

## 23.11.2019 Coconut Bay

The road to Tofo is a dead-end road and we have to return via Inhambane partly the same road we came in. We use the opportunity to have another stop at the Yum Yum supermarket. A very well stocked shop with a large wine selection which comes rather unexpected in this remote location, only by chance we stumbled upon this shop.

At Guiua we turn off onto a track leading to the coast and Coconut Bay located south of Tofo. For the last 17 km 4x4 is required, rather quickly we arrive at nice beach of Coconut Bay.



## 24.11.2019 Coconut Bay

The leaking roof window worries us because from time to time we see large clouds building up and in fact the raining season is not far away. We use the morning to fix the leaking roof hatch. From the intense sun light the old seal hardened totally out and disintegrated so we can pull it out easily. No wonder, that the roof hatch is leaking.

Thereafter we clean the frame and the roof with solvent and paint it with the Sika primer, before we apply Sikaflex around the frame to give it a new seal. As everything has to dry and harden out we do not want to drive and decide to stay another day.



We just have a rest after lunch and such a busy morning, when a Landcruiser with trailer drives up on our campsite. It is Patrick, our master chef, whom we have met in Inhasorro. We are very pleased to see him again and almost instantly start cooking...



### 25.11. 2019 Paidane Beach

The new seal around our roof window looks good, but only the next rain shower will tell if we have done a good job. The sun is relentlessly shining and it is very hot, so we assume the seal has hardened enough to drive on. After our farewell to Patrick, we

drive to the next bay the Paidane Beach. We drive over sandy tracks passing through some villages and have to navigate a few low hanging obstacles such as power lines and branches.



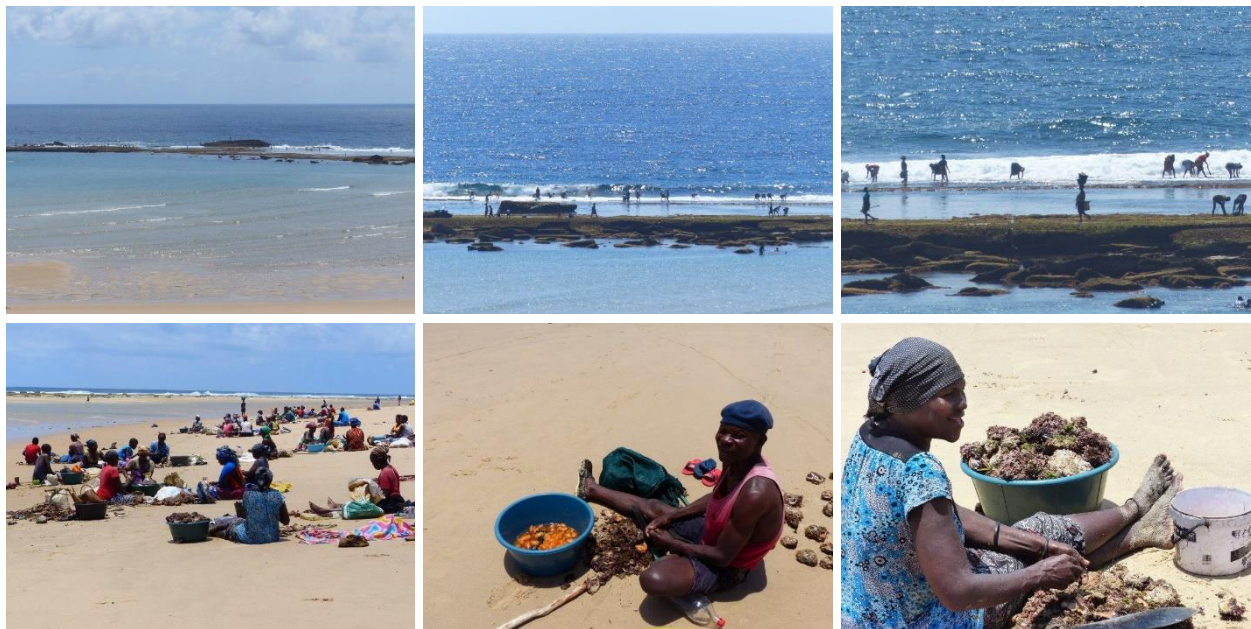
The Paidane Beach Camp is only reachable by 4x4 and reduced tyre pressure. Not only the access track is sandy but the campsite itself has very soft and deep sand. The Unimog almost sinks in the soft sand, so we decide to better change our parking position one more time. The campsite has a "lapa" a hut type structure plus our own bathroom, braai, a nice view and wind. Here the heat of the day is much more bearable.



