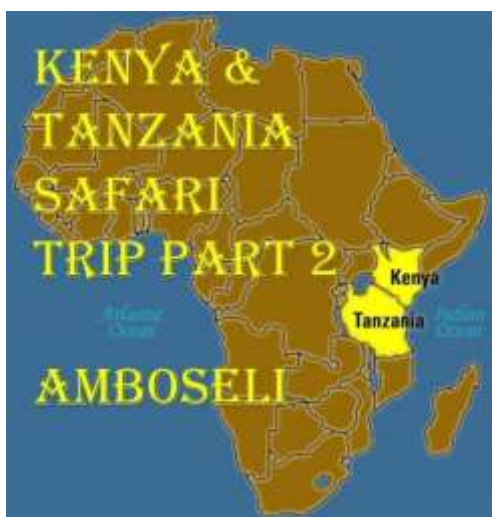




September 2017

Dear All,

This is the second part of the journal of our safari trip to Kenya and Tanzania. The first part covered our brief stop in England to see family and friends.

Friday September 15th

We were on our way from Ewshot to Africa at 3am! We found that the M3 was closed for an upgrade to a “smart motorway”, technology to allow the hard shoulder to be used as an

additional lane. (Sounds dangerous to me!) We negotiated the detours and dropped our rental car off at a closed and dark Enterprise. They’d warned us that we might have to wait 30 minutes for the airport shuttle but the driver must have seen us arrive and picked us up immediately.

We were flying on Lufthansa as they were the cheapest airline, half the price of British Airways, but we had to change planes in Frankfurt. It’s always been a dismal, grey airport and it’s just got larger over the decades. With our connection involving bus and train and endless stairs up and down, we felt like we were competing in a level of the Mario Brothers. Then we met a security officer who insisted on us unpacking every item of electronics: computers, cameras, lenses, chargers, power cords....there wasn’t anything left in the bag!

The flight to Nairobi was comfortable with relatively good food and instead of the usual fragile plastic we had robust metal cutlery, weapons fit for the Vikings. It’s a 4000 mile trip, across the Adriatic and up the Nile valley and takes about nine hours. It was dark when we arrived and staggered down the stairs to the blacktop. The bus driver waited until he had enough passengers for a Guinness world record and then delivered us in a sweaty heap at the terminal. Luckily it was a cool evening, around 20C, 68F, surprisingly cool considering we were only about 70 miles south of the Equator. Nairobi, like Denver, is a mile-high city.

Most of the foreigners on the flight, like us, already had ETAs for Kenya, so we went through Immigration quite quickly. The waiting area of relatives and drivers was in the street outside the terminal; this must be a dry climate. We were relieved to see Nzuki there, brandishing a Hancock sign. We’d read horror stories of travelers arriving and never finding the tour company they’d paid their money to.

Nzuki not only provided transport; he had a bag of goodies for each of us: Tano Safari hats and caps and our air tickets for the five flights towards the end of the trip. He drove us away in the van from the airport’s parking area which is adorned with life size sculptures of Kenya’s wildlife. He told us to look through the fencing alongside the road and, sure enough, we could see zebras. The fencing is along the edge of Nairobi national park, which is now almost surrounded by Nairobi’s sprawl. Then we saw some zebras on our side of the fence. No different really from North America’s urban deer until you think about the lions following the zebras.

Nairobi’s urban landscape was mostly dark but neon and illuminated ads showed evidence of UK and American companies. Nzuki drove us into an alley way which surprisingly led to the Ole Sereni’s entrance. Nzuki handed us over to the hotel’s staff, promising to be back early next morning to collect us. We had to go through a security check to get into the hotel, including a scan of us and our bags. Inside though it was clear that this is a luxury hotel and we appreciated the wildlife art which adorns every wall.





We soon learned our first word of Swahili, “Jambo”, which means “Hello”. The second was “Salama?”, “OK?”. Luckily you can just repeat these words back.

