

## Chapter 1 : Welcome - Trip Truck

*The Adventure of a Lifetime. I did my overland trip over an 11 week period from February to April , travelling from Kenya through Uganda, Rwanda, Tanzania, Zanzibar, Malawi, Zambia, Zimbabwe, Botswana and Namibia before reaching South Africa and Cape Town.*

But this also comes with its frustrations where you need droves of patience and a good chunk of travel time to play around with. Firstly, there are hardly any roads. Roads are dirt tracks, or pre-made grooves in the land pointing the way and paved highroads are very few and far between. There were countless numbers of times where we had to dig out and push the truck or find locals to come to the rescue – tractors are a saving grace here. Back to basics, getting dirty and struggling with the lack of modern amenities we too often take for granted is part of what travelling in Mongolia is all about. My time in Mongolia was spent experiencing everything from bush camping to ger camps, finally learning how to erect a tent at the tragic age of 29 , being at one with nature and to not care who sees you squatting in the process and realising that animals like to roam and Mongolians love to chat – right outside your ger from 5am. In the evening check out the singing, dancing and contortion talent at the Cultural Show before hitting a few bars and pubs. Due to heavy traffic getting out of the city and general road conditions we got delayed and so decided to set up bush camp for the evening. Be prepared for delays in Mongolia but delight in being the only people in the area. All the space is yours. On the way we got to experience the famous Nadaam Festival when we passed through the local town of Mandal Govi. It was full of wrestling, horse racing, archery and fairground style fun. We were the only Westerners there and it was great to be a part of a traditional Mongolian community celebration, even if the afternoon was marred by a bogging which resulted in the truck not being released from the soft mud until midnight. Day 4 – Ger Camp in the Gobi Desert Today was the day we were supposed to get to our first ger camp but after approximately 30 kilometres we encountered a huge ditch of water on the road resulting in us having to drain the water by hand and build a road and a dam for most of the afternoon to help us get across. Although this sounds horrendous it actually created a great sense of camaraderie and ultimately a huge sense of achievement. Afterwards we got to camp on a high point of the Gobi Desert instead near to the town of Tsogoovi. Mongolian towns are typically very small and compact settlements which are fairly large in size but without the ruin of a city like Ulaanbaatar. Day 6 – Hiking in Yolin Am We hiked in Yolin Am, a beautiful canyon in the Gobi which is also an ice valley, and which hosts a huge glacier all year round. The hike was spectacular but, unfortunately for us, little of the glacier remained although we had lots fun playing with what little ice there was regardless. That was after a camel ride, of course. Ongii Monastery was one of them and we visited the ruins here before driving to Arvaikheer where heavy rain forced us into a hotel for the night cue a huge whoop of joy. At times, random bad weather makes bush camping in Mongolia impossible so be prepared for a budget recount. Day 10 – Stuck in Mongolia We began our journey to the third ger camp but got badly bogged around midday after the truck had to swerve slightly of course to miss a drunk driver who came in our path sadly a lot of people drink and drive here. It took over five hours to get out, with the help of a small local tractor, and during that time a few of us who remained to help with the truck a few were rescued by local jeeps lost our minds. It was an hilarious few hours that would have made an excellent documentary and which is probably how a Lord of the Flies scenario starts. The roads were not hard enough for the truck to continue, especially with all the hills. After setting up tents and cooking dinner two small vans came to the rescue to take us on our two hour journey to the Ger Camp. We decided to name this poor hostage Wilfred. When you come across your first sighting of trees after two weeks of barren land you really begin to appreciate such incredible surroundings. As we had two Mongolian guides with us invaluable support in a country where very little or no English is spoken or understood we were able to visit a Mongolian family in the late afternoon to learn about life in a ger. It was market day so the atmosphere was crazy. We later visited what is considered to be the most important Monastery in the country, Erdene Zuu Monastery in Kharkhorin – the first Buddhist monastery in Mongolia which had up to temples and 1, monks before the purges in Only three temples were left standing, alongside a number of statues and other items. I count this as one of my

