

## France to The Gambia with the “Artful Bodgers” – Jan-Feb 2012

So! Once again the Pyrenees tempted us to head south! This time me (Roger) in the blue Mondeo estate, bought in France, and Rick in the red German Mondeo “limousine”.

This is the story of the trip in words and pictures (stills and movie screen shots).



Day 1 – Saturday January 14<sup>th</sup> 2012 – 640kms – 7hrs driving

### FRANCE

From Monein, drove into Spain via Oloron-Ste-Marie and the Somport tunnel. There was snow high up in the mountains but the road was totally clear. Bought diesel in Spain at Jaca, but it's not as cheap as usual - not a lot cheaper than France, in fact – at the usual supermarket **N 42.57622 W 0.52875**, and also picked up lunch “stuff”.



### SPAIN

Into Spain without incident – no police checks looking for ETA people for a change! Clear roads and a nice sunny day. Seems like Saturday is a good day for departures! (The furry dice were on their fifth trip to the Gambia.)



Good views of the Pyrenees from the Spanish side. There is quite a climb after Jaca – something like 1200 metres. The Mondeos just sailed along. Noticeably more power than last years' old Mercedes.



I took my new Garmin GPS this time which proved useful in getting past Madrid. It found a shortcut which avoided the place altogether for a change.



We stopped for the night at our usual “hostal”, “El Queso” - **N 39.61445 W 3.524074**  
We booked a room and then demolished our traditional chicken & chips and San Miguels.  
Very “déjà vu”, after all the times we have stopped here!

Day 2 – Sunday January 15<sup>th</sup> 2012 – 930kms – 10hrs driving

An early start after the usual weird Spanish breakfast.



The weather between Madrid and the coast is very changeable in January. We experienced startling blue skies. Ice and frost, thick fog and swirling mist.



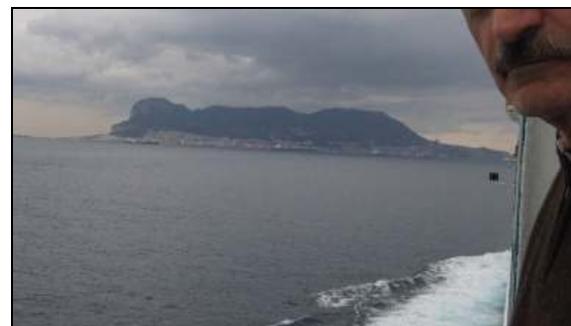
We drove down to the coast via Cordoba and Seville, so as to avoid the Costa del Sol. Both cities were extremely busy with traffic, but we got through without incident. We reached Algeciras at about 15:30. Again, my GPS helped us find our way into the industrial estate where “Carlos” the ferry ticket man, has his office. **N 36.17926 W 5.44116**

As the nearby LIDL was closed (Sunday) we didn't do any alcohol shopping, and were in the ferry queue **N 36.13086 W 5.44112** within an hour for the 16:00 ferry to Tanger-Med. This finally left about an hour late. It was not one of the catamaran “fast ferries”, but a “normal” boat.

Many of the Moroccan cars start jostling for position to get aboard first. What they hoped to achieve, God only knows.



Although slower, a boat is good, in that you can get on the decks outside. On the catamarans you stay inside for the entire journey. This can be very unpleasant if the crossing is rough and there are people suffering sea-sickness!



You usually get a good view of Gibraltar, as the ship leaves Algeciras. Passport control for Morocco is dealt with on board. An enormous queue forms in the bar area, even before departure. Join it early.

## MOROCCO

Tanger-Med – the new port between Tanger and Ceuta - is DEFINITELY the best place to enter Morocco. Although the unloading of the ship was chaotic in the extreme this time, the immigration/customs officials got me through in about 15 minutes, once I reached the customs shed. Rick's papers somehow got to the bottom of the pile and I had to wait another 30 mins at the terminal for him!

