

3.12.2016 Ouazzane, Chefchaouen

It is time to say good-bye, Elke and Christian will travel further up North to take the ferry back home in two days. We will also continue up North, but our next destination is Chefchaouen, the famous “Blue City”. The roads leading to Chefchaouen namely N4 and N13 are so bad, they are a real test to your carriage and running gear. There are big holes and ditches in the street, one has to fully concentrate on the road trying to escape these holes while the car is swaying from left to right feeling like on a camel.

While leaving Fes we are lucky again to see so many storks as we have never seen before.



In Ouezzane we stop for a quick halt. The town is quiet, maybe it's because of the drizzle rain, but it is also not a major tourist hotspot which is a pity. Actually, there should be more tourists because Ouezzane is a pretty town, located along a hill and worth a visit. For a change, in this medina everything is green-turquoise and not blue.





In the city many craftsmen are busy with their very unusual looking craft. The tailors are sewing so fast, it's hard to follow their needles. Others shape and turn what looks like a pipe, but we can't fully figure out what it is for.



Since we arrive quite late in Chefchaouen and it starts getting dark, we only try to find a suitable place for the night. Which is not so easy, because the city is clinging to a hill and the streets are narrow and crowded. We have to circle around town for quite a while until we find a good spot. Meanwhile it is totally dark and it's raining, so we decide to stay home and explore the city tomorrow.



4.12.2016 Chefchaouen, Tetouan, Fnideq

The „Blue City“ lives up to its reputation. Even in the rain all these different shades of blue look impressive, behind every corner a new photo opportunity is waiting.

Most shops are closed, only a few tourists brave the rain, so we can look at all the houses undisturbed.



After having explored almost every alley we have to leave the blue town with a heavy heart. We still discover a local market where we have a last meal, then we decide to leave Morocco with the beautiful impressions of Chefchaouen in our minds and drive towards the ferry.



It has rained for three days non-stop and the weather forecast is not very promising. Therefore, it would not make much sense to continue our travel, we don't want to drive around only trying to escape the rain. If we drive directly to the port we could still make the ferry to Algericas in Spain tomorrow. Morocco's nature and the farmers are happy about the rain and water is urgently needed, but as a tourist it's less fun.

We pass through Tetouan and Fnideq, where our trip has started more than two months ago and think back how we started, curious about getting to know a new country. First time fueling up, first time trying peppermint tea, trying to gauge how it all works. Actually, this first peppermint tasted too strong and bitter, that it almost also became our last one. In the meantime we have gained quite some „Morocco experience“... Our last camping spot is again at the sea, like in our first night, but this time in the rain and all by ourselves.



5.12.2016 Tanger Med (Morocco) – Algericas, Cadiz (Spain)

Shortly before reaching the ferry we try to spend all our last Dirham and buy tons of oranges and vegetable, we drink a last coffee and manage to arrive totally penniless at the port of Tanger-Med.

Due to all the rain the landscape has turned green, it looks very different to when we arrived.



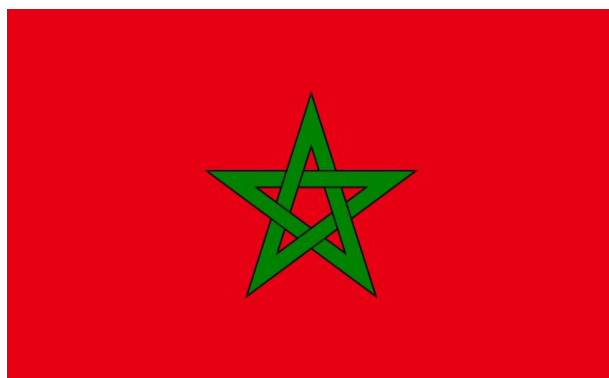
We are the port and as a farewell present we get another overdose of Morocco. A guy with an official (looking) port staff badge around his neck approaches us and wants our tickets to exchange them into boarding passes. We are skeptical, having had our fair share of touts trying to cheat us, therefore we are very hesitant. The man reacts almost offended: „Madame, I am officially working for the port authority” and he waves his staff badge. Finally, we give in and hand him our documents, but prefer to follow him as he walks away with our papers quickly. In two minutes, everything is sorted and we have our boarding passes. But now he is asking for money! If he is an official staff of the port authority he shouldn't ask for money. Now we are getting angry... Besides the fact that we don't have any cash left over anyways, we make clear to him that he better takes to his heels.

