

As the last days of September surrounded us with its presence, our excitement grew to finally get on to the road with our little Pangolin - in other words our Edgeout Teardrop camper.

Heading for Botswana - Mpaya & Mabuasehube Pans or shall I say remote camping in the wild. If You are looking for solitude you will definitely find it through the, last 30km of thick sand leading to Mabuasehube.

It was through the same thick sand that since leaving Durbanville, we became aware of the Pangolin on our back. It's belly or the hull as I call it, fill to the brim. The Edgeout camper built for two was trekking 5 days of lodging and food for the 4 persons party in its almamater the grey Pajero, that hasn't earned a name like the Pangolin.

We stopped for a brief moment deflating tyres of both the Pajero and the Pangolin and with ease made it to the gates of what we thought to be a heavenly holiday. Within half an hour of our arrival we were pouring drinks. Seating our tired backsides down in our camping chairs. More than pleased with the Pangolin now looking more like 2 person hotel - white linen and all. A shower with hot water and the awning and sidewalls turned into a private lounge. It was at this exact moment that I fell in love with the little

beast. The Edgeout Teardrop camper truly took the hardship out of camping.

And ... the bed. Did I mention that we were in a 2 person hotel? The mini USB fan did its job through the night, the bed lights on either sides - fantastic, but did I mention the bed. Or maybe it was the tiring 10hour stretch from Askam to Mpaya pan hat made me sleep so well that I didn't even knew I slept.

October crept in like the bush fires around us when we woke up the next morning. The Edgeout slept like a dream and my morning shower was hot and fresh like the surrounding outdoors. In the shadow of the awning we waited out the day in the blazing 41 degree heat. As night fell and the African skies lit up with the universe we could see flames in the distance and a halo around the moon. That night the Edgeout confirmed it's a hotel bed.

I woke up happy. We spotted a Pangolin on our game drive last night. I've never seen one. We've finally named our space-like hotel. My grandmother always said when you're given it a name, it's too late - you already love.

The fire was all around us in the morning. Chaos as we try to fill the Pangolin's hull with everything we came with. Evacuate. Screams, sobs and vomits as the fire lits the sky to an orange-red sunset. Flee. Leave the Pangolin behind.

But I've named it ...

I couldn't see the campsite. Just the flames engulfing everything in front of us. I imagined the Pangolin's plastic body crumpled up like a raisin. I cried.

The fire swept through quickly. Leaving patches of black debris. When only the pale grey plumes of smoke remained we returned to our burnt down campsite. And there she was. The Pangolin like an agate formed in the cavities of volcanic rock.

The site reminded me of when Scar, in The Lion King, led Simba into its cackle of Hyenas. We left. After only 2 days in Botswana we headed back home. It was 3 days of long haul through more fires along the northern parts of South Africa.

Finally home. Dead tired and with some minor damage to the Pangolin. What an awesome experience from Johan at Edgeout. Fetching the Pangolin with its scars and band aids only to deliver it 48hours later looking as good new.

With the Pangolin back home looking dressed in its newest outfit we quickly re-stocked. A well deserved rest without the kilometers, we decided on The Baths outside Citrusdal. Warm water for the soul. The Pangolin - The beautiful Edgeout raised from the ashes, baptized and camping to its full glory.