With two more hours of jet lag, our bodies thought it was midnight, UK time, and we didn’t bother with eating and we collapsed into our very

comfortable room, setting our alarm clock for before dawn.

Saturday September 16th

We were up early and bleary eyed, hoping that the rest of our days would start a bit later but that didn’t happen. Kenya and Tanzania are very close to the Equator and we were traveling very close to the Equinox, so every day had just 12 hours of daylight and a few minutes of dusk or twilight. To take advantage of that daylight we were up at five-something most mornings.

The breakfast buffet was served in a large airy restaurant with a view out across Nairobi national park; the hotel is right on its boundary. There wasn’t much to see except acacia trees, but the potential was there. It was a shame about the power lines. We ate just inside as it was bit too cool for the balcony.

Nzuki collected us in a different van. This one had a roof which pops up so we could stand and take pictures when on game drives. For our next two nights we were going to be staying at a lodge in Amboseli national park, about four hours away to the southeast. We were beginning our journey there on the Nairobi-Mombasa road, a four lane highway that handles all the truck traffic between the port of Mombasa and the industries of Kenya, Uganda , Rwanda, and Burundi.

Kenya and Tanzania, like most former British territories, drive on the left. The road was busy with traffic and crowds of pedestrians, many taking the chance to skip diagonally through the traffic to get to the other side. Nzuki said that it’s even more chaotic on a weekday. Some of the pedestrians were piling into minibuses, called matatus. Matatu drivers don’t usually own their vehicles; they rent them by the day so they drive like maniacs trying to cram as many paying trips into the day as they can.



An ugly urban sprawl surrounds the highway, a mix of factories, warehouses, and houses, some neat and expensive-looking, some with squatters occupying public land. Outside Nairobi the highway goes to two lanes and becomes very slow, with private cars and matatus trying to get past slow moving trucks, overtaking on both sides. Nzuki was having to take to the shoulder to avoid collisions.





Whenever we came to a town or school or market, the road had large speed bumps which forced the traffic to walking pace. People standing along the centre line were selling water and melons and onions to drivers. Nzuki warned us to keep our windows closed. Saturday seemed to be market day, or maybe every day is market day.

Market stalls sprawled along the road, some with produce stacked high.

We stopped for a break and toilets. These were at the back of a souvenir shop, so we had to walk through. The vendors were desperate to sell but we were determined not to buy. They were also eager to trade anything for our new Tano hats. We had no intention of dragging souvenirs around with us, especially as we were already exceeding the luggage allowance for internal flights. On hearing we lived in Canada they thrust Canadian dollars at us and it was only later we realized that they were trying to get us to convert what they viewed as useless currency into Kenyan shillings or American dollars, either of which is legal tender there.

Despite the busy road, there were plenty of domestic animals to be seen, some being herded along the roadside, inches from the traffic. These were mainly goats (tails up) and sheep (tails down) and odd looking cattle with a fatty hump, zebras originally from Asia. There were wild animals too, zebras mainly, but also the occasional group of gazelles or wildebeest. Birds were large, from bustards, the Africa's largest flying birds, to the even larger ostriches.



We weren't able to stop for pictures because of the traffic but Nzuki promised us a quieter road soon and so it was as we turned south towards Amboseli on a good but mostly empty road. It was the kind of road where you can stop and backup a hundred yards to take a look at something. And that's what we did a number of times to look at animals or birds.

Most spectacular of these were the giraffes; when you see them you know you're in Africa as there's nothing like them anywhere else in the world. A herd of giraffes gives you an idea of what the world looked like when dinosaurs roamed the grasslands. These were Masai giraffes, with

irregular dark brown blotches on a yellow coat, most of them darker than those usually shown in picture books.

There were cattle intermingled with the giraffes and Nzuki thought it likely that the kids looking after the cattle were staying close to the giraffes in the hope that tourists would stop and pay to take pictures of them. Sure enough the kids emerged from the bush, a little too late as Nzuki roared off.



