

# *A Monkey Ate My Breakfast*

*Motorhome Adventures  
in Morocco*



*Julie & Jason Buckley*

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Julie and Jason Buckley

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

This book wouldn't have been possible without the unending love and support of our families, who never questioned our sanity when we quit our 'normal' lives and set off on our adventure.

A big thanks goes to Chris and Tina for their fab companionship and last, but no way least, a huge debt of gratitude to JT and Josh for their aching eyes and proof-reading skills.

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# INTRODUCTION

Quitting our jobs in the summer of 2011 was a big step. With the UK in the middle of what seemed like an unending recession, friends told us we were brave, but we weren't sure if we were actually being foolish. We'd lived in Nottingham, in the middle of England, for almost 40 years, and the past twenty odd years had been spent working our way up respective career ladders. We'd been saving up for our trip for a couple of years and in August 2011 we realised we had enough in the pot for a year on the road. Our plan, if you can call it that, was simply to potter around Europe in Dave, our 19 year old motorhome.

The thought of going to Africa never crossed our minds, why would it? Charlie, our Cavalier King Charles Spaniel and surrogate son, was coming with us. The EU pet passport scheme was unclear if he'd be allowed back into the UK should he venture to such an exotic place, so we didn't give Africa a second thought. After all Europe is a big enough place.

On the 12th of October 2011 we sailed across the channel to begin our adventure. As we made our way down through France, across Northern Spain and into Portugal we felt fear and joy with the challenges we faced on the road. We learned much about ourselves, met like-minded travellers and formed lasting friendships.

Sitting in the sunshine at a friend's villa in Portugal's Algarve (even on an adventure, you still need a break) we learned that the pet passport scheme would change on the 1st of January 2012. The doors to Africa were now open to us. Fellow travellers Chris and Tina, and their pooch Loli, were in Spain and heading for the ferry; it was too good an opportunity to miss.

With no experience of the Islamic world, except that presented by BBC correspondents on a TV in the background of our previous lives, we were thankfully unprepared for what was to come. *"You'll either love it or hate it"* was the generic message we got from the people we read about or met who had journeyed there in a motorhome.

Upon entering the country our initial reaction was, as we'd been warned, to turn around and leave. Suddenly we were rich. What we'd previously seen as our decrepit, yellow-skinned motorhome morphed into a luxury rolling hotel. We became unwilling centres of attention. People, with no apparent

purpose, stood along isolated sections of road and stared at us, some waving or pointing. We were, unwittingly, pulled over by a drug dealer in his 4x4 and the bundle of fur that is Charlie the pooch fascinated the local children. Some screamed and fell backwards as he padded around a corner, the braver boys demonstrated their courage with a quick grab or stroke.

Our skin and clothes indelibly marked us out as foreigners and we became used to a steady stream of requests to look at goods, or buy some service or other. After a while the distraught faces pulled by children when we refused their unending requests for *Dirhams* (money) or *bonbons* (sweets), hurt less. Although we had known we would see poverty, it was undeniably a shock to see men struggling with twisted wooden ploughs, and children shepherding tiny bedraggled flocks of sheep and goats.

During our time in the country we slowly became more at ease. We wound our way south through brick-red gorges, past families playing with sleds and broken skis on snow-covered mountains, through the dirty dust of deserts to the edge of the Sahara and back again. Fez amazed us. Marrakech annoyed us. Essaouira chilled us out. Tangier, which we'd avoided through sheer fear on our way into the country, proved tame on our return.

We've relished reliving our adventure while writing this book, visiting places and meeting people twice. Fasten your seatbelt and join us in Dave the motorhome. Bounce along rough roads dodging donkeys and tuck your elbows in as the Grand Taxis and lorries rush past. Cross your fingers that Dave doesn't snap a wheel off and immerse your senses in the exotic, bustling towns and cities of Morocco. Come and feel the elation.

## GETTING IN

The little shop sat in the middle of an industrial estate dwarfed by cubed, metal buildings. The only sign that it was the right place came from an international collection of white motorhomes parked across the street. It wasn't a secret, but you have to ask around to find out about it. It was the place to buy tickets to North Africa.