As the ship was docking, we were "shooed" out of the bar/lounge area down to the car deck. Mayhem. EVERYONE had started their vehicles and the air was thick with diesel fumes. This time the police decided to check passports as each vehicle disembarked, one by one. Everyone now started sounding their hooters in protest at the delay, adding to the mad-house atmosphere. And again, all the drivers started jostling for position to get off.



After a quick visit to the ATM and the phone-card shop in the terminal building, we were away. However, the weather had "turned" and the rain was now torrential. The worst I have ever seen in Morocco. And of course it was dark. And the yellow French headlights on my car could not cope, so I followed in Richard's "wake". We filled up at the first autoroute fuel stop and had a bite to eat and then headed off to Rabat/Temara.

Temara is about 300 kms from the port. As it is almost all autoroute, we managed it fairly quickly and checked into the Panorama hotel. **N 33.91632 W 6.96865** Big mistake. There was a wedding/disco going on and, combined with the "tired" facilities we decided to move for the second night. At one point I went out to the car to get something and it took me five minutes of pounding on the main door, which had been locked behind me by a "bouncer", to get back in.

### Day 3 – Monday January 16<sup>th</sup> 2012 – (minimal driving around Rabat & environs)

In the morning we went into Rabat to hand in the passports at the Mauritanian embassy for our visas. **N 33.980585 W 6.830676** The officials at the embassy were, although late opening up, actually pleasant for a change.

We now had 36 hrs to kill. Apart from lots of coffee and croissants etc, the internet beckoned. This cybercafe in the backstreets near the embassy proved to be adequate. **N33.98219 W006.82520**

Rick also managed to find a nearby shop that sold him some tubing to effect a repair to his windscreen washers.



Back in Temara, we decided to switch to the much nicer “La Felouque” hotel, on the beach, a few hundred metres from the Panorama. **N33.91869 W006.96983**

The weather was not up to much, the pool was closed and the place was nearly deserted. But the staff were very pleasant and I think in the summer this would be a nice place to stay.



Day 4 – Tuesday January 17<sup>th</sup> 2012 – 678kms – 8hrs driving

A leisurely start to the day. Plenty of time for breakfast and lunch. The Mauritians did not open the embassy until 16:00 (instead of 15:00), so our drive to Mirleft did not start until late. We have decided to wait until morning in future to do this leg. Most of the drive was in the dark and we arrived at the “Abertih” **N 29.58152 W010.03322** very late again. BUT – we had emailed ahead and beers and rooms were waiting for us.



Day 5 – Wednesday January 18<sup>th</sup> 2012 – 485kms – 6hrs driving

While Rick utilised the hotel wifi, I had a wander around and took some pictures. One of these days I shall spend a bit more time in Mirleft! They are doing a lot of renovation work.





I'm told that there are plenty of things to do involving parachutes and surfboards, down on the beach, and there are plenty of opportunities for retail therapy or just lounging about drinking coffee!

The autoroutes are now behind us, so progress is stately from here on. We averaged 80km/hour today. Being "old hands" (!) we have ironed out some of the "getting lost places". Sidi Ifni has a left turn **N29.383138 W010.172288** that has caught us every time in the past. Found it! Similarly, Guelmim centre can be avoided with a neat little short cut at **N28.994618 W010.070769** , next to the petrol station, through a new development, pointed out to us previously by an orange vendor.

It was a little worrying in Guelmim to see queues for fuel. However, we had enough to get to Tan-Tan and decided to push on. (There were also unexplained queues there.)

Tan-Tan has the reputation for being the one spot where you will probably get a ticket from the traffic cops! There is a quirky little roundabout **N28.448650 W011.111654** with a stop sign at one point. Stop here or you WILL get a 40euro ticket.



Following are a few shots taken along the road from Tan-Tan to the camp-site.





The “big hole” is at **N 28.10712 W 12.03749** – the waves have broken through the cliff and have formed an inlet. Always worth a look!