We were surprised to see brown ostriches; these are the females. Males and females share egg warming duties, with black males camouflaged for the night shift and the females for the day so they are not seen as often in the daytime.

Nzuki introduced us to the most common types of gazelles, Thomson's with its dark stripes on its sides, and Grant's with its white patch above the tail. Both are pretty and elegant and



look to be lunch-sized prey for all the big predators, but they are very fast, over 50 mph when needed.



And then there's the gerenuk or giraffe-necked gazelle, a name that says it all. Not only can the gerenuk reach the higher branches of the shrubs it can also stand on its back legs to get up close to giraffe height.

We turned onto the park road, a mixture of sand and gravel, fuzzy here with



blowing sand. Nzuki soon found that the road's washboard gravel was too uncomfortable and drove along the shoulder for a while, scooting back onto the road whenever it crossed a culvert. Nzuki asked if this was OK with us and we laughed, having driven hundreds of miles like this across Australia.



We came to the Iremito Gate into the park and were immediately besieged by a gaggle of Masai women trying to sell necklaces and other handicrafts. They were pressed against the windows and very insistent. To make matters worse, Nzuki said the park's computer system was down and they couldn't process our park permit until it came up. The gaggle eventually gave up and sat in the shade under a tree. Nzuki moved us inside the gates and into the shade too. Eventually all was sorted out and we were on our way.



Nzuki said we had plenty of time before lunch at the lodge ended so we could stop for any wildlife we met before we reached the lodge. Our first stop was to look at the weaver birds' nests. The weaver bird builds his nest around

branches rather than on top of them, possibly because this allows him to hang the nest on the outmost branches, away from heavy predators. There are dozens of different species; these are white-browed sparrow weavers. Some trees carried twenty or more nests.



We saw lots more birds, most too far away for pictures, Common on the ground were two types of ibis, the black and white sacred ibis and the



iridescent glossy ibis, both familiar to us from Australia. This grey-crowned crane was new, large and quite spectacular, with a crown that looked almost like a halo.



The most common animal on these plains was the wildebeest, also called the gnu in some places. Remember Flanders and Swann with their song “You really ought to k-know w-ho’s w-ho. I’m a g-nu”? These are one of the species that migrates to and from the Serengeti, though these animals in Amboseli stay within the park. They are often



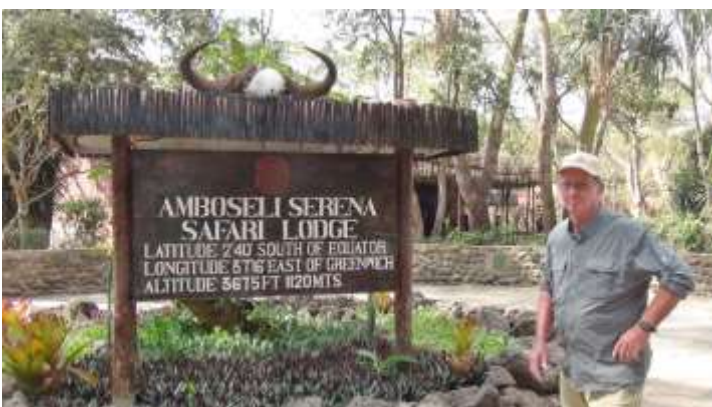
intermingled with zebras; both animals are hunted by lions so they respond to each other’s warning signals when lions are about.



The marshy areas were dominated by elephants, some half submerged. The white birds are cattle egrets, picking up insects disturbed by the grazing herds. As we moved into wooded areas we could see the damage that elephants can do with trees pushed over and



ripped apart so they can get to the upper branches.



The Amboseli Serena Lodge nestles in one of those wooded areas and it is surrounded by an electric fence to keep the elephants out. As it takes about 3000 volts to deter an elephant we stayed well away from the fence too! We were subject to a security check too on arrival but not on any subsequent entry.





The lodge, styled after a Masai manyatta or village, has a large communal area with dining room, bar, pool, and shop. The rooms are in single story terraces with walkways populated with flowering shrubs, birdlife, and vervet monkeys. We were warned to close our balcony doors when going out or we'd find the monkeys would come in and rip our luggage apart.

