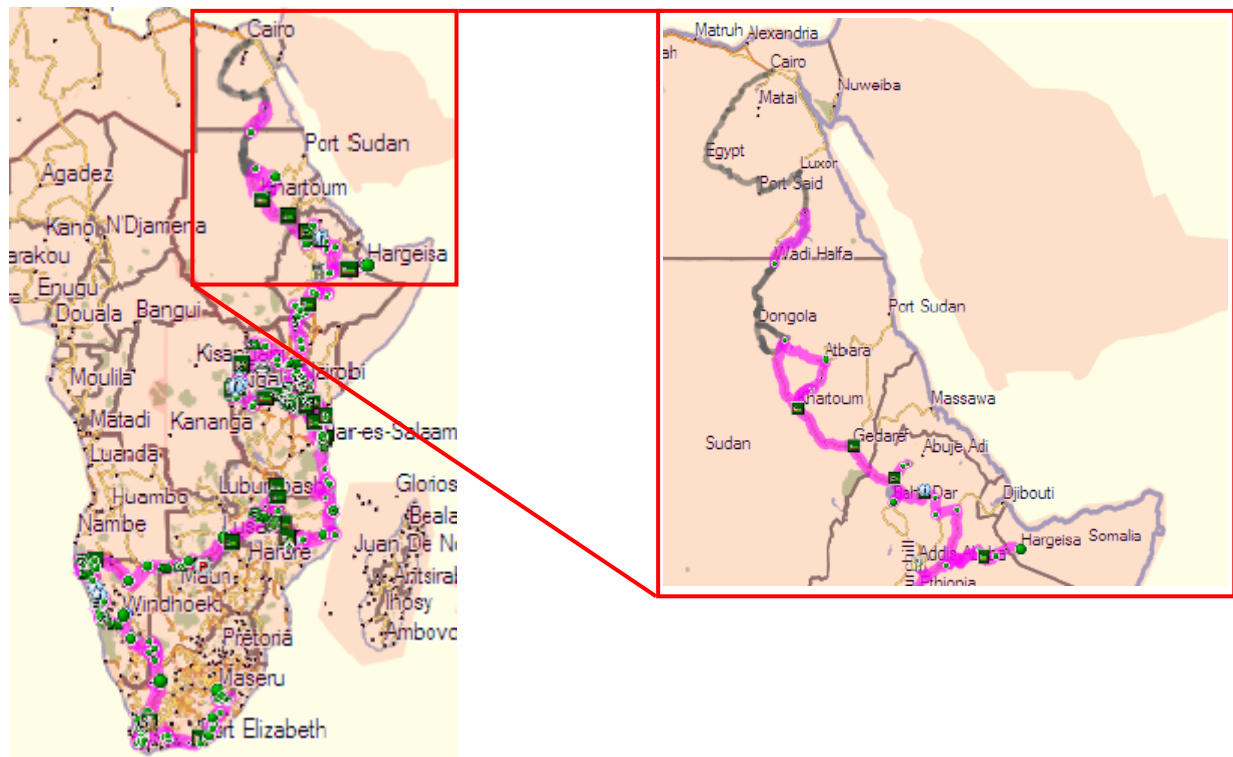


Dear All,

Currently it's the 6.11.2012 and we have a lot of time, time to observe the other guests in a place called hotel, guests lying on beds in the public areas, constantly using their cell phones, listening to the sound of the latest B- or C-class Bollywood blockbusters on TV - and after 2 days of close observation of this village life in our hotel we decided to make life even more interesting. We changed some of the cables between the DsTV decoder and the TV. Now we had the unique opportunity to observe 20 people for 3 hours trying to get Bollywood back on the TV – screen. And as a side effect, we had a night without the sound of the latest Indian blockbusters. Well, of course we describe life in Wadi Halfa, Northern Sudan where we've been waiting for the last 3 days to arrange everything for the ferry bringing us to Aswan in Egypt. In addition to these exiting observations, in Wadi Halfa you can go out for lunch or dinner or breakfast. They'll serve you omelettes with bread or bread with omelettes and omelettes with or without bread and finally bread with or without omelettes. To drink take a couple of beers – of course without malt and hops or try to get some juice of not rotten grapes. So far the top news from Wadi Halfa.

But now back to the reality of an overland travel:



After our beautiful visit to the market of Misoe in Western Ethiopia we headed northwards to Lalibela. To get there, first we had the impression we had to cross a part of Lesotho. Below the proof that the mountains in Matebeng even exist in the middle of Ethiopia; only the herdboys looked a little different.



Well, after this small excursion thru the Maloti Mountains we finally reached Lalibela. This is the place of the famous monolithic rock churches. What a different world: no more game, no more jungle and no more war planes (having hit an odd goat) to admire, but quite a number of churches they carved many centuries ago into the plain rocks. Probably they had no money to buy bricks and labour costs were low, so they had no other solution than carving whole houses into their mountains. Poor guys, but what to do if funds are lacking.



