

Greetings this Sunday, May 21, 2011, from the Niassa Province in the northern territory of Mozambique, south east Africa.

To update you I departed May 1st from the Indian Ocean coastal town of Pemba. My body revolted the first week, extreme cramping due to improper fluid intake and blisters the size of quarters on all parts of my feet due to the reality they were simply not use to walking such long distances.

Week number two had me settling into a routine: waking at 3am to start walking at 3:30am in order to avoid the heat of the day; walking for twenty to twenty-five kms before 11am; looking for the local village elder and obtaining permission to set-up base camp in the local school by 1pm: locating drinking water to purify and a bucket of water for cooking and bathing; preparing my one cooked meal for the day which generally consist of Chinese or spaghetti noodles with canned fish or cassava root that grow locally; washed and in my tent for the night by one hour after sunset at 6 to 6:30pm.

The Mozambique has a keen interest in monitoring my expedition so they attached a fixer and two porters to be with me from the start in Pemba. About three hundred kilometres into the walk, the porters disappeared and headed back to the coast because the bush country simply got way too wild for their taste. As for the fixer, he was starting to wear on my nerves for he was constantly text messaging and yapping on his mobile phone. So early one morning on what was to be a rest day, I loaded up my gear and walked away into the dark of the night.

As of this writing, the government fixer is about a day behind me but still hot in pursuit. I also understand that he has been ordered by the government to stop me from walking much further into the region I now find myself because of the unpredictable wildlife that abound. I understand that they feel I should not proceed without an armed guard. They can provide me with the guard, but they cannot provide the bullets for the gun.

I should mention that as I am now in a landmine area, small flags marking their whereabouts could be seen just yesterday. I noticed them along the trail I was following that was washed away in parts, submerged under water from the only recently concluded rain season. My research had informed me that during the wet season the landmines often shift location, making the flag markers less than reliable. This of course is very unnerving especially when you are wading about in waist deep water.

That's why I hope my expedition brings attention to the work of MAG International and their work to remove remnants of warfare such as landmines which so often kill or maim the innocent long after the peace treaties have been signed and the warriors have all gone home.

Lastly, if you would like to support EQUATORIA - A Walk Across Africa and my Poli-Poli One Step At A Time initiative you can do so by visiting the website www.WalkAcrossAfrica.org to donate. All funds go towards local schools I pass through along the route as I chase my shadow across the African continent.

Only those who will risk going too far can possibly find out how far one can go."

T.S. Elliot