As we'd found at Ole Sereni

we only had to take one step with a suitcase or bag before a hand would take it away and carry it for us. And then a broad smile for a tip of course, but we had come prepared with US dollar bills and 100 shilling notes for that purpose.

The room was large with bold animal art. Our bed was overlooked by a buffalo and festooned with mosquito nets, though I don't think we ever saw a mosquito in the room. We did see a large millipede and a spider or two. I accidentally squished something large with my bare foot but it was beyond recognition. There was no TV but the WiFi was good enough for mail and Facebook

After lunch we were pleased to see that we could walk through the woods between the lodge and the fence. Monkeys were out



foraging on the grass. The trees are mostly acacias but you can see candelabra trees in the background; these look like giant cactus, but they are actually a type of euphorbia, and related to poinsettias. There were plenty of birds in the shrubs but the only one that strayed into focus was this white-browed scrub robin.



It was time for our afternoon "game drive". To me that suggests an army of beaters driving the game towards the hunters and their guns. Happily, that's not how it works in the safari world. Instead, it means a drive, looking for game animals and trying not to disturb them. We'd made it clear to Nzuki that we were interested in everything, not just the "Big Five": lions, leopards, elephants, buffalo, and rhino. He said he'd had clients who were only interested in lions, others just in birds. That was why we'd opted for a more expensive private safari rather than risk sharing one.



When Nzuki picked us up, the van now had its roof up so we could stand up and take pictures with no glass in the way. We were supposed to sit down while moving but getting up and down was too painful for my spine so mostly I just stayed up and held on to the roof brackets.

We had to stay inside the van for our game drive. The animals have become used to safari vehicles but

not to wandering tourists. There's a risk of ending up as cat food, but probably a bigger one of spooking a buffalo or elephant or rhino and being charged and trampled or gored by a ton or more of angry mammal.

As we came out onto the plain, there were animals as far as we could see, mostly ones I've already mentioned, but this waterbuck was new to us. There were elephants in the mix, including this mother who was just standing still, letting her baby sleep in the shade of her body. It was quite warm but probably cooler than Hope had been this summer.

About a quarter of the park used to be prehistoric Lake Amboseli, but now it's a mixture of dry fertile ash,



swamp, and some open water, an ideal environment for many species. We could see distant hippos wandering over dry ground and, closer to us, were lots more submerged with only their ears and nostrils above the surface. Finally, one of them put its head up high enough for a picture.



Beyond the hippos was a long thin island crammed with great white pelicans, hundreds maybe thousands of them.



Any twitcher would have loved this area as the birds were magnificent. A black-headed heron landed in front of us. A spoonbill was resting with its spoony bill on the ground. A jacana, similar to its Australian cousin, was



striding with its big feet across lily pads, looking like it was walking on water and giving rise to its other name, the Jesus bird.

Around the world, most open country like this has its local species of the plover; we'd already seen two of the dozen or so found around Amboseli, the crowned plover and the blacksmith plover



Similarly, there are dozens of species

of raptor in the park. We'd see them in the tree tops or circling above us, identifiable through binoculars, but rarely close enough for a photo. This African fish eagle, with its similar colour scheme to our



bald eagle, looked to have caught

something but we were too far away to see what. Many of those raptor species are vultures; these ones roosting in a tree vandalized by elephants, are white-backed vultures.

Returning to the drier areas we saw our first wart hogs, very large pigs and yes, they are ugly. Their usual defence when attacked by lions is to run for it as they are quite fast but they may turn and fight for their piglets and their tusks can damage predators.





Just before sunset we saw our first lions: a pair and then a pride of eight adults, most spread out in relaxation. They looked to be fast asleep, but eyelids would flicker

open, clearly keeping an eye on us. There's something different about watching lions in the wild rather than in a zoo, particularly if you can't see them all at the same time.