Of course there were not only these churches of Lalibela, but also the priests eager to show their tools and robes for their daily job in exchange for a donation *To Whom It May Concern*. And finally of course there were the odd tourists to admire all. Never seen that many of this kind since we have left

Serengeti. Probably Lalibela is on this famous all inclusive tour track for Japanese senior citizens and stoned kids from downtown Calcutta eager to see the world in 5 days before returning to their friends on Facebook. So much about tourists visiting Serengeti and Lalibela as a stopover on their way from Tokyo, Paris, Maseru and New York.



But we have to admit, the churches are beautiful and there is a very special atmosphere, as worshippers are around everywhere. Finally we spent 2 days in the town of Lalibela and the surrounding villages to visit all of those places – well, nearly all. It is not a cheap business. You pay entrance fee for the church, you pay the priest, you pay the guide...

To change a little and to move from these old stones we visited a more recent construction in town – by some considered a restaurant, by others just the remains of the landing vehicle of some extraterrestrial beasts. Whatever it is, they served some beer and something to eat. No free trip to Mars or at least the moon was offered, so

we finally had to drive back to our guesthouse.



But as you can see, this strange building and all of Lalibela is beautifully located on top of hill on 2500m – quite chilly in the mornings and evenings!



Enough of old stones, priests and tourist digitizing old stones and priests. We moved on – another few 100 km to Bahir Dar at famous Lake Tana. On the way a fantastic landscape (left and right of the road just sheer drops of approx. 1500 m) and the main roads filled with people. Mostly just to carry water. For the few 100 km it took us the whole day, not because of distance but because of everybody just ignoring any approaching car and continuing walking in the middle of the road (well, we were driving in the middle of the road as well; see sheer cliffs above).



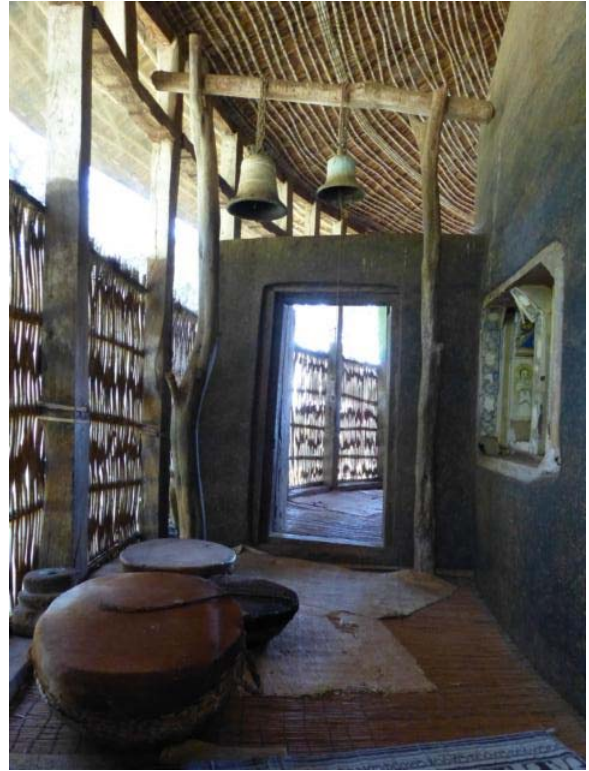
At Bahir Dar we stayed in another of those famous Government Resthouses. Some of them are privatised by now, but that has not changed a lot. Anyway, the location right next to the lake was great, forget about the torn down curtains, the paper - thin walls, the very much worn bed sheets and the staff engaged during the first days of the hotel and somehow more than poorly enthusiastic in the meantime. But it looks good on the picture, doesn't it.

Bahir Dar and Lake Tana have 2 different famous sights. Sight one are the falls in the Blue Nile (Lake Tana officially is the source of it) and sight two more churches, but this time on islands or peninsulas. Both of them have plenty of tourists; you can listen to many different languages.

For the falls, you first have to cross the river, either by boat or on foot over an old bridge. Lazy as we are, we choose the boat option. We do not know where the name Blue Nile comes from; when we visited the water was muddy brown – grey. So, maybe the name just derives from wishful thinking while observing the muddy water – or maybe just after a few bottles of rotten grapes.



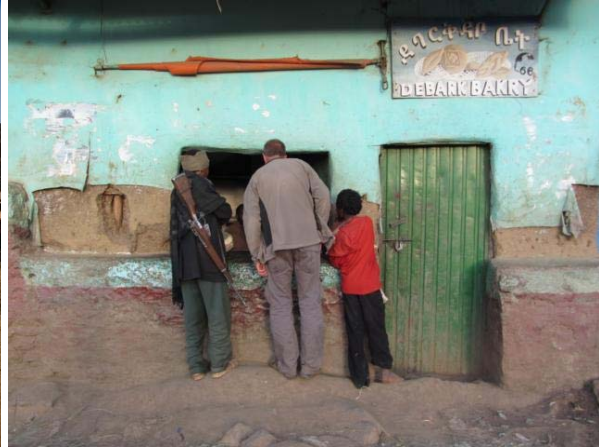
After the muddy water of Blue Nile, we headed for some more cultural related activities. Another church – this time at the shore of Lake Tana. Ura Kidane Mirhet on Zege Peninsula - probably the most famous of all Ethiopian churches due to its beautiful paintings.