The Roi Bedouin camp site is at **N27.461704 W13.051763** and is a reasonable night stop. It’s about 4kms (to the right) off the tarmac across the desert. There are (western) toilets and showers. All their power is solar and wind generated. We used our own tents although you *can* hire berber tents if you want. And there is food available in the “restaurant” tent.



We cooked up a meal and had a reasonably early night. There’s not a lot to do there! We were the sole visitors that night.

Day 6 – Thursday January 19<sup>th</sup> 2012 – 785kms – 8hrs driving

Pictures of us in the desert after leaving the camp site.



The next town, Laayoune, is quite a scary place. It is an army town and most of the inhabitants seem to be in khaki. Having said that, we have never yet encountered any problems here. Approaching the town is where I turned the camera off – I don't fancy spending any time there!



At Boujdour, we had a curious encounter with the police checkpoint at the entry to the town. We were asked if we had any beer or whisky! I thought the cop was just on the usual scrounge, but it transpires that the town is an “alcohol free” zone, a bit like Touba in Senegal.

A photo-opportunity with some wild camels, and a “self-portrait” on the road.



At the Dakhla turnoff, I had my one and only run-in with the law. On the only occasion during the whole trip I was asked to show my insurance document. It transpired that I had picked up the temporary cover note by mistake and it had expired the previous day! The cop explained that the fine would be 60 euros. After a lot of haggling and wrangling he suggested to me that we could come to an “arrangement”. The charge for this was 20 euros which, naturally, involved no receipt and it went straight in his pocket. Hey-ho!

This year we decided not to sleep in the cars at the border for a change, and go for a bit of comfort. So we stayed at the new “Brabus” Motel, which is 83kms north of the border. Very nice too. Had some reasonable chicken & chips there as well. I’ll be doing that in future, that’s for sure!

Day 7 – Friday January 20<sup>th</sup> 2012 – 524kms – 5½hrs driving

An 07:30 start today to get us into a decent place in the queue at the border. We arrived there at about 08:30. The border was supposed to open at 09:00 but of course it was late.



The dawn run to the border and the sign AT the border telling us how far it was to go back!



Our cars in the dawn light at the border. Below .. the “other” motel, at the border. Looks a little “basic” and we have not tried it.



The mayhem here is not for the feint-hearted, but was a lot better than 2011 – all the dozens of “Budapest-Bamako” cars were absent for one thing. All the to-ing and fro-ing from one office to another to get this stamped and that examined and stamped takes an inordinate length of time. It’s almost as if they are doing their best to string it out for as long as possible. It would be more understandable if they were

charging for parking by the hour! At one point we were in an incredible melee at the final office with piles of passports sitting on a window-sill with dozens of travellers surging around the window shouting and bawling with officials pushing and shoving and barking orders. One policeman had me transfixed, watching a large fly sitting on his lower lip

while he was yelling orders. I was mesmerised, waiting for it to disappear into his huge mouth. It didn't. Part of the scrum was a group of self-important French camper-van drivers. When one pile of passports was thrust out of the office window, their stamps having been applied, the French guys, assuming they were theirs, grabbed them and started marching off toward the car park. Rick and I intercepted them and discovered that our passports were in their clutches! Hurrumph! So ... of we go into the minefield.

## MAURITANIA



Exiting Morocco we were greeted by a throng of bandits/Mauritians at the start of the minefield, looking for "deals" on any contraband that might have escaped the clutches of the Moroccan Police/Douanniers. These are also the people who will haul you out, for a fee, if you stray into the soft sand in no-mans land. This year, after all the yelling at I got for getting us stuck previously, I insisted that Rick

go in the lead. I think I detected a slight smugness when we emerged on the Mauritanian side unscathed, 15 minutes later at 13:00! The Mauritians processed us very quickly by comparison, although there seemed to have been a lot more small "fees" this time, including a charge for parking! Several people enquired, regarding our travel plans ... we declared that we were off to Nouadhibou for a couple of days to wait for friends. And so off we went, being careful not to acquire any "tails". At the T-junction we turned left toward Nouakchott and pressed the right pedals down firmly.



