

## 25.9.2016 Tanger Med, Fnidiq, M'diq (Marokko)

We are boarding the ferry to Morocco with 30 minutes delay, but then depart almost immediately. There are only a few cars and trucks on board. On this ferry, we can handle immigration procedures directly on board. This is a service from the Moroccan government and we get our chops in the passport without any problems. The passage is shorter than the announced 90 minutes and after 70 minutes we already dock the pier in Tanger-Med.



We drive off the ship quickly and try to find our way through the harbor, which is a bit confusing, as customs clearance is not after de-boarding but at the exit of the harbor. The customs area is covered with large canapes, which are too low for our truck. They send us back and forth until we are allowed to pass on the side and park behind.



As the customs officer is inspecting our truck we have to open some of the outside storage compartments. They also want to check the inside and one officer enters the cabin holding a strange device with a radio antenna attached and points it in different directions. We have no clue what he is trying to find or looking for, but we pass the customs inspections with flying colours and soon drive on Moroccan roads.



We arrive in Morocco on a cloudy day, it is even cooler than in Spain. We drive through the next bigger city Fnideq, where we fill up our car with the relatively cheap diesel and continue to Mdiq, where we stop for today. We have only done about 30 km, but we want to settle and acclimatize ourselves to this new country first.



We explore M'diq, and try our first peppermint tea, which is very strong and very sweet. We find the Souk (local market) and order our first Moroccan meal which does not really look Moroccan, but it has a very special local taste.



As we stroll back to our truck, it seems the entire city is on the beach promenade, too. There is a very mixed crowd, with and without head scarves, Kaftan, Burkha, tight jeans, T-shirts – they enjoy watching us as much as we enjoy watching them...



## 26.9.2016 Tetuan

Our overnight spot at the beach was a bit noisy, as a late crowd arrives and is partying with music from the car radio. Well, therefore our overnight parking costs only 10DH (approx. 1 EUR). With our morning coffee, we get each 4 double size sugar cubes – the Moroccans have a very sweet tooth...



تعريف مواقف السيارات Tarif Parking		
تاريخ: 06 h 00 - 22 h 00 من الساعة العظمى ليلة الجمعة إلى الساعة العظمى صباح الجمعة		
نهارا		
السيارات المشاطات 10.00 دراهم	5.00 دراهم	
السيارات العادية 4.00 دراهم	2.00 دراهم	
الدراجات العادية 2.00 دراهم	1.00 دراهم	



In the next bigger city Tetuan we have to adapt to Moroccan style chaos. As we are looking for a parking spot, people constantly follow us with their motorbikes and want to bring us to the Medina or to the Berber market which is taking place JUST TODAY. Many Moroccans speak fluently German and as they see our number plate immediately address us in German. Once we walk, this is getting better.



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We drive along the Northern Mediterranean coastline and soak in the first impressions of rural Morocco and landscape. As in many developing countries also here are living many great load masters. It seems the old model Mercedes 207 buses are used the most for all kinds of transportation needs.



We drive via Oued Laou and Jebha and have to climb over some quite high mountain passes, the highest being at 800m. This takes longer than expected and we only arrive at our camp site in the early evening.

Along the road, there are sometimes people and sometimes even whole groups sitting beside the road in the middle of nowhere and we always wonder how they got there, where do they want to go and what are they waiting for...



We drive to Torres, where we can camp directly on the beach.



### 27.9.2016 Torres, Nador

Our destination for today is the Zegzel Gorge which is supposed to be worth a visit. The road leads us away from the coastline further inland and we have to pass over another 920m high pass. On the top, where it is much cooler we decide to have our lunch break.



Also here, the landscape is covered with rubbish, it seems they just throw all of their rubbish out of their car and into the countryside and not even think about its consequences. In regards to environmental protection, rubbish handling and aesthetics they have a long way to go.



As we drive along, all of a sudden, our clutch is not working properly and quickly we realize that it is the same problem again which we had in Iceland. We cannot change gears as the clutch does not separate anymore the engine and the gearbox. The next bigger city Nador is „just“ 85km away and according to Mercedes Germany there is a workshop which can even repair Unimogs. So we change course and go straight to Nador.

We find the mentioned address, but only to realize that there is no Mercedes workshop, the existing repair shop has never seen an Unimog ever before. The database of Mercedes Truck Germany is not very up to date, which is quite disappointing. As we try to find out more, suddenly a car with German number plate 'MTK' stops besides us and Ibrahim asks us if he could be of any help. He is guiding us to a Mercedes spare part dealer and afterwards to a very local truck repair shop, which Werner did not like. Eventually he guides us to the “best” truck workshop in town.