After these important sights we had to go back to reality. So a visit to a local market seemed to be the best solution. Lots of onions, Chinese manufactured plastic plates and pots and all kind of spices to convert onions into food to be served in those Chinese plastic plates.



After this, we moved on to see the most scenic mountains in Ethiopia: Simien. We arrived in Debrak the starting point for the Simien Mountains – a rather small settlement consisting of one main road – just a dirt road - no side roads and a couple of houses along this main road. At least they have a bakery where Martin tried to purchase some bread – accompanied by his kalashnikovized PA.

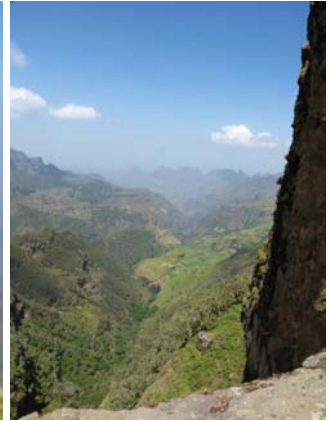


There's even something to stay overnight in this small village – the rooms were not too bad - and a bar with something looking like crystal clear beer. Afterwards, we still were able to walk outside the room in a straight line.

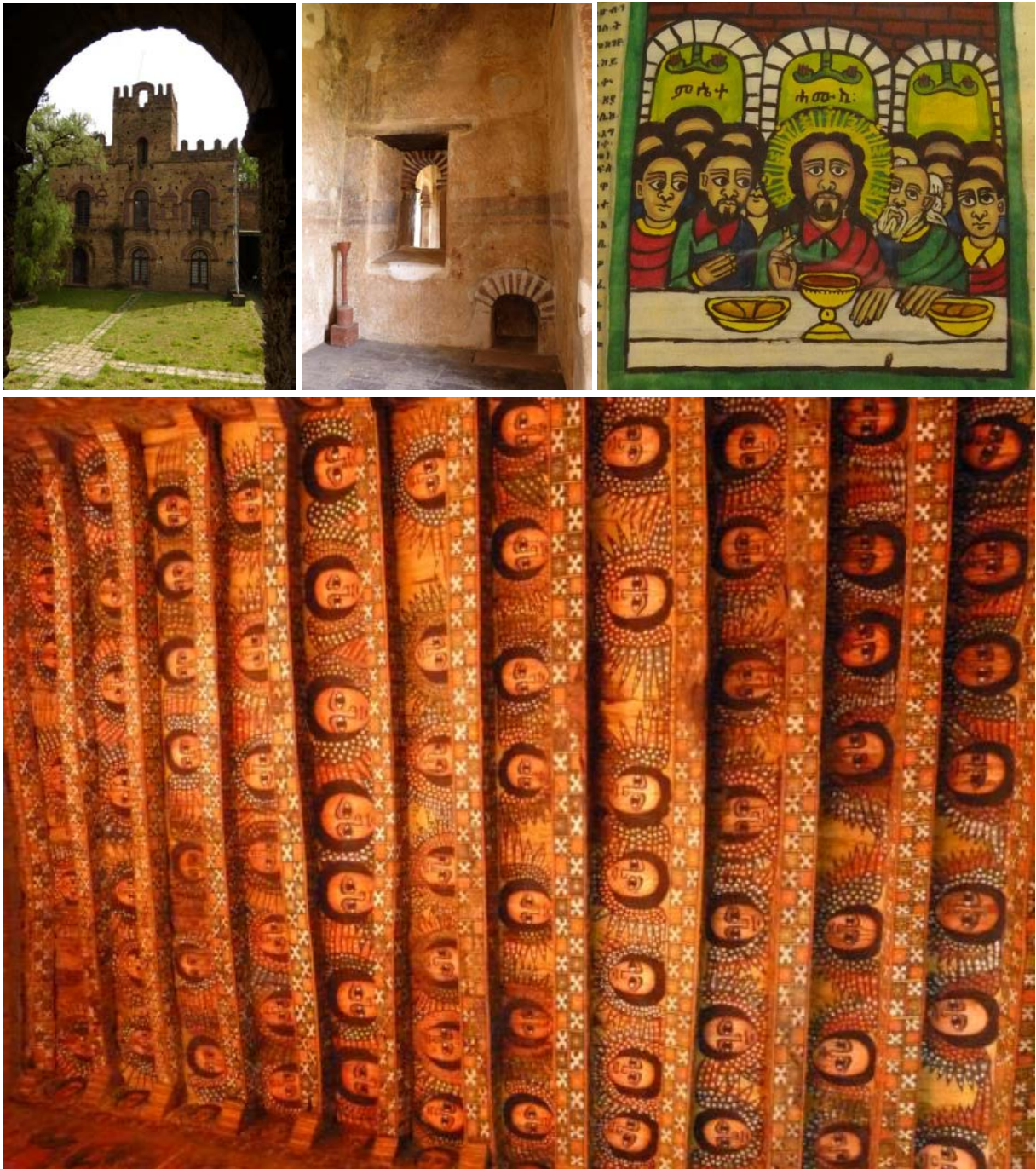
The next morning, supported by another kalashnikovized PA, we drove into the mountains. We had to take this bodyguard to visit Simien Mountains even if we were not sure about the reasons behind these regulations. Speculations may tell us it is to support local economy or to show that the Ministry of National Parks and Park Wardens disposes of Kalashs or because the guy wanted to practise some English or maybe even as a test to our car to check whether or not it is able to drive up to 4000 m with 3 persons on board. There may be another reason, we're still following up the rumours about bandits, desperate former army members, Al Qaida and the special branch of the Sicilian Mafia based in downtown Houston to protect a former president if he had to go for George W.

