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WILD SIDE**
KAYAKING IN THE
SUNSHINE STATE

CHILE

**FINDING ADVENTURE
AND FACING FEARS
ON SOME STEEP PEAKS!**

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sailing in
the San
Juans**

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BY CONFLICT FIND A
STATE OF GRACE?

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A SKI ADDICT JOURNEYS TO THE FASTEST PEAKS IN
CHILE WHERE SHE PUSHES BOTH HER BODY AND HER
PSYCHE TO EXHILARATING EXTREMES

TAKING IT TO THE LIMIT

STORY BY ELLIE RUBIN PHOTOGRAPHY BY CHRIS STRACHAN

Hiking off-piste at the top of Termas de Chillan is where it all began.





The first tracks in Olivares Valley are at 4,500 metres, and make for one happy ski addict.

FUEZ BOWL, KICKING HORSE, B.C.—one of the steepest and deepest runs of any ski resort in North America. I'm standing at the top with only one option: down. My coach, Don, has convinced me that after four days of training I'm ready to tackle this double-black-diamond bowl. His last set of instructions is playing, like a tape, in my mind: "The first turn is the most critical. Stay forward and reach down the hill to make the first pole plant. Repeat." I suck in a deep breath and drop in. Sticking the first turn, I float in waist-deep champagne powder, then tack down a thousand vertical feet. Even though I still have a few miles to the bottom, I'm already writing a postcard from the edge to my daughters at home. "Dear girls, your mother has become a certifiable adrenalin addict." With the ski season about to wrap up, the only question is: where do I go to get my next fix?

It's June. The city is shimmering with heat. While everyone I know is packing bathing suits and heading for the cottage, I'm searching the basement for my long underwear, helmet and Rossignol Scratch twin tips.

As I half-heartedly rustle through my ski bag, I ask myself once again, "What am I doing?" The logical side of my brain is patiently waiting for me to finally admit that the humidity of the city got to me and what I really need is a dock and a good book. But in my heart, I've become a ski addict. It's not just about conquering peaks and blowing down bowls. No, it's about adrenalin and discovering courageous parts of me—a cerebral businesswoman and mother of two—I never knew existed. That's the thrill. That's the hook. That's what has me coming back for more, and more. What other untapped parts of me will I discover if I ascend, and then descend, greater heights? Who else resides under this tony Pucci-ski-clad exterior?

At one of the many ski shows I (now religiously) attend, I was told that the real ski nuts travel to Chile in the middle of the summer, where some of the steepest, deepest and fastest peaks beckon. The sheer altitude of Chile's ski resorts, along with the speed records set at them, is enough to make even this girl think twice. But there is something else at play here. My husband, Chris, a level-two ski instructor and downhill fanatic, has been challenging me to kick it up a notch. "How can you call yourself a skier if you have never heli-skiied before?" Maybe he is right and maybe the Chilean Andes is the perfect place to push my skiing to the edge and my self-discovery to the outer limits.

As we board a plane bound for Santiago, Chris, who will also be acting as photographer, smiles at me slyly. I know that look. He is reminding me that I have committed to upping the ante on my skiing and that a helicopter is the preferred mode of transportation. Am I ready? Too late. The plane is taking off.

FIRST STOP: TERMAS DE CHILLAN

After a day of wining, dining and sightseeing in Santiago, we hop a short flight to Concepcion and then board a bus bound for Termas de Chillan. Termas is situated 82 kilometres east of the city of Chillan, renowned for its gastronomy and extraordinary

scenic beauty. About 1,600 metres above sea level, Termas not only boasts South America's longest ski run (13 kilometres), but it also offers 10,000 hectares of ski-able terrain and 29 groomed runs, all situated in a pristine forest with 1,100 metres of vertical drop. Not surprisingly, the Alpine Junior World Ski Championship will take place here in 2010.

