

17.11.2016 Plage Blanche

Today we will tackle the famous 'Plage Blanche' ('Weisser Strand'), a drive of 30 km on sandy beach along the ocean, which should only be attempted at low tide because on one side are sand dunes in front of a steep cliff and on the other side is the sea. En route there is no possibility to exit the beach, one either has to drive all the way to the end of the beach or one would have to turn around. Any major breakdowns should therefore be avoided.



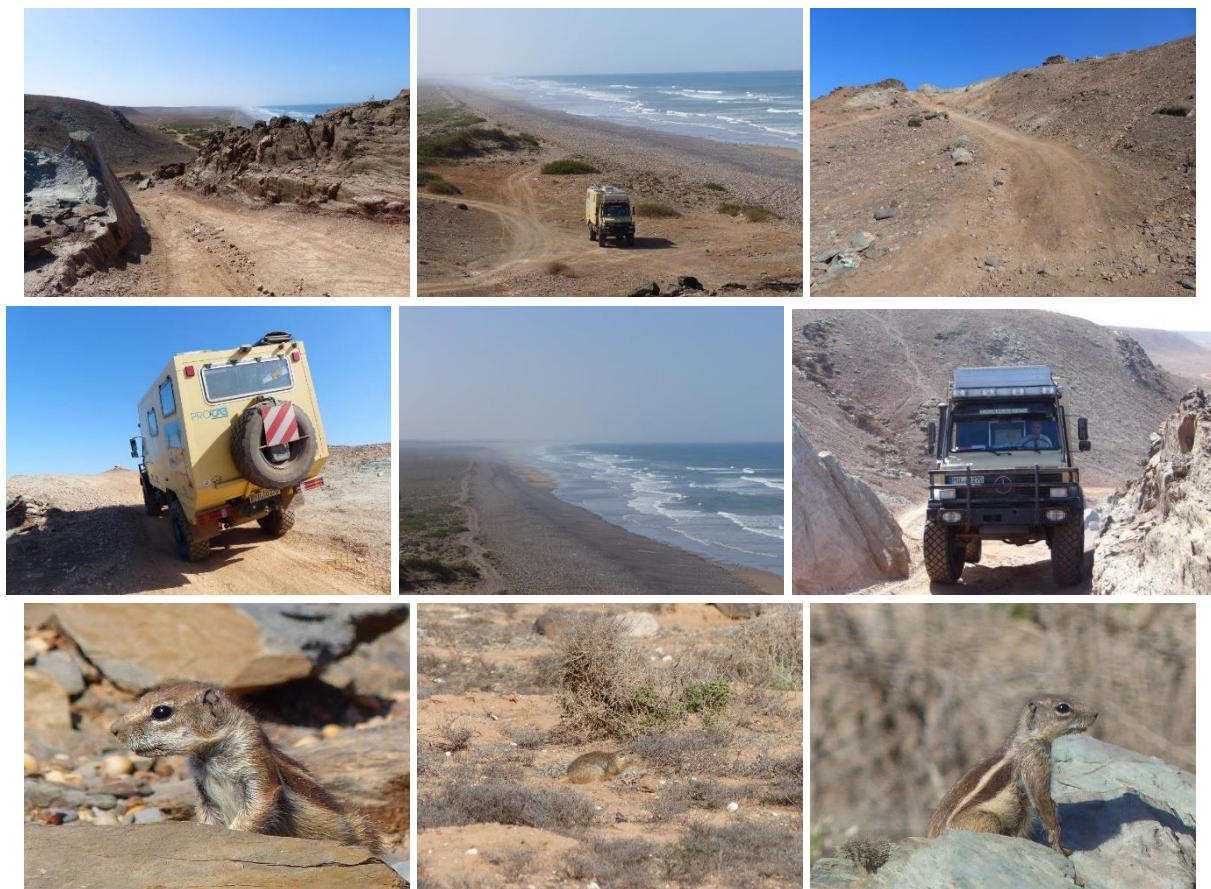
Along the first few kilometers we still see some fishermen on the beach and we even bump into our barbecue master from yesterday evening. He also recognizes us and is greeting Werner with a hearty „Aaah, le Chef de Cuisine.....” The Italian group which passed through yesterday has left clear track marks on the ground which makes it easy for us to follow. We could drive closer to the water line, where the sand is much firmer, but we try to stay away from the salt water as much as possible. With tire pressure reduced to 1.8 bar our Unimog is sailing smoothly through the soft sand.



After about two hours we have covered the 30 km and have to look for the exit from the beach onto the coastal track, which is not that easy.



Unfortunately, the remainder of the track is very rocky and we only make slow progress. Compared to this rocky track, driving along the beach was like driving on a German Autobahn...