Whatever the reason for this guard, the trip was most of the time at the edge of the cliff with fantastic views down to the bottom of the valley. There even was some wildlife around: the endemic Gelada baboons and some ibex'.

Later in the afternoon the clouds and fog came up and at night we covered with our warm sleeping bags.



As it was too cold in the mountains we moved on to the lower areas and the town of Gonder. There we stayed in another of those Government Resthouses, this time better managed and nicely placed on the top of a hill overlooking the town. In town we visited the so-called Royal Enclosure, palaces from a gone - by time, and some more churches with plenty of paintings.



Gonder also was the place to get rid of our last Ethiopian banknotes, as we intended to move on to neighbouring Sudan. We used them in the local supermarkets for water and sweets – we still have packets of those Britannia wafers (but they really are good, even if produced in Dubai) and we fuelled the car to the top.

The road to the Sudanese border was another challenge. It was Saturday, normally market day in each and every village we crossed, and the road was filled with people, goats, cows, donkeys...



Before the border we fuelled a last time; don't think there is any fuel shortage in Sudan. Of course there's none, the Chinese take care of small issues like this (also of some bigger ones), even don't think fuel would be more expensive in Sudan – definitely it's cheaper than the wonderful Ethiopian diesel. Still wondering why we're refueling in Ethiopia? We still had too many of these strange beers or Birrs as called by the locals and they had to be spent before they lose all their value after crossing the border.

The Sudanese formalities were a little bit slower than the ones at the other borders. It seems carbon paper has not made its way to Sudan, yet. The customs officer filled out plenty of forms and each of them in at least three copies individually filled in by hand. Finally he accomplished his important task and we moved on to Gedaref, the first bigger town on our way to Khartoum.



Due to an extended Eid al Adha holiday (Tabaski, for readers originating from Senegal), the whole town was very quiet. Most of the shops and restaurants were closed and streets deserted. We had our first kebab in a completely empty hotel restaurant, accompanied by a nice glass of water – strictly no alcohol in Sudan.

The next day we moved on to Khartoum, where we stayed for 2 nights to fulfil all formalities – registration of passports, travel permit, photo permit, permit to drink water in the public and of course the permit to have had a grandmother – for all these important admin issues forms were developed by an army of civil servants and wrongly filled in by us. Nevertheless, to all we attached a couple of our beautiful passport photos (many thanks to Billyboy's

MS Publisher and HP's cheap colour printers) and we were eligible to all kind of permits...

After having finished these important issues, we even were able to meet our fixer of Wadi Halfa and to do some sight - seeing. In Nairobi we have learned what a fixer is and what he does: If you never had the honour to use a Sudanese or an Egyptian land border, probably you do not know what the hell a fixer is. Well, he is a person earning his living in a town near a border by fixing all admin challenges some countries may think of. Without any procedures on how to proceed and ignoring the total lack of any signboards he knows exactly which office to speak to, to which officer to be friendly, which nasty guy to avoid and which form has to be stamped or signed. Considering that a fixer might probably be an invention of the labour creation program of the respective Government, instead of clarifying procedures and placing some signboards the position of a fixer was created: So the politicians could show a big success in creation of employment and the odd tourist in getting his pocket a little bit emptier.



In Khartoum you have easily seen all major top sites within minutes; add 2 hours for all less important places and you're done. So, it was rather relaxing in the beautiful hotel room, enjoying temperatures up to 44 degrees and drinking a lot of lousy water with lime juice for sundowners.

As we did not have anything better to do we also tried to improve the outside of our car by hitting a nice parking pole.

Thanks to South African putty the hole in the door could be fixed – and we will make a German panel – beater happy.

Cairo, 19th November 2012

Currently we're sitting on the terrace of the May Fair Hotel in Cairo. That simply means – we achieved Capetown2Cairo, remaining our real and final challenge Maseru2Laufenburg. It's only slightly above 20 degrees, we feel autumn approaching. It's nearly 10 am, we're waiting until the 1st shops may open – inshallah at 10, maybe later allhamdulilahi (friends in Senegal please advise on the correct spelling). Today we have to try again to organise our ferry from Egypt to Turkey. Considering the closed border to Libya, the ongoing struggle in Syria and the current bombing in Gaza and Israel, the ferry Damietta – Iskenderun may be the only (and best) option.

