

I found something inside me,
I missed for a long time.

www.caminorebel.com
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www.instagram.com/caminorebel
www.tiktok.com/@caminorebel

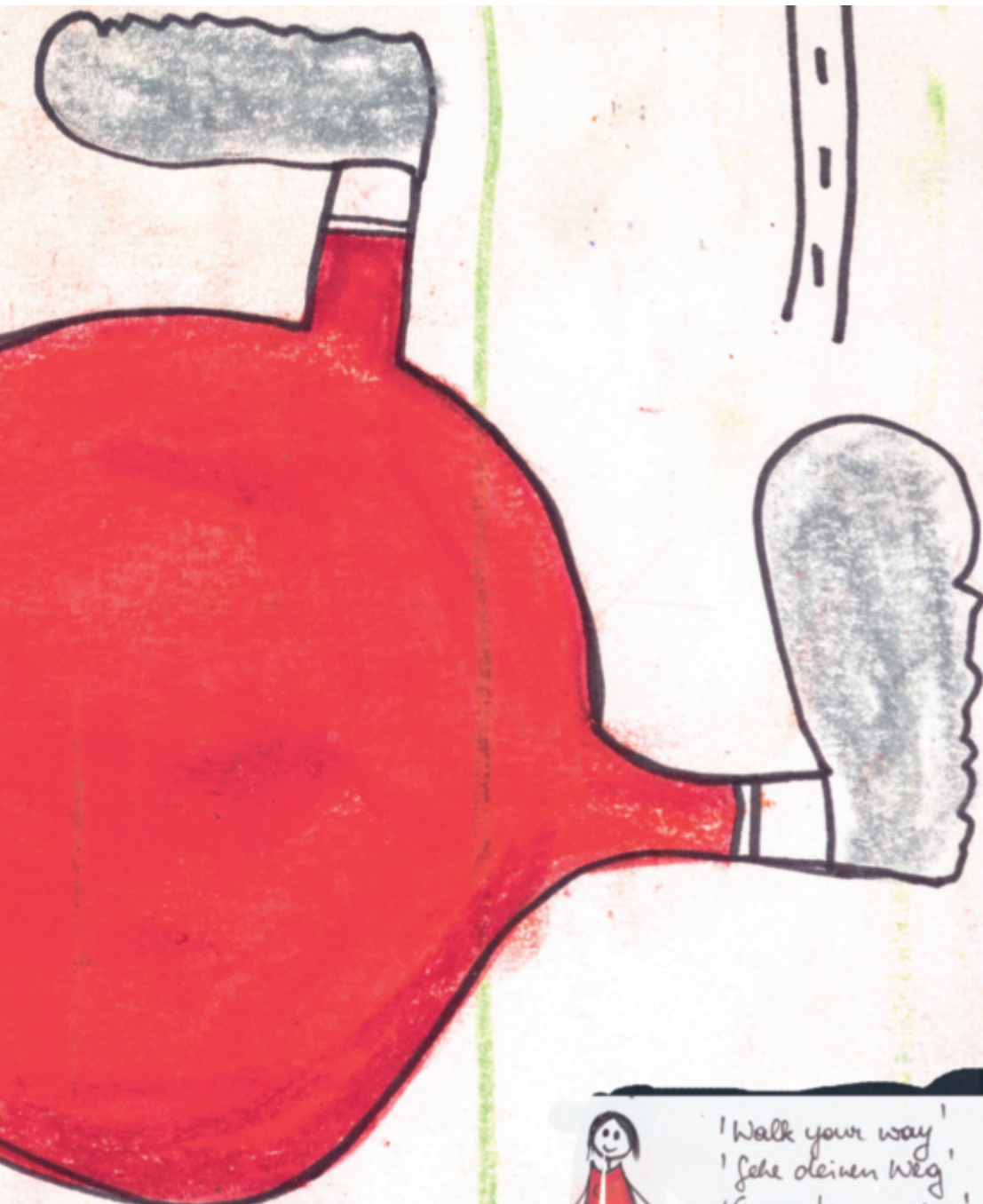
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'Walk your way'
'Gehe deinen Weg'
'Sigue tu camino'
'Siga seu caminho'



This book is different from a typical Camino guidebook or colorful picture book. It is the epic story of a daring neo-pilgrim who embarked on a journey to find her inner heroine. A mirror that reflects her soul and looks at life from a completely new perspective. I have no desire to be an ordinary pilgrim who adheres to the rules. Instead, I am seeking my own path to remain true to my rebellious soul. This diary is my manifesto and road trip to self-discovery and fulfillment - my anthem to unbridled wanderlust and unwavering determination that propels us all forward.

