

DAY 4

We all made our way after breakfast to the other building in Maltahohe ... the garage. Actually there are more buildings but I didn't see too many, and there weren't many inhabitants in evidence.



It's an old Colonial type village with the ruins of a tennis club near the hotel, some truck repair plots (can't call them garages), a police station and the petrol station.

After leaving the garage we took a turn to the right and we were on our way. What a difference to yesterday! PERFECT gravel road. Strange because it was the same road we arrived on. I think that with a good rest and renewed confidence one's riding ability goes up a notch.

After feeling a bit frazzled the day before and concerned about my riding not being up to scratch, I didn't feel uncomfortable again on the trip, apart from a stretch of about 10Km in the desert just before Walvis, and I don't think the roads were necessarily any better, we just got more comfortable with time in the saddle.

Whatever the reason, we were able to ride at any speed on this road, and did. We passed Stan's Plot (purchased last year by one of our riders), and cruised at about 120Km/h to a turnoff just before Solitaire and waited there for the backup vehicle, and for Marius who had stopped to take photos and then couldn't get through the dust to pass the bakkie and trailer again.



The temperature was now 37 deg C and the only shade was from the road sign – we were cooking and glad to get moving again.





After the turnoff there was more technical riding and less sand, going into the mountains. Quite a few river crossings, which claimed one of the Adventures, but at those temperatures a swim was apparently welcome. It was a bit of an unfortunate slip because

he must have hit the only big rock in the river, and he was just about through; but no damage so all was well.

I was now having fun and rode ahead of the group, which cost me a biiiiiig straf dop that evening because I overshot the turnoff and everyone had to wait for me until I realised I'd gone too far and turned back to rejoin them ... with red face.

A little further on we saw a sign in the middle of nowhere advertising refreshments – good timing because we were hungry.



We rode up a twee-spoor to a house where a 70 year old lady was trying to help two gay German fellows who had a puncture AND a flat spare wheel. They were phoning their car hire company trying to arrange for a new wheel to be brought down to them (heaven knows how they were going to describe their location!)

Anyway we took over (the gay boys didn't have much say in the matter) and Tannie Miemps made a plate of 14 cheese and tomato sandwiches while we intimidated the poor Germans and proceeded to fix their puncture (took about 5 minutes), to their total amazement.



They wanted to pay for our cool drinks and sandwiches but we told them to rather give a good donation to Tannie Miemps



Tannie Miemps' husband died some years ago and now she lives completely alone on what used to be a small farm, which is too much for her to manage alone. She apparently

earns pennies from the odd traveller that stumbles across her place, and she gets some support from a daughter who lives in Windhoek. Some interesting people in this Africa of ours.

Next stop Rheoboth – yuck. Not a place I would choose to live! Refuelled and now tar road to Windhoek.

Amazingly every pothole, and there were lots of them in the rainy season last year, has been repaired! I was expecting a challenging tar ride with an ever present risk of a buckled wheel on this stretch, but the road was in perfect condition!

We had some rain and there is a permanent road block on the way into Windhoek, but very pleasant officials and it wasn't long before we were arriving at Arrebusch Lodge; a great place for travellers. Convenient, spacious, good food and excellent accommodation.



Most of us did some laundry, which dried instantly.

We didn't eat there because we went to Joe's Beerhouse for supper. Joe's seems to be losing some of its shine but it's still a good place to go in a group. We caught a taxi there and back and had a tour of some of the less known areas of Windhoek as our driver dropped off colleagues on the way.

We had a good evening after a fun day.

I went to bed cheerful after quite a few straf doppe and lots of German Weisbier.