The sunset, framed by the palm trees, was beautiful but short as they don't last long at the Equator and we

were only two degrees south of that. Total darkness comes on very quickly.



Amboseli is advertised as Kilimanjaro's Royal Court, with good reason as the mountain's close by, just across the border in Tanzania. However, for most of

the day it's hidden by haze and clouds and all we could make out was the white streaks of its snows. These are much diminished since Hemingway wrote his novel, but must still be large to be visible to us nearly three miles below its 19331 foot summit. Twenty years ago I might have trekked to the summit, but I left it too late.



After being mostly invisible all afternoon, the mountain briefly appeared at the end of the day and Sandie captured this view as it lit up with the setting sun.

Back at the lodge, we did our best with an excellent dinner but we were struggling to stay awake. Was it still only Saturday? Sandie collapsed into bed while I downloaded pictures and copied them to memory sticks, wrote notes for this journal, and recharged camera batteries. Power sockets are mostly 240 volt English pattern.

That night I could hear the unmistakable sounds of lions panting, coughing, and roaring. This reminded me that the walkways outside had clearly marked panic buttons.



Sunday September 17th

This was to be a day with morning and afternoon game drives. The morning was cool and clearer but we still couldn't see much more of Kilimanjaro than the snow on its peak.

Our first animal of the day was this impala, a mid-sized, elegant male antelope with an impressive set of horns. Close by was this black-



backed jackal; jackals are similar to coyotes, opportunists and ready to eat anything. They usually hunt at night.

Nzuki pointed out that the clouds around the mountain had thinned, and promptly found us an elephant so we could take the archetypal photo of Jumbo in front of Kilimanjaro. Even so, the photo had to be edited as the mountain was so faint. Minutes later it had faded away into the clouds.



As before, we were amazed by the diversity of the wildlife spread across the plain, with dozens of species in all directions. Zebra were everywhere, mingled with wildebeest and elephants and gazelles. But whenever the zebra got together they made artistic patterns that called out for photographs. I could see that a predator might get confused about how many zebra it was chasing, especially in a dust cloud.



We saw a few distinctive, almost spooky birds. The ibis always looks



spooky to me with its curved bill, but in this picture of a sacred ibis landing it's the wings that catch the eye, looking like a swirling cloak. I've already pictured the black-headed heron, but this one gliding in to land looks like a missile.



These spoonbills are feeding alongside what appear to be floating black tents. They are black herons employing "canopy feeding", using their wings to create shadow to



attract fish. In the second picture the heron is halfway to closing its canopy.

Nzuki pointed "The elephants are coming." And they were, a line of them striding purposefully across the plain. He thought they were heading for a drink and, for the next half hour, he kept us a little ahead of them so we'd be close when they arrived at their destination.



In the distance we could see hippos walking. Closer was this wart hog with a couple of young ones.

Then there was this line of giraffes, looking like the cranes of a distant dock yard.



We were watching the wind pick up

the dust. We'd call them dust devils or willy-willies, and Nzuki said that their name in Swahili includes the word shaitan or devil. Whatever it's called it's more fun to watch them than experience them.





We had a brief sighting of an eland. Although these are the largest antelopes they rarely get within miles of humans or vehicles so the best we could do was capture this picture of its exit.

There was also this bird, yet another species of plover, a Kittlitz plover, with its own little pattern around its head.



Then we looked behind us and saw the spectacle of the Masai moving their herds of cattle. They have grazing rights in some of the national parks. It's an

impressive sight, a view into another century.



Further down the road these giraffes had arranged themselves into an arch. Giraffes are born geometers, instinctively posing in parallel lines and triangles.



We think this ostrich was just sitting down to rest, but you can see how they can hide and protect their eggs.



The parade of elephants had extended as more joined the line.





Down on the ground was this colourful bird, a yellow-throated longclaw, a name that sounds more like that of a dragon but simply describes its feet, built for walking. In the swamp was this solitary reedbuck.