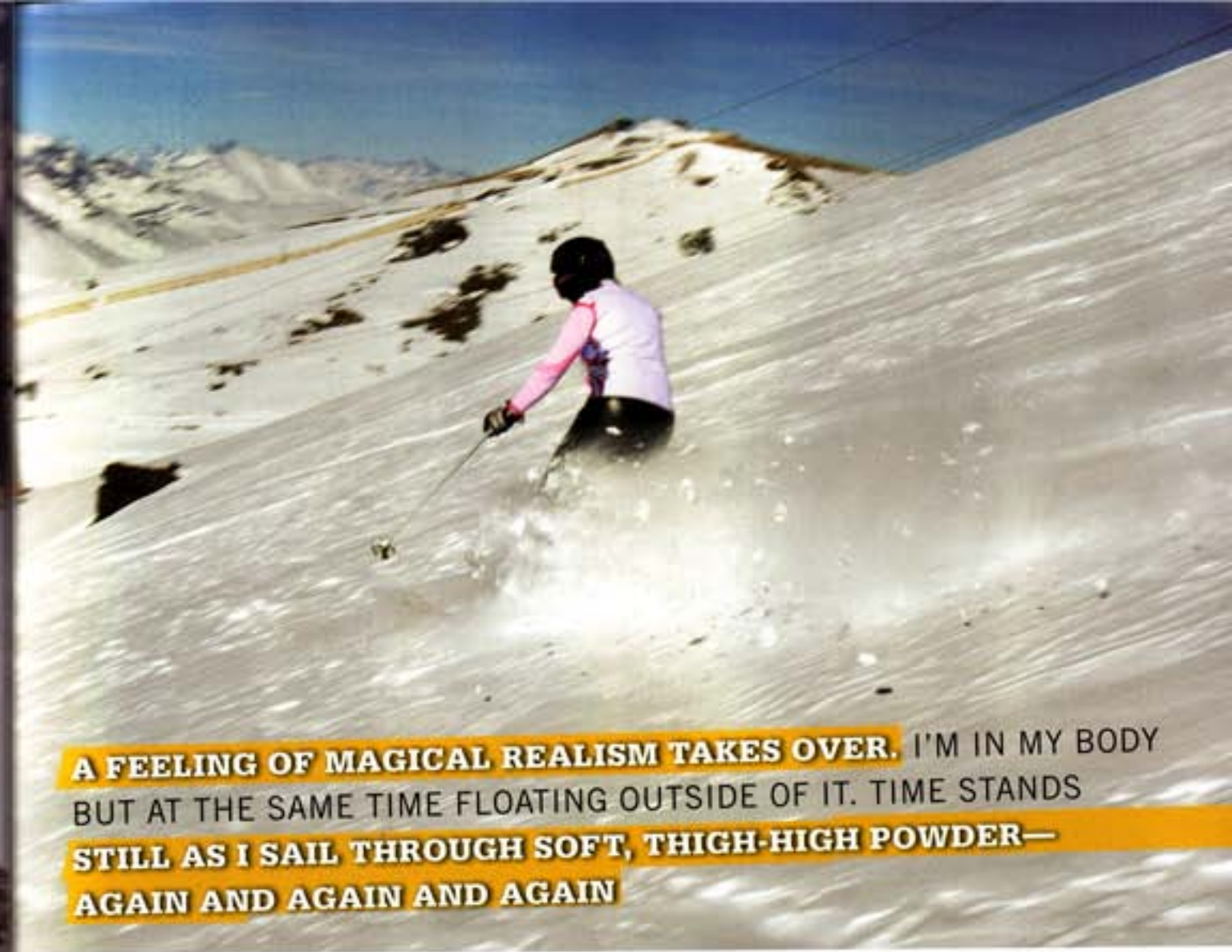
Skiing in Chile has always had allure for ski enthusiasts and is the chosen destination for many racing teams during training months. The Andes mountain range is second in size only to the Himalayas, with peaks reaching 6,100 metres, and the region averages more than six metres of snowfall and boasts 80 percent sunny days over the ski season (April to November). But what Chile has that the Himalayas don't is fine cuisine and a growing fine-wine industry, both of which complete the ultimate ski experience.

Once we arrive, things really begin to heat up—literally. The resort is located on an active volcano, providing a natural hot spring. We quickly discover that we won't need our Canadian long underwear as the temperature rarely drops below -5 C and we are so close to the sun that black skiwear is an impossibility. So much for my packing strategy.