With hands and feet, in French, Spanish, English and Moroccan we explain and discuss our clutch problem. These mechanics are quite experienced and repair trucks from MAN, Scania, DAF, Volvo etc... Although they also have never seen an Unimog before they quickly identify the cylinder amplifying the clutch pedal pressure as the culprit. Still not sure if that is really the problem we decide to exchange this cylinder – as we had already twice disassembled it...



As a funny side story, Ibrahim suddenly realizes that the chief mechanic is actually his cousin, which he had not seen for many years. At least, this two hours tour through Nador has also a positive outcome for him.

## 28.9.2016 Nador

In the morning we „fight“ our way to the Mercedes spare part dealer. The ride is really rough as Werner can only change gears by pushing them in with crude force, pumping the clutch system and playing with the forces on the gearbox – not very elegant and not good for our truck. In the shop we learn to our great disappointment

that the clutch cylinder is not available in Morocco and has to be ordered in Germany. Which means it will be stuck in Moroccan customs for 25 days until they release it...

Still under shock we are discussing our options, as a friendly Moroccan starts to talk to us in German, also asking if he could be of any help. Abdellah who is living in Frankfurt and imports spare parts to Morocco starts to take care of our problem. He calls a few of his contacts and even offers to get his brother in Germany involved to fetch the spare part for us. We are discussing our options on how to get the part into Nador or if we should go to Melila, a Spanish enclave, which would solve our customs problem. Suddenly, a phone call from one of his contacts! The spare part is available in Casablanca and will arrive in Nador tomorrow morning with an overnight delivery truck. In Shallah, of course. We are so extremely happy, we could have kissed him. He just says dryly "You should consider yourselves very lucky that I got up early this morning..."

Relieved we drive to the recommended parking at the harbor and start to explore the city, have a few refreshments and visit a local Souk/market. As we shop our way through the souk, a Moroccan woman follows us all the time and watches carefully that we are not overcharged by the dealers but pay the correct "local" price – it saves us a few rounds of negotiations. The Moroccans are indeed very friendly people and always try to help.



Our Turkish bread we buy directly from the „Passat“ delivery vehicle.



Let's hope that our spare part will make it onto the delivery truck tonight! In Shallah.

### 29.9.2016 Nador, Zegzel

The part is supposed to arrive at 10 am and hopeful we go to the shop. Indeed, the spare part has arrived on time from Casablanca. We drive straight to the work shop and they change the part immediately. However, to get the air out of the system is rather difficult. They work on it with four people and the two sitting underneath the car get a break fluid shower...



After the surgery we can drive, but it is not perfect and Werner has to push the clutch pedal at least twice before he can change gears. At least it is much better than before. A bit worried if we can start to tour the South with the problem not entirely solved we drive to Zegzel...



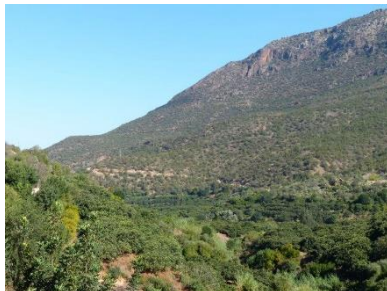
Along the road are stalls selling fresh pomegranate. But where the heck is our seller running to? Werner is wondering, but soon we realize that his scale is on the other side of the road!

We drive only a short distance into the Zegzel gorge where we can park undisturbed and can even watch local wildlife. They have a barbeque area, which we put in use for our dinner without hesitation.



### 30.9.2016 Berkane, Oujda

Today we drive through the Zegzel gorge and further until Berkane.



Drinking tea and coffee in the many local coffee shops is strictly a man's pastime. Dewi is often the only female guest. To always only see men chatting in a café is really weird. Do all the ladies never go for a coffee or if they go where do they go to?



As we fill up at the local fuel station, we ask for water as well – as usual it works out with sign language.. We even get fill-up service but the guy has to stand on an old oil drum...

Unfortunately, the clutch is getting worse again and we assume we still have too much air in the system. We come close to the Algerian border and pass through Oujda, a larger city of 400.000 people, where they should have a good truck workshop.



Just entering town, we see many car dealers and workshops. We have some luck and Nordir can together with Werner purge our clutch system further. His boss is the local Mitsubishi truck dealer and recommends us to exchange our Unimog for a really good truck ;-)



As we are running late we decide to stay in the city and drive to the main parking area at the railway station where we can park overnight. Today is Friday and we are lucky to be able to try for the first-time Couscous which is traditionally only offered on a Friday. One portion would have been really enough for the two of us.