Back to the real thing in Sudan:

After this lazy time in Khartoum we had to move on; still some 1500 km distance to the Egyptian border. Next destinations were the temple of Naga and the pyramids in Meroe some 400 km north of Khartoum. The pyramids are a quite famous place to see how the old Egyptians placed one stone on top of the other until they got these constructions. Nowadays they look still impressive even if a little eroded and slightly demolished because in the name of archaeological science an Italian explorer in the 19th century has blow up the top of all pyramids to see if there is something interesting inside. Nevertheless, the only thing he found was more stones and gravel.

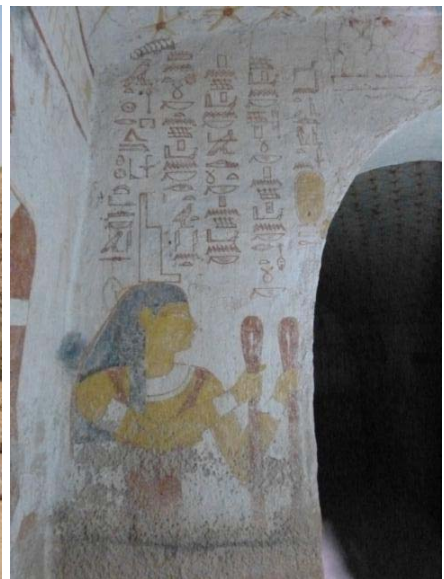


Even being a major tourist site in Sudan, no affordable hotel was nearby. So we pitched our tent in the desert behind the pyramids, enjoyed the stars and some glasses of warm water as a sun downer.



We moved on to Karima on the banks of the river Nile with looking at some more Egyptian temples on the way. Now we were really in the desert; but never had this feeling of being too far off. Thanx to the Chinese (these immigrants you find in all African countries building roads or selling red and blue plastic buckets) all roads are newly paved and therefore still in excellent condition.

In Karima we found a wonderful place to stay – not cheap, but for a change it was worth every cent. We climbed up famous Jebel Barkal, visited some of these painted royal tombs and admired some more of these old stones. This all we had to do late in the afternoon or early in the morning when the temperature was below 42 degrees. (This picture is real!)



We moved on, with still some 1000 km remaining to the town of Wadi Halfa at Lake Nasser. A wonderful tar road – the Chinese really did their job - led us to the village of Old Dongola, famous for its medieval Christian past. However, unfortunately most of the historic houses are in ruins and many covered by sand.



After Old Dongola the road condition started to change, and sand tracks took over.

Maybe the Chinese run out of money, maybe this was the contribution of Sudan to the road project or the funds were converted into a special fund to ensure survival of some local bureaucrats.

Anyway, we found a lovely oasis all for ourselves and pitched up our tent in the shadow of palm trees.



The next day we arrived at Dongola, the principal town in Northern Sudan. We planed to stay in the most fancy and of course the most expensive hotel in town. This plan was not really based on any recommendation. It was rather driven by the pure limitation of choices. We had a look at the room, the bed, the bedding; we stated that there was no water. Even looking only at this place we had the feeling we urgently needed a shower and wash all our cloths. Even a dozen of Baygon insect sprays could probably not do the job. So be warned before booking if you discover *Ola Hotel* in Dongola on some fancy internet sites.

We immediately worked on alternatives, went to the next fuel station, filled up the water jerry can and drove out into the desert. We even found some trees along the River Nile – therefore some shade in the heat, could continue our observation of the stars and wash the results down with some lousy warm water.



The next day we went on, visited the 3rd Nile Cataract and its overlooking old fortress and the oldest mud brick construction in Sub-Saharan Africa, the *Nubian Deffufa* and the old town of Kerma.



Finally, 2 days later, after 1 more wonderful night in the desert, we reached famous Wadi Halfa. This is the border town to Egypt, romantically situated on the shores of Lake Nasser, with its sandy beaches spreading in all directions for hundreds of km.

Here we found Mazar our fixer again. He confirmed that everything with the ferry was fine, we'll have a space for our car on a separate barge and on the ferry, leaving in 2 days, we'll even have a cabin. All these issues sorted out, we had a look at the Wadi Halfa Sheraton and decided to spend another night in the desert.

The next day we drove our car on the barge. It was a little tricky to get on this kind of boat; nevertheless some 3 – 4 cars may find space. We were just 2 cars and 2 bikes. Seeing the condition of the barge we said goodbye to our car, knowing that we would never see it again and had to finish our trip by walking.

After that ceremony the barge left and we went to our Wadi Halfa Sheraton. Actually, it was called Kilopatra Hotel – it looked much better from the outside, but at least it had a kind of shower with running water.





In the evening we did some sightseeing around town, meaning climbing the hill in its middle and enjoying the view from the top and looking at the different shops and restaurants. The dinner menu was quickly chosen: as lunch (and as breakfast the following day): bread and omelette.