The next morning, we head out with the director of the ski school, Ricardo, who has graciously agreed to be our guide. My mission: get to the best steeps and deeps that Termas de Chillan has to offer. In other words, get my first fix.

Like many of the Chileans that we have met, Ricardo is slightly shy and very serious about his job. Once on the hill, though, his enthusiasm for the sport and his sense of humour take over. As we load onto the oldest chair in South America, Ricardo yells up to us, "Don't worry, this beast usually makes it to the top, despite the 800-foot spans between towers! Just don't look down." I don't.

At the top of the chairlift, we go over the options. There are some good runs off the top of the mountain but the best is going to involve a hike out of bounds. My 'photographer' is all over that, thinking it will provide the best backdrop for photos. We learn that because of the vast expanse of lift-serviced terrain, most expert skiers can access extreme off-piste skiing. This explains why the resort no longer offers heli-skiing. I pretend to be disappointed, but secretly, I'm relieved. Why up the ante too soon on this adventure?



A FEELING OF MAGICAL REALISM TAKES OVER. I'M IN MY BODY BUT AT THE SAME TIME FLOATING OUTSIDE OF IT. TIME STANDS STILL AS I SAIL THROUGH SOFT, THIGH-HIGH POWDER—AGAIN AND AGAIN AND AGAIN

At the top of the 2,700-metre mountaintop, we carry our skis and slowly climb past the Out of Bounds sign. We traverse along a ridge and peer down a vast expanse of expert terrain punctuated by large outcroppings of volcanic rock (or, in ski parlance, we stare down a double-black chute). Ricardo leads Chris down and then waves for me to begin my decent. But the early season snow and warm temperatures are not cooperating. The snow is like butter under my skis, I just can't get the rhythm. I see the plume of steam from the active volcano and can only think of the hot spring that awaits me at the bottom. My confidence fades and I make awkward turns to the bottom. Definitely no postcard from the edge from this location.

At lunchtime, with the volcanic steam rising slowing all around us, I suggest that we might have to alter the expectations for our adventure ski trip. Chris responds by unstrapping his skis and settling in, knowing that trouble is brewing. "I know I said that I would be up for heli-skiing, but to be really honest, I just don't think I have it in me. I mean, could my performance this morning have been any worse?"

"Listen," responds Chris, "the snow was really sticky. The terrain was completely rocky and you have not skied since last winter. Please don't talk yourself out of what you came to do. What did you

say to me when we booked this trip? 'I really want to kick it up a notch.' Don't do it and you're going to leave very disappointed."

"Disappointment I can live with. It's the alternative that I'm worried about," I mutter under my breath.

Still, I spend the rest of the day and most of the next morning skiing the groomed runs, finding my legs again. At the very least, I need to regain my composure before reaching our next destination, Portillo.

SECOND STOP: PORTILLO

From the moment we arrive at the picturesque setting of Portillo on Laguna Del Inca (Inca Lake), I'm struck by a sense of otherworldliness. I've arrived in a time capsule that hasn't been opened

LEFT: Anyone is welcome up at Tio Bob's, Portillo—but only expert skiers can make it back down.

RIGHT TOP: Cricket and Frank DiScala tussle with Ellie at 4,500 metres under blue skies.

RIGHT BOTTOM: One of a handful of highly coveted mountainside chalets in picturesque Portillo.

OPPOSITE: Ellie delights in fresh tracks at Valle Nevado.

in 50 years. We are greeted by the two resident St. Bernard dogs, and our bags are whisked to our rooms while Pistos are mixed and arrangements made for our four-course meal in the formal dining room. Not surprisingly, the patina of Portillo is old leather (it literally lines the walls), service is the order of the day (there are 480 staff members servicing a maximum of 400 guests) and when asked to describe Portillo in one word, the owner replies "family." There are kids everywhere, some whose grandparents skied here as children. An authentic feeling of belonging permeates.

As we snack on a favourite local dish of anticuchos (grilled skewered meat), our host informs us that it is too early in the season for Portillo to offer heli-skiing. Is it my imagination or is he staring directly at me? I feign disappointment while Chris kicks me under the table—just in case I thought he did not see my little 'rock on' hand gesture under the 100-year-old wooden table. "We came to get action shots, not resort-brochure ware!" he gripes. He's right.

