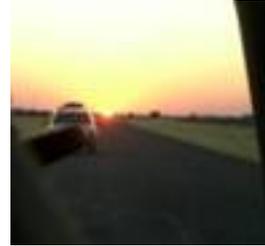


## Our Botswana adventure – July 2008

### The first three days .... 1<sup>st</sup> July 2008

As the sun rises over the horizon, the heavy convoy of 4x4 vehicles makes it way up the A3 from Ghanzi to the Central Kalahari Game Reserve. It has been an early start today, with only the first 112 kms on tar and the rest of the 302 kms on gravel and loose sand, so best to get going when we don't know how hard the going will be!!!!



Having done just over 2000kms already, the journey so far has been largely uneventful. After getting up at 3am on Saturday morning, we had the car packed, ready to go and then Michael could not find the house keys!!!! A half an hour of searching, cursing and sweating, we found the house keys exactly where Michael had put them (but could not remember!) on the pram. Once we had filled the car with fuel, we were on the road by 4:45am and heading up the N7 towards Namibia. Breakfast at the Wimpy was 3 hours later, and then we were back on the road. We got to the SA/Namibia border at about 1pm, a little later than expected having been delayed in Springbok with a frustratingly slow petrol pump and even slower petrol attendant.

The border was however another story..... 2 hours later, we finally got out of there – although the wait had been fairly interesting, catching up with people in the queue and commiserating 'saam met hulle'. By this stage, Natalie was so tired and tearful, that when we got to our first stop half an hour later, she really did not want to go to sleep. But she eventually acceded to our persistent efforts and then proceeded to sleep 2 ½ hours until 6:30pm SA time (one hour ahead of Nam time). The rest of our Cape Town party joined us between 6:30 and 7pm SA time. Thankfully Mike had pre-arranged a braai dinner to be cooked for us, and we all sat down after the Western Province/Blue Bulls game to a wonderfully prepared baby chicken, chips and salad each. We were staying at the Felix Unite, Provenance camp, on the banks of the Orange River in their cabanas, and what a stunning spot it was! The camping grounds looked really great as well, neat and tidy, green and lots of open space... The watering hole for the human animals was very well stocked, and very lively, and we managed to procure a couple of excellent bottles of Villiera 2006 Shiraz for a really good deal. As each family needed, we retired to our rooms having agreed to get going early the next morning for the 900km long haul to Windhoek.



By 7:30 am SA time, we were all on the road, but not in a direct convoy, each travelling at his/her pace. We met up at Keetmanshoop for a Wimpy breakfast and a long stretch for the kids, and then we were back on the road. From Keetmanshoop through to Mariental when we stopped for a re-fuel for the car and the tummies, and then onto Windhoek. The last 60 – 80kms before Windhoek is so stunningly beautiful, savanna bush and thornveld, amidst rolling hills. We arrived at our next destination just after 4pm – Arrebush Lodge, and checked into our units. In front of Neil and Sarah's unit, was this really nice, open patio and fireplace surrounded by natural scrub and so we opted to stay in for dinner and do a braai. Bravely, Robyn and Sarah elected to go into Windhoek town (on a Sunday afternoon) to try and find a shop to buy some meat and salad, and returned with a small feast

for young and old. A very sociable evening followed, with some great wine, 18-year old Famous Grouse malt whiskey and orange-flavoured dark chocolate. According to the majority, it was freezing cold (with everyone dressed like build-a-bear teddies and eskimos), and when Mike checked the car thermometer at about 9:30pm, the reading said 5 degrees.



The next morning, we had allowed for a sleep-in, and had muesli and yoghurt brekkies before starting on the journey to Botswana. We got on the road at about 9:30am SA time, and crossed the border just after 1pm. Just about 2kms from the border post, we stopped on the side of the road for an impromptu picnic, hauling out choccie and/or peanut butter sandwiches for the kids, and Melrose/crisp sandwiches for the adults. Paul and Catherine, and Karen were in the meantime heading up from Lobatse, and had already arrived in Ghanzi, at Tautona Lodge. We stopped in the frontier town of Ghanzi first, and went straight to SPAR to get some groceries. Like last year, SPAR disappointed us ito fresh food items, and didn't even have decent fillet steak (their only redeeming feature last year). So we went to try the new Choppies shopping centre, and were quite surprised, even managed to find lettuce, feta cheese, but no cucumber and tomatoes!!! Tautona was lovely and we booked dinner in the restaurant, and had a big family supper with the whole group, kids and all.