Among the motorhoming community there seemed to be unwritten rules about how it was done. We'd tried to deduce these by reading internet articles, travellers blogs and forums, and chatting with folks we'd met along the way. The first stage, a rather obvious one, as all attempts to build a bridge or tunnel had failed, was to buy a ferry ticket. We needed to buy passage for ourselves, our pooch Charlie, and our ageing three tonne wagon of a motorhome, Dave, who we named after the previous owner's cat. That wasn't even the cat's name, but a nickname chosen by a miffed, enforced adoptive father whose daughter had decided Cairo (the feline's real name) was no longer relevant.

The Lidl supermarket car park, on a retail park near the Algéciras ferry port, is another poorly kept secret among the French *en retraite* community, who gather there before departure to inexpensive winter warmth and respite for aching limbs. Small groups convened in and around their vans. Buddying up and planning for the trip ahead, we felt excluded and nervous.

Registration plates, the first clue used by the itinerant motorhomer in foreign waters, indicated to us that there was only one other British motorhome parked there, and they weren't home. Facing the fear of our non-native tongue, we found a couple in conversation and blurted a crude “*excusez-moi, où sont les billets, s'il vous plaît?*” Our question was met with a small wince and a moment to absorb and translate our Nottingham-accented French. A blunt “*la bas*” response came, but the eyes and gestures said “*Over there? Surely you should know where to get tickets or don't bother going*”.

Reaching the little shop we joined the queue, it was only a few people long but still spilled outside. Once inside the door, shuffling forwards, we leaned casually towards the desk to hear what was being said in front of us, craning our necks to watch the process. We'd been travelling across France, Spain

and Portugal, our egos were over-inflated by nothing more than managing to stay alive. We didn't like the feeling of fear from being first timers among the experienced. More truthfully, we had no idea whether we were about to find ourselves out of our depth.

When it came to our turn at the desk we could only think to ask vaguely for tickets to Morocco, as if there was only one way to get there. Juan Carlos, with a face closely resembling the sound of his name, smiled as he spoke to us in broken English. Squinting a little, we realised the English was mostly French and Spanish, and Juan was politely telling us he took only cash, not the bank cards we had in our hands. Only at the handy cash machine around the corner did we realise that despite having never met Juan before we'd left all of our documents with him - passports, driving licence and vehicle registration paper. As soon as the machine whirled out a stack of Euros, which we nervously split between us and pocketed, we hastily walked the two minutes back to our paper identities.

Grinning from ear to ear, we over-enthusiastically shook Juan's hand, as we exchanged our bank notes for a transparent wallet of tickets and customs paperwork before heading outside with our comedic, but appreciated, complimentary bottle of Spanish sidra, a type of cider, and a chocolate cake. A realisation and anxiety set in all at once. Months of fear and doubt would soon be tested, we were going to Africa, on the early morning ferry.

Our collective knowledge of Africa was sparse, gleaned largely from Bob Geldoff and his Live Aid appeals with images of starving, pot-bellied children covered in flies. With this as our main point of reference, our approach to stocking up at the nearby supermarket might be easier to explain. We bought big, very big. Pasta, rice, cereal, jars of sauces, chocolate, dried breads, fresh fruit, vegetables and meat toppled out of our already-full cupboards and our small, hard working fridge every time they were opened.

We'd read how tricky alcohol was to buy, and why wouldn't it be with around 99% of the population being Muslims, a faith that forbids any intoxicating substance. So, once Dave was full of food all remaining air gaps were filled with precious liquids. Small cans of beer disappeared under camping chairs, litre 'bricks' of boxed wine formed an inebriating wall on a shelf in our wardrobe. Then when it occurred to us that customs in Morocco might not be too pleased if we attempted to smuggle half a supermarket alcohol aisle into their county, we hid it a bit better.