Later, as we pour over the trail map, we realize that although heli-skiing may not be in the cards, the mountain has some pretty serious terrain and with the summit elevation at 3,070 metres, the snow is very good. Over several glasses of a local Malbec, the likes of which we've never seen in Canada, finding the answers to our ski dilemma gets easier and easier. I'm sure we can work out something.

But what am I working out, exactly? I came here to push myself out of my comfort zone, to ski the speediest slopes in the Southern

Hemisphere. I journeyed this far not only to service my inner adrenaline junkie but also maybe, just maybe, to learn something about myself along the way. OK, so heli-skiing may not be in the cards for me on this trip. How else can I push myself to the outer limits—of my athletic ability, of myself? I realize that, as with any kind of journey, only those who seek new adventures with a mixture of open-mindedness and intuition will be rewarded. With just the right mixture of wide-eyed interest and methodical research, anything is possible. In that moment, I know that if I keep moving forward, an adventure will unfold and a solution to my self-imposed ski challenge will be placed right in front of me. Or on the tips of my skis, as the case may be.

With my detective hat firmly in place, I start chatting up the bar staff. I discover that every Friday night, the ski instructors perform a torchlight parade to mark the end of the week. Guests observe this 50-year tradition while sipping cocktails under the stars on the terrace. Near-pro-level skiers carry the lights down the hill in a twinkly procession; speed is everything and the competition to be a torch-bearer is stiff.

Bingo. A torchlight parade down a 3,100-metre chute just to the side of Roca Jack—where several speed records have been broken, including the time Steve McKinney broke the barrier of 200 km/h in 1978. Now that's what I call pushing the envelope. A few complicated arrangements later and I'm set to join 35 instructors for the torchlight parade the next evening. Each torch, I am told, weighs about seven kilograms and the flame can sometimes spread

down the stick, but when you're skiing in the pitch dark, such trifling matters as fire are the least of one's worries. Perhaps some practice runs are in order for tomorrow.

The next evening, darkness seems to fall more quickly than it should. At 8 p.m., I leave the buzz and laughter of the fire-lit great room and make my way out. I leave my helmet and goggles behind. The torchlight parades I know are a procession of snowplow turns on the gentlest of terrain. Besides, ski helmets do nothing for curly hair.

As I arrive at the base of the lift, I notice that I'm the only one in the procession not wearing a ski instructor's jacket and emblem. I am the sole guest. The thought sends a chill down my spine. I stomp my feet to stay warm and begin to mingle.

Portillo, as I mentioned, is known for its friendly, inclusive atmosphere. Yet I find myself excluded from the banter and chit-chat in full swing all around me. Was I wearing the wrong colours for this performance? Did I have bad breath? Too focused on the task ahead of me. I follow the group to the chairlift, eager to get this adventure started.

The skiers start dropping into the chairs in groups of four, but as my turn approaches, no one joins me. I finally yell out, "Are you seriously going to let me go up this chairlift at night by myself?" No one volunteers. At the very last second, an instructor named Ryan (who I later find out was ranked the number-two ski instructor at Lake Tahoe in California and one of the top instructors in Portillo) jumped onto the chair with me.

With a good distance to go to the top, Ryan explains the 'trial by fire' that I have unwittingly gotten myself into. First of all, it is rare

that any guest is allowed to join this torchlight parade due to the level of difficulty. In fact, only the ski director has the authority to allow a guest to join the instructors in this dangerous performance. Secondly, I do not have goggles and, he explains, "Portillo is all about speed and this torchlight parade is no different. We will descend a double-black run at the speed of light and without goggles you may find the tear factor an issue." An issue? Does wearing a highly flammable fur collar while going 'Mach 2' with a kerosene-soaked torch qualify as an issue?

Ryan does not have time to answer. We jump off the chairlift and within seconds a burning, dripping kerosene torch is thrust into my hand. I am told, "no matter what, stay behind the guy in front of you. No breaks in the line—it ruins the entertainment value for the spectators." Spectators, right. Forgot about them.