Reaching a nice little bay we decide to stop here for the night, we have been shaken and stirred enough for the day. Coincidentally, this is also a good fishing spot....



18.11.2016 Sidi Ifni



If we thought yesterday's track was rough, today we learn another lesson, it is getting even worse. For eight km we need two hours!

There are several narrow passages where the road has been washed away. Each time we have to stop and check as we do not want to risk another flat tire.

Some minor road improvement work along the track is included in our job description.



We have to cross a last bridge at the bottom of a little gorge before we reach the tarred road. The descent to the bridge is challenging, the piste is small, very rough with a few very narrow bends and drops of 50 cm. Our 4x4 capabilities with the high ground clearance are of a big advantage. Very carefully, we drive down meter by meter and pray that we do have to turn around, which seems almost impossible...



Well, at least the last 42 km to Sidi Ifni are a piece of cake...

Sidi Ifni is a nice little town, and after five days in the desert with only sand around us it feels like being back to high civilization.

Until 1969 Sidi Ifni was still a Spanish colony and the old buildings show their colonial past. Unfortunately, many buildings are run down and in urgent need of restauration.

The pedestrian zone on top of a cliff has several restaurants which offer meals with free great ocean views.





The local market and especially the fresh fish section are interesting. All kind of seafood like sea urchin, shellfish and many more are on display and for sale...

As we buy bread from a Moroccan, he surprises us with not only German language skills but even with Bavarian dialect skills as he hears us speaking. His Bavarian repertoire is quite impressive.



Finally, we drive over to the camp site El Barco, located directly at the ocean, separated from the sea only by a little wall.



19.11.2016 Sidi Ifni

At the camp site we meet Agnes und Heinz from Austria, who are travelling Morocco with their Mercedes 1222 with a caravan fitted on the back. In a stark contrast Jan and Andreas arrive on the camp site with only a Golf III even without 4x4. They plan to drive to Guinea-Biseau, all without 4x4 (www.allesohneviermalvier.wordpress.com)



Today is market day, which we do not want to miss. Sidi Ifni is famous for its market and walking through is a truly interesting experience. Flying carpets, homemade tools, orange crates and much more...