Dave's suspension groaned from the additional weight as our thoughts turned to a dilemma. The newest generation of Moroccans were supposed to attend school, however many of them preferred to carve out a career as adept beggars. Their number one request was for money, then sweets - *bonbons* or *caramelos*, as they're known locally. Wanting to be liked and accepted by the locals (and to prevent any damage being done to Dave) we bought a large bag of sweets, then a stack of coloured pencils and pads which we hoped would encourage them to go to school. The problem of which, if any, to place into outstretched grubby hands would be put off for later.

As Prepared as we could be, the alarm was set for 7am, an unheard of waking hour for us these days. It was a pointless act as our built-in nerve clocks popped us upright way before the tinny tune had chance to do its duty. Excited and nervous, the sound of a neighbour's engine starting had us peering alternately at the clock and our tickets.

Juan had told us to arrive two hours before the departure time, but when we peered through the curtains, Lidl's bright yellow and blue logo bathed the car park revealing that many of the other motorhomes had already gone. Were we running late? The place was crammed full like sardines in a tin when we'd gone to bed, but now there were now just a handful left, curtains tightly drawn, either sleeping off a late ferry crossing, or like us eagerly awaiting the start of their adventure.

In the inky darkness, the early morning chill and heat of our breath misted up Dave's windscreen before we'd even left the retail park. His broken windscreen heater hadn't been a problem until now, as it wasn't needed on hot lazy mornings. Cursing in unison the windscreen misted as quickly as it could be wiped, as we trundled along the fast flowing roads leading to Algeciras port. Impatient rush hour traffic buzzed around us not helping our slightly frazzled nerves. Opening the side windows let in the cold morning air and our vision of the road improved as we shivered. But there was something magical in the air and not even the chill could dampen our spirits.

As we crossed the flyover into the port, the sun hovered just below the horizon, silhouetting Gibraltar rock. The sky around it glowed many shades of orange, pink and blue as the lights on the loading cranes twinkled. The industrial scene was a strangely beautiful sight, any urge to capture it on our camera remained subservient to the urge to clear the windscreen. The road had turned into a narrow strip of tarmac between rows of red and white

concrete shepherding blocks which twisted and turned. Traffic was funnelled to its destination by unlit signs perched on the concrete blocks.

Our queue was mainly the familiar white cubes of European motorhomes, so it was a small number of Moroccan vans parked to one side that held our gaze. Men, dressed in floor length robes, their trainers and shoes peeking out from under the heavy, dark fabric, stood patiently alongside cars and vans with plastic sheets protecting a huge layer of who-knows-what piled onto the roof. The vans looked like they were sporting shower caps or huge afro haircuts, we wondered if we had actually packed enough stuff.

In front of us was a hurdle. A black Transit van, filled with, and surrounded by young Moroccans in dark puffa jackets, sat immobile in our path as the queue moved forwards. Britishness demanded we wait as the queue gap grew longer, and we grew more anxious. It must have only been a matter of minutes, which felt like hours, before one of the men saw our gaping, nervous faces and approached us. Surely he was a drug-smuggling queue troll, about to demand Euros for passage? Instead he smiled broadly and waved us through, then moved his van to one side.

At the ticket booth Juan's vouchers were smoothly exchanged for actual tickets which was a relief. Our research had thrown up a few people claiming touts tickets were no good for various reasons. We'd figured everyone used Juan so he must be OK; we were right and our weakling confidence took a tiny leap. Exiting Spain proved a simple affair. Charlie's EU Pet Passport, proof of his inoculation status, was proffered to the car-level window, far below any motorhome drivers reach. It was immediately returned; they had no interest in a small dog wanting to leave the country. There was similarly little interest in our passports too, a bored cursory glance from one official, a glance at the worn outside covers being enough to satisfy another.

Popping out the other side of paperwork alley, Gibraltar rock re-appeared. The sun had hauled itself over the horizon marking the new day and illuminating the mess of lorries, vans and cars on the quayside ahead. Stripes of parallel, clearly marked lanes for queuing existed, but were dismissively ignored. Groups of people stood chatting, animated with much arm flinging and hand gestures. Lorry drivers studiously ignored those gestures clearly directed at them as they slowly beeped their way through to the front. Our novice status was confirmed by our position in the pack, dead last. We even managed to get ourselves stuck behind a lorry-less trailer waiting to be moved.