The dust storms were back this year but not as fierce as we've known them. Only a small amount of paint got sand-blasted from the front of my car. Rick had deployed half a roll of MY gaffer tape on the front of his car to avoid that problem. He later complained that it left a lot of glue on his car!

Having full tanks we just gunned it all the way to Nouakchott. There were some check points but things seemed a lot friendlier this year. Thankfully, we arrived at the Sahara Auberge in daylight, having averaged 92km/hr. It was quite busy and so we had to take beds in one of the communal rooms, sharing with two other guys. Rick served up an excellent spaghetti & chicken dinner and we then strolled over the road to a café and a sim card shop. I phoned my Dad who was a little concerned that we were not armed! The café owner was very amiable and indeed seemed to be fixing us up with one of the waitresses. We politely declined. We later slept fairly well despite the various noises emanating from the other occupants of the dormitory.

Day 8 – Saturday January 21<sup>st</sup> 2012 – 280kms – about 5hrs driving

Another early start. We left Nouakchott in the early light of dawn, by the route I figured out on Google Earth a few years ago. It was like a war zone. At one point we passed what must have been a fairly recent accident in the middle of the road – a VW Golf that looked like it had been bombed and a small truck with the front end in tatters. No people in evidence and traffic just driving around it all.

However this is a quick and direct route out of town and we encountered no problems at all. There were a few checkpoints south of the city but nothing serious.

The Diama “piste” - start - **N 16.78850, W 16.09947** end - **N 16.52955, W 16.23866** (t-junction with the old road) was as bad as ever, but not as bad as the old piste. At a police check point we were lumbered (as is the custom) with a couple of passengers and “my” one nearly got us stuck in some soft sand due to bad directions. However, we finally dropped them off near and in Keur Massène. The ruts had taken their toll though – my plastic sump guard had now disintegrated and Rick’s came apart shortly afterward – both requiring minor “surgery”.



The Diama road takes you through the Diawling National Park. We saw many birds – cranes, pelicans and flamingos - and lots of scary looking cows, and at one point Rick went tearing across the mud flats trying to get pictures of some Warthogs. They were however not inclined to stand still.





The pot-holes on this road are awesome – some, three or four feet deep. On the final stretch to the border, Rick managed to find a camel that just trotted along in front of him for about five minutes. This is best appreciated on my video of the event!



Rick was persuaded by a Park “ranger” to, as a favour, take a car battery down to the police post at the border, 10kms away. This turned to my advantage, as it defused the situation caused by me not stopping at the rusty old “STOP” sign next to the police post. In the excitement, the grumpy sergeant was forced to let me off with a scowl.

As usual, the formalities on the Mauritanian side of the Diama border crossing were courteous and efficient. It is a great shame that tourists are being scared off from Mauritania by the terrorists. Generally speaking it’s a much more friendly place to visit than Senegal and would be worth spending a lot more than 24hrs in.

## SENEGAL

So – across the dam and into Senegal. As usual, it’s 10euros per car just to get the barrier lifted. The first of a string of “fees” designed to fleece the tourists.

The police were very friendly and relaxed and our passports were processed very quickly despite all the shouting and bawling going on in their office. The sergeant seemed to be conducting five simultaneous conversations, and there was a woman asleep on a camp-bed behind him. The “fees” went straight in his pocket.

