

Part 386 for Cathy's blog

Monday 7th September, 2026

Temple Day : Chau Srey Vibol

This temple is a little further out than we usually travel. It is still on sealed roads and still accessible in the wet. We can only do these trips thanks to our motorbike. It has done so well carrying us around for more than three years.

Before we even got to the temple, we had workers waving at us. They were clearing the vegetation on the sides of the local roads. Even the school students (the school is opposite the corner of the temple) were out sweeping their yard.

Chau Srey Vibol is on the ancient path from eastern cities (including the Roluos group of temples) to the Angkor temples. It is set on top of a small hill. It uses the bedrock to help support foundations (and paths).



The western gopura and the partly fallen wall and the bedrock.



The modest western gopura.



The path up the hill to the temple. The Apsara staff are on their way up (we had already chatted with them!)



The last “steps” over the wall of the temple.



**A remaining tower and the fallen blocks of other towers.
This temple was deliberately pulled down in the mid
1970's (one side... it is not clear which... occupied the
area and pulled it down when they were forced out).**



Temple ruins, Apsara staff and green lawns and the modern pagoda.



Some carvings are still visible.



Strangler figs make their homes around the blocks.



The modern pagoda has stories too. Is this what happens if you break the Buddhist laws?



The northern steps, steeper and quite slippery with their moss covering.



We walked around to the eastern side of the hill. The whole side of the hill is a staircase.



The remains of the more impressive eastern gopura.



The blocks of the buildings of the east gopura. Can you see the cat?





Mushrooms on a tree trunk.



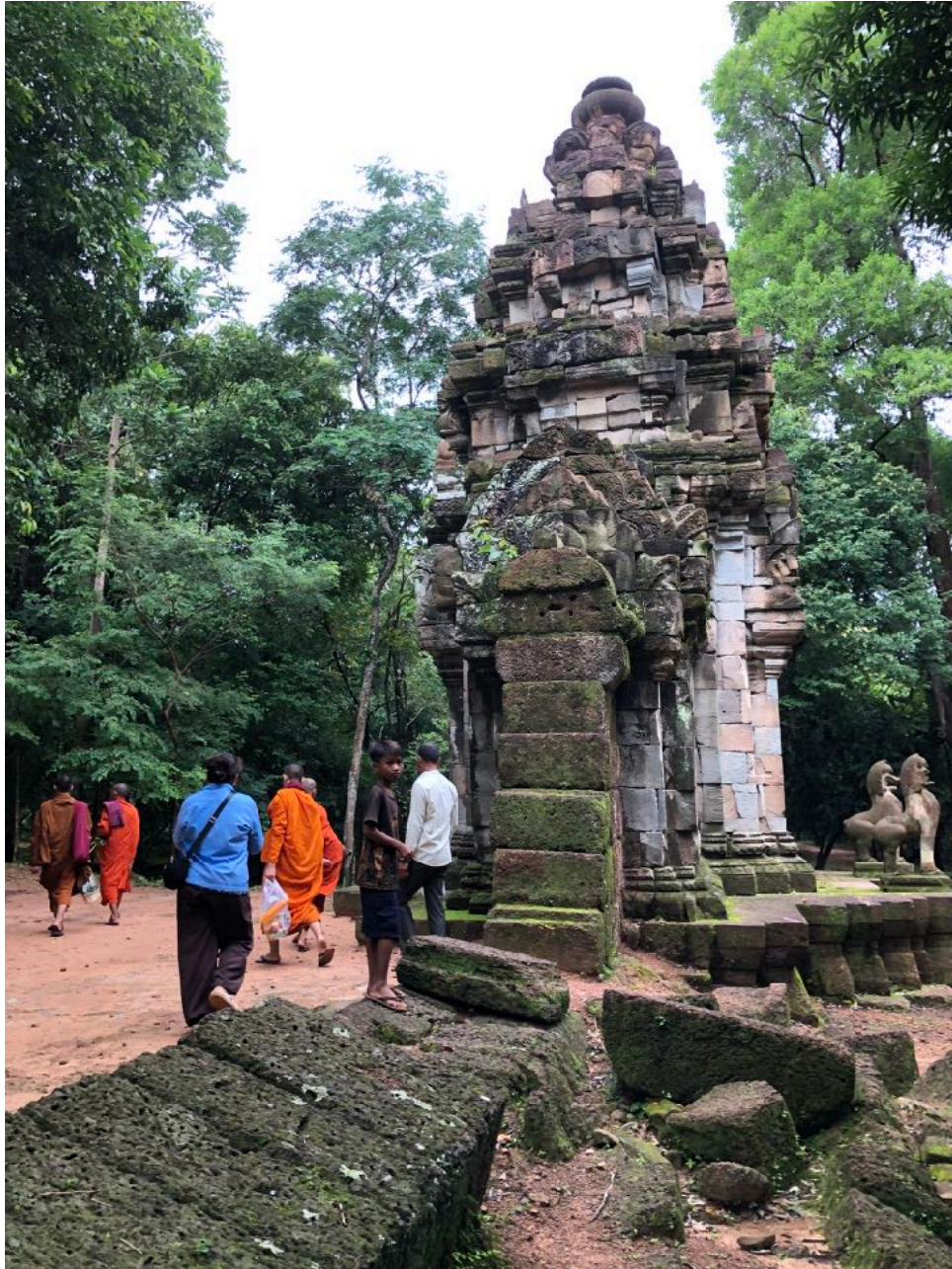
The outside wall of Chau Srey Vibol Temple.



Common dragonfly.



In the grounds of the temple lie several other building remains. This building had three “wings” and was thought to be a storage building (a “Kleang”).



Back at the western gopura, some monks were ready to climb up to the temple. A local boy was watching us.



We then found this Nephilia, just hanging around (bigger than my hand).

We rode home through Preah Dak, the village of roadside stalls of roast pork, palm cakes and woven baskets. It was a 63km journey, with is half as far again as our longest “local” trip (of 42km).



A (not so clear) photo of the pork roasting.

At home, we found out that our local friend had just given birth to a baby boy. Thanks to our daughters, we have presents already for the three Khmer babies (that we know of) due this month and next.