

## **Discovering Mozambique's Bazaruto Archipelago by sailboat**

### **On a ship between islands**

I don't get up early. Not for anything. Yet my watch gleams 5 am as I step onto the deck of our 110-foot schooner, balancing my camera and a steaming cup of coffee as I get comfortable on a massive coil of fraying rope in the bow. The reason for this? I am about to bear sole and solitary witness to one of the world's most spectacular and awe-inspiring sunrises. And for this, even I will endure the wrathful hammering of my alarm clock at an hour when not a soul stirs in the watery world of Bazaruto, Mozambique.

You don't pass through this part of the world en route elsewhere. You don't stumble across it by accident either. I hear about this primeval archipelago, situated off the coast of Mozambique, from someone with tough sailor's hands and deep lines etched across his suntanned and wind-cured brow.

He speaks of a place of quicksilver tides and indigo waters, of desolate islands where pristine white beaches stretch for miles towards the watery horizons. Of the gentle lull of the Indian Ocean as one falls asleep at night, afloat amidst the coves and bays in a place where only fish and the spirit of the world dwell.

[...]

From the moment you set foot on Mozambican soil, something is markedly different. You can almost smell it, it's so strong. A quietly elated routine that flows in dignified sync with the changing of the tides, the Mozambican way of life defies all hurry and impatience. There is never too little time to speak respectfully and at length to another.