At this point you can neither return to Mauritania, as your visa has now expired, nor proceed into Senegal, as you first have to clear customs. There is a rule in Senegal that you cannot bring in a car more than five years old without acquiring a “passavant”. The normal charge for this and the related entry in your passport at any other Senegalese border post is about 3 euros. At Diama and Rosso, both crossings controlled by the “mafia”, the 2012 negotiations started at 240 euros. (In 2011 we paid 50 euros per car.) As we were known to the head bandit, we managed to knock him down to 150 each. However, we did not have enough with us in euros to cover the charge. “Not a problem” he says, “we can go to the ATM in St Louis!”. During the proceedings, the head bandit phoned “Martin” at the Zebrabar camp-site and got him to explain to us over the phone that there was no way around paying the charge, and that we should not upset him! We found this not a little suspicious. So a convoy of the head bandit and four cars (us and some other unfortunates who paid 200 each) tore off down the road to St Louis. I was as close as a limpet to the rear of his car, anxious not to lose him – the others got worryingly further and further behind, but they caught up in heavy traffic. The only plus

point here was that he escorted us past the police “gare de péage” which is where we always have a run-in with the thieving cop that mans it. At the first ATM machine, many thousands of CFA’s were extracted and handed over, in exchange for the passavants, which had been filled out with the wrong exit post. This got us some tut-tutting later. We were allowed three days in Senegal.

From here we covered the short distance across the bridge into St Louis and the haven of peace that is the Hotel de la Poste, for our now traditional arrival beer. We had a good laugh at some tourists that were bussed in while we were there, replete in their safari outfits and bush hats.



We then made our way to the Oasis hotel - **N15.98904 W016.51142** – and got rooms for two nights for a bit of “R&R”. The bar staff and the rooms were very nice! On arrival, we had a beer and a snack. The panini I had became very suspect a few hours later!



The hotel, which is right on the beach, has a collection of huge tortoises, each about half a metre long, in a pen in the gardens.



The beach outside the hotel, and flowers in the hotel gardens.



On the first day there we took a stroll across the bridge which has been beautifully restored with wooden walkways, lighting and a new tarmac surface on the road. One of the other walkers, we noticed, had on a “United” ROONEY shirt! There were also scores of “raptors” – kites, buzzards etc circling the bridge in the early evening sky.



Later, we walked up the road from the Oasis to investigate a local bar/restaurant, recommended by another resident. After a couple of beers and a kebab bar snack, I suddenly got massive “hot flushes” and my head started swimming. I went outside to get some air and luckily Rick followed me, as a few seconds later I blacked out and collapsed to the floor. Rick caught me on the way down. As I hit the deck I threw up and was in dreamland for about 20 seconds, much to his alarm. When I came to, having no recollection of passing out, after about 5 minutes I felt completely OK. It was very bizarre. Was it the panini earlier? Was it the kebab? Was it anything to do with the Malarone (anti-malaria tablets) that I started taking today? I certainly was not drunk. (I know what THAT feels like!) The bar owner was very concerned but also relieved to see me in the restroom washing off my shirt. We made our excuses and left. That was the

end of it and there was no recurrence, although I was a bit worried about going to sleep that night!

Day 9 – Sunday January 22<sup>nd</sup> 2012 – (in St Louis)

Spent the day lazing around and recuperating. That evening we ate in St Louis at a little restaurant called “La Pirogue”. They did NOT poison me! More beers followed, back at the Oasis.

Day 10 – Monday January 23<sup>rd</sup> 2012 – 589kms – about 13hrs driving

Another dawn start. The hotel night-watchman let us out at 07:00 – our plan was to get out of St Louis before the traffic cops set up their cash registers. It seemed to work. At the usual spot, just south of town, there was the check-point in operation, but the cops were busy with some sort of “incident” and the soldier that was also there just waved us through – probably before he realised we were wallets-on-legs (foreigners). The journey south was then without incident.

On all past trips we have taken the left turn at Louga for the road to Touba. However, the section from Louga to Ndoiyene-Dakhar is always in an awful condition and is one of the slowest sections of the journey. So this time we stayed on the Dakar road until Kebemer and turned left at **N15.373979 W016.449680** – (there is a small right-then-left shortly after) - this is a MUCH better road, with a good tarmac surface, and we “flew” down to Darou Mousti and then Touba (see the next two photos).