Religions or confessions are not my thing. I believe that the divine exists everywhere around us and that we are all interconnected. Each step on my pilgrimage energizes me and transforms me into a profound version of myself.

My heartfelt thanks go to all the wonderful people who have inspired and accompanied me on my unforgettable journey. They have shown me that anything is possible when you have the courage to break the rules and ride with the unicorn of imagination!

Sue Ertl - Neo Pilgrim

JOURNEY THROUGH THE PAGES



00-13

Why and How? Peregrina?

Prologue of a pilgrimage.
The idea and discovery of a Camino Rebel - questions upon questions.
There are no answers yet.



14-123

Porto to Finisterre

From Porto to the mystical Finisterre:
On the road along ancient paths,
through mystical landscapes with
the melody of the Atlantic as a
companion.



124-129

Break the rules

Some wisdom and clever pilgrim hacks
for the body, mind, and soul.



130-133

Outro

Epilogue and the end of an incredible
journey. Once you start, you'll keep
moving on.





WHO AM I ?

**As a pilgrim, I wander through the vast expanse of life,
in search of truth and the fulfillment of my inner being.
But who am I really in this role?**

I am like a hungry lioness, always on the hunt for new challenges and constantly pushing my limits. Restless like a Border Collie, I feel the tingle in my stomach that drives me in search of the holy grail, enlightenment, and the feeling of "arriving."

But how do I find this path?

Perhaps it is the path that is the complete opposite of what we expect. The path that challenges us and forces us to discover what we have lost for so long - namely, the focus on the essentials in life.

And what about my plan to hike every day?

Even though it has been a while since I successfully completed the half marathon, I am not an enthusiastic long-distance runner. But I am determined and unwavering like gum that sticks stubbornly to its goal. That is exactly why I will drag my 13-kilo backpack from Porto to Finisterre and find out what I truly carry within me.

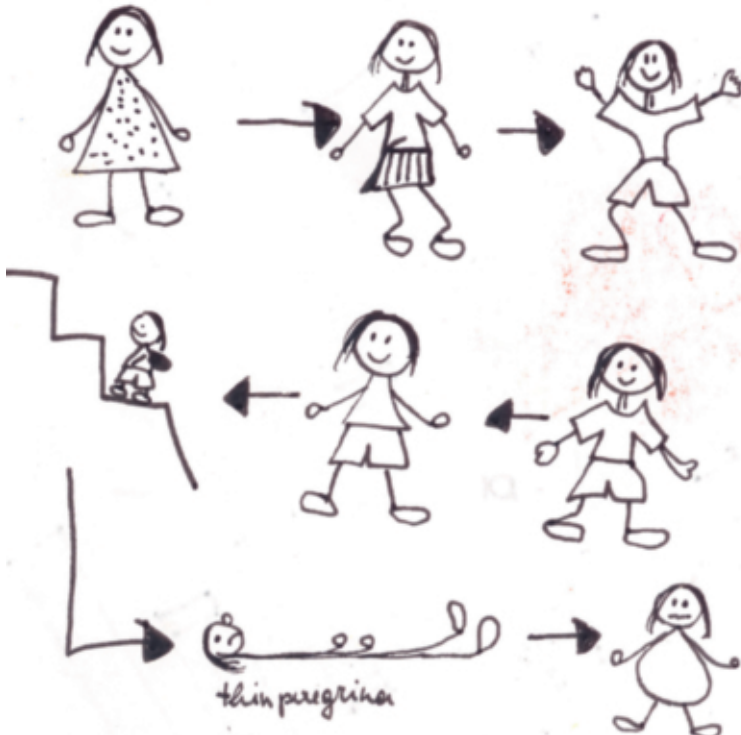
And what about solitude?