As I write, we have just left the tar road and are about to get onto the gravel. Talk again later ....

**1<sup>st</sup> to 3<sup>rd</sup> July 2008 –**

### **Central Kalahari Game Reserve**



A lot later than anticipated and already on our way back home!!!! 4640 kms since we left Cape Town under our belt, and a lot poorer. What a fantastic trip we have had so far, and a little sad to be on our way home already.

Pajero and one Jeep) travelled along a reasonably easy sandy road along the vet fence towards the Tsau Gate into Central Kalahari Game Reserve. After calling for the attention of the park officials,



and doing all official signing-in business, we continued through the park to Sundays' Pan, stopping for the occasional animal sighting, and a lunch break alongside a pan busy with gemsbok and springbok. Our reserved Sunday's Pan campsite was occupied when we arrived (and in fact, the occupant possessed official documents also proclaiming his right to the same camping site!), so we moved onto Sundays Pan 3 (CKS 3) and set up camp. To create a laager for additional protection, the tents were all set up running west-to-east overlooking the pan (but facing inwards), and the specially-purposed-bought lapas were erected opposite the tents closing off

the camping area from any lost lions and hyaenas.. Mike and I had the duty of preparing dinner that evening, and so got stuck in very quickly so that dinner was not too late. Accompanied by some excellent wines, brandy and whisky, the evening dinner was much enjoyed and we all went to bed very exhausted. To our relief, we heard no evidence of lost lions and hyaenas that night, or for any of the three nights we were in the park. That first night in the park was the coldest however, and I think all parties were very grateful for the space blankets, -5 degree sleeping bags and blankets that had added bulk to our packing spaces.

We were spoiled with some excellent dinners though. Our lasagna dish on the first night was followed by a morrocan lamb (or goat disguised as lamb!!!!) and vegetable casserole served with delightfully light couscous (courtesy of the Neethling family), and then on the next night, Neil and Sarah braaied rump steak served with a very tasty basil pesto and pasta. Breakfasts were equally good, with Mexican sunshine tortillas (mince-based) on the first morning, and fried eggs, bacon and French toast on the second morning. Game was scarce in the park, and so the highlight of the game drives was the birding and just the sheer splendor of the park.

On our second full day in the park, we took a long drive through to Deception Valley, and had a picnic on Deception Pan and reflected on some of the stories in Lourens van der Post's and Mark and Delia Owens' books on the Kalahari. After losing some of their initial 'fears' about being out in the wild (with the exception of Natalie who seems to be either too young to know any better, or just generally as fearless as 2-year olds tend to be), the kids (joined later by some of the 'young-at-heart- adults) seemed to really enjoy themselves, with some attempts at a Kalahari version of bowls, cricket, some general scampering around in the sand, and some very enthusiastic attempts at collecting and chopping firewood and crushing beer/cool-drink cans. On our last evening on the park, as solemnly as possible, we took a few seconds out of the day to toast the sun sinking heavily below the horizon.



The next morning dawned too early, and it was a 'race' to break camp as quickly as possible, ahead of a long drive out of the park. On our route out, we met up with campers who had spent a few evenings at Deception Pan campsite, and discovered where the lost lions had found refuge!!! From the stories we heard, lion had come into the campsite, 'shepherding' the campers into their tents and making off with ladies underpants hanging on the washing line!!! We exited the park later than we had anticipated due to the poor condition of the roads (some deep sand, some deeply rutted and water-eroded sections), dumping our rubbish at the exit and proceeding onto Rakops. What a dusty hell-hole that must be to live in!!!! We were looking for a petrol station which was on our Veronica Roodt maps and the Tracks-4-Africa GPS maps we were using (what a blessing these were in the end), and found an unmarked Shell garage on a completely destroyed tar road crumbling on both sides leaving barely a metre of drive-able road. We got out of there as quickly as we could, needing to use our air compressors to pump the tyres as there was no functioning air pump at the station. We headed towards Maun, our stop for the next two nights.