I have never gone that fast on skis in daylight, with poles, let alone at night with a flaming torch. The pace is so fast that we descend the entire 1,400 vertical feet in just over a minute. My eyes are watering and, by the end, I can barely hold up the torch. But I make it to the bottom without a break in the line. As I zoom past the lift operators, a few of them slap me on the back and cheer me on. I follow my fellow skiers and thrust my burning torch into the raging bonfire. Through my teary eyes I vaguely make out an amassing crowd, all beaming and clapping.

As Ryan passes me a Pisto and gives me the California high-five, I realize that the last time I felt this exhilarated was when I received my first standing ovation, after delivering a motivational speech to an audience of 500.

I head to the dining room for a well-deserved dinner and begin

I REALIZE THAT, AS WITH ANY KIND OF JOURNEY, **ONLY THOSE WHO SEEK NEW ADVENTURES WITH A MIXTURE OF OPEN-MINDEDNESS AND INTUITION WILL BE REWARDED**

Did I mention the sound of your heart pounding in your ears?

The next day, we are guided through an incredible setting of 37 runs, 39 kilometres of trails and more than 22,000 ski-able acres surrounded by Andean mountains that fade into the Argentinean boarder. Our ski guide, Gregg, understands our goal of adventure skiing and, without any further explanation, steers us up two chairlifts that place us at the bottom of the very highest lift on the mountain—a Poma that drags us up to 3,670 metres. From here, we make first tracks through delicious off-piste powder that is warmed by the sun. Heli-skiing is overrated anyway, I tell myself.

While Gregg and Chris partake in ski chat (steepest, deepest, hardest, scariest), I'm pretending to take in the view. Truth be told, the thin air is making me feel unsettled and the butterflies begin



composing my postcard from the edge—the one I am finally justified in sending to my kids back home: "You will not believe what mama did today..." Tomorrow we leave for our final destination, Valle Nevado. But I already have my adventure in hand. Or so I think.

LAST STOP: VALLE NEVADO

Our bus zigzags its way up the steep side of the mountain, and we are told that there are a total of 60 precarious switchbacks to the top, all of which will be shared with the endless stream of trucks coming down from Argentina. We are already short of breath at the halfway point. As the sun sets over a valley of pink-tinged peaks, our guide reminds us to drink lots of water, hold off on the wine, and not to worry if we cannot sleep at night. These are just a few of the side effects of life at 3,050 metres, the elevation of the hotel.

to flutter in my stomach, again. I sense that if Chris has anything to do with this, my 'devil-may-care' evening speed trek at Portillo is not going to be the physical, or psychological, climax of my journey to the Andes.

A few hours later, while celebrating a fantastic day on the slopes with our hosts and fellow skiers, I catch a glimpse of Chris at the end of the dinner table speaking in hushed tones with the general manager of the resort. I learn that since arriving at Valle

CLOCKWISE FROM BOTTOM LEFT: Bird's-eye view of Valle Nevado from the chopper. Chilean army take a break with Ellie while training at Termas de Chillan. Ellie and Ricardo prepare for their hike at Termas de Chillan. Sports psychologist Gaston brings up the rear in Olivares Valley. 'Smokin' down Portillo in the torchlight parade. Ready to lift off. Ellie informs us that she felt more nervous than she looks.

Nevado, Chris has been working behind the scenes to try to hitch a last-minute ride with the (fully pre-booked) local heli-skiing operator. Two spaces 'happen' to have opened up on the first chopper out the next morning.

That next morning goes by in a blur. The detailed fitting for fat-boy powder skis (mandatory equipment to more easily 'float' in the thigh-deep, untouched powder at the top peaks) is followed by a weigh-in to ensure the helicopter can take off and land given our combined weight. Finally, I sign my life away, penning my name on several Spanish documents. The fellow skiers joke, "With heli-skiing, the flight up is free—we only have to pay for the trip down!" The humour escapes me, but then so has my nerve.

We are taken to the helicopter pad to meet our guide, Gaston, who also happens to be a French sports psychologist. I look at him somewhat imploringly, while trying to impress him with my



WE HUDDLE IN A TIGHT BALL ON THE EDGE OF THE DROP, HOLDING HANDS TO AVOID BEING BLOWN OFF BALANCE AS THE HELICOPTER SPOOLS UP INTO THE SKY. SUDDENLY, ALL IS QUIET

French. He ignores my grammatical errors and takes me aside. "Ellie, what is scaring you about all of this?"

