Travel

This week's dream: Discovering South America's own Middle Earth

On Chile's Chiloé Island, "every day brings a new surprise," said Anne Z. Cooke in the Chicago Tribune. By an accident of history, this verdant land was shut off from the world for centuries, and it's "a true one-off," unlike any other place I've ever visited. Chiloé and the 39 smaller islands in the Chiloé Archipelago look nothing like most of the rest of the long, arid, rocky tail of South America, but my husband and I didn't trust what we'd heard about it until our cab pulled up at our hotel. Beyond the windows of the Parque Quilquico lay a wonderland of rolling hills, grassy meadows, leafy trees, and half-hidden vales sloping down to the sea. If someone had told me we'd landed in Middle Earth, I'd have believed it. "Only the hobbits were missing."

So how did this stretch of rich farmland surrounded by a sea full of fish go unnoticed for so long? We soon learned that



The rolling hills of Chiloé's Tenuan Peninsula

Chiloé had served as a refuge for Spanish settlers in the late 16th century, when the conquistadores were defeated as they attempted to colonize the continent's entire Pacific coast. The settlers intermarried with the native Huilliche and began building a singular culture. Jesuit priests arrived early in the next century and encouraged converts to build wooden churches—about 17 of which rate today as the archipelago's

most visited sites. They're constructed like upside-down boats, because boat building was the type of construction the locals knew best.

Castro, the island's main city, features another signature building style: ancient wooden homes raised on stilts over the bay. The tides vary by as much as 23 feet in this section of the Chilean coast, creating thousands of shallow wetlands that attract a huge variety of birds. But the most unusual stretch of land in

Chiloé dates from another eon entirely. During the last ice age, all but one strip of the island was raked by a glacier, and that patch of indigenous rain forest now sits in a national park. The undergrowth there "is so tangled and thick that bushwhacking is impossible," but anyone can stroll a long loop of raised boardwalks, for a peek at "the way it used to be."

At the Hotel Parque Quilquico (hpq.cl), doubles start at \$202.