## Maun – Audi Camp – 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> July 2008

Audi camp was just as comfortable (other than not having any loo paper in our ensuite when we arrived) as we had remembered it, until we ran into a spot of confusion and miscommunication from the camp reception and management staff. And what a long and painful story this became. Having not been advised that breakfast was included in our room rates, none of us (7 adults in total) had had our breakfast in the lodge the next morning, and when we discovered this and tried to negotiate around this for the next morning's breakfast for the whole group (14 people in total), the camp manager became incredibly rude, inhospitable and downright nasty and unpleasant, leaving a very bitter taste in our mouths on leaving Audi the next morning. Ron (the camp manager concerned) is really a nasty character, and I cannot imagine that we have been the only people to have been treated this way. Managing your costs by counting eggs, bacon and bread slices served at breakfast (which was his reason for not accommodating what we thought was a reasonable request) would not be necessary if his first priority was making sure that his guests were happy, and would return and spend more money every time they visit!!!! The less said about the man the better. It was just unfortunate that we (Mike and I) had already paid for our returning trip accommodation before this thing exploded on us, otherwise we would not return to Audi again.

## Moremi Game Reserve – Third Bridge (6<sup>th</sup> to 8<sup>th</sup> July 2008)

From Maun, the journey took the group into Moremi Game Reserve, where we had three nights booked at Third Bridge campsite. This was a nice shortish day, and we spotted a zebra (who launched himself in front of our fast moving vehicle just as we were coming by – thank goodness we missed him), giraffe, impala, wildebeest, kudu – all on our way in. After my on-foot encounter with the elephant in Savute last year (and being sandwiched between family groups of elephant in this park



also last year), I was nervously anticipating our first sighting of elephant en route to the campsite. But there was no need, and in fact, we only saw elephant the next morning on an early morning game drive. But we did have some excitement en route – with the Proudfoot family and Paul and Catherine a little further behind in the convoy (mostly bird watching), Mike and I and the Neethlings used the T4A GPS maps to find our way to the camp. T4A showed an off-road route which easily cut 10kms off the route to the campsite, and although the actual turn-off off the main track was not easy to find (it had clearly not been used for a long time), after 2 or 3 run-bys we spotted the track, and so proceeded down the rarely used road. We soon discovered why the track was barely used, approaching a water crossing. Despite my reservations, and without walking the entire water stretch (always a big mistake!), Mike and I proceeded across keeping the revs up and mushing through the water – just! Landing safely on the other side, Mike ushered Martin across, but within a few metres, the Jeep got bogged down in the mud, and was not going anywhere. Between Mike and Martin, various extraction/rescue routes were walked and planned, and with some anxiety, we went back through the water towards the Jeep, out onto the other side, and then did the same route again, managing to find a hard route back, and shackling the Jeep with a snatch strap for a pull-out. Thankfully, with a couple of pulls, we managed to pull the Jeep out, to the relief of all. Definitely something to share around the campfire and with a few beers and whiskey!

Using our laager-building knowledge from CKGR, we attempted to create the same effect in Moremi, using the lapas, the tents and the vehicles to build a kraal which faced the delta's water edge from which we reckoned our biggest threat (hippos) may emerge, and to prevent the second biggest threat (and my biggest concern) the hyaena from entering into our camping area. What we had not considered was the aerial assault from baboons, when what we thought would make wonderful shade became Hotel Imiti (the Zulu word for tree) for 50+ baboons of all ages once the sun began setting. Despite very enthusiastic and highly energetic attempts by both the male and female members of our

camping group to thwart the baboons from climbing up the trees (using banging spades, shouting, arms waving, 'stone' throwing), the baboons settled into their evening roost, laughing and barking at us, and throwing poo right back!

The meals were once again a highlight of the trip. Paul and Catherine prepared what they called a Dilkoosh road pasta on that first night, and this was followed by a chicken tagine served with dates, chickpeas and couscous (the Proudfoot family) and an excellent thai meal (one pot with an extra chilli-zing that was just perfect) that Martin and Robyn prepared. Breakfasts again did us proud, and included scrambled eggs and corn served on toast, and Mike and I did crumpets with honey, syrup, condensed milk, cheese and cream cheese on an early morning drive.

But back to that first evening, and the night time sounds that convincingly provided evidence of animals lurking beyond the comfort of the campfire ...Being none the wiser, the evening around the campfire stretched on until all were tired enough to retire to the comfort of their tents. But that first night, our evening slumbers were interrupted by the sounds of elephant trumpeting just beyond the camping area, hyaenas talking to each other (one taking a bite into one of Neil's ammo boxes/wolf packs and making off with his dustbin – leaving it scattered just metres from our campsite), hippos grunting in the water (and in fact, we suspect one walked right past our tent), and lions in the far distance. And, the sounds of baboons fighting (or possibly being attacked by a leopard – evidence of leopard spoor was found around the camp the next day) and then the troupe of baboons waking up with the sunrise early the next morning, barking to each other and doing their early morning ablutions onto the tents ... the Proudfoot and Neethling tents were the worse hit.



