

TOFFS TOUR 2012 : NAMIBIA AND/OR BUST

DAY 2

Our second day began in true Toffs fashion ... leisurely shower, breakfast, pack bikes and roll off to the border post.

No drama at all at the border, despite the fact that I had the wrong papers for the bike and Lance had all the right papers but the ownership trail of the vehicle is so convoluted it would take a CSI detective to work it out.

Just friendly faces and a "Welcome to Namibia" and we rode across the bridge to the Land of Sand.

We stopped at the Wimpy, bought MTC sim cards for our phones, had an early lunch and started on our way through the edge of the Richtersveld.



We had a pleasant ride along the Orange River. A beautiful ride; when we got to the bridge across the Orange we found it to be very different from last year! In 2011 the river had come down in flood and washed the road away, this year we zoomed across and waited on the far side for Lance and the Dodge.

The next two pictures show the difference between 2011 and 2012 :



We rode into the mountains and passed a number of 4x4 vehicles kitted with fishing and camping gear. Our progress at this stage was fairly slow while everyone got used to the

loose surface. That was to change the next day; today obviously served to increase everyone's level of confidence!

We stopped for lunch at Rosh Pinah. The Wimpy has closed down, but the Chinese shop is still doing well and is very well stocked, and we used the Wimpy tables and chairs to have a fish and chip lunch which a nearby cubby-hole of a shop prepared and served to us.

Off again, tar to Aus for a beer and then on to Luderitz.



The wind picked up considerably on the Luderitz road; so much so that we were leaning at 45 deg to stay on the road. The road itself was almost invisible because the desert sand was flowing across the tar like liquid and we were struggling along at varying speeds trying to find a "sweet spot" that didn't exist. It was a long tedious stretch but out of the blue a herd of horses appeared to break the monotony.

There are two stories of the origin of these horses. The one is that Baron Wolf who lived on a horse ranch in the area. He and his wife were passionate about horses and were famous for their breeding stock; The Baron went back to Germany to fight in the 1st World War and sadly, was killed. When the news of his death reached his wife, she was distraught and went out and freed all the horses; they still roam the desert to this day.

The other version is that they originate from horses that were left behind or escaped from the German cavalry, which was stationed in the area.

I prefer the first story ... much more romantic.



We eventually reached the Bay Hotel in Luderitz. Be warned, if you stay there ensure that you get a room in the courtyard as there is a night club across the road that is incredibly noisy until about 0300.

I ensured that we all had good rooms then we showered and went to the Shearwater oyster farm for an excellent meal, beer, wine and Jagermeister straf doppe.



A great, relaxing evening followed by a good sleep with the bikes locked safely in the courtyard under guard.