The ferry arrived and slowly lowered its ramps like huge mechanical arms reaching out for land. Vehicles spewed out of its belly, eager to make land and complete their crossing back into Europe. Eventually the flood abated, followed by a long pause during which everyone stared unblinking at the official in a dirty fluorescent coat, who finally signalled to the mass it was time to board. The chaos organised itself through the necessity of a boarding ramp, and Dave finally bumped up the steep clanking metal, still dead last. Inside, an irate official edged us forwards to within, what felt like, millimetres of the vehicle in front, despite no one else waiting to board and a vast field of space behind.

Charlie's shiny food and water bowls were topped up, and his head overly kissed, before we dropped from Dave's door to find ourselves in a metal maze. The vehicles were so tightly packed in we had to shuffle, crablike, between them. Discovering that the next two vehicles were even closer together, so we couldn't fit through, meant alternative paths were sought by ducking under bike racks and wing mirrors to reach the stairs.

Juan's two hour buffer had seemed excessive, which on our quiet early ferry it was, a bit. But with no clue as to what bureaucratic hurdles we'd need to leap, and denied sleep by nerves, we'd obeyed it. Leaving the UK we'd been waved to one side for additional scrutiny, "*Any guns or knives on board?*" a bored looking customs official had asked, "*Erm, yes*", Julie replied, "*We've a drawer full of knives in our kitchen?*". Spanish customs had no interest in our knife drawer, so we found ourselves with a good half an hour to spare before sailing. We stood on deck watching last minute vehicles brave the ramps, explaining our wedged-in position. Behind us Gibraltar rock rose above the morning mist.

Still stationary, a mumbled multi-language announcement was lost to the morning breeze. If it was letting us know the restaurant had opened, it would be of no interest, a lesson learned on a previous crossing back home from France. A calm sea in port, inviting an oversized plate of sausage and bacon, can gleefully turn into a rolling churning cauldron at sea. No breakfast for us. Ginger tablets had been taken too, in a belt and braces attempt to stave off sea sickness. The announcement drew us back inside. A crowd gathering around the information desk assured us the lost information wasn't food-related. But neither of us could work out what would cause such a crowd on a ferry, other than the call to lifeboats, but we were still in dock.

Among the throng no English voices pricked our ears, but a second wander through revealed compatriots by what they held. In the hands of an elderly couple were the leatherette burgundy finish and shiny gold crest of two UK passports. They turned out to be less fretfully clueless, guessing that Moroccan immigration would check our paperwork and stamp passports while we were on board. The unruly mass of nationalities made it clear the official would be a busy man and we'd been tipped off that the Gibraltar Straits can reward sea-watchers with whales. With a choice between a scrum and the king of the ocean, we took to the deck, walking to the rear in order to watch Spain and Europe fade into the distance.

As the first of the mechanical arms released its grip, a lorry raced along the ferry terminal road. It turned and crossed the quayside just as the second ramp reached up into the sky. The driver jumped out of his cab gesticulating at the quayside staff who comically ignored him, carrying on with their business. He'd left it too late and reached for his mobile to no doubt apologise for literally missing the boat. As the ferry shuddered into life and we pulled away from the dock the driver pocketed his phone, and stood watching, helpless.

We slid slowly past huge cranes unloading cargo containers from hulking ships, before cranking up the speed as we exited the port. Soon distance made the cranes toy-like, and we entered the Strait proper, it became clear the notoriously choppy waters would be kind to us. Seasickness tablets were superfluous, although butterflies continued to flutter. Losing our cool, we headed quickly back to the immigration point, maybe the single official was an efficient paper stamper, had processed the lot and headed off for a cuppa? Maybe not. The scrum had now morphed into a line snaking across the ship. In it stood a cosmopolitan mix; grey haired, white faced couples, single dark haired, sun-tanned men wearing jeans and a jumper or a floor length robe, groups of men with very dark black faces in a uniform of jeans and thick jackets and one lone Asian guy who looked comfortable with his singularity. Making idle, nervous chat between ourselves we held a whispered conversation about whether to hand over Charlie's pet passport. Would it cause confusion as he wasn't here to be looked at? Decision made: we'd hold onto it unless someone demanded it.