Forget the French for now. "What is scaring me? What isn't scaring me? The fact that I may have overestimated my skiing abilities? The fact that I'm not enthralled by heights? The possibility of an avalanche? Or worse, that I will fall head over heels in waist deep snow and there will be photographs to prove it?"

He smiles. "Heli-skiing is like anything else. If you believe you can do it, you will. And I sense that you believe you can do it. I am simply here to show you how." Perhaps a white knight in the shape and form of a French sports psychologist is just what a frightened ski bunny needs at this point.

And then the avalanche training begins. Gaston buries a transmitter in the snow so we can practice searching for it. With our backs turned, he suddenly yells "victim," which is our cue to turn and find the beacon. I have been on stages around the world facing audiences of hundreds. I've been in the boardrooms of corporate giants like Apple Computer and Sony Pictures. I have coached people on live television. But I have never experienced dry mouth before this moment. Given the choice of fight or flight, I'm ready to pick the latter. I start babbling about my two children back home and how young they are. I notice Gaston walks over to the helicopter pilot and whispers something to him.

As I try to determine if I really have to go to the washroom for the fifth time in two hours, I can see that the rest of the ski party is getting antsy. Gaston takes me aside, explaining that the avalanche training is a worst-case scenario process and that the snowpack in Chile is the most stable in the world. Then he tells me he will personally take care of me every step of the way. I find out later that he has already made arrangements for the pilot to circle back to pick me up in the event that I can't make the descent. I'm cool with that. As with everything in life, you always need a plan B.

We board the chopper. Our pilot, Erique, an ex-military officer, proudly tells us, "It's a Helibras AS 350 B3, the world's highest-flying helicopter. You could go to Mount Everest in this beast." We'll need it, as we climb to 4,500 metres. The Andes spreads out before us as we gain altitude. Ahead of us, we see the four major peaks between Valle Nevado and Argentina, spanning 25 kilometres. All we have to do is find a 'spine' or pathway that looks ski-able. Gaston finds one on the first ridge and Erique begins to circle around what is known as Olivares Valley. Erique and Gaston have obviously done this many times before, I tell myself as I watch them point and gesture and speak loudly over their headsets. While I'm still looking for some kind of landing pad, Erique takes another pass in and around the steep granite spines

OPPOSITE: Helibras AS 350 B3 is quite the machine. It is used at Mount Everest and in the Andes, where the air is thin.

RIGHT: Erique, the pilot, waits patiently while the group tackles the last 300 metres of their descent.





LEFT TOP: Is one skid on the side of the mountain actually considered a landing? Yes, yes it is.

LEFT BOTTOM: The victory pose at the end of the heli-skiing adventure.

RIGHT: Ellie carves out her last few turns.



and snow-covered pitches. On his third pass, we lose altitude and begin the approach. Erique and Gaston in the front seats obstruct our view below, but we all feel a sudden bump on the left side of the helicopter. Have we landed?

Before any of us can even ask the question, Gaston opens the door and shouts, "Go, go, go!" over the blast of the rotors. Chris is out first, camera in hand. I follow, spinning around and ducking behind him. Then I see it—only one of the helicopter's skids is on the ridge, the other hangs suspended in mid-air and it's only because of the pilot's skill that the helicopter is kept in a perfect hover as the weight of passengers and skis constantly shifts. We huddle in a tight ball on the edge of the drop, holding hands to avoid being blown off balance as the helicopter spools up into the sky. It's suddenly completely quiet. We look around and see it: we're two metres away from a 300-metre drop.

It feels like hours pass before we have the courage to stand up. It turns out I'm not the only passenger with a case of the jitters—another skier announces that she simply has to take a pee. We agree to face the other way, since there is absolutely no place for her to go on our precarious peak. The comic relief helps to settle my nerves.