Nightlife was very simple: just listening to the television placed in the middle of the open floor, occupied by the hotel, and trying to sleep. – Finally Martin was fed up and secretly changed the wires; what a quite night you may expect. Far from reality - immediately some 20 persons declared themselves technicians and long experiences IT-video- satellite-TV specialist. Everyone having his own theory on the functioning of satellite TV, the way the TV-set may work – including the role of the smart lady sitting inside the TV-screen reading BBC, CNN or more probably Al-Jaziira news led to a huge and extremely noisy discussion on how to treat the sick TV-set. It took 2 hours and the participation of some 200 more specialists until the quorum of technicians decided to prefer drinking tea to watching TV. Here, silence prevailed again, we went sleeping enjoying the last night in Sudan in the most rotten hotel room of our whole trip – still not knowing what to expect the next day!!!

Spirits rose as we were to board the ferry the next day. We were waiting for Mazar to get us through immigration and customs amidst queues of fellow passengers. There are rumours that the ferry, built for approx. 200 people, normally takes an average of 500 (and still is running).



We were passenger number 499 and 500; nearly the last ones – but we did it. Expectations run high when entering the ferry. Especially concerning our 1st class deluxe cabin suite. After some searching we found it. They told us that we were lucky as we got one of the quiet cabins, behind the washrooms. Easy to find, we just had to follow the smell of toilets left in their natural environment of constant use for many years, pass them and there we were: A cabin with 2 beds, no windows (so no danger a crocodile would sneak in) and a huge air conditioner. Unfortunately the pipes of the ac were a little leaky; within minutes they converted our 1st class establishment into a swimming pool with real cold water. Nevertheless, lucky as we were, that did not happen easily because of all the garbage and the dirt on our 1st class floor worked like a sponge, absorbing most of the rusty liquid from the air conditioner. So far, not too much of a problem if there were not these filthy beds. Monika had the solution: another dozen of Baygon insect sprays converted our living mattresses into dead meat. Sleeping bag on it and all ok. So far the cabins – we dreamt of Kilopatra Hotel in Wadi Halfa.



Damietta, 21st November 2012

Today we reached the Mediterranean Sea. Currently we are waiting for our ferry to Turkey planned to leave tomorrow. Damietta at the shores of the sea, a name you have to think of pizza with Gorgonzola and Ruccola and an Italian singer misinterpreting Caruso's *O Sole Mio*. As we were busy with Egyptian customs and immigration we could not yet discover all of Damietta's secrets; nevertheless we have seen the petrol refinery, heard the trains and trucks passing by constantly and still have to enjoy all these noises of industrial development.

Back to the peaceful Wadi Halfa ferry: We left our dead fleas, bead bugs and mosquitoes in our 1st class suite to go on the promenade deck. Fresh air, no smell of Baygon insect killer and hundreds of other passengers to observe. We exchanged our 1st class experience with 2 lucky fellow travellers who booked fresh air deck class, watched the sunset – and later on, we learned

from our deck class fellows, that their place of absolute preference on deck was exactly below the ventilation of our nice 1st class washing rooms. Nevertheless, as long as the vessel moves, there's some wind on deck....

As 1st class passengers we were entitled to a free supper in the 1st class lounge. Maybe we were a little late, maybe also a little early. The lounge was mainly confiscated by some Egyptian immigration officers stamping passports. The remaining space of this exquisite restaurant was filled by a crowd of passengers shouting at each other to get their passports stamped. Unable to do their job, the waiters and the chaumeliers (at least those guys serving water or sugar drinks) have left, so did the cooks. Nevertheless, we managed to find a small 1st class corner to have our delicious dinner. When we found back one of the waiters we learned that *all food finished, cook making new, half hour inshallah*. So we were waiting for half an hour allhamdoulilahi to learn that the waiter has forgotten to inform the cook. At least the chaumelier served some orange juice from Saudi Arabia. To reduce repetitions, one hour later our 1st class plate arrived: 1 cold boiled egg, some cold beans from a can, some bread and 1 piece of these *Vache qui Rit* industrial cheeses. Being astonished how they manage to serve such a variety, we tried to eat some of the stuff, decided a little later that a limited intake of calories may also be healthy and went back to deck. Here we enjoyed the cultural highlight of the journey – the temples of Abu Simbel at night. Then it was time to share the night with our passed away animals in the cabin.



Still in Damietta, 25th November 2012



Currently we are camping amidst dozens of trucks (and flies) in Damietta. Forget about Caruso and pizza, Gorgonzola and Ruccola. Even don't think about the probably beautiful Mediterranean beach of Damietta – we didn't see it. Rather imagine our campsite is at the port, within the customs area; in this parking lot where you normally wait half an hour before boarding. This idea of boarding the ferry to Turkey was exactly the reason for driving to this awesome place. All worked well, a beautiful Greek vessel awaiting us, many other cars and trucks were queuing up; everything looked like business as usual yesterday morning until we learned a little later that they still have a problem which



needs some further discussions to be solved: for the last 3 days the Egyptian agent has been fighting the Turkish shipping company due to outstanding payments. Unfortunately, the vessel is seized by the Egyptian police; all passengers are currently taken as a kind of hostages, with no right to leave this beautiful place to return to real life. Anyway, Monika always wanted to spend a few days at the Mediterranean Sea. So think positive, convert a challenge into an opportunity. More about this and other outstanding stories in our next newsletter.

