

## From tiny Belize to gigantic Mexico

Wednesday, 07 January 2009

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Romain and Damien have to leave us to go back to Guatemala City before flying back to Europe. Maddo, Jo and myself stay on another night. But before going to bed I check my emails and I find one from Adrienne and Petr who we shared a container from Colombia to Panama with: they've met a guy here in Belize who has converted his Range Rover to run on hydrogen! I get in touch with him at once and decide to go and meet him the following day in San Ignacio (the town through which we got into Belize!). I drop Maddo and Jo in Belmopan for them to catch a bus to Caye Caulker, an island off Belize City where I will join them back the following day, and head off to San Ignacio.

There I meet Julio, a Portoricain of origin who worked in the USA in the hydrogen industry, fuel cells and hydrogen vehicles! We spend the evening together with his friends Karin and Mac. They invite me to the restaurant. Julio is really interesting and shows me his 4x4 that he fitted with a hydrogen booster. I like this solution I had already read about in the past. He shares with me some contacts he has in the USA. The following day, it's time to say goodbye, go back to Belize City, leave the car in the hands of Ernest August, a very kind taxi driver and catch the first available water-taxi.

2h later I find myself swimming with my friends on the 2nd world largest reef barrier amongst rays. This is unique. Our plan worked as agreed. We spend the night on the island and treat ourselves with some langouste tails. The next morning, we go back on the continent, collect the car back and head off to the North towards Mexico.

The border crossing is weird: we have to pay nearly 20USD a head to exit from Belize which we didn't know and so we don't have the cash. Jo is authorized to go inside the free zone and take some cash back from a casino where he's meant to only play a chip... Maddo and I really get anxious but we are relieved when we spot the tip of his cap 1 hour and a half later... On the Mexican side however, it's the opposite story. We follow a line of cars et get our papers ready when we are asked our nationality: "French!" we sing altogether. And so they decide to check the car... I'm not able to open the trunk of the beetle (sometimes it is lunatic) but it's with a big smile that we are let through when I casually joke it's a Mexican make. Here we are on the Mexican side without even showing our passports!

We have to split off with my new friends because they are going to Cancun. I leave them behind in Corozal and head off West towards Palenque, the biggest archeological site in Mexico.