I have always been surrounded by friends, family, or partners. But now, I will have to eat, sleep, and make decisions alone. Can I handle it mentally at all?

And what about my need for sleep?

I need absolute silence! I have taken precautions: ten packs of earplugs will accompany me. I will not stay in a hotel - I want to experience the true essence of pilgrimage and the dormitories will give me a new resilience and tolerance threshold.

With a brave gaze, I will face my deepest fears, so that I blossom and thrive in the process.



Best Version of me?
 Beste Version von mir?
 Mejor version de mi?
 Melhor versão de mim?

pilgrina after
 'Pilgrims' menu

ARMS ?



LEGS ?

Beine
 pernas
 pernas



BODY ?

Körper
 cuerpo
 corpo



FACE ?

Seicht
 face
 rosto



'Walk your way'
 'Sehe deinen Weg'
 'Sigue tu camino'
 'Siga seu caminho'

A PEREGRINA IS BORN

**It's not easy to establish oneself as a serious pilgrim!
This was made unmistakably clear to me
on my path to enlightenment.**

Here comes a true pilgrim story from a would-be pilgrim who is practicing the art of drawing and authenticity. At first, I thought that pilgrimage would be a walk in the park, how mistaken I was!

How can I describe my journey if I am not skilled at drawing?

Should I present myself as a Basquiat-lookalike or rather bring my inner demons to paper? The agony of choice! But I remain brave and make the best of my talent - or lack thereof.

And what should I wear?

Should I get a colorful pair of running pants or rather prefer the inconspicuous look?

Decisions upon decisions. But at the end of the day, all that matters is that I feel comfortable and authentic. Inner beauty must shine through, even without lipstick!

On my journey, I experience various moods and emotions, like a rollercoaster ride. Sometimes I am the queen of the world, sometimes the exhausted mouse.

But life is like a box full of surprises, and we should experience everything with open eyes and ears.

For years, this saying has stuck in my head:

“Sometimes we wait until we are ready,
as if we had a second life in our suitcase.
Never wait too long, go ahead and burn for it.”

Kap
 Finish
 Finish
 22 lines
 12 Muxia
 12
 So
 26 P
 18 Ca
 22 Po
 20 Re
 15 O
 20 V
 22 S
 37,5 V
 26,4
 27,5
 38,5

DAY 00: THE DAY BEFORE LEAVING

FEARFUL OF WHAT LIES AHEAD. STAY.

The day before departure is the day before departure. It cannot be artificially extended or postponed. Time is merciless; it slips away and cannot be stopped.

Pah, I will by no means board this plane.

What an absurd idea would that be?

Today, I am celebrating my birthday to the fullest, splashing in the Badner pool and basking under the blazing sun to catch the ultimate sunburn, which serves as an excuse to stay away from this journey.

My daughter spoils me with comfortingly nostalgic dishes and gifts me a blank book, which I should, of course, fill during my journey, as I have told everyone about my endeavor and my future book.

But now, I am overcome with fears that I have never experienced in this intensity before. Panic about loneliness, efforts, and potential dangers that might lurk for me. I even imagine thousands of snakes that could bite me.

Just yesterday, for the first time in my life, I ran 20 km in 4 hours at a scorching 35 degrees. I circled the Schönbrunn Palace in Vienna and am now at least convinced that I can manage the average daily workload.

Pain wraps around my Achilles like a starving griffin, while my left shoulder is so inflamed that even the sweet embrace of sleep is denied to me on that side.

The flight takes off at 5 am, and I just can't sleep. I promised my son to wake him up and break down in tears together. I'd rather linger here and stick my head in the sand.

My partner is determined and says we have to drive to the airport now. He encourages me to live out my freedom and enjoy the journey. I am so grateful for his support. It is rare to find a partner who grants one such freedom.

As we make our way to the airport, I feel almost like a hostage. I slam the car door shut and tiptoe nervously to the gate, as if I had to go into the final great battle. My thoughts revolve around escape routes, and I yearn for my cozy bed at home.

Could one behave more outrageously than me?
The offended diva steps onto the scene. Haha, she approaches!