We were now directly in the path of the elephants, but Nzuki had picked our spot well as the elephants had arrived at their pools. They suck up water with their trunks and squirt it into their mouths. Once they are full they switch to washing themselves and their babies. Then it's time for the mud and sand. It looks like the mud spraying is fun, but it's also a bug repellent and sunscreen, about SPF500.



We'd been seeing geese in the



distance but now we were close enough to see that they were Egyptian geese, familiar to us from our days living in London. Amongst them were

more crowned cranes, moving in pairs like choreographed

dancers.



Our attention was drawn back to the elephants. Two of the large cows were racing across the plain. At first we thought one was chasing the other away



but then realized that they were running together, both of them trumpeting and also making that strange deep rumble. We've since translated this as "OMG we left the kid at the mall!" Then



this young one came rocketing out of the bush screaming "Mom you left me!" They were reunited, so the story had a happy ending,

but I wouldn't have liked to have been parked in their way!



We returned to the lodge, pretty much overwhelmed by all that we'd seen. And we still had an afternoon safari to go.



We

needed to walk our lunch off and we'd seen animals in the area beyond the bar, so off we went. The animals were female impalas, without the males' resplendent horns, but still poised and elegant. Around the rocks were a gecko and an agama lizard, obviously used to humans as they both posed for us.

Up in the nearest tree was a pair of large birds,

black-chested snake eagles. One dropped into the grass but didn't catch anything.

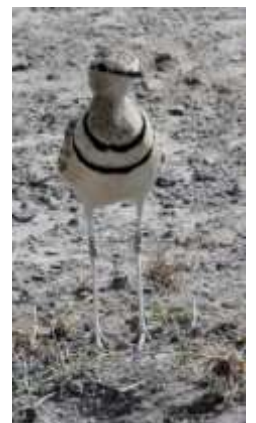


We could hear a woodpecker and finally tracked it down but it took a while to get an unobstructed picture and identify it as a cardinal woodpecker.



Back in the van our afternoon game drive continued like the morning's, a steady flow of new species. We agreed we'd never been anywhere that had such diversity.

Our first find looked like yet another variety of plover but its two prominent rings identified it as a two-banded courser, a good name as it was running around chasing insects.





We came upon a troop of baboons, always fun to watch. This troop was spread out across the grass, picking out juicy insects. They must have felt safe as their babies were spread out too rather than clutching their mothers' backs.



We returned to the swampy area; the hippos were still submered with just their heads showing, The pelicans were there too but in front of them was an enormous flock of yellow-billed storks. Nzuki thought they might be migrating, as they move around, following the rainfall. The second picture shows their flashy red heads and yellow beaks.



I took this picture of a flock of birds in flight and only later realized they were flamingos, though I don't remember sighting any on the ground.



In front of the hippos were some sleeping lumps; one of them got up and strolled over to check us out. It was a spotted

hyena. Hyenas look to be halfway between cats and wolves, and



leave you in no doubt that they are carnivores. And that given the right circumstances, humans are on the menu too.



We came upon a hippopotamus close to the road and watched as it emerged from the water until it was facing us, wasn't impressed by what it saw, and turned, slumping back into the water. Hippos look slow and docile but they are notorious for charging and killing people and turning boats over.



An enormous heron came gliding in. Appropriately, it's called a goliath heron, standing about five feet tall, and this one perched on a stump giving it even more height. We later came upon it wrapped in its wings. Not a sight you'd like to come across unexpectedly.

We've seen kingfishers around the world; most dive from an overhanging branch but this pied kingfisher was hovering and diving from about eight feet above the water.

The sun was going down behind the clouds; no pretty sunset tonight.

We came back onto drier land and spotted a group of hartebeest. They sometimes form herds of thousands but we had only three.



Then Nzuki pointed to a distant tree and said "Cheetahs, but I'm not sure how many." We could see the tree but only slowly realized that those rocks at its base were actually sleeping

cheetahs. While we were watching, one and then two sat up, leaving a third still prone. They are the world's fastest animals and need to be to catch prey like the Thomson's gazelle.