While we are at the beach fishing, a South African, who is driving up and down the beach with his Landcruiser, stops and starts chatting with us; where are we from, where do we want to go. Spontaneously, he invites us for dinner the next day to meet his family, "I want to hear your story". Very interesting how open and hospitable some people are, we happily accept the invitation, we also like to meet the locals.

## 26.11.2019 Painsand Beach

During low tide the large reef in front of our beach is exposed and we notice that more and more locals arrive to harvest mussels. Right at the beach they open the mussels and leave unfortunately not only the shells behind, but also lots of rubbish.



We learn that there is a mussel harvest season running this year until the 30<sup>th</sup> November. This explains why there is such a rush for the mussels. To regulate the mussel-harvest-season makes a lot of sense. If every day so many mussels are harvested, they would be all gone very soon with no chance to ever regrow.



Punctually at 6:00 p.m. we arrive at the holiday house of Wynand and his family, where they are holidaying including his brother-in-law with his girlfriend. We spend a very nice evening together, it is always enjoyable to meet locals and get to know more about their country, though in this case South Africa and not Mozambique. However, it turns out that is not as normal as we thought to just pick up strangers from the beach and invite them over for a meal. His brother-in-law mentioned, that the rest of the family was quite surprised to hear that Wynand invited two strangers from the beach for dinner.

### **27.11.2019 Quissico**

Today, not only the mussel collectors are harvesting again, also the fishermen are busy bringing in their catch. And we can watch it all comfortably from our campsite.



After watching the happenings on the beach for quite a while we pack up and continue our drive towards Quissico. We take the direct southern route to Lindela where we will get back on to the main road EN1. On sandy track we pass through large coconut plantations and have to navigate a few crossings not even shown on our GPS system. There are also a few very narrow stretches of the track with low hanging branches and thick bush where we have to drive around or knock them over. For 22km we need two hours until we reach tar road in Jangamo, where we stock up at the local market with fresh vegetables.



We continue towards Quissico, the district capital of the Zavala District, where there should be a nice free campsite at the estuary. On the way south we notice some “glowing” trees and are wondering why they are decorated like this. As we come closer, we see that these are all plastic bags flying in the wind. What a clever and cheap idea to gain attention of the passers-by. It worked on us, too. After we pass several of these funky decorated trees we finally stop to find out what’s in these mysterious plastic bags. They are selling cashew nuts! Well, since we stopped already we may as well buy a bag.



The track to the Quissico lagoon is soon again challenging and we have to navigate through thick bush, trees, palm trees and low hanging branches. Shortly before we reach our intended GPS location, a tree with a huge thick branch is blocking the road. To clear this road would be too much of a task, so we decide to camp at the inner lagoon and remain undisturbed except a few very inquisitive cattle. For today we have enough of the thick bush.