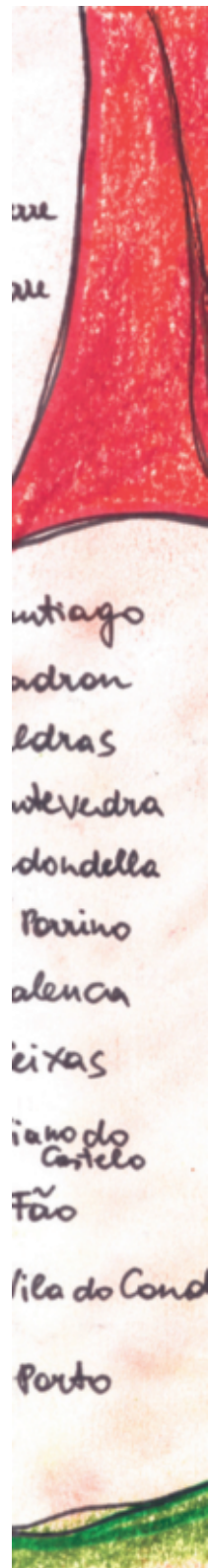
With a small voice, I give in and enter the plane with my head down. But to my surprise, I find the young pilgrim Markus sitting next to me, proudly displaying his tiny backpack and raving about his flawless fitness preparation for the journey. I stare at him with wide eyes, wondering what on earth got into my head. Markus boasts about how he will conquer the pilgrimage route in just ten days with ease.

Then I realize that I have hardly made any arrangements for the route, except for the first hostel. In my defense, I must admit that I didn't take the Camino too seriously. I even repressed the journey because I was afraid to face it. But these are things that accumulate over the course of a lifetime.

Growing quieter and quieter, I finally refuse any communication with Markus. Fall asleep, just fall asleep and wish to sleep until the end of the pilgrimage.

Yes, I have more or less involuntarily catapulted myself out of my comfort zone and wanted to try something new. But now that it's within reach, I feel a tremendous fear of what awaits me.

Everything new and unfamiliar!



• 0 Kap Finistère

◦ 0 Finistère

• 22 Lires

◦ 12 Muxia

↕ 12

 Santiago

• 26 Padrón

◦ 18 Caldras

• 22 Pontevedra

◦ 20 Redondella

• 15 O'Porriño

◦ 20 Valença

• 22 Seixas

◦ 37,5 Vianedo
Castelo

• 26,4 Fão

◦ 27,5 Vila do Conde

• 38,5 Porto

STEP BY
STEP.
THE WAY
APPEARS



from-to, von-nach, de-para, de-a



distance, Entfernung, distancia, distância



expenses, Ausgaben, gastos, despesa



accommodation, Unterkunft, alojamiento



food, Essen, comida, comida



feeling, Gefühl, sentimiento, sentimento



body, Körper, cuerpo, corpo



friends, Freunde, amigos, amigas



stories, Geschichten, cuentos, historias



quotes, Zitate, citas, citações

'Step by step. The way appears'
 'Schritt für Schritt. Der Weg erscheint'
 'Paso a paso. El camino aparece'
 'Passo a passo. O caminho aparece'

Day 01 - Tag 01 - dia 01

Day 1: Vienna - Porto (6⁵⁰ - 9¹⁰ am)

2.113,71 km flight / Flug / Avión / Avião

140 € flight } €180:
22 € food / Essen / comida / alimento
18 € stay / Unterkunft / alojamento

Alberque de Peregrinos do Porto



Water Wasser agua agua	Pilger menu pilgrim menu menu peregrino	Bananas bananas plátanos bananas	ice cream Eis hielo gelo
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desperate - verzweifelt - desesperado - desesperado

confused - verwirrt - confundido - confuso

homesick - Heimlich - nostálgica - saudades de casa

tense - verärgert - tenso - tenso

exhausted - erschöpft - exhausta - exhausta

Pain | Schmerz | dolor | dolor = Schulter / shoulder / hombro
ombro

Joseph: a charismatic poet from República Checa working at Alberque peregrino. My first light

Roberta: a wonderful woman from Brazil. Always a step behind me like sailmates

Arrival in Porto. First Alberque. Pilgrim Card. Walking stick

Ankunft in Porto. Erste Heberge. Pilgerausweis. Walkingstick

Chegada a Porto. Primeiro albergue. Cartão de peregrino

'Choice made. No regrets. Change ahead'

'Die Wahl ist getroffen. Keine Bedauern. Veränderung in Sicht'

'Elección hecha. Sin arrepentimientos. Cambio en continuación'

'Escolha feita. Sem arrependimentos. Mudanças à frente'

→ LISBOA



DAY 01-02: PORTO ARRIVAL AND STAY

CHOICE MADE. NO REGRETS. CHANGE AHEAD.