We step into our skis (which is no easy matter when perched

on the edge of a sheer drop) and I feel my moment of reckoning crawling into every clammy pore. Gaston traverses to the starting spot from which we will drop into a deep bowl and motions for me to follow. Everyone is waiting. I close my eyes and suddenly I'm 10 years old again, at the top of a bowl in Zuch, Austria, with my dad waiting at the bottom. I'm afraid, I'm frozen, but then I hear Don's words at the top of Feuz Bowl, in Kicking Horse, B.C.: "The first turn is the most critical..." and with my weight forward, I reach down the steep slope and make the first turn.

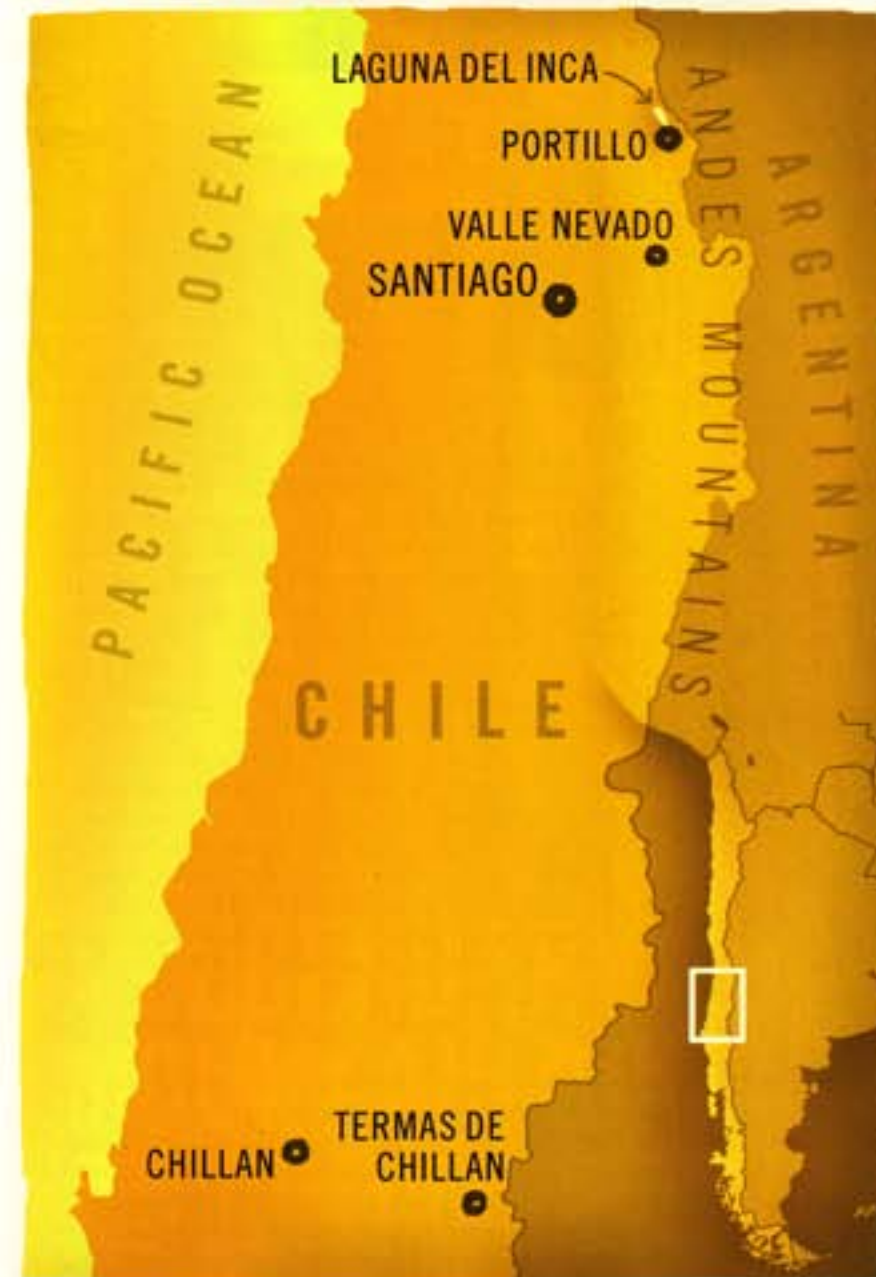
A feeling of magical realism takes over—a physical sensation tinged with something much more transcendental. I'm in my body but at the same time floating outside of it. Time stands still as I sail through thigh-high powder—again and again and again.