most favourite spots in all of Mongolia. I guess it is the equivalent of meeting Westlife in Ireland. Here you can wander for hours, hike to a Monastery and horse ride through the forests and rocky hilltops. You may think it looks like something else from a certain angle! Legend has it that it was at this spot that Ghengis Khan found his golden whip. What a clever whip that was to turn itself into gold. Anyhow, a bit of a pilgrimage spot for locals, it was slightly fascinating if not a bit odd and imposing in the same way a huge silver statue of Hitler in Germany would probably evoke the same feeling. I guess I need to get used to this city life again now that Beijing is my next stop. Mongolia with always in my heart as the place where travelling was challenging, basic, gritty but always absolutely beautiful.

## Chapter 2 : Total Overland | Overland Preparation and Travel

*Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher, institution or organization should be applied.*

In retrospect “the electric pump and the blow up mattress were a bad idea. Day 1 Swakopmund Today we were free to do our own thing. Mmm what to do when in a small town surrounded by the slopes of the Namib Desert Our campsite was shower-less and our toilet, a long-drop. Being in such a naturally beautiful and undisturbed place it was refreshing to enjoy just as it was. Heading to Etosha National Park the path was filled with wildlife surprises. Excitement filled the truck as we entered Etosha. Everyone who owned a fancy lens had it screwed on, ready for action. On our way to a popular watering hole we spotted almost every kind of buck “springbok, steenbok, impala and sable. We spotted wildebeest, eland, oryx, zebra and giraffe. We were on our first proper game drive! What an absolutely amazing place. Basically, the pan is an enormous stretch of flat, flat, flat white crusty land that goes on for as far as your eye can see. Day 6 Divundu This morning we went on one last, short game drive through Etosha, and that was all we needed to get a completely lucky glimpse of an elusive member of the big five! The rest of the day we spent on the road; our destination: Divundu just outside of Rundu. It was here that we got our first introduction to water dwelling wildlife; greeted by a hippo wading in the Kavango River just before we turned into our camp for the evening. Arriving at camp just as the sun was setting, we headed to the wooden common room and viewing deck to watch the sunset. Day 7 Maun We spent the better part of today travelling from Divundu to Maun. We woke at a fresh After a long day on the road, we approached a spot near Maun that was to be our camping stop for the evening. As we drove in, we were introduced to the area with a story about how a good few months ago the nearby river flooded the camp, seeing both crocodile and campers occupying the same space. Welcome to Situnga Camp! Day 8 to 10 Okavango Delta Our two-night excursion into the Okavango Delta was a unanimous highlight for everyone who went. Boarding a wooden and then fibre glassed makoro, we placed our daypacks and bedding around us in the narrow dugout canoe. Our local hopped on the back of our makoro and confidently navigated us through reeds, fields of lily pads, past elephants grazing on the banks of the Delta, and along the outskirts of an strong hippo pool. For the next two days we took nothing but photos and a few pots of Okavango Delta water to boil for our coffee. Exploring, we fished, we swam, we made friends with the locals. Day 11 Kasane - Sunset Boat Cruise After spending the better part of the day travelling to Kasane, we arrived at about 2pm giving us enough time to stock up on snacks and water before hopping on a Chobe River sunset cruise. Within minutes we were spotting curious creatures. Our first find was a large water monitor lazing in the sun, perched on a tree branch protruding from the river. The cruise led us to experience a full-on water based game viewing safari. We saw hordes of birds including, the Lilac Breasted Roller, stalks and spotted eagles. We saw buffalo grazing. Waterbuck swimming and impala bolting. It started with an afternoon game drive to our bush camp. The path was definitely one for a 4x4, riding on rough dirt roads that looked fresh and were metres away from the Chobe River. It was on this game drive that I saw the highest density of wildlife in one place on the whole trip. Scratch that! we watched lions! Our brilliant game drive ranger tracked those bad boys by looking out for fresh paw prints in the sand and by smelling the scent in the air. As we approached the area where the lions were, a pungent smell hit me like a brick to the face. Oh my goodness it stank. Three lionesses were gathered around the carcass, lying on it, ready for a snooze after what looked like an epic feast. Elated after our lion spot we returned to our camp in Kasane. Tackle the mighty Zambezi River in a rubber raft. White water rafting was on the cards. The adventure included a hike along rocky banks, ruthlessly vicious whirlpools and rapids. Returning back to camp we realised that half the day had already whizzed by, so we hopped, skipped and hired ourselves a boat and skipper so that we could spend the afternoon dropping a line in the Zambezi River on a fishing charter. We got a dose of the Victoria Falls National Park on an elephant back safari, we visited the Victoria Falls and we spent the late afternoon drinking in the Zimbabwean sunset on a late afternoon boat cruise. Day 16 Victoria Falls - Home While packing our