Once you've arrived, you are where you've wished to be.
Every tiny attempt to escape
only sharpens the decision even more.

A landing as late as the decay of my soul.

I sluggishly drag my backpack out of the gate and, in my desperation, grab a cigarette as I watch the hustle and bustle at the airport. Where should I go? How am I supposed to do all this?

I could simply end up stranded in the Algarve or fly back home, hide away in Burgenland with my best friend, and boast about how magnificent my pilgrimage was. But no, that's not me. I can't lie, and I certainly can't deceive myself.

So, let's go!

First, I need to find accommodations and then clear my head. With a wrong ticket, I end up on the fast train that takes me to the center. Luckily, I don't get caught. The difference between the subway in Vienna and the one in Porto is like night and day. The Portuguese subway may not be as new, but it is colorful and diverse.

I walk in circles through Porto with my backpack, feeling as if I've already completed the entire pilgrimage. I'm sweating and at the end of my strength.

Ah, who do I spot there?

It's a charismatic-looking man with blond hair who winks and waves at me kindly.





But why me, exactly?

He points to the house next door because he recognized my backpack-outfit combination right away. Typical Peregrina, I would say.

With a broad grin on his face, he introduces himself as Joseph. A poetic world traveler from the Czech Republic and my first Camino angel. What a delightful surprise and appearance. Thank you, Joseph!

I can hardly believe it!

The organization of this Albergue is absolutely insane! There are special lockers with numbers for backpacks and other belongings. The shoes have their own, strict shelf and are not allowed to set foot in the sleeping area. So I don't have to sleep on a plastic mat, I use my thin sleeping bag here for the first time.

I have only experienced communal showers and dormitories as a teenager, and that was only once. At least you can treat yourself to a coffee for a small donation and store your belongings in plastic bags with name tags in the refrigerator.

I am assigned to a mixed dormitory with eight beds and placed in one on the lower floor. A Spanish roommate stands next to me and lets me know that I shouldn't be startled if he talks at night. With a sly smile, he wants to inspire me on my Camino without asking for anything in return. But my earplugs whisper to me: "Don't worry, we're with you."

Oh, my shoulder hurts so much, how am I going to carry this heavy backpack? So many questions, so few answers.

The idea of taking the return flight increasingly gnaws at me. My stomach growls, and my throat is as dry as a cactus in the desert, but I decide to explore the city, hoping for a divine miracle.

But before I embark on the pilgrimage, I need a few helpers - walking sticks!

After all, everyone has told me that without these magical poles, I will never be a serious pilgrim. I will acquire these sacred items either today or tomorrow.

Oh, I have wonderfully recovered in the hammock in the garden of the hostel! But then wanderlust grips me again, and I desperately want to fly back to Vienna. However, the night is terrible, as I cannot lie on my shoulder and freeze like a snow-woman in Antarctica.

What a nightmare!

When I finally open my eyes, I don't even know where I am. Slowly, I scan the room and realize that I am alone. At that moment, I decide to start a pilgrim rebellion. I will not walk the same path as everyone else. I will always set out when no one else is around.

Joseph has already told me, "It's your Camino, walk it the way you want."

So, I have a leisurely breakfast in the hostel and chat with Joseph and Roberta from Brazil. They are a true inspiration and set me on the right path. I know that if I don't try now, I will regret it later. So I head for the cathedral and look for a sports store for hiking poles. That's all I need for the way.

