



Morocco, in North Africa, is a top destination for those seeking a self-guided adventure tour on two wheels

nside the rickety old bus, Moroccans filled every square inch except for the few my fiancée Andrea and I squeezed into on the back seat. Diesel fumes mixed with the smell of body odour. Strapped to the top of the roof were six live sheep for the next day's Aid El Kebir religious celebrations, where every family that can afford it sacrifices a sheep and gathers for a feast.

We'd arrived in Marrakech two days earlier and felt the need to escape the busy city

before the streets filled with the aroma of slaughtered sheep, but we didn't count on a bus ride that, halfway into it, felt like being our last!

Climbing slowly up one side of the Atlas Mountains heading south-west was a breeze, but descending on the other side was an experience more suited to the locals. Halfway down, the bus started to fill with the smell of burning brakes as the driver used up both lanes for a better line from one sharp corner

to the next. Off to the left side of the road, the edge dropped away deep into the valley, while a glance to the right around a sharp left revealed ambulance men carrying bodies out of a van that had not long ago rolled 20 metres off the side of the road onto its roof.

It was at that point Andrea turned towards me with a worried look and said: "You think we're going to make it down this mountainside alive?"

Taking a deep breath of the toxic mixed

