

Travel

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 2010



BED CHECK
Blue is your world
But not the mood at this Brooklyn hotel. **F2**

Navigator The tarmac-delay rule pays off for passengers. **F3**

Click it Bet Alvin would like this new airfare Web site. **F2**

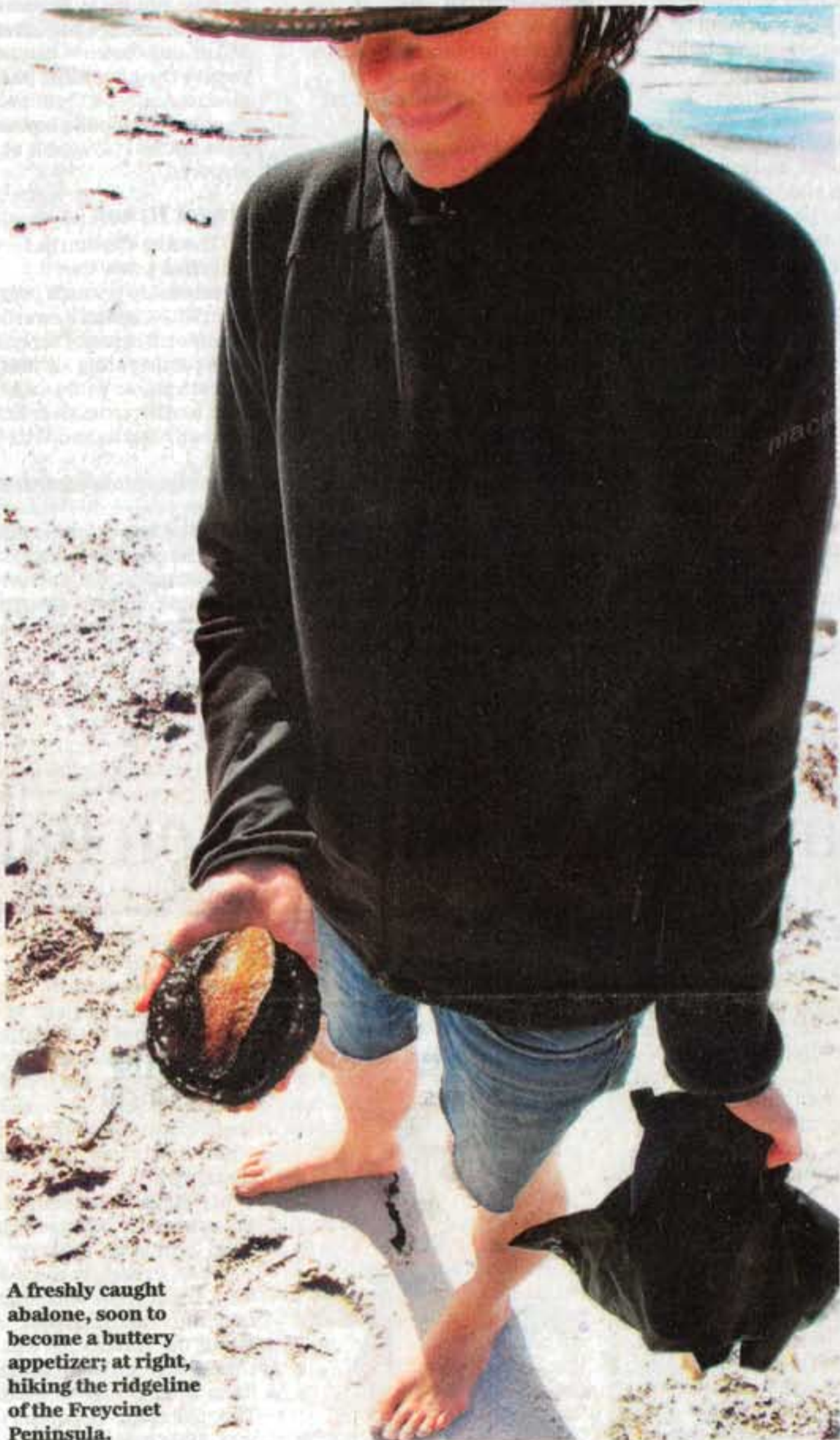
Coming and going Tune in to the Internet on JetBlue — soon. **F2**

CHAT Monday at noon at [washingtonpost.com/travel](http://www.washingtonpost.com/travel)

