

27.9.2018 Mudumu National Park, Nakatwa Camp

It is so hot, we only find sleep in the early morning hours. Therefore, the alarm for the morning game drive is ignored, we decide to give it a miss. During the day a group of monkeys visit us and we watch two elephants on the Botswanan side across the river.



After our evening game drive, we wait for some time at a viewing standpoint and are rewarded for our patience. In total five herds of elephants come to the Kwando river for a drink. It is amazing how quiet these huge creatures can move through the bush. They stand for minutes in the water to cool down and enjoy splashing in the river. We haven't seen so many elephants for a long time.





28.9.2018 Mudumu National Park, Nkasa Rupara Rest Camp

In the morning we drive for a last time through the Mudumu National Park, but we see few wildlife. Even at the Hippo Pool no activity is to be recorded except for some tourists having their breakfast break here.



We decide to visit the two water holes in the northern part of the Mudumu NP as well. A warthog is enjoying him/herself in the mud, then we see for the first time a Roan Antelope.





Finally, we are on our way to Mamili Nkasa Rupara National Park, only 20 km away. The access to the Nkasa Rupara Rest Camp is leading via the village Sangawali on a narrow, overgrown and sandy track. We need 40 minutes for 13 km.



29.9.2018 Mamili Nkasa Rupara National Park, Katima Mulilo

Today we set our alarm and at 6:15 a.m. are at the gate of the Nkasa Rupara National Park, formerly known as Mamili National Park. The gate is open but there is nobody around. We drive to the reception, but it is closed, so we decide to waste no more time and enter the park without paying entrance fee.



The majority of the Mamili Park is a swamp and many tracks just end in the mud, they are too swampy to drive on. During raining season this park must be inaccessible or only by boat.

There is one water crossing we have to take on to get out to an island. It's no problem for our Unimog, but we still better check the water before driving in. We have to turn around a few times because the track is getting too soft and muddy.



At noon we leave the park and head towards Katima Mulilo. There is still no one around and the gate is still open... The road leads ahead again in a dead straight line and it is very hot. The only distraction are a few villages along the road. In the afternoon we reach Katima Mulilo, the provincial capital of the Zambezi region, formerly known as Caprivi.

We want to stay at the campsite of the Protea Marriott Hotel, the former Zambezi Lodge. It is the most frequented campsite here, located directly at the Zambezi river, on the opposite side of the river is Zambia.



Today is laundry day...



30.9.2018 Katima Mulilo

What a night! About 1:00 a.m. Werner wakes up as he hears some noise, someone seems to be at our entrance ladder. We immediately take our torches and check around only to discover that our camping table and chairs are missing. Normally, every evening we put away all our stuff and lock it in the car, but at the campsite of the Marriott Hotel we thought to be safe. A big mistake as it turns out. We rush out of the car, the security guard is standing in front of us at the river pointing hectically at the water. In the light of our torch, we can still see our table reflecting on the thieves' Mokoro (log boat) in the middle of the Zambezi. The thieves are rowing quickly across the river to Zambia! Sh*t! We are not amused and lecture the – as always – useless and sleepy security guards. Even more security people speed in two Land Cruisers to our site, but it's too late...

Our camp neighbours Ela and Heinz were robbed, too. Their heavy Zarges box with all kitchen equipment including plates, cooking equipment and food is gone. It is a bit scary to think about that the thieves were so close to our car while we were sleeping. Of course, the security guards only came to action after everything has happened. We are so excited, we only find sleep again after 3:00 a.m. A lot of things go through our heads, what else could have happened, smashed windows or we could have come face to face with the thieves... But we are also angry about the security situation of this 5-star hotel and the security personnel who is not doing their job.

In the morning we have a talk with the manager of the Protea Marriott Hotel and their security company contracted by the hotel. We suggest some urgent improvements like repairing the broken fence, more lights and security guards and better positioning of the guards. The manager is quite accommodating and she promises us to assist getting replacement for the stolen things.

In the evening we get together and have a drink with our camp neighbours Ela and Heinz and are joking: If we bring our chairs they will cook a meal for us...

1.10.2018 Katima Mulilo

The entire morning we spend finding replacement for the stolen items. The hotel provides a car with a driver who is driving us around town, we visit almost every shop in Katima. Katima has grown remarkably in the last few years and unexpectedly there are quite a few shops selling camping equipment.

Soap is also a best selling item in Katima Mulilo.



We are lucky to find two chairs which fit into our customs-build rack in the car. We also get a table, although it is 7cm too long for the back storage compartment. Back in the camp Werner has to partly destroy his customs-build rack system by cutting out wooden planks. However, this is better than cutting 7 cm off our brand new table.

As we just relax in the afternoon from the shopping tour, the hotel manager approaches us to ask if could go to the police station to file a case, otherwise they would not be able to claim this loss from their insurance. We have our doubts that we will ever see any compensation for our loss, but go with Ela to the police anyway.

The police station is a real experience under the chapter „This is Africa“. The entire station has no electric equipment, no computer, fax, copy machine or whatsoever. Everything is handwritten on a piece of paper, if it is important and a copy is needed, they put good old carbon paper between the sheets. The police man is very diligent, not the very smartest but armed with a Kalashnikov. He is interviewing us, as he has learned it at the police academy, every single stolen item is listed and described – down to the color of last plastic cup and German Pumpernickelbread (“P-u-m-p-e-r-what?”). Inbetween, some prisoners are guided past us, loaded into a prison car and driven away. It is already getting dark when we are back at the camp. Now we urgently need a beer!

2.-3.10.2018 Mutoya Camp

As our time during this trip is limited, we will not be able to cover large distances. We want to avoid a lot of driving without having time to properly explore the area we are visiting. Therefore, we decide to stay a few more days in Namibia and only do a short trip to Zambia to just visit the Ngonye Falls aka Sioma Falls.

Today we only drive about 30 km east of Katima Mulilo to the Caprivi Mutoya Campsite, where we have agreed to meet up again with Ela and Heinz. Located at a side arm or

lagoon of the Zambezi, this is a shady and well managed camp site. We have time for administrative homework, repair a gas cooker and go fishing.



4.10.2018 Sesheke, Kabula – Zambia

We are going to cross the border into Zambia, that means we first stock up on supplies and fill up diesel before we drive to the Wenela Border Crossing. On the Namibian side all border formalities are finalized quickly, passports and our carnet are stamped and off we go. On the Zambian side we need considerably more time, we have to go to different stations and need to change some local currency - Zambian Kwacha (ZMW). The process is a bit complex but somehow organized.

First, we pass the Health Screening where we have to stand in front of a thermal imaging camera. Then we pay our Visa-on-Arrival fees in USD, afterwards we have to line up for the Carbon Tax and the mandatory local Car Insurance only payable in Kwacha. The Road Tax however can only be paid in USD. At the last gate all papers are checked again and we have to pay a last council fee in Kwacha. After about two hours we are through and are for the first time in Zambia.

The roads are deserted, there is very little traffic and we drive mostly without seeing other cars. Many villages line up along the road, people live their typical village life and are busy collecting fire wood, stamping maize for dinner or just sit on the village place. We have heard about the extremely bad road, but meanwhile the tarred road is finished and still in a very good condition.



We drive along the Zambezi to the Kabula Lodge, where we are the only guests. A nice terrace overlooking the Zambezi is inviting us to have a sundowner beer. It looks like there have not been many guests here lately.