After breakfast on our first full day in Moremi, we took a drive through to the Mboma boat station and managed to arrange a two-hour delta boat ride for the whole group. Birding on the boat ride was excellent, and our guide was great, getting involved in the bird identification debates that resulted from the sighting of LBJs and other less frequently spotted birds. After booking mokoro trips for the next afternoon for the majority of the group, we all returned to the camp at leisure, and Mike and I re-arranged our parking to create a walk-through for elephant or hippo who may feel trapped by our laager. We were slightly more prepared for the baboons the second evening, and had built up a supply of stones and Mike and Nick and Sarah had made cattles to scare the baboons. But once again, despite all efforts, the baboons settled into their evening roost quite convincingly. Drinks and chatter after dinner did not last as long this second night, and having been spooked by the sights and sounds of reeds and bushes moving just beyond the campfire and the cadac light placed at the perimeter of our laager, everyone hastily retired to their beds.

The next morning, the whole group went on an early morning drive, and it was on this trip that Mike and I saw our first ellies (the Proudfoots and Paul and Catherine had found this family group the evening before). About an hour and a half into the drive, we stopped beside a really lovely pan with some red lechwe and set up our breakfast – crumpets, coffee and orange juice. Martin and Robyn returned a little earlier to camp to have a bit of a time-out from the car, and the rest of the group continued through the riverine forest. To our delight, we happened across three vehicles who had stopped to (what we thought) listen to a cacophony of birds in a dense clump of trees.

But we were in luck as there was a leopard comfortably slouched in a tree with an impala he/she had obviously caught the night before or early that morning. We all tried desperately to get decent photos (Paul and Catherine managed to get the closest and so their photos are the best), before moving off. What a bonus! Mike, Natalie, Karen and I took a bit of a time-out in the afternoon while everyone went for their mokoro trips. From what we heard, these were spectacular, Sarah commenting on it being an "experience of a lifetime".





The third night was dramatic to say the least, and a bit of a shocker actually. It started off all quite innocently with us (it was just the Lewis' and Karen initially as the others were still returning in dribs and drabs from the mokoro trips) once again trying desperately to discourage the baboons from settling in the trees above us. Again to no avail. The first thing that happened was during dinner when a baboon 'dropped a load' into Paul's plate, splattering him with the chicken tagine prepared by Neil and Sarah, and forcing him to change clothing. Then shortly thereafter, when Mike went back for seconds, he heard a something (later determined it was a baboon) bump against Neil and Sarah's vehicle and yelled. Seconds later, a huge hyaena appeared from out of the darkness behind the lapas, headed straight towards our tent (where Natalie was sleeping safely inside) and made off with our dustbin bag which we had just finished clearing for the morning's departure. Mike and I ran after it to chase it away, and as we were returning, a fight broke out between baboons in the trees above us, and a tiny baby baboon (possibly a couple of weeks old) dropped from the tree canopy, into a plastic

basin on a table next to Paul's car. With all of this, everyone had scattered to the safety of their tents/alongside their vehicles, with hearts beating ten-to-the-dozen and Martin cautioned everyone to remain still where they were so that the mommy baboon could come collect her baby, who was now lying still next to Paul's car. A few minutes later, she came cautiously down the tree, collected her baby (who was obviously dead), moved about 5 metres off, cradling the limp body of her baby before moving into the darkness of the night. With everyone feeling the pain of her loss, the terror of being caught unawares by a hyaena and the lurking presence of a hippo in the reeds in front of us, camp was quickly packed up for the night and we all went off to bed.