bags we sorted through all the things we were happy to part with. Ash and I gathered warm pants, t-shirts, shoes and pillows and headed out to barter with the locals. We returned with a few precious, carved curios they were more than happy to trade in return for our offerings. We dragged our feet back to camp and caught our transfer to the airport. Ash, my better half and I found ourselves with a date for our pre-departure meeting and a list of things to pack for our very first overland trip in Africa. Before I knew it, our Swakopmund to Victoria Falls adventure had begun Day 8 to 10 Okavango Delta Our two-night optional excursion into the Okavango Delta was a unanimous highlight for everyone on the Swakopmund to Victoria Falls trip. Day 11 Kasane - Sunset Boat Cruise After spending the better part of the day travelling to Kasane, we arrived at about 2 pm giving us enough time to stock up on snacks and water before hopping on a Chobe River sunset cruise. Our Swakopmund to Victoria Falls adventure was over. Now you can get our latest posts delivered to your inbox as they go live!

### Chapter 3 : Swakopmund to Victoria Falls [Traveller Diary] Â« Overlanding Africa Blog

*An overlanding diary: April-December, , from Uriara Station, on the Murrumbidgee, to Port Phillip, Victoria [Alexander Fullerton Mollison] on calendrierdelascience.com \*FREE\* shipping on qualifying offers.*

A post shared by Overland Way overlandway on Oct 18, at 9: This will make the world of a difference to your budget in the long run! A lot of people think we survive off canned food and simple staples but we actually believe we eat better now than we ever did at home. Here are some of the ways we save money and eat well: Buy long-lasting staples like rice, pasta, cous-cous and spices in bulk and store them for the long run. Do weekly shops for fresher items always looking for specials. Buy items that suit an overland lifestyle eg. Only buy long-lasting and heat resistant fruit and vegetables to reduce waste go for eggplants, capsicums, carrots, avocados, corn, pumpkin and apples instead of delicates like peaches or lettuce. Sleep in your car or with friends Without doubt accommodation is the largest travel expense for any lengthy trip. Thats almost half of our entire expenditure on our trip to date 1 year. Without the possibility of sleeping in our van we would simply not be able to afford our travels. And the best way to save money on fuel is to simply drive less or not at all. So why not stay a while? Avoid the tourist traps The tourist industry has got its grips into a lot of cool places â€” adding entrance fees or requiring you to hire transportation to see the most popular spots e. However, not all the amazing things to do and see on a trip cost money. Make friends as you go The best part of travelling is the people you meet along the way and the experiences you have with them. Everything is easier and more enjoyable with friends! Grant, a friend made over Instagram, helped us to to fix our breaks while we were in Florida. Friends can also put you in contact with others along your route â€” and a friendly face means so much after being isolated in a van for months. We take souvenirs of our trip with us to give to those who help out and enjoy cooking good meals for them in return for their help. We sold our second car, bikes and furniture on Gumtree the Australian Craigslist and set up a stall at a local car boot sale to get rid of smaller items. Less is definitely best. Vanda having her new set of all-terrain tyres being fitted by our sponsor in Houston, Texas. We managed to get some sponsors onboard before we started our trip that helped immensely with the set-up of our rig and kept costs down considerably. Start by writing up a sponsorship proposal explaining what you can offer each company in exchange for products and send it in an email.