The Andes unfurl beneath my skies as I swoop and dive down pitch after pitch, turn after turn. This is as close to flying as I have ever come.

As we come around the final bend in the mountain, the thrill of seeing our pilot, Erique, leaning against his helicopter was like coming home. I whisper my favourite lines from a Carlos Casanova poem: "For me there is the traversing of paths that have heart and I will traverse each path to its end and there you will find me looking, looking, breathlessly..."

ELLIE RUBIN is an international motivational speaker, TV personality and best-selling author (*Bulldog: Spirit of the New Entrepreneur* and *Ambition—7 Rules for Getting There*). She keeps a photo of herself sailing through Andean snow on her desk to remind herself that limits are self-defined. www.ellierrubin.com.

OUTPOSTINGS CHILE



Full name: Republic of Chile

Location: Chile occupies the southwest tip of the continent of South America. Peru and Bolivia lie to the north, and Argentina borders the eastern frontier. Chile's Pacific coastline runs the entire length of the country, making up its western side. The Antarctic lies just to the south.

Capital: Santiago

Area: 756,096 sq. km

Population: 16,436,000

Language: Spanish

Ethnicity: Mostly Mestizo, with Mapuche in the far south and Aymara in the far north

Religion: Christianity

Currency: Chilean peso (Ch\$)

GNI per capita: 5,870 US (World Bank, 2006)

Time zone: UTC/GMT -4 hours (+1 hour

daylight saving time)

Natural hazards: Flash floods, severe droughts, volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, fierce winter storms, avalanches

Climate: The length of Chile ensures a wide range of climates, from coastal desert to subantarctic. The country is predominantly mountainous, with the Andes Mountains running the length of the country. Central Chile endures a wet season from May to August, while southern Chile is one of the wettest, stormiest regions on the planet. Northern Chile is the exact opposite: a vast arid plateau, home to the Atacama Desert and one of the driest places on the planet.

WHEN TO GO

The north can be visited any time, but during the height of summer (December

to February) heavy rainfall can make transportation very difficult. In central and southern Chile, expect heavy snowfall from June to September. The peak months to visit Chile are January and February, and as a result both prices and crowds increase.

GETTING THERE

Unless you're arriving from another South American country you will probably fly into Santiago. Chile's main airline is LAN Airlines, and it deals with most international flights into the country. The closest major American city is Miami and from there the flight to Santiago is still more than eight hours. The Pan-American highway permeates into Chile, and thus makes it feasible to travel by bus or car from other South American countries like Ecuador or Bolivia. Shipping lines, such as Compañía Sud Americana de Vapores, depart from European port cities, or New York, and travel to the Chilean coast.

GETTING AROUND

There is a deal to be had on internal flights with LAN Airlines. Try www.lan.com and be sure to ask about in-country discounts. While driving is safe and the quality of the roads is good, the elongated length of the country makes flying a more time-efficient mode of transportation. That being said, Chile's bus systems are thorough and reliable—if lengthy.

WHAT TO SEE AND DO

Chile offers both majestic scenery and an opportunity for extreme sports. Think mountain and rock climbing, whitewater rafting, kayaking and skiing.

The most popular slopes are located in the centre, extending the length of the country, in the Andes Mountains. Try alpine-tour or Nordic skiing for something new. The slopes we hit include: www.skiportillo.com, www.vallenevado.com and www.termaschillan.cl.

Zip down the frozen stuff or tackle it wet? Melt water from the Andes powers Chile's gushing rivers, making this South American country ideal for extreme rafting and kayaking. Rafting is popular along the Maipo, Claro, Bio-Bio and Trancura rivers, and kayaking is best on the Bio-Bio and Futaleufu rivers.

If you're interested in trekking, camping or hiking, there is plenty of space and adventure in Chile. Much of the country is protected by national parks that preserve the stunning and unique flora and fauna. A good park to consider is the Torres del Paine National Park in Patagonia. This area is also home to Chile's infamous glacier fjords; they are not to be missed!