When we stopped for lunch (and drew the usual audience – one of whom is chief suspect regarding Rick’s missing kitchen knife!), because of the excellent progress we were making, I came out with the idea that we **could** get to Kololi that evening, rather than spending the night at Farafenni. I would be slapped around the head with this idea later that night!

Touba. Always an interesting part of the journey! I have never seen so many donkey carts! As we entered the town, this time we had to trundle along for miles behind a battered Toyota Police van. As we got to the mosque, the van lurched to a halt and the back door swung open revealing all the people in the back. A burly police officer approached the open door and proceeded to lash the first occupant with a donkey whip. I could not decide if he was larking about or if this was some sort of summary punishment! After another hundred metres the van again lurched to a halt and the driver got out and went shopping. He could be seen at a nearby stall trying on hats. This brought the whole area to a complete standstill, as he had just stopped in the middle of the road, and nothing could pass. Another police officer appeared after a few minutes, berating the shopper, who could not see what the problem was. He did however agree to move the van. Eventually the pandemonium subsided and order was restored. On we went through Diourbel and Gossas toward Kaolack.

It was somewhere along here that I passed a moped swerving from side to side. Rick followed, but the idiot driver had not realised there were **two** cars and made to turn left in front of Rick's car. Lots of arm waving and shouting ensued. The girl sitting on the back didn't seem too happy either!

Leaving Kaolack, I became aware of this strange, loud hissing noise behind me and feared a major problem with the car. When I came to a halt outside a petrol station the source of the noise became apparent. The ancient fire extinguisher donated by Rick had apparently decided that enough was enough and started discharging in the car. They can make a surprising amount of mess inside a car. I hauled it out and, much to the amusement of the petrol pump attendants, let it empty in front of the car.

The road out of Kaolack – once I got the right turning! – is now in excellent condition, almost all the way to the border. With all the big trees lining the road, it was almost like being in rural France.



And so we arrived at the border. If only the Senegalese there were posted to Diama. It was almost a pleasure dealing with them. Au revoir Senegal!

## GAMBIA

I got the distinct impression that none of the officers on duty that day had any experience dealing with foreigners at the border. My Irish passport caused some interest, and they had to get out “the book” to decide if I needed a visa. During the customs “rummage” of our vehicles I had to part with a couple of paperbacks to help with one of the officer's reading. However, the formalities were all concluded with very good humour, in ENGLISH and we soon made our way to the police station at the “big tree” in Farafenni, for the final stamp in the passports. We had arrived in the Gambia. And it seemed like everyone wanted to buy Rick's car – even the customs officers.

And so we were off to the ferry. The queue of trucks was astonishingly long. Some of those drivers were going to be there for days. Being in cars, we were thankfully in a separate queue, presided over by a cop that scrounged three packets of Chinese black tea in exchange for “preferential” treatment. This is where things started to go wrong. A truck broke down on the old, small ferry, causing pandemonium. It took about an hour to extricate it. Down at the dockside, the “marshall” in charge of loading vehicles scrounged a handful of sweets and a chocolate cake from us to ensure we were on the same boat. I was on first and several cars followed and then one of the trucks. But the truck was loaded badly and despite their best efforts, Rick's car would not fit on the back. So off I went, leaving Rick on the north bank.



It was a couple of hours later, and virtually dark, when Rick finally emerged from the dust cloud on the south bank. There had been much confusion preceding his crossing involving the two ferry boats and the sequence of their crossing of the Gambia river, so by the time we got to the Soma petrol station, it was night. We should have been in Kololi by this time, had the plan worked.



Instead we had to now drive the south road in the dark. It's not pleasant in daylight. It is about 200kms to Kololi and only the second half is tarmac. Off we went, with Rick in the lead.



My headlights were not up to leading, but being second meant that I had to endure the dust cloud as well as poor lighting.

Police and army checkpoints are difficult to spot in the dark and they have all got AK47s. A cow standing in the middle of the road was another interesting feature.