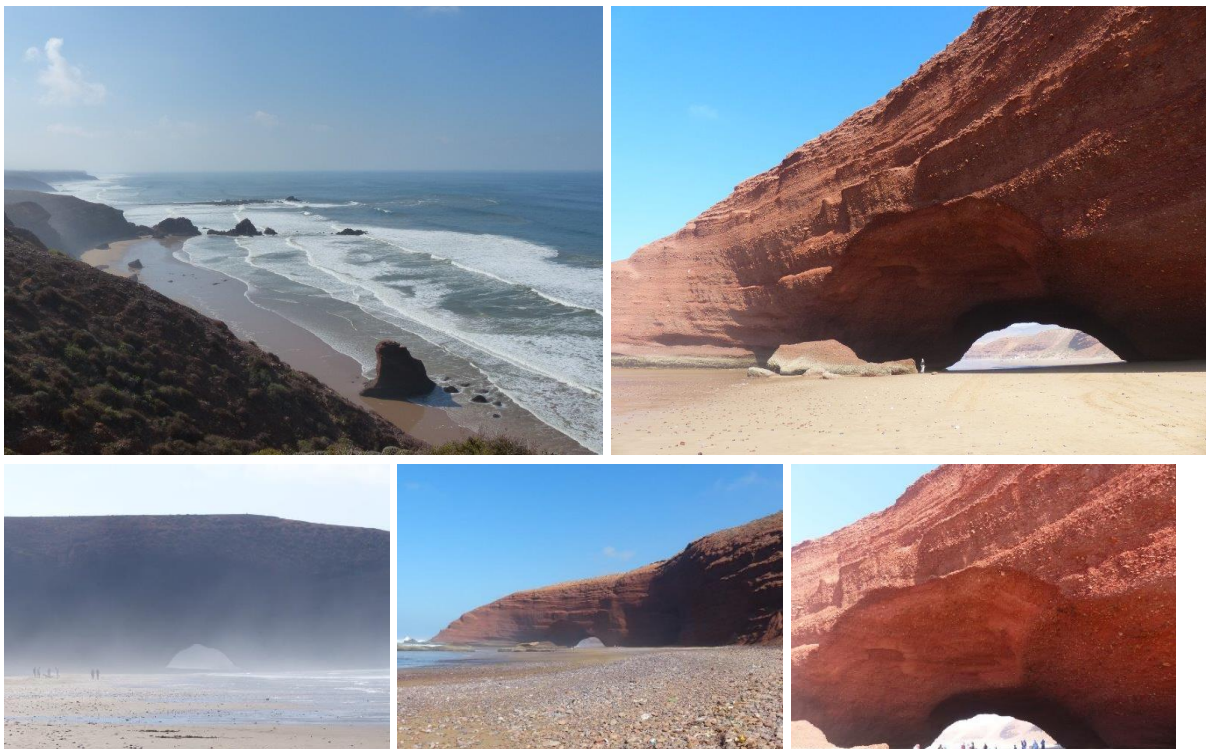


Sidi Ifni is a very pleasant coastal town, people are relaxed, no-one is bothering us, it has a big market and quite a few restaurants to choose from. This would be a good spot to camp for a longer period of time or to escape the European winter.

20.11.2016 Legzira, Mirleft

Time to say goodbye to our new friends. Agnes and Heinz are heading East, Jan and Andreas are heading South and we are going North...

Our next stop is Legzira only 12km North of Sidi Ifni, which is famous for its rock arch. For the first time, we find a beach which is not covered in rubbish! It is Sunday and many families are on the beach for a family outing.



After another 20km we reach Mirleft which is our destination for today. We stop at the parking site of the bay Imi Ntourga, not far behind town. The waves are pounding the beach with enormous force, we can watch this surf for hours, it is like watching TV.



21.11.2016 Inezgane, Agadir

We are heading North, aiming for Agadir. On the way, we pass through Aglou Plage with its huge holiday villages; in Massa next to Oued Massa everyone is greeting us, waving and smiling at us.



In Belfaa it is time for a long overdue car wash. The car in front of us in the washing bay has to back out of it, but the older man at the steering wheel is driving backwards without looking until he is stopped by our bull bar. And we thought we are not so hard to overlook! For the self-inflicted dent in his car he even demands money from us, however we kind of disagree. A few more driving lessons for him would be recommendable.

The next bigger city just before Agadir is Inezgane, which is well known for its large Souk (market), also frequented by the locals from Agadir. There is a lot of traffic, it looks very chaotic so we decide to give it a miss.





In the past, it was still allowed in Agadir to stay overnight at some popular spots, i.e. at the Marjane Supermarket, at the museum or at the beach. Unfortunately, this is not the case anymore, everywhere are now “No Camping” signs put up. We have no other choice than to go to the camp site „International“, which charges 100DH (10EUR) for broken showers and dirty toilets...

For the first time, there is a bit of nightlife to explore. We walk along the beach promenade to the Marina Agadir and towards the fishing harbor. Unfortunately, we fall prey to one of the touts like the absolute beginners, mainly because he spoke so well German. The bill is wrong and overstated but we are not in the mood for a big discussion; the people on the neighboring table are having a long discussion and their faces are long. One really has to be on full alert all the time and especially if approached by another person at a tourist hot spots. At least we had some fun and the dinner was tasty.



22.11.2016 Taghazoute, Tamri

Agadir is the world biggest fishing port for Sardines. We get up early, as we want to see the fishing boats unloading their catch of the night in the harbor in the early morning hours. Unfortunately, the security guard won't let us enter the harbor. Since August, tourists are not allowed to visit the harbor anymore. How strange, this was always one of the main tourist attractions of Agadir. Hmm, Agadir seems not to be on our side, so far we had mainly negative experiences here.

On top of it, it starts raining cats and dogs so we decide to leave this city and cancel the remainder of our sightseeing program in Agadir.

We drive along the coast and stop in Taghazoute for a while to watch the Surfers tackling the waves.



At Cap Rhir we want to go for a walk and have lunch, but as soon as we stop there is a group of children at our door, begging and asking for pens and chocolate; offering us live snails in a plastic bottle in return. We decide against a walk with lots of



accompanying children around us and want to move on.

As we drive off the children run behind our car and cling on to our back lights. Luckily, we have the truck horn which is so loud that usually all the children are scared off.

Meanwhile we have put it into use already a few times. Finally, even the most stubborn children are giving up...

The village of Tamri is in the heart of the „Banana Valley“, of course we have to buy bananas. A smaller type of bananas is grown here which are indeed very tasty.





We drive a detour towards the coast to Imsouane. At the beach, we find a few campervans and decide to join them, but only after one hour there is a knock at our door and a military style looking man tells us that it is forbidden to camp here overnight. Again! At the edge of town there is a campsite where we can stay if we want to stay here. It seems a little strange, that the manager of the campsite is walking with the soldier to inform everyone about his camp. We have a slight feeling that there is something going on, but we do not want to take any risk and obediently move to the campsite. Later we see that the other campers did not move away which confirms our suspicion. It looks like it is a deal going on between the campsite owner and the soldier...

