

**GHANA  
MT AFODJOTO  
MAY 2010  
By Karen Hauptfleisch**

2 May: We were seasoned travelers (Of course that comes with a price). We bargained the taxi price down. We also waited patiently for 5 hours whilst the driver performed miracles by putting a pile of luggage exceeding the taxi's height as well as two helpers on top of the roof. Finally it was our turn to be squashed inside where one glimpse at the roof ended in hysterical laughter. The whole roof was re-enforced but badly burned.

The Ghana immigration officers were very friendly. Not used to seeing tourists, they had to send for the necessary forms and even offered to fill it in on our behalf.

A motorbike ride to Liati Wote followed, where Kofi, our guide sorted out our accommodation and hike.



***Steep ascend***

3 May: We started hiking at 6 and by 7h30 we were standing on top of the highest mountain in Ghana. The path was littered with plastic bags and once on top, Kofi phoned his friends who brought several big bags and the big clean-up started. The predominant litter was handkerchiefs and plastic water sachets. The cleaning team promised to take the litter down before returning with more plastic bags while we bundu bashed to the highest point in Ghana.

Once back at Mt Afodjoto, it was a feast for the eyes to see it clean. We must have picked up at least 30 handkerchiefs and I suggested a second hand handkerchief shop at the bottom.



***The Mt Afodjoto Cleaning Team***



***Picking up litter***

Descending, a big church group from Accra was racing past us to the top. Being me, I could not resist the urge to tell them not to litter. Being himself, Alan could not resist the urge to tell me to mind my own business. Kofi overheard the conversation and gave me the go ahead! Someone has to protect the mountains.

Three people, two 85 Liter backpacks and two day packs turned out to be too much for one motorbike. I was first taken to the border post before the driver returned for Alan.



***No words needed***



***Lovely Silk Cotton Tree***

Once through the border, Alan bargaining skills reduced the taxi fair down to a fifth. We traveled through the magnificent forests and there was peace in my heart. What a way to end a day. Mt Afodjoto has shown me her splendor and it was an honor to restore her beauty, even if just for one day.