By the time we got to the Timbuktu guest house it was 23:00, but at least we were safe, and there were the last two rooms available to us.

Day 11 – Tuesday January 24<sup>th</sup> 2012 – in the Gambia

The first day was spent lazing about on the beach. We felt that we deserved it. This was the fastest trip we had done but it **could** have been done quicker, although I doubt if we will ever beat that time.



One of my “missions” was to get a haircut, which I did, near Serrakunda market. One day, near the beach we spotted this pink discovery which brought back memories of the 2006 trip, when our Sierra wheels were daubed with B&Q “Sexy Pink” near Laayoune in Morocco by the “Grease Monkeys”. We can laugh now, it says here” ☺



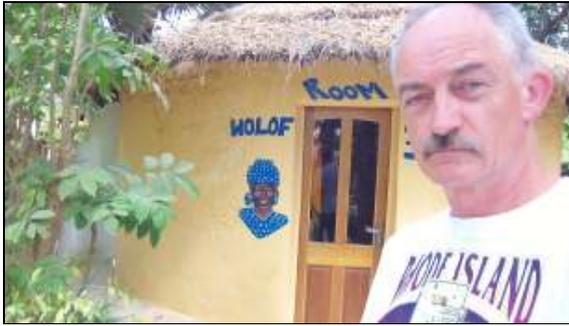
Pictures taken at the Timbuktu .... Our little neighbour, Mariama, the cars in the yard, the view from the roof, Rick's "wad" – the proceeds from his car sale, what Rick's car looked like after the new owners had rearranged the rear end and Betty from the "Come Inn" bar/restaurant near the Timbuktu.



Day 19 – Wednesday February 1<sup>st</sup> 2012 – The day I sold the car

I took the car down to Senegambia (“the strip”) with the “For Sale” sign in the back, parked up outside the Ali Baba restaurant, and went in to have lunch. Half way through my second Julbrew, the phone went. Within 15 minutes the deal was done and I had a wad of euros in my pocket. THAT is the way to sell a car!

By way of celebration, I borrowed a car from one of the lads at the pub and took off on my own for a couple of days down at the Boboi Beach Lodge in Kartong. And very nice it was too!



Day 26 – Wednesday February 8<sup>th</sup> 2012 – homeward bound

I could easily have stayed longer, but I decided that it was time to get home. Things to do etc etc! The cheapest way for me to get home turned out to be via “Condor” the German charter airline, from Banjul to Frankfurt. Now, a plan hatched in my head after the initial suggestion from Rick. Why not get another car in Germany and drive it home from there? The more I thought about it, the better the idea sounded. The public transport journey from Frankfurt was going to be at least 300 euros, so a cheap Mondeo sounded like an excellent alternative. Then it dawned on me that we have a friend LIVING in Frankfurt – Christel! I eventually tracked down the car I wanted on the internet, from an internet café in Kololi and Christel helped me sort out the deal and the logistics of getting there from the airport. Off I went to Banjul airport in the taxi. The flight was at 21:35 – arriving in Frankfurt at 05:10. (Pictures of the Banjul taxi and the sat-nav doing 712km/hr over the Sahara.)



Less than 12 hours after landing, I had made my way by train and bus to the car, knocked it down from 650 to 450 euros, bought it, got it registered to me, bought and fitted the new plates, driven back to Christel’s house and got the (supplied!) winter tyres fitted by the neighbourhood garage. (Thank goodness for sat-nav!) (I shall now be selling the summer tyres and their alloy wheels.)

Had a pizza with Christel and then spent the night in the guesthouse next door.

Day 28 – Friday February 10<sup>th</sup> 2012 – 1450kms - 12½ hrs driving

The drive home was long but uneventful – not TOO much snow! I took the (slightly) longer route via Nimes (not Paris/Bordeaux) which was probably a bit quicker. The car runs well and should be good for a run down to Banjul.... ???????