The next morning, and with a long day ahead of us, camp was broken down very quickly. As we (the Lewis' and the McKay's) had the longest trip ahead of us, we took a team photo, and headed off to Savute. The Neethlings and the Proudfoot family were starting on their return leg home, and were headed off to Ghanzi and the presidential suite at Tautona Lodge. Most of the route out of Moremi was fairly straightforward, with wide open, recently graded gravelly and sandy roads, except for the alternate routes which the GPS indicated was the shortest

distance. One of these routes proved to be a bit more difficult than we had anticipated, and once again (surprise, surprise) involved a number of water crossings. Since our earlier adventure on our route into the park, Paul had been angling for a little water action, and having learnt from that first experience, each of these water crossings was first walked and planned. But things can still go wrong, as we discovered when we attempted one of the last, and the longest, water crossings. Despite walking the crossing, and starting off on what seemed the right line, things went a little



pear-shaped and the Pajero got seriously stuck. No amount of revs, prayers or otherwise would get us out un-assisted. So Paul had to come to the rescue, much to his delight. Again, carefully choosing a route to the left of our vehicle (Paul could not afford to get stuck – no one knew we were there!!!!), Paul got to the hard ground on the other side, and had to reverse into a deeper section of water with a much more solid footing into a position to snatch us out. Because we so bogged down, it took a good few snatches before our vehicle was free of the mud, and on solid ground again. We decided that following the recommended route by the GPS needed to be a much more carefully considered option from now on.

### **Chobe Game Reserve – Savute (9<sup>th</sup> – 11<sup>th</sup> July 2008)**

The route through to Savute was once again one of the highlights of the trip in terms of game and bird spotting (much better than that inside the park), but absolutely hell in terms of road conditions and road markings (the GPS provided our map). We finally got to the Savute campsite at about 4pm (at least it was earlier than our 6:30pm last year), and we managed to put up camp in the light. We were exhausted, and dropped our planned menu for the night and substituted this for a pasta and sauce meal which Catherine managed to rustle up out of their supplies. We bathed Natalie in Paul's plastic basin (which she loved, she called it her swimming pool) and put her to bed quite early (something which we repeated each night we were at Savute). That evening, as we were preparing for bed (in fact, Mike had just driven off to the ablution block – we took this in shifts each night), we were interrupted by a hyaena creeping around in the bushes behind our lapa but were prepared this time, and shooed him off quite easily. We slept soundly, with surprisingly very few night sounds except the occasional hyaena, and one which loped into our campsite much later again to lick off the rest of the pasta and sauce meal, cleaning our potjie pot for us. Mike, Natalie, Karen and I went for a very short game drive that first morning, seeing a good few ellies around the waterholes, impala, wildebeest, kudu. When we returned, breakfast was a team effort – we supplied the eggs and mushrooms, the McKays supplied the tomato and bacon and we had a splendid brekkie. That first day in camp we just sat, sat in the sun and talked, did some washing, Natalie played in the sand, we watched the hornbills, tree squirrels and a shy dwarf mongoose and between all 5 of us managed to finish all the remaining beer and cider in the fridge, leaving nothing for the evening but wine and spirits, and nothing for the next day except for water and juice!!!! Mike prepared his chorizo and pasta dish which I was having chronic withdrawal symptoms from, and put all the dishes away so that the hyaena would not disturb us again. The next morning, we got going very early, forgoing our coffee and heading off to find some thirsty animals ... but the waterholes were deserted, and despite hearing tales of lion just off the road, we did not find anything. We returned to our camp, had our first cup of coffee, and then served up fruit, yoghurt and muesli for breakfast.



Paul and Mike spent a good portion of the morning trying to sort out Paul's cigarette lighter plug and we set up Natalie's shade tent and play mat in the shade and proceeded to play tea party, dish washing, horsey-horsey and all sorts. Natalie seems to have cottoned onto these little 200ml cans of Schweppes lemonade (which her cousins and Livvie and Nick introduced her to unwittingly) and so we had a tea party with lemonade. We took a late afternoon drive through to the airstrip and the waterholes to the north of the Savute campsite, and saw lots and lots of ellies. Ellies



popping out of the bushes in front of us, ellies surrounding us as they all made their way towards the waterholes – it was great. When we returned to camp, Catherine and Paul braaied an excellent rump, and served it with a cheese and mushroom sauce, and some jasmine rice and curried carrots.

