

## Our Three-Day Hike Around Sucre, Part I

Jürgen and I joined a three-day hike offered by [Condor Trekkers](#): a relatively new, non-profit tour operator in Sucre. Starting at 5am on Saturday morning, our walk took us into the heart of the Andes, along the Inca Trail, into the Maragua Crater, past dinosaur footprints, through waterfalls, into the houses of Quechua-speaking campesinos, and over mountains, before depositing us into steaming hot thermal baths. Three days of spectacular scenery, unexpected adventure, sore shoulders, and starrier night skies than I've ever seen.



Jürgen and I are travelers, but by no stretch of the imagination could we be referred to as "adventurers". This was the first multi-day hike either of us had done, but we figured... mid-thirties, we're still fit enough to do something like this. We can handle it.

And we did! *Barely*. Often very slowly, and usually very much behind the rest of the group. Bolivia, I've decided, attracts a very specific type of tourist: twenty-something adventure seekers. During the hike, a lot of meal-time conversations centered around all the crazy things our companions had recently done. "Mountain climbing in Central Asia!", "Trail Marking in Patagonia!", "The Death Road of La Paz!" Eyes would inevitably turn to me and Jürgen... "Well the [squares of Savannah](#) are quite lovely! And we have explored many of [Buenos Aires' pizzerias](#)."

The first day of hiking was incredible. A truck took us up a mountain, and we had breakfast with a view over Sucre's valley. Not far away was Chataquilla, a tiny church that combined elements of Catholicism and the region's endemic beliefs. Inside the church, an image of the Virgin; outside, burnt offerings to Pachamama. One of our guides was from the area, and throughout the hike, he would offer fascinating insights to indigenous culture.