Back to the peaceful Wadi Halfa ferry, where all bills have been paid on time: Next morning by 10 am we approached Aswan in Egypt. What a difference to Sudan. Looks like crossing the border from North Eastern Sudan directly to Florida's Miami Beach.

When entering the harbour we even discovered the barge with our car. We did not expect that, but it was ok to know that we would not have to walk the whole way to Cairo and on to Laufenburg.

Disembarkment was a little chaotic. It seems there is a rule that everybody has to pass the door at exactly the same time and the first passenger on Egyptian soil would get a roasted breakfast goat free of charge. But nobody knows how; we managed it, passed all kind of bureaucratic institutions without hassle, met our next fixer and 3 hours later we had temporarily imported our car into Egypt. Now we're even driving with an Egyptian number plate. Knowing all the rumours about hassles with Egyptian customs we were quite astonished on how easy everything passed.

We entered Aswan town. All hotels we wanted to go to were closed – mainly for not having any tourists after these revolutionary times in the country. Finally we found a nice place, a little more expensive but directly at the shores of the Nile. We had to celebrate this with a real beer or 2 or 3...



You should not leave Aswan without having seen at least one of the famous temples, so after a nice breakfast buffet, the usual cloth washing procedures and some important purchases like a local SIM-card we headed on to the Philaë temple, situated on an island in the River Nile. We had to take a boat to the island and, as we did not want to buy all the boats, we had to haggle with the boatman for a long time to get a decent price. Finally we discovered our first pile of old stones assembled by the old Egyptians some 4000 years ago. Quite impressive if you just know it from pictures.



After Aswan, we moved on to Luxor and had a first experience of driving in Egypt and its way of transporting its goods. Not as bad as many people say, not as good as expected. Quite ok as long as there is no traffic and the roads are in good shape.



Luxor is famous for a multitude of sights, again built by the current Egyptian's grand grandfathers. So we had to visit the Valley of Kings with the tombs of the old Pharaohs, Karnack and Luxor temple. In favour of the size of this newsletter taking pictures inside the tombs was forbidden.





In addition to the sightseeing there was also a very specific activity in Egypt: the search for Diesel.

You wouldn't expect that, Egypt as an oil-producing country has a severe fuel shortage. Some mention politics as the reason for this, some believe that the government's subsidies on diesel are so high (a litre Diesel costs US\$ 0.15), that it is smuggled out of country immediately after being subsidized, sold to the

incoming diesel tankers at a little less than current market prize and re-subsidized by the Government again. Could be the case – but this is probably a very lucrative business and a perfect example of an initiative to boost local economy.

Most of the petrol stations we passed were closed and the ones having fuel had more than enormous queues. We found 40 lit in jerry cans on the black market in Luxor, enabling us to make the detour via the White and Black Desert. Fortunately we filled all the tanks in Wadi Halfa before going on the ferry. Less fortunate co-travellers could not make it and had to take the direct route to Cairo.

So we left Luxor for the desert with enough fuel, water, beer and food. There was few to no traffic on the roads and driving was very comfortable. At frequent police checkpoints we were asked for our nationality and the cell phone number – well we guess those were the only few words they knew in English. It was only later that we learned we should have had a permit to pass, but probably they did not know how to ask for that one – lucky for us!



Our first 2 overnight stops were in the oasis of Dakhla with the old towns of Mut and Al Qasr. Unfortunately most of the old town of Mut is destroyed, but Al Qasr was fantastic. A part of the town is restored and we walked through the narrow alleys and visited different houses and mosques.