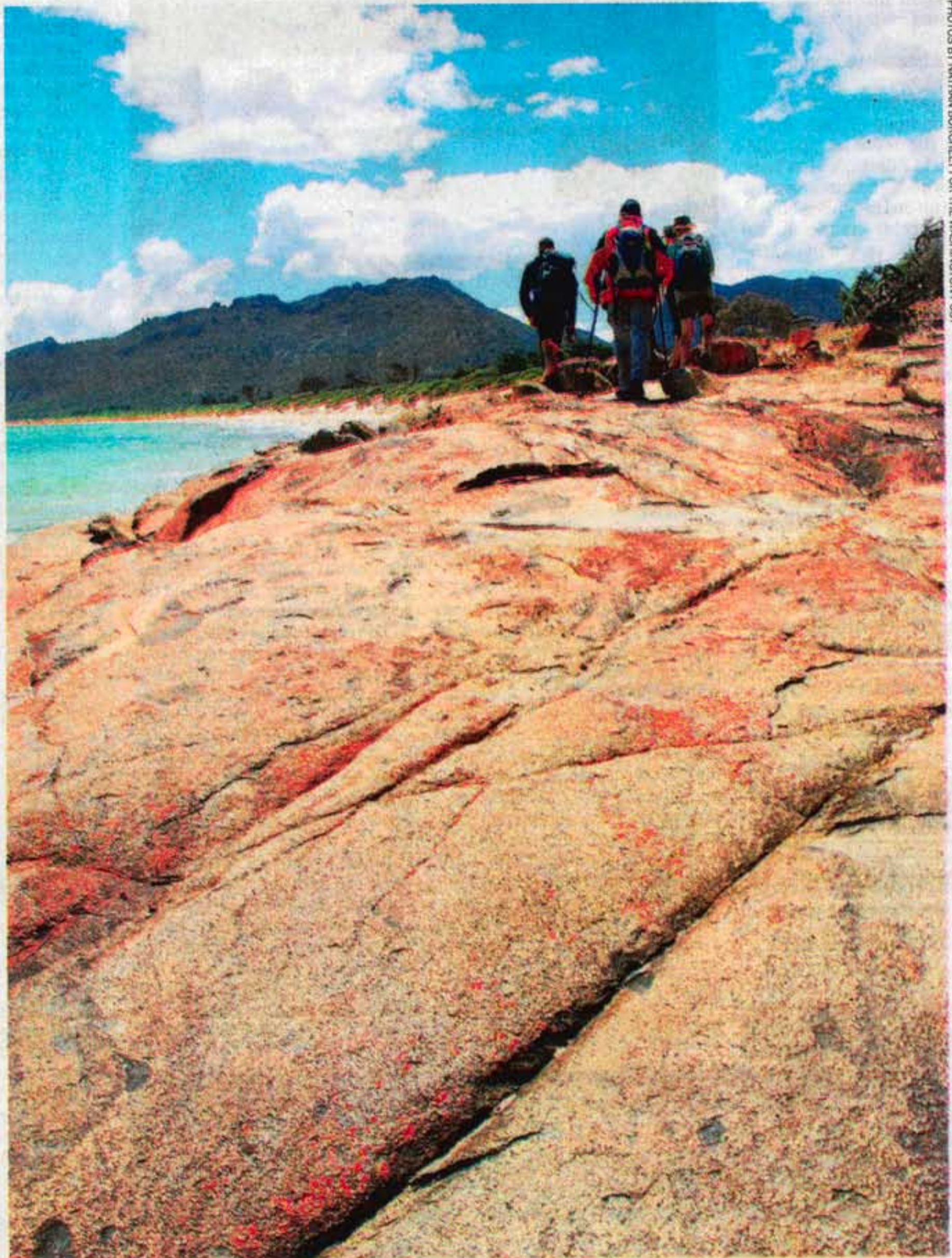
IMPULSIVE TRAVELER
Cleveland rocks!
Who knew that the Rust Belt city is home to some truly hip neighborhoods? **F6**



A WALK



A freshly caught abalone, soon to become a buttery appetizer; at right, hiking the ridgeline of the Freycinet Peninsula.



PHOTOS BY NATHAN BORCHELT FOR THE WASHINGTON POST

IN THE PARK

BY NATHAN BORCHELT



Breathtaking views, rugged adventure and cubic poo: It doesn't get more beautiful — or stranger — than Tasmania's Freycinet Peninsula

"I first came here carried around in my mum's belly," said Jess Fuller-Smith. "Then carried in a backpack. It's the first place I took a bush walk with my friends, without my parents. And we used to come on family holidays."

Jess and I were sitting on the deck of Friendly Beaches Lodge in Freycinet National Park on a cool November morning. A gentle drizzle was falling, barely penetrating the canopy of native pines, banksia and wattle. Behind us, the kitchen was alive with the sounds of food prep: a heady brunch of roasted veggie tarts, fresh bread and tomatoes with locally crafted goat cheese and olive oil, various pizzas, tea and coffee, and freshly made walnut brownies. In the distance, scarcely audible, the Tasman Sea crashed against the coast of the Freycinet Peninsula, which curves off the eastern edge of Tasmania, Australia, like a question mark, dotted by Schouten Island, the park's southernmost point.

TASMANIA CONTINUED ON F4