Are all customs officers trained in aloofness on day one of officialdom college? It certainly seemed that way. Sitting on a low seat behind the information counter, our chap slotted neatly into stereotype, staring intently at a hidden laptop as he thrust out his hand for the next passport. Putting one

aside, he flipped through all the pages of the other, presumably looking for evidence of some political sin or travel into enemy territory, before taking a mental picture of the photo. With a sternness that almost had us inappropriately smirking, he made lengthy eye contact before thump-thump stamping and snapping shut the passport. No mention of our canine stowaway below deck, we waited until we were a safe distance away before we ran our fingers over the stamp, reading the numbers we'd been allocated for entry.

A mandatory look around the on-board shop revealed a smaller version of those found on UK cross-channel ferries. Word must have only just got out that alcohol is hard to come by in Morocco as it was three deep around the spirits section. With the bureaucracy and window shopping over for a while, the lure of fresh air, open sea and wildlife drew us back outside. Positioned at sentinel posts either side of the ferry, an excited shout announced a fin had broken the surface, a precursor to a pod of pilot whales heading for Atlantic waters. A mother and baby passed right next to the ferry, our camera excitedly clicking.

Several more pods passed either side of us until our eyes were drawn to a small rowing boat crammed full of people being dwarfed by a huge container ship passing behind it. We were about halfway across the nine mile trip and the little boat looked so vulnerable and small this far out. Devoid of fish catching contraptions, any obvious explanation as to what they were doing was lost. Were they attempting to smuggle themselves, in plain daylight and through a major shipping lane, to Spain? We'd never know. But it did make us wonder what we would find in Morocco that's so bad people might take such extraordinary risks to escape?

Shaking off a sense of foreboding, attention turned to the coastline coming into view. Rolling hills, miniature houses, trees, cars and roads; it looked much the same as the Spanish coast we'd left, only with fewer commercial buildings. The port sat at the foot of the hills, neat, shiny, white and still new. Behind the docked ferries we could see a huge car park surrounded by a high metal fence. To its right insect diggers and trucks swarmed around, busy building Tangier Med II, the second deep water port which would include two new container terminals for cargo. The whole area was the visual embodiment of the investment being made to ease the transport of goods and people to Europe.

Another garbled announcement was interpreted through the actions of others as they headed below deck. Charlie woke to the sound of us unlocking

the door. His bleary eyes, rapidly turning bright and playful, told us he'd happily slept to the hum of the diesel engines. Still shut in the moving car park the mass of motorhomes, cars and lorries jostled for position in what little space there was. Slowly the huge doors screeched their way open, letting in the daylight like another dawn, before the whole mess splurged out onto the quayside and sped off, like greyhounds from starting traps.

Dave lumbered down the ramp last. While the customs official on the quayside checked our passports, we anxiously watched to see where the other vehicles went. Signposting was minimal; the motorhome in front of us missed a turning and ended up at a dead end. We cheered as we made the turning, now we wouldn't be last to arrive at customs, a small victory.

Along the dock the fenced off area we had seen from the ferry was packed full of cars and transit vans. Matching the overloaded vans at the Algeciras docks, each had a huge afro-style bundle strapped to its roof, most of which were the same height as the car or van wearing them. Underneath, the cars and vans themselves were crammed full of either people or things; blankets, bedding, food, used toys seemingly rescued for a second African life, plus lumpy parcels of the unknown. If this was how much people imported, Dave was seriously light on passengers and goods.

The feeling of trepidation rose again as we reached the customs area. We'd heard tales of serious hassle from touts wanting to 'help' people enter Morocco for a small fee. Rule number one to avoid them was to look confident and act as if you knew what you were doing – which wouldn't be easy, we didn't have a clue. Even simply parking up we'd managed to be in the 'wrong' queue in the eyes of one of the port staff. Behind him his co-worker had moved a barrier across our path so we couldn't go in the direction he was frantically waving us in, so we joined another queue of motorhomes in front of us, after all we'd all just got off the same ferry. He looked amazed and distraught, we hopefully ignored him.