**Chapter 4 : Alexander Fullerton Mollison (Author of An Overlanding Diary)**

*Trove: Find and get Australian resources. Books, images, historic newspapers, maps, archives and more.*

The Fish River Canyon Exploring the Orange River banks with a monstrous hang over is not the greatest idea but at least we get to spend most of the morning recovering on the comfy deck chairs of the pool deck overhanging the brown waters of the river. Desert Driving After lunch we are back on the truck and driving past sheer cliff faces as the truck rumbles and tumbles along the rugged landscapes of rich ochre reds and sahara golds. Last night's action has a lot of the heads nodding on the truck even though these bumpy Namibian roads are trying their hardest to keep us awake. We are in the middle of nowhere surrounded by desert and rock expanses stretching out for miles to the horizon. A km long ravine cuts deep into the dry, stony plateau creating an enormous chasm which is 27 km wide and in places, up to m deep. The sunset fills the sky in a kaleidoscope of bright blue, pink and orange all melting into each other. We are all standing in stunned silence as we watch the sun sink below and the canyon filled with shadows. If there is a more spiritual experience in the world I would be surprised. The desert around our camp is peacefully quiet tonight with our evening fireside chatter being the only source of noise on the desert floor. A Midnight Swim in the Desert My hopes for a cold shower to wash off the Namibian dust tan have been dashed by the hot water that is flowing out of the showers cold water pipes. The underground pipes are cooked by the daily desert heat and will stay warm all night. Instead, a few of us go for a midnight swim in the cool pool water before we turn in. We were supposed to be trucking to the Namib Naukluft National Park tomorrow but instead we are splitting the drive over two days and spending tomorrow evening at the Konkiep Lapa campsite. We fall asleep to a full moon peeking through our tent netting in the absolute stillness of the desert! The Seeheim Hotel and Konkiep Lapa Rest Camp My first shower in two days is a heavenly after a quick hike up the hill behind our campsite. Endless desert views stretching out in degrees are the order of the day as we follow the Namibian railway tracks north across the vast gold landscape, dotted with quiver and acacia trees. Snacking at the Seeheim Hotel A welcomed stop in the midday Namibian heat, the German inspired Seeheim Hotel the sole business in Seeheim is our lunch stop. A proud Afrikaans heritage oozes through the hotel and the black and white photographs covering the walls. The Smell of Rain The Namibian terrain and climate change quickly and dramatically around us as we venture off on the truck across Namibia. Different smells fill the air here but the smell of a Namibian thunderstorm is something to be appreciated. We are barely 20 minutes out of scorching Seeheim when we are hit by our first glorious downpour. By the final peg we are both brown in mud resembling soldiers in fatigues. The mud is easily washed away with a quick dive into the warm Konkiep Lapa Rest Camp pool. We all huddle under the thatch Lapa where we spend the rest of the evening admiring the sheets of water coming down around us. A few of our travelling group enjoy a camping-style swim when they are forced to rescue their belongings from their flooded tents. Some have had to abandon their tents as lost causes in the rain and have opted to upgrade to bungalows Day 6: Namib Naukluft National Park Catherine, Dan and I are up before the sun to hike up a deceptively steep hill which proves how embarrassingly unfit I am. The climb is great fun even though my lungs are heaving like a chronic emphysema patient whilst my slow pace is holding up poor Catherine behind me. We pass through raining red desert expanses, savannah plains, mind-boggling green rocky outcrops and back to flat raining desert before the truck sinks deep into its first sludge pit. Freeing it from of the thick brown sludge leaves us dirty but proud at having successfully rescued our mud covered truck with a little read a lot of help from the guides. Red oxidized dunes which foreground purple jagged mountains in the distance surrounded by golden savannah plains. This place looks as though someone has copy-pasted a Mars landscape into the middle of the Namib Desert. Trymore prepares Sadza a maize meal pap for us to taste along with chicken innards and gravy whilst we recuperate from the truck drive under the shade of a oddly-shaped acacia tree. A small group of us go for a 2 hour mountain hike up a steep rocky mountain face to see the beauty of the desert floor stretching out before us in one infinite expanse. Exhausted and happy, we spend the rest of the afternoon watching ground squirrels scurry around camp and listen to the tunes of the social weaver birds overhead. The darkness of the desert lets us all