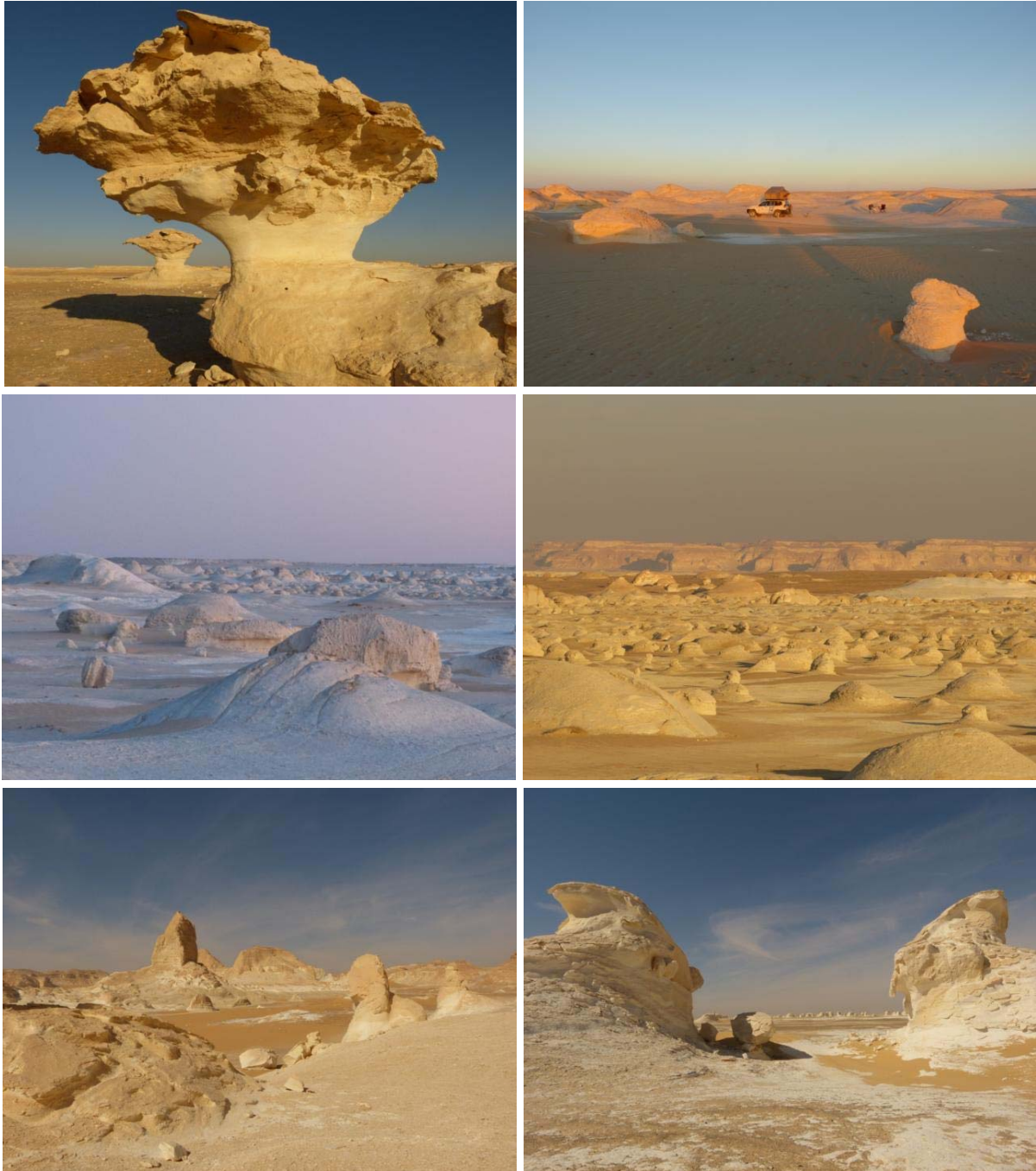
To compensate, we needed a climb up to the Bir El Gebel. It was definitely not Kilimanjaro; still it was a steep climb on a rocky slope followed by an even steeper sand dune. Downhill was definitely more fun (and much easier).



Before leaving we had to find some diesel to make sure that we could reach the Mediterranean coast. After a long and unsuccessful search we were assisted by the Tourist Police in Mut. Together we made a kind of courtesy visit to all fuel stations, the policemen showed their (unsuccessful) negotiation skills and we continued to the next one. Finally we decided to push eventually our car for the last few 100 km to the coast and continued our way. From Dakhla oasis we continued to the White Desert north of Farafra oasis. On the way we experienced one of the rare, once in a lifetime wonders: A fuel station selling diesel with a policeman directing us directly to the front of the queue. We thought it was a little unfair to the other guys who have been waiting for 3 days to get some fuel. But, it's also very difficult to oppose the police without risking jail. Finally, within minutes, we received 100 lit of diesel and paid 15 US Dollars (about 100 Rand) for it.

Approaching the White Desert, suddenly all the tourist cars reappeared; we were not alone anymore; no visible tourist crisis in Egypt. But somehow we still managed to find a quiet spot amidst the white rocks to pitch up our tent and it was only during breakfast the following day when a tourist car drove by and we could greet the perplexed passengers with a mug of coffee. Unfortunately

their tour program would not allow them to stop, as they still had to see the pyramids in Gizeh on their way to the airport and then on to New York with a 32 minutes stopover in Paris to visit the Louvre Museum. So we continued our way thru the White Desert, visited the famously sculptured formations, climbed some hills and finally went for a change to the Black desert – which, however, was far less impressive.



After all this sand, dust and bright sunlight we could relax in a hot spring in the town of Bawiti, in the Baharia oasis, and had a wonderful dinner in a beautiful hotel – this time no own cooking and therefore no spaghetti. And – the next day we got some 60 lit of diesel to fill up our tanks and to avoid pushing the car.

This day also brought a big change: from desert to mega city (Cairo has an estimated number of 15 million people. Imagine that is nearly twice the population of Switzerland and all citizen of Lesotho could just live along one of the roads of Cairo). Friends recommended us a small hotel in the middle of Cairo. The last 20 km to the hotel took us 2 hours; the GPS with its tracks4Africa was absolutely hopeless or even useless and most of road signs were written in Arabic. Nevertheless, navigating by observing the sun and the stars helped somehow to find the place.

Kindly accept that our adventures in Cairo and other exiting places (including Damietta) will be part of the next newsletter.

In the meantime all the best.



Cheers Monika & Martin (responsible for contents, ideas, explanations and consequences for the world) and Billyboy from Redmont (responsible for spelling, grammar and layout).