

Tangiers.



Strolling along the kasbah's alleys is my only pleasure.



While scenes from the first part of my journey flash through my mind.



Following Adoum's lead, we left the bush taxi behind and we headed down a path...



...until we reached a shack in the jungle...



We drank some porridge in silence while waiting for night to fall.



A mare-drawn cart allowed us to cross the border unencumbered.



A jeep was waiting for us on the other side!...



we drove all night!



By the early hours of the morning, we came to a stop in a large city!



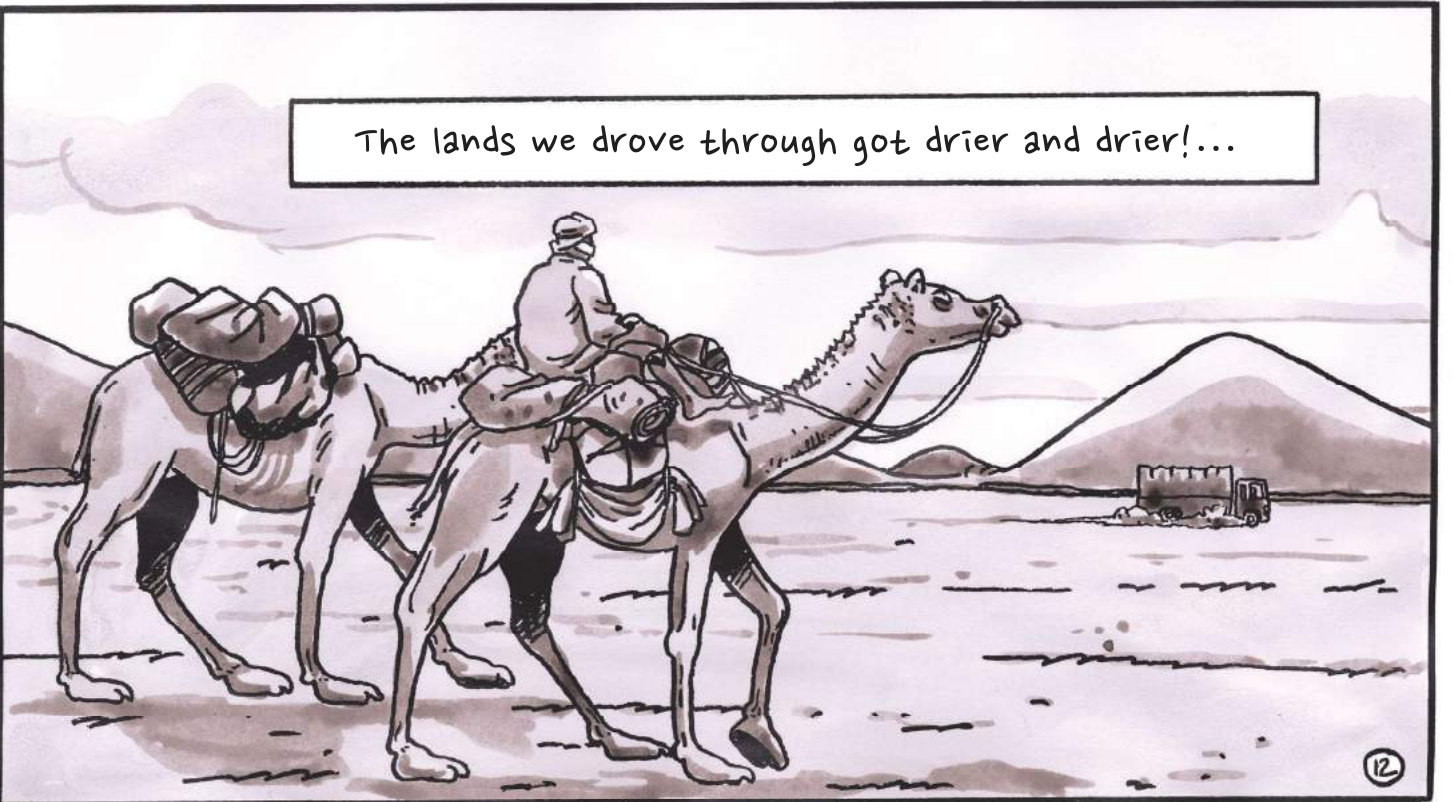
Another border, this one even further away...



We headed north in the back of a tarpaulin-covered truck.