Unsure of what to do next and wary of tout potential, we once again followed our fellow travellers example. At least one person from each motorhome was disembarking, clutching paperwork. Determined to make it into the country on our own, we grabbed all the papers we might possibly need; and both got out of the van; Charlie was once again assigned duty as protector. What to do next wasn't immediately clear, in fact, confusion reigned. Signposts in cryptic, curving Arabic reminded us where we were, but offered no help. Fortunately for us, if not the Moroccans, France had

annexed Morocco as a *protectorate* for a good part of the twentieth century, therefore a cross-section of the population still spoke French. School-learned French threw us a timely lifeline.

In front of each queue of motorhomes lay a booth, behind it were more rows of booths, seemingly shut. Furtively searching for the infamous touts, we saw none - we were on our own. Approaching the open window of the booth for our lane the dark uniformed man within sat facing away from the small window. He glanced over and took our paperwork, stared at it for a moment and thrust it back. "*Attendez*", wait, he cryptically commanded. With this we obediently waited, wondering how this inaction might help us move forwards. Itching to avoid feeling and looking foolish, we took another chance with the booth; the sight of the same clueless European proved too much for its resident, who angrily slapped the window closed, threw open the booth door, and stomped off. Our faces creased, breaking the tension.

The first motorhomes off the ferry were now on their way. Each of them having spoken to an official outside of the booths before leaving. The short, round official smiling and joking with other motorhomers could be our ticket out of here. We waited cautiously for a suitable break in the conversation, to enable Jay to enquire, in his best French, as to what we needed to do. Delighted to be asked for his expertise, the peak-capped official smiled and happily explained the process, pointing to a distant unmarked booth we needed to attend to kick-start our entry.

Minutes later we stood amongst the dwindling lines of motorhomes, waiting for our names to be called so Dave could be searched. Beside us, overloaded Moroccan cars were being inspected. Customs officials curtly demanding loads be unloaded. We watched, incredulous as one man slowly and carefully unravelled a car height bundle wrapped in tarpaulin on the roof of his Transit. We didn't know if the officials were being this thorough with the motorhomes, as we'd been too captivated watching the cars.

By now we were the only Europeans left in our smiling official's area; he wandered over to us and asked our names. Searching through his pile of papers he found ours and asked which was our vehicle. We pointed to poor, lonely Dave, the only part of the queue left, with Charlie keeping guard sprawled out on the dashboard. This was it. The moment we'd been warned about. Customs officials rooting through your motorhome, taking your alcohol and anything else they fancied.

The smiling official glanced at Dave, looked at us and said "Anything special?", "Err, no" we both replied in a somewhat surprised harmony. With that he passed us a piece of paper, smiled, gave a little wave in the direction of where the cars were being emptied and wandered off towards them. We looked at each other, what did it mean? The exit was through the search area, or are we supposed to stop there and be searched? We climbed back into Dave, fired up the smoking diesel engine and crawled forwards. As we slowly made our way through the search area the expected raised voices, shouting us to come back, never materialised, so we carried on.

When we left the UK for a one year road trip, the idea of going to Africa simply never occurred to us. As a result hadn't bothered to question our insurers about whether they'd extend our policy to cover Morocco. Some insurers will provide a Green Card, ours declined; unhelpfully suggesting we use Google to find suitable insurance. We searched Google, it told us to buy third party cover at the border. The state-provided flimsy document would realistically only keep us from entering a Moroccan jail in the event we accidentally hurt someone. But as neither of us fancied a spell in African stir, we decided to buy it.

Still inside the freshly concreted customs compound, we parked up outside converted shipping containers that housed the banks and *assurance* office. At the tiny, grilled window, we leant forwards and explained we wanted to insure our *camping car*. The agent, dressed in an ageing white shirt, thought for a moment, then uttered in English, "€260, 30 days".

