

Kampot Part 2 October 2025

Sunday October 26th October 2025

We were up early to get to the train station (and I was feeling very much better). We seemed to wait on the platform for a long time. We spoke with a European couple (younger than us) who were catching the train to Kampot too.

Our first class seats were large and comfortable, facing forward. The trip was slow out through the suburbs of Phnom Penh and then the line ran through pretty countryside, with small mountains and palm trees and rice fields.





The countryside (through the window).

The train made several stops, and some passengers got off to buy food at tables at the stations. You could buy drinks and noodles on the train.

Four hours later, we were at Kampot, where the train stops with plenty of time to get your luggage off. Once again, we braved the crowd of touting Tuktuk drivers and we ordered one through Pass App.

Riding into town, we saw the couple walking (with their back packs... far more energetic than us).

We were taken to our hotel, the Riki Tiki Tavi (see Rudyard Kipling), which is right on the river front in Kampot. Our room was ready for us, so we went in, sorted out the safe (for our passports) and then headed out for lunch.



Our room at the Riki Tiki Tavi hotel.



The river front has cafes, restaurants and bars along from our hotel to a motorbike bridge (looked a bit dodgy). A little further on there is a car bridge over the tidal river.

We had Lebanese chicken for lunch, before walking further along the waterfront in both directions.

We hired a Tuktuk to take us around the town, refusing to pay the \$10 he asked for, but he was happy to work for \$5 for the hour.

This tour gave us an idea of the size of Kampot and the layout (the waterfront, Kampot “beach” which is on the river and about two streets of hotels, restaurants, bars and laundries ... plus some “seedier” bars advertising girls).

Kampot beach



Kampot central lake (with the storm clouds).



For tea, we went to another waterfront restaurant. It was busy, full of expats and tourists. We saw “our” European couple at another restaurant and chatted for a few minutes. They had simply walked away from the station before ordering a Tuktuk into the town. We walked back via the Lucky supermarket where we bought wine and water.

Monday 27th October, 2025.

Breakfast at the Riki Tiki Tavi hotel is you order two drinks and two things off the breakfast menu. I think this is a good plan (and you don't have to prepare and display a buffet).



Riki Tiki Tavi dining room and bar : the view.

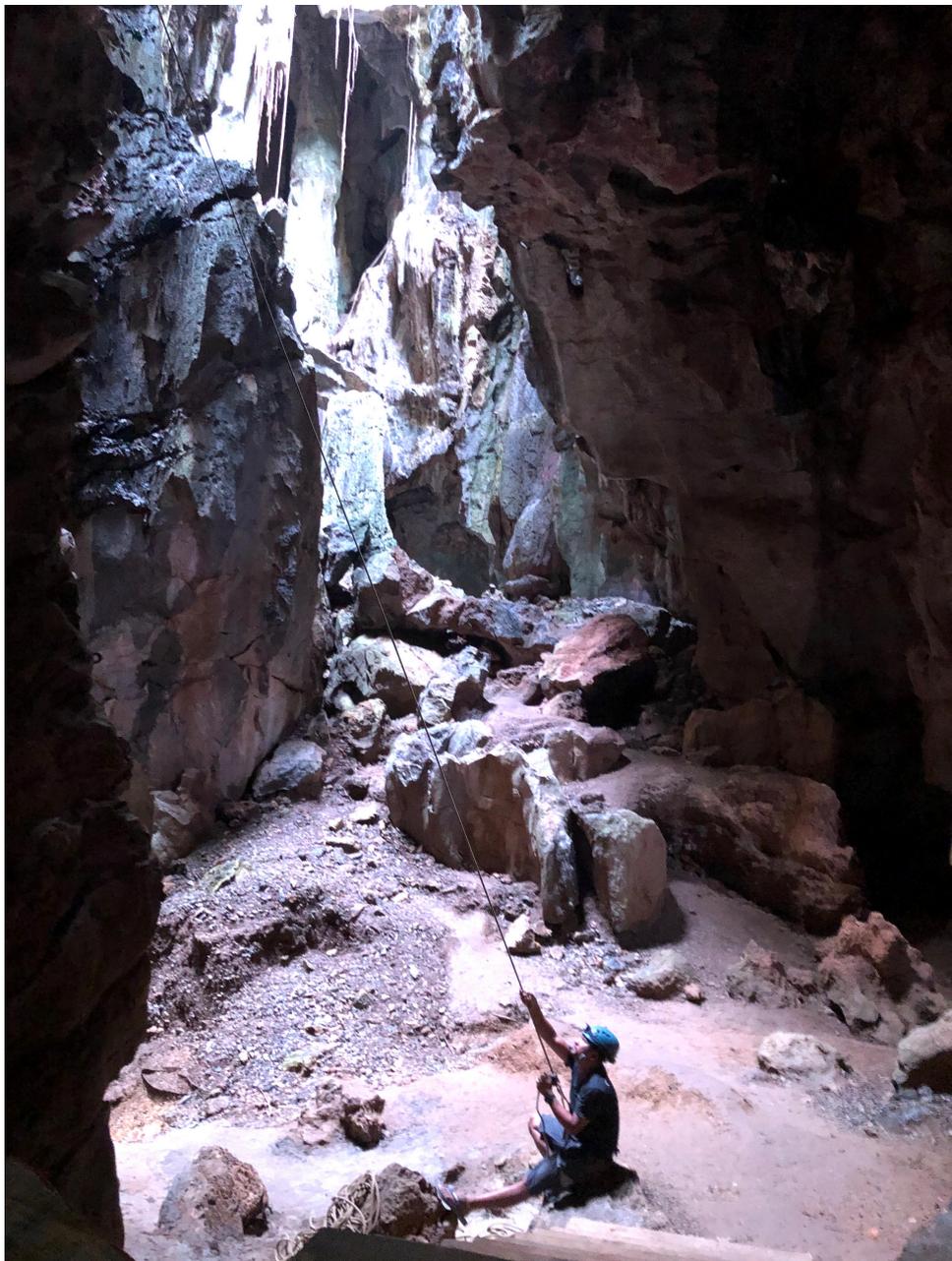
We arranged for a Kampot tour, by Tuktuk and were collected from our hotel and taken to a meeting point, three tuktuks in all.

First stop was the salt fields, which don't run through the wet season. The river water is pumped in and dries in three to five days. Our guide used to work there. Apparently it is a co-op.



Then we went to the cave, with a small “house” about 50cm tall, built of Angkorian bricks, was set up in a large area of the cave. That was the temple. There were nice religious paintings and offerings and the cave itself was quite spectacular.

Other tourists were rock climbing in the cave.



The third stop was the Secret Lake. The dam wall was built by the Khmer Rouge. It was bigger than expected. We stopped for coconuts, a long rest and we chatted with some young English tourists.



The forth stop was **La Plantation Pepper farm.**

We walked around the shop, tasting all the pepper (yes, it really is different) and then went on a tour of the pepper vines. Our tour was cut short, because the rain was coming... you could see the clouds coming across.



We met our European couple at La Plantation.

We had an official Pepper tasting too, with written notes. That went on too long! Then we went to the bar where we had pepper ice cream and watched the rain come across the pepper plantation. It was heavy rain.



We could then wait until the rain stopped, or brave a dash through the rain back to the Tuktuk. We chose to brave the rain and got wet, but then we were on our way back to our hotel and not drinking at the bar!

Instead, we went to our hotel bar and had cocktails there before walking out for tea and finding a restaurant opposite the “night club” in the centre of Kampot.

David ordered steak, well done. It came out rare and too tough to eat. I’ll just say... what did he really expect from a “local” restaurant?