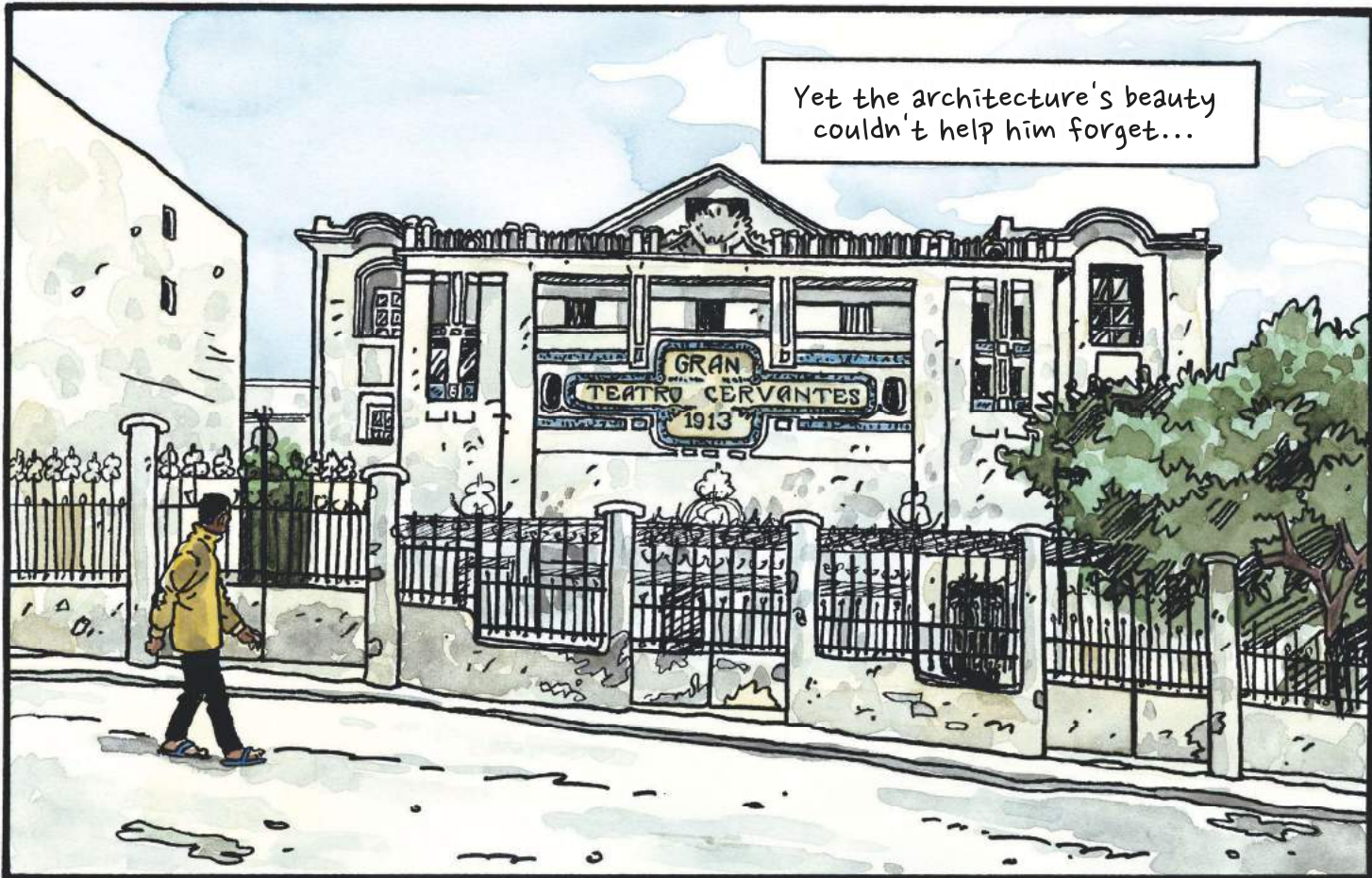


The lands we drove through got drier and drier!...





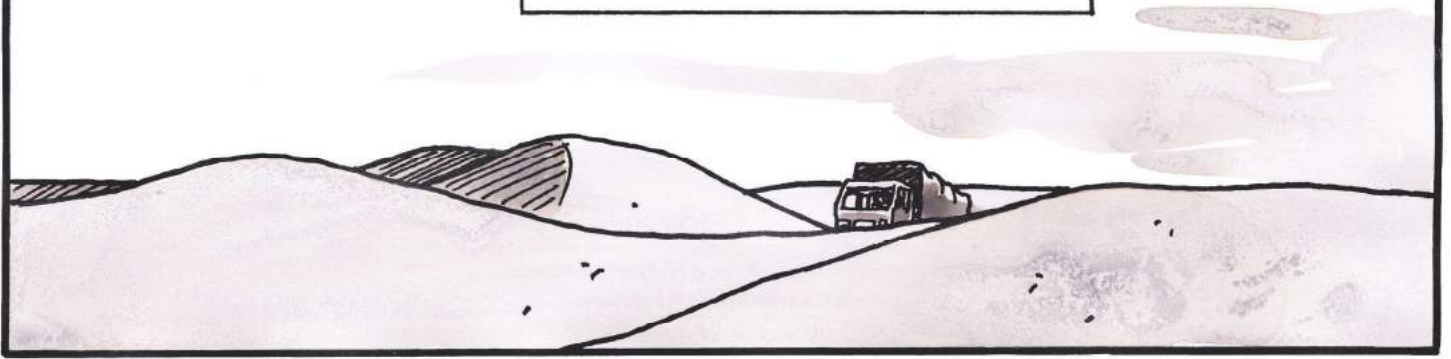
During his evening walks, he would admire the impressive buildings, the ruined remnants of a time when the Spanish had ruled over the city.



Yet the architecture's beauty couldn't help him forget...



The crossing of the desert!



camels, a few date palms...



Then Adoum's treachery. He asked the truck driver to stop right in the middle of the desert. He made us get out and said:

This is where we part ways. Algeria lies behind those dunes over there. Make your own way as best you can. I've run out of money to bribe the border guards with, so good luck!



We lacked the strength to protest, and so we walked into the desert, single-file. We suffered through the scalding sand and the scorching rays of sunlight during the day, while our nights were filled with cold winds and sandstorms!...



...Without a compass!