Our last few discoveries were all birds. This heron-like bird is a hamerkop, “hammerhead” in Afrikaans because of its head and beak shape.



Then there were two new storks. This saddle-billed stork is enormous, five feet high. The yellow patch on its red bill is the “saddle”. The marabou stork is big too but less colourful. Because of its macabre appearance it is also called the “undertaker bird”, a fitting name as it is often beak to beak with the vultures, sharing a corpse.

Our last discovery of the day was a raft of cute ducks, white-faced whistling ducks to be precise. They didn’t whistle for us, perhaps because they were gathering for an important meeting.



As dark fell we returned to the lodge for another great dinner. By this time we’d learned to skip a course or two. We were even more tired than the previous day, but I managed to post a few dozen pictures on Facebook.

Monday September 18th

Nzuki picked us up at 7.30 am to take us to Namanga and the border with Tanzania. We had a call from Elvira to ask how the trip was going. She is the lady who had been helping us plan our trip with Tano Safaris since last November. Of course we said things were going great.



Nzuki said we had enough time to stop along the way if we saw anything interesting. We were going out via a different gate so we’d be seeing different country on the north side of the swamps. We had an additional passenger, a young man involved in wildlife protection who needed a ride to the border.

There were familiar birds in the swamp, whistling ducks and Egyptian geese, and these ducks, seen a couple of days earlier but I forgot about them. I think they are knob-billed ducks, but these are females who don’t have the distinctive knob.

But we soon saw some new species. This black-winged stilt, named of course, for its long legs, can be found all over the world.



The ruff is a world traveler too, migrating all the way from Siberia, even though it looks a bit like an overweight sandpiper. The squacco is a mid-sized heron, pretty with its cinnamon and cream colouring.

To our surprise we came across this well camouflaged cheetah snoozing in the bush. It obligingly raised its head for a photo and then went back to sleep.



The enormous bird is a kori bustard, the heaviest African



bird capable of flight. This one was walking and then running, probably reluctant to spend the energy needed for a 747-like takeoff.



After passing a few giraffes, we saw this tawny eagle posing for us. In contrast, this bushbuck stayed on the other side of the thicket the whole time. Nzuki said that the bushbuck is the second smallest antelope and it's on all carnivores' snack menu, so it's shy and secretive, rarely seen in daylight. I've included the fuzzy picture below as we never saw another one.



Nearby was this gerenuk, easier to see, stretching up to feed on the upper branches.

This raptor took off on seeing us; Nzuki

identified it as a goshawk,

and our book says that it is a dark chanting goshawk.





In the bush behind us were these two kudu and we were lucky to see them too as they spend most of their time in thorny thickets, out of sight.