### 28.11.2019 Chizivane

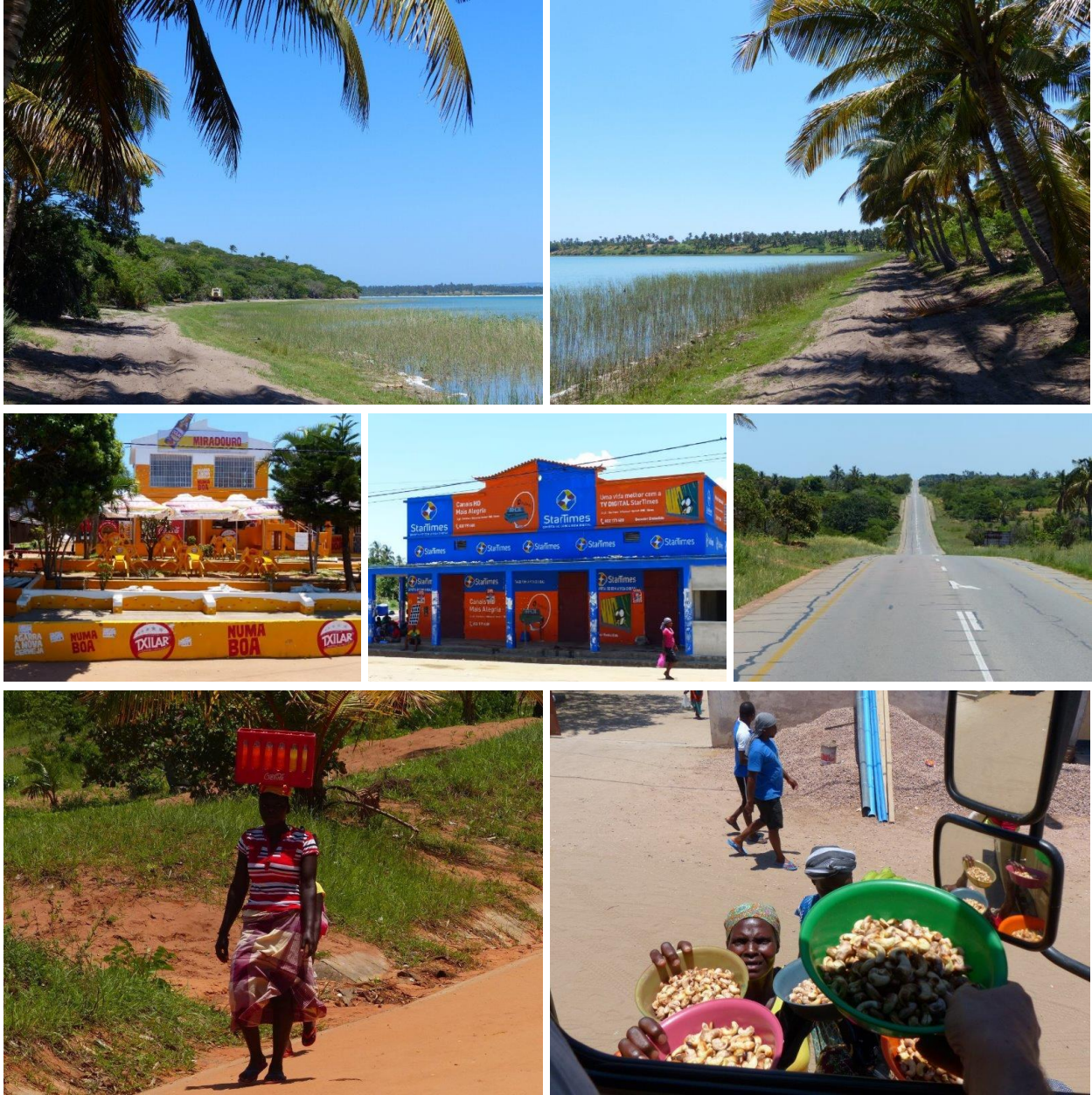
At 4:30 a.m. the cow next to us is mooing very loud and very long until finally she gets picked up by her minder. Luckily, we could still catch some sleep afterwards.

After breakfast, we explore the area by foot in order to find the camp we could not reach yesterday, it is supposed to be only 1 km away. We find a gate and have a look at the camp, although it is not the one, we were looking for. However, the Dutch-Mozambican couple who owns the place is very friendly. During our chat we find out that we are at the "Bul Bul Backpacker" and they also offer camping. But their property is not really suitable for larger or higher campervans as the space is quite narrow. In addition, one can't pass that big tree blocking the road, which we let them know, so they won't lose any potential customers.



After this friendly and unexpected encounter, we continue to Chizivane beach, about 106km away. This is actually a just-right distance, because much longer we wouldn't enjoy to be baked in the heat of the day. In addition, the motor of the Unimog also heats up the car as well.





Unfortunately, we do not reach our next camp as easy as planned. The same story repeats... The last 10 km to the beach again are very overgrown, we fight with low hanging branches and thick bush. Our Unimog gets totally scratched on the sides and we have to bring the saw and axe into action or drive detours. Slowly we are getting fed up with this scrub.

Finally, we manage the last step part of the track up a sand dune and then this: A front gate with a low thatched roof. Nice to look at, but actually totally unnecessary... Was the whole fight up here in vain? The mood sinks into bad. Then the owner comes out and tells us that they have another entrance for delivery vehicles. We now have to back down the steep narrow dune track and worry about our rear view camera. Afterwards

we have to turn around by reversing 100 times on the narrow path and try to find the other gate. Even inside the camp “Nascer do Sol” we have to take the saw out one last time and are rather exhausted when we finally arrive at the campsite.



The campsite is located directly at the beach we are rewarded for our efforts with a fantastic sunset.

