect the body in various manners and this particular parasite resulted in the destruction of haemoglobin, the oxygen-carrying molecule found in red blood cells. On returning to his country he suddenly found he couldn't breathe (as there was not much haemoglobin left to transport the oxygen around the body) and he was literally suffocating to death with only 12% of total capacity remaining. He was rushed to hospital with typical flu-like symptoms and after an extended stay I am glad to report he is respiring adequately once again. Africa's untamed wilderness, and the real dangers still present, was brought home to me when I was chatting to one of the raft guides working on the Nile. He told me about a fellow kayaker, who paddled a waterfall on the Zambezi River called lower Moemba, which I came across many years ago on this same river. All went well until he got caught in the 'boils' below the falls and was unable to execute a roll in order to right himself. A lifeline was thrown to him, which he was able to catch but he was either simultaneously sucked down a whirlpool or pushed into an undercut ledge. His body was found nine days later, many kilometres down stream, and distressingly by this stage had been partly eaten by crocodiles. It is stories such as these that keep present the reality of death.



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We use a combination of ceramic coating and chroming for exhausts, pistons and internal components and powder coatings & anadizing for all others. Airbrush and complete stickers for for all others. Airbrush and complete stickers for props. Skytribe's new harness setup with sideJ-bars and optional embroidered panels. Easy to convert from your current



CUSTOMISE YOUR MOTOR

If you have a boat then you need one of these!! **Check out the specs on our web site under the parasailing link.** Just another wonderful toy to take to the dam or out at sea. Fly single or two up and an activity for the entire family and no one now becomes left out! An activity for even the girls!

After many years of manufacturing, we now have all our chutes custom-made overseas for us using one of the best fabrics around. Pricing depends on the exchange rate but typically a 28 foot (which is used for single flying or light tandem) with harness and rope is around the 1800US\$ mark depending on the exchange rate. We can however obtain cheaper ones for around the R9000 but we have found they do not last as long.

If you are not averse to a bit of branding around the side (skytribe.co.za) then we are happy to enter into a reciprocal semi sponsorship deal with you. We will supply you the entire set up at our cost (in fact you pay our supplier directly) while we have our name on the chute. This is non invasive and has no affect what so ever on the performance. We can then drop that prices right down to around our cost at 1400US excl the rope which we will purchase here and is about R380 excl transport to you but incl the harness.

The 28 foot is the most common as it can be used for single flying and light tandem thus it has a dual purpose. we do also have available up to 38 foot and down to 24 foot for high winds.