### **Kasane – Toro Lodge (12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> July 2008)**



The next morning we again got going quite early and packed up the camp and were on the road to Kasane by 8:30am, and exiting the park just before 10am. Using the cut line just outside the park gates, which is in reasonable condition, we were in Kasane by just before 1pm and went straight to the bottle store to stock up with beer again!!!! We arrived at Toro Lodge a little while later and upon seeing the camping grounds (all just sand), promptly upgraded our accommodation to chalets. It had been our intention to stay at Toro for 3 nights, but chalet accommodation was only available for 2 nights, and we were all tired, and

folk had already started talking about making going home a little earlier than planned. So we just chilled out for the afternoon, made all our reservations for the return trip home, went into town to buy some stuff from Spar which we had forgotten about in our desperate need to buy beer, dropped off laundry, and then had dinner at Toro in their restaurant. After getting Natalie into bed, we all sat outside our room and chatted (with thankfully no worries about hyaenas or the like!!!!).

We had planned an early breakfast the next morning, and after breakfast in the restaurant, got going for a trip to Vic Falls. With the exception of our return border crossing from Botswana into Namibia (two days later), every single Botswanan border official has been unfriendly, barely polite and very slow. The Zimbabwean officials on the other hand were great, greeting us enthusiastically, joking around and despite taking many pula from us in fees to get into Zim, generally much more efficient. We got through both border posts and were on our way to Vic Falls. It has been 13 years since Mike and I were last in Vic Falls, and with the current political, financial and humanitarian crisis in Zim, we were really not sure of what to expect. I can't remember enough of our trip 13 years ago to be able to comment on how much had changed, certainly some of the landmark buildings have not changed, although there is newish curio shop establishment near the Vic Falls Hotel. Our first stop was the Vic Falls park itself, which cost either 100 BWP, R120, USD 20 or 100 billion Zim dollars to get into. Providing our SA passports as proof, we all paid the more favourable rand or pula rate and went into the park. We must have spent easily about 2 hours here, walking up and down the various pathways and viewing spots for the Falls. Stunning, stunning, stunning. We all got sopping wet from the spray of the Falls, but so enjoyed our walk.

At the Elephant Hills hotel which is where we decided to stop for a couple of drinks (which eventually worked its way into a pub lunch), lunchtime buffet prices similarly shocked us – 2, 400 000 000 000 Zim dollar (an equivalent price in rands was R170, and in USD 25/30). We asked for our bill in USD (as Karen had some in cash) and were going to pay by credit card (the bill was more than the USD cash we had), but were informed that they can't take credit cards ... our attendant saying simply – "the machine can't take so many zeros". The curio shop at the hotel had some stunning stuff but again, no credit cards could be used, cash only. Similarly, at the curio shops in the town itself, everything operating only on a cash basis...not a good indicator for this poor country. Streetside vendors trying to sell you curios for anything, foreign exchange in hard currency preferable, but even cold drinks, beer, packet of chips, willing to barter for almost anything, and so persistent, it was a little frightening. We left Vic Falls feeling sad for the lost splendour that Zim once represented and could become again (if it were not for their president). On returning to Toro lodge, we all re-packed our belongings, ready for our return trips the next day.

### **The return trip home – the final leg (14<sup>th</sup>, 15<sup>th</sup> & 16<sup>th</sup> July 2008)**

The next morning, Paul, Catherine and Karen got going just after 7am – it was their intention to drive through to JHB that same day, and Karen was hoping to arrange either an earlier flight home, or a quick visit to Cape Town before her flight back to London from JHB on Thursday evening.

Mike, Natalie and I had breakfast first, as our first overnight stop was Maun, only 605 kms south-west of Kasane, and checked out of Toro just after 8am. The journey to Maun was uneventful, despite having discovered early that morning that we had once again lost our front number plate (which last year had caused hassles at the police checks and the veterinary checkpoints along the Nata-Maun road). We got to Audi at about 2:30pm, and checked in. Just chilled for the rest of the afternoon, taking a drive into Maun to Riley's for an afternoon sundowner and some curio shopping before having dinner at Audi camp.

Next day was a much longer trip – a distance of about 820kms to Windhoek, returning to Arebusch Travel Lodge (what a pleasure). Largely uneventful. Managed to get some good fillet and rump steaks in Ghanzi (at a cost of 40 BWP per kg). Had an excellent dinner at the restaurant at Arrebusch and a great breakfast the next morning. And here we are, on our second to last day of travelling... head back towards the base camp of Felix Unite on the Orange River for our last night en route.

It has been a phenomenal trip, and one we have so enjoyed sharing with our family and friends. However, next year, Zanzibar, no driving, no camping, just beach, diving, being served chilled champagne and ice cold beer and monster prawns!!! Who's in?????