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disappear to bed early, dreaming of spending tomorrow surrounded by the beautiful sand towers and desert of Dune 45 and Sossuvlei. Stay tuned for the next installment! For information about overlanding in Africa or to find out more about this trip, contact the team at [OverlandingAfrica](#). Now you can get our latest posts delivered to your inbox as they go live!

**Chapter 5 : Kukonje Island – Venturesome Overland**

*Diary from an Overlanding Trip in Africa Sign up for advice, inspiration and deals You have the right to withdraw your consent to this processing your data at any time.*

Yet wherever we went we managed to work it out. We did our best to avoid being the ugly Americans and for that we were rewarded with guidance to the best restaurants and a feeling that we were welcomed wherever went. We brought t-shirts to trade and give away. We gave them out to the military guys at check points, inn keepers and kids. While everyone appreciated the shirts, what we discovered was that in Baja, the real currency is stickers. We drove through several small towns and when the kids saw us slowly motoring through, they would start running towards us. Like kids chasing the ice cream truck, waving their hands and yelling at the top of their lungs, stickers! stickers! stickers. Every window, sign post and car in Baja has been sticker slapped by kids with race logos. For some reason we found ourselves stopping at cemeteries a lot on this trip. We would quietly look around and pay our respects. The towns and landscape are three shades of brown, but the cemeteries are filled with brilliant colors. We found beautiful marble headstones next to simple crosses. All the graves were covered with bright plastic flowers and prayer candles, letting everyone know the person resting below the marker is missed. There is a certain peace in these places where so many voices now rest quietly under the hot sun, surrounded by color and light. So when we came up to an abandon camp, we decided to look around. Someone had put a lot of work into arranging gardens, clearing cactus, painting rocks and making the base look nice. We wondered why this base had been abandon. Is the base simply temporary, used when there is a check point close? Is it for training cadets when there are new recruits? Or is it just that budget cuts know no borders. The race course uses lots of marked roads. Sure they are beat up rock and hard-pan, but they are on the map and used to connect many of little towns with Mex 1. The one we were on was the usual rattle your teeth, kidney punching, make you pee road. But progress is coming to the Baja. We came over a hill where the road bent around a corner and found out where progress was, exactly. One of the road crews was grating and paving while the other was building a bridge over a washout. No one seemed to mind that we were driving through all the construction and no one seem to care that we were unsure where they wanted us to go no signs, arrows or cones. No one even noticed that we that we had to drive through the dirt and cactus to get around their equipment sitting idle, blocking the road. They just looked over and waved as we drove by. Getting through all the construction rewarded us with fresh smooth asphalt laid out before us. No lines, no markers or signs, just miles and miles of black silk ribbon as far as the eye could see. Whatever the reason, progress is coming to the Baja. The next adventurers to come down here will never enjoy the same experiences we had motoring down this lazy dirt road. The new pavement took us quickly back to the coast and a town which made its living from tourists. Surfers, boats and beach combers dotted the sand. We wanted to put a few more miles behind us before calling it a day. The guide used terms like, cockroaches, shared toilets, and dirty linens to describe the better motels in Ciudad Insurgentes. This city offers little for tourist except motels really this is how the guide describes it. No touristy gift shops, this is a true representation of where Mexicans work and live. We loved this place. Hiding three blocks off the main drag, the Hotel Oasis was a very nice, modern, clean, albeit spartan motel. It also has secure parking, a big plus with all our gear strapped to the roof. With a few hand gestures, a Visa and a little back and forth we were checked in and pointed to El Taste, a restaurant that lives up to its name. This was the best in my opinion of your diary writings.