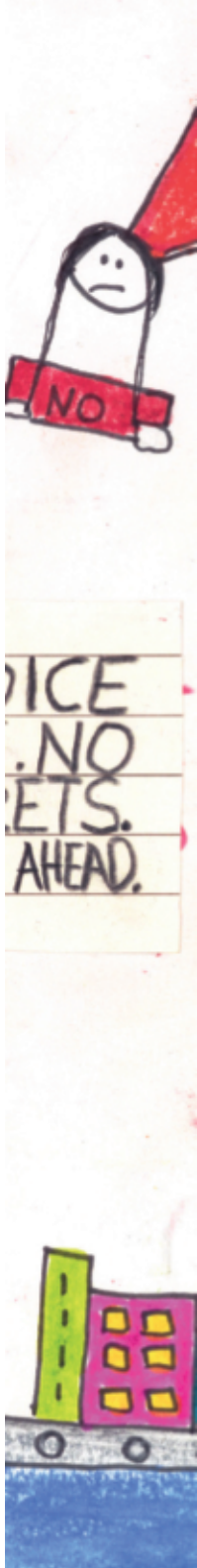
The second day in the bustling city is a real adventure. Everywhere there is hustle and bustle, people, artists, and street musicians. I feel more and more comfortable and think about enjoying this sensational city with someone. After all, it's always better to share things with others.

But while I ponder the difference between being alone and feeling lonely, I know that I am alone and feel lonely. But I remember that I now have the freedom I never had before. So, I focus on searching for the cathedral for my pilgrim's passport.

Stubbornly, I circle the cathedral for hours without asking anyone or turning on my GPS. I want to learn to trust my instincts and intuition again.

Finally, I find the pilgrim's office, but the staff is anything but friendly. I'm just another number in their big pilgrim empire, getting a pilgrim's passport for 5 euros.





I have my first stamp, and that's all that matters. Bravo, Sue!

Now, all that's left are walking sticks, a small meal, and preparations for the first day. I fleetingly consider whether I should dip into a luxurious pool in Porto to rejuvenate my exhausted limbs.

These walking sticks are truly curious. I'm still undecided whether I should pinch someone with them or, in the worst case, defend myself against a treacherous attacker. One thing is for sure, they don't like me, and I don't like them. A close friendship between us probably won't happen. Yet another thing that unnecessarily weighs down my backpack.

The final preparations for tomorrow's start are made, and I have exchanged some cheerful anecdotes with Roberta, Joseph, and other pilgrims.

I am as excited as a pack of untamed mustangs: Roberta takes the same path as I do, and we could travel together and meet up again and again to cope with the lonely hours. I snap a photo of my route and send it to her. I know she'll get in touch with me because she's only leaving for Santiago a day later. Finally, I've found a loyal companion with whom I feel connected. Perhaps we can walk together, and I no longer have to ponder loneliness.

But I consciously decided against the company of family or friends because that would nullify the purpose of my soul-searching tour. Stick to it and go alone!

My two blank books and the arsenal of fineliners, colored pencils, and crayons are an indispensable part of my backpack and my Camino mission. I start juggling with my pens and doodling small sketches. It feels wonderful, so carefree.

The anticipation has arrived: It giggles like a butterfly in my stomach and lures me into my mischievous adventures.



PORTO



NO

CHOICE
MADE. NO
REGRETS.
CHANGE AHEAD.



Day 02 - Tag 02 - dia 02
03



Day 3: Porto - Vila do Conde



38,5 km | 7 hours, Stunden, horas



€19 stay / Unterkunft / alojamento

€22 food / Essen / alimento
comida



Pousada de Juventude (Vila do Conde)



Suppe
soup
sopa
sopa

Äpfel
apples
manzanas
macas

Kekse
cookies
galletas
biscoitos

Salat
salad
ensalada
salada



hopeful - hoffnungsvoll - esperando
thankful - dankbar - agradecido - grato
homesick - Heimweh - nostálgica - saudades de casa



exhausted - erschöpft - exhausto - exausta



No one except me.
Niemand außer mir.
Nadie excepto yo.
Ninguém exceto eu.



Endless walk along the seaside. Atlantic left side.
Unendlich langer Weg entlang des Meeres. Atlantik links.
Interminables paseos por la orilla del mar. lado izquierdo del mar.



'First walk. Heart races like first kiss.'
'Este Wandertag. Das Herz rast wie beim 1. Kuss'
'Primer paseo. El corazón se acelera como el 1. beso'
'Primeira caminhada. Coração dispara como 1. beijo'