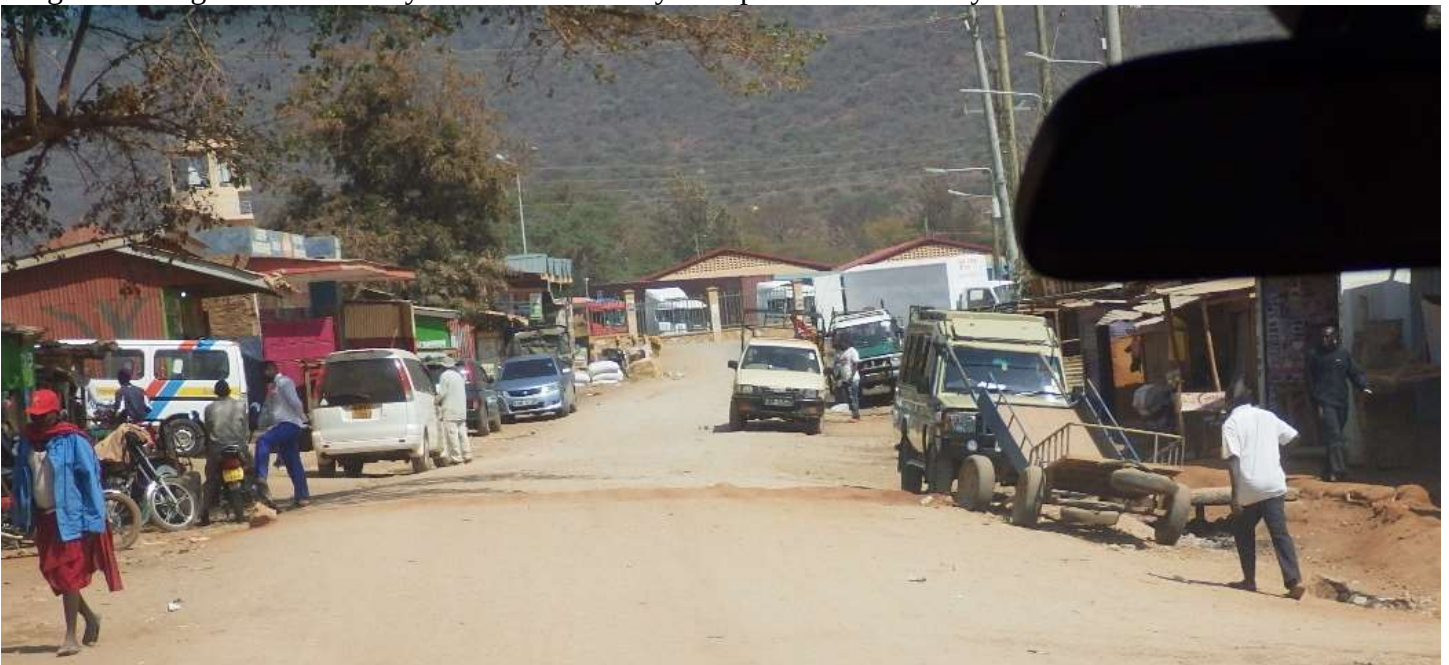
Nzuki had pulled off the road so traffic could get through, but he'd gone a little too far and one drive wheel was off the shoulder. This was a good opportunity for our passenger to show his gratitude by pushing us back onto the road.

Our last discovery, appropriately, was this white-bellied goaway bird, named for its distinctive call.



We left the park via the Meshanani Gate and bounced our way along the park's approach road, with a fair amount of driving along the smoother shoulders.

Namanga is a country town, more relaxed than Nairobi. Three passengers on a motorcycle was normal here, sometimes four. We saw one guy with a haybale strapped to his back, so heavy that the bike's front wheel was sometimes airborne. Another was dragging 12 foot long pieces of lumber with one end on the ground. It made us think of the dangerous things we did in our youth when our only transport was a motorcycle!



(It looks like I have a blank last page and Sandie doesn't like that, so I've included a couple of pictures of us and Nzuki to take up the space.)

In Namanga we saw lots of motorcycles fitted with a cargo bed and two back wheels, but there were still oxcarts in use too. Livestock was everywhere, mingling with the traffic.

Crossing the border was generally a friendly affair but somewhat chaotic. There were new buildings so most people didn't seem to know where to go.

We didn't have visas in advance as that would



have involved sending our passports away to a remote Tanzanian embassy, too risky in the time window we had.

We had to formally exit from Kenya in the Kenyan building and then go to the Tanzanian building, where we filled in visa forms, went somewhere else to pay \$50 each for our visas and then took our receipts back to pick our stamped passports. There's no obvious formal crossing point and when we came outside the van was sitting close to a Landcruiser and our luggage was quickly transferred.



There was no customs check, at least not for us.

Nzuki introduced us to Ayoub who was to be our guide for our four nights in Tanzania. We said goodbye to Nzuki and thanked him for what had been a great few days. He said it was possible that he'd be our guide for the Masai Mara when we returned to Kenya, but it wasn't certain yet.

We climbed into the Landcruiser and Ayoub drove us into Tanzania towards our next stop at Ngorongoro Crater. This seems to be a good point to end this part of the journal.