The customs officer at departure are not very friendly, but rather stroppy. They send us back to obtain a yellow departure paper, instead of giving us this piece of paper right away. To turn around with the Unimog on this narrow terrain is no real fun.



Then we have to locate the correct counter and need to find out where we can get this yellow paper... Lastly, all vehicles no matter if big or small are scanned by a huge scanner which is mounted on a long arm on a big truck. Obviously, they are looking for blind passengers. Meanwhile we have to wait in the rain. Well, this whole unfriendly departure procedure makes it easy for us to leave Morocco.

The ferry departs punctually at 12:15p.m. Bye-bye Morocco!



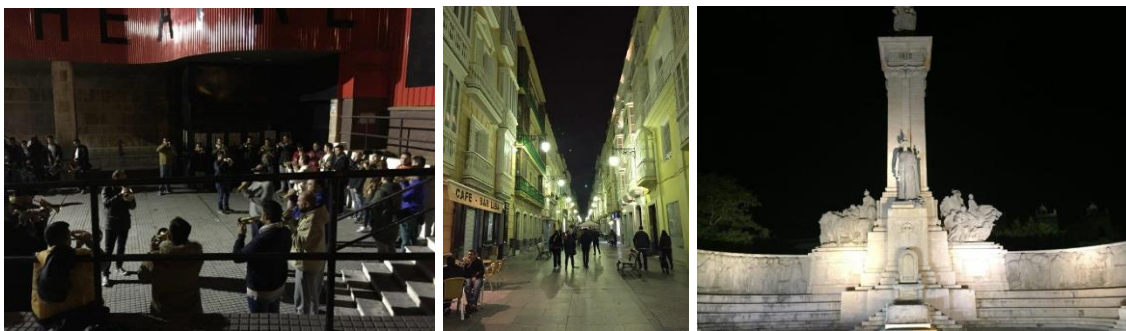
On the way down south to Morocco we were driving along the east coast of Spain, therefore on the way back up north we want to travel along the west coast, the Costa del Luz.

Also in southern Spain it has rained a lot, many paddocks are flooded, but slowly the sun is fighting her way through the clouds.

Our first stop is in Cadiz where it is not so easy to find the official caravan parking at the port, the signs are scattered sparsely. In the end we are lucky and find the place by pure chance. We have to pay parking at the machine and get a parking in the middle of port.



Suddenly we hear some noise and it literally sounds as if the cranes at port are squeaking very loudly. We find out, that a big group of musicians is practicing in the remoteness of the port area. When we get close the music sounds much better and nothing like „squeaking cranes” anymore... It is a very interesting ‚old’ melody and we are listening for quite a while.



6.12.2016 Cadiz, Sevilla

We are in Spain, but haven't really arrived, yet. Our souls are still on their way here. It's only a few kilometers crossing over the Strait of Gibraltar, within only 90 minutes we are back in the new old world... and we still have to adapt to this fact.

Cadiz is a pretty, relaxed town. Today happens to be a holiday, the „Day of Constitution“, the streets are full with nicely dressed people, the atmosphere is laid back. We enjoy the lovely weather, explore the city and try to “arrive”.



In the afternoon we continue our way to Sevilla, we have been looking forward to visit this city. Several people have recommended us to visit this place. Thanks to the holiday we get into town without much traffic and find parking near the channel, as recommended in our travel guide. Without losing much time, we head into the city to find a good Tapas restaurant.



7.12.2016 Sevilla, Zafra

Today we are visiting all major tourist attractions in town. In total we walk about 13km through Sevilla, starting at the Mercado Lonja Del Barranco, followed by the cathedral, the castle Alcazar with its Lion Gate, the theatre, Plaza Espana, Santa Cruz, the oldest Tapas Bar Sevillas, the Columbus statue at the port, the Metropol Parasol – nick named „Mushroom“, the biggest wooden construction in the world, and much more...





Sevilla is indeed a beautiful place. A pity we only can stay a few hours and not a few days. In fact, we like Spain quite a lot, it is a sympathetic mix of old world heritage, good weather, good food and relaxed atmosphere. Unfortunately, we have to continue our way.

To drive 80km/h on the Autovia feels again normal, but on certain tracks in Morocco 20km/h seemed like racing down the road. We make good way and soon reach Zafra, where we park on the official caravan parking. The town is already in its Christmas decoration, all of the sudden we have arrived in winter season.