### Chapter 6 : Backroad Vagrants - Your Overland Travel Guide

*Overlanding is booming in popularity, largely because people yearn for knowledge and adventure. Perhaps more folks are wanting to get away from the city madness!*

One of the best wild camps we have had in Botswana, and maybe anywhere. With a trip planned in March to visit the Nata Community Library, I had been eyeballing Kukonje Island labeled Kukome on Google Maps as a likely candidate for a great wild camp stopover on our way north. But, every time I checked in on the Africa travel forums and Facebook groups, the story was the same – the pan was flooded, and the island inaccessible. There was only one way to find out. These cattle, in what can only be a retaliatory move, occupied an abandoned veterinary fence guard station. Botswana is slowly decommissioning through both intention and plain old neglect its vast network of vet fences. A rocky prominence of Baobab and camel thorn trees, Kukonje Island rises from the eastern stretches of Sowa Pan in central Botswana. Sowa is one of the largest salt pans in Africa, and part of the biggest network of salt pans on the globe – the Makgadikgadi. The remnants of an ancient inland sea, the Makgadikgadi Pans sprawl over some 12, sq miles of Botswana a land area larger than Belgium. For perspective, South Camp at Nxai Pans National Park, where we stayed over the Easter holidays, at the northern edge of the Makgadikgadi complex is nearly miles from Kukonje. Rising just over a few dozen or so vertical feet from the pans themselves, these islands can be seen across incredibly long distances, and they have been waypoints of migration, commerce, culture, and spirituality for thousands of years. One can see why. The salt pans have a notorious and well-deserved reputation for stranding overland travelers since humans have started trekking across its expanse. The sheer barrenness, the disorienting sense of space, the shifting skyline the curvature of the earth itself is easily perceived here, and bottomless sinkholes of slippery mud that are nearly impossible to distinguish by sight from the hard-packed salt, all conspire to lure the inattentive traveler into paradoxical dead ends where the horizon stretches in degrees. Getting stranded or lost is no laughing matter. We found Kukonje Island, a mere three miles from the primary gravel road, surrounded by water as in ancient times – a true island. Kukonje shimmered in the distance, tantalizingly just out of reach. Initially a bit disappointed, this proved to be one of the best wild camps we have had in Botswana, and maybe anywhere. We simply chose a spot on the pebbles among the random clumps of widely spaced thorn trees. For a day or so we did hardly anything but chase the meagre shade around the Pajero and stare into the void, barely speaking. The Island itself will have to wait for a future adventure.

### Chapter 7 : Mongolia Travel - Overlanding in the Least Densely Populated Country

*Alexander Fullerton Mollison is the author of An Overlanding Diary ( avg rating, 0 ratings, 0 reviews).*

### Chapter 8 : Baja Adventure Part 9 - No Habla Espa±ol | Overland Adventures and Off-Road

*My Overlanding History KIEV DIARY I have always wanted to get to the Ukraine. I went to school with a boy called Daniel and his ancestors were Ukrainian Catholic. In.*

### Chapter 9 : Overland Diaries – Travelling Stories

*If you're setting out on an overlanding adventure, knowing your vehicle and how to fix it will save you a lot of time, frustration and money. You'll be able to service your car on the side of the road, and get yourself out of any tricky situations if the car decides to stop working in the middle of nowhere.*