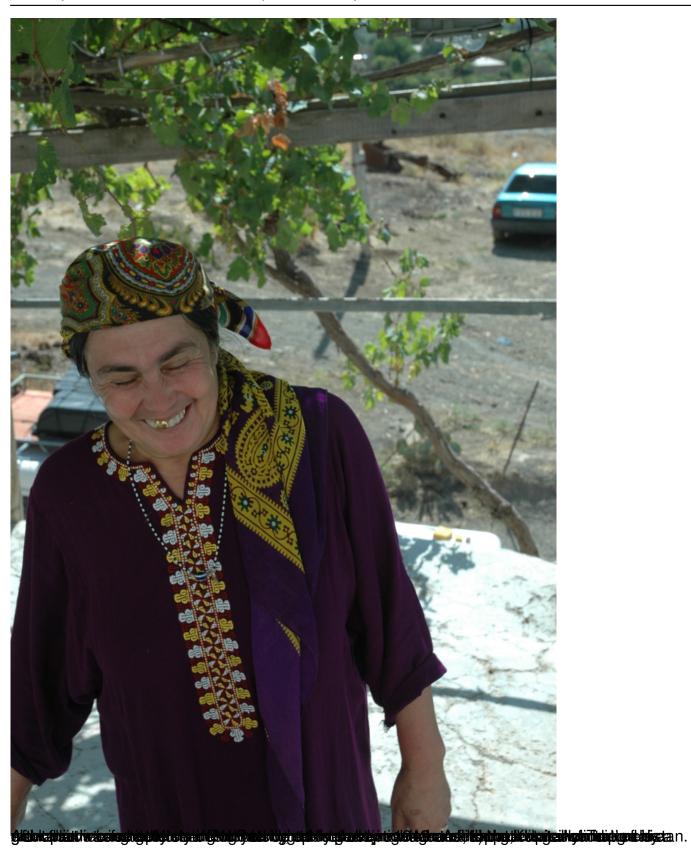


In the end we spent 4 days sitting on our ferry, the vast majority of it queuing for a slot at Turkmenbashi's only rail pier. Time on the ferry is metered by the number of cigarettes smoked and vodka drunk as the crew while away the boredom. We avoided both until the final evening, when we were pulled into a "family group" for toasts and fermented milk to offset the 75% proof cha cha. Again —"Why no children?! What else is there for you to live for?!"









5 / 15