Was this a test? We knew €100 was the going rate. Doing his best to look shocked and angry, Jay issued a "*Quoi? Non, c'est trop cher?*" challenge; too expensive, come up with another number. This worked surprisingly well, prompting a long telephone call, in an unidentified language. We managed to pick out the odd mention of *caravan*, which reassured us he wasn't on the phone to his girlfriend but worried us that we were getting insurance for the wrong type of vehicle. Slamming the phone down he leaned forward a little so as not to be overheard "€92, 30 days". Sold and smug, we took the scrap of paper, confident of its potency due to the small hologram it bore.

Next door in the bank shipping container we changed our remaining Euros into Dirhams. We were given 10.9 Dirhams for each of our Euros, but in our minds we rounded it down to ten, making it easy to mentally work out what things cost. The odd currency resembled monopoly money, the same way Euros did when we first changed over to them a few months ago. We



made sure to ask for some Dirham coins too as we'd been advised we'd need change for tips. As it turned out, we didn't get enough of the stuff.

We belted ourselves in and drove to the guard at the port exit for a final paperwork check, and confirmation as to what the smiling official's hand signal had actually meant. He waved us through, we'd done it. We were in Morocco, Africa. Out of earshot of the officials, driving on a smooth, wide strip of black, fresh tarmac, we both let out a huge whoop of delight. The mastering of the physical processes to get to this point wasn't, we realised, the source of our pride, more the fact we'd overcome a fear. We were in!

To buy A monkey ate my breakfast as either an ebook or paperback please [click here](#) to return to our site and follow the link to your regional store.

## ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Julie and Jason Buckley, were both born in 1972 and grew up on opposite sides of Nottinghamshire. With a little help from their friends they met in a church, albeit one that had been converted into a bar, in 2003. Four years later they were married, four years after that they had saved up enough money to take a break from their corporate lives and travel.

Selling most of their possessions, and shoving what they couldn't fit in their ageing motorhome into willing family and friend's attics, they rented out their house. On the 12th October 2011 they crossed the English Channel to start their adventure.

Travelling through France, Northern Spain and Portugal they met like-minded couples and formed great friendships. A change to the Pet Passport scheme gave them the opportunity to visit Morocco, along with Charlie, their Cavalier King Charles Spaniel, so they took it.

By keeping to a budget and staying in cheap, or preferably free, places the couple have since managed to stretch out their savings to another year on the road. After returning to the UK for an MOT in September 2012, they set off again a couple of weeks later and are currently travelling around the continent, and eyeing up a trip to Tunisia!

They wrote this book while they travelled Europe. You can continue to follow their adventures on their website. They publish photos, videos and daily updates as they travel on [www.ourtour.co.uk](http://www.ourtour.co.uk).

## OTHER BOOKS BY THE AUTHORS

### **OurTour Guide to Motorhome Morocco**

The perfect book to help you plan your own trip to Morocco and to give you a flavour of what to expect! The guide focuses on the practical, first hand experience we gained from taking Dave, our motorhome, and Charlie, our dog, to Morocco.

It covers topics such as: driving a motorhome in Morocco, a step-by-step guide to entering and leaving, what to take and what not to take, when to haggle and when not to, finding safe places to stay, scams and nuisances.

It also lists the campsites and guarded parking we used, and our thoughts about them.

OurTour Guide to Motorhome Morocco is available as an ebook on Amazon, or direct from our website [OurTour.co.uk](http://OurTour.co.uk)



*With the abyss of Fortysomethingness looming, Julie and Jason quit work and set off on an adventure.*

*Their goal - tour Europe for a year.*

*Their transport - Dave, a motorhome half their age.*

*Join them and pet pooch Charlie (almost 40 in dog years) as they explore Morocco - a country they never planned to visit. Journey across deserts and mountains, overcome culture shock and nerves while haggling with the locals, riding camels in the sahara, eating cold chips and falling victim to a fake tour guide with a lust for wine.*



**OUR T****OUR**  
**MOTORHOME ADVENTURES IN EUROPE**