

Essaouira Fishing Port – March 29, 2021 – Essaouira, Morocco

By Tom Allin

First thing I did this morning after making my morning check to confirm I was still breathing was to go to the parking lot to retrieve an item or two we had forgotten to unload yesterday. On the way back I stopped In Essaouira's Moulay Hassan Square for a cup of coffee.



The square is huge and as you can see: empty. Essaouira has morphed from a fishing port into a tourist center during the last twenty years. However, being a year into the pandemic and Morocco still limiting Europeans and others in visiting plus the mandated closing of all restaurants at 8:00 pm has brought tourism to a standstill.



Friends greeting each other in the square.



The ever-present unfashionable mask.

Nancy and I spent 30 minutes or more looking for the perfect café for an American egg and black coffee breakfast. When our search turned up nothing we sat down at a café, ordered eggs and coffee, and sat back to enjoy the morning.

After a leisurely breakfast we got up and started walking – to our right. We had come from the left so there was no reason to double back. Eventually we saw what turned out to be the fishing port. After climbing up on to the sea wall, walking around the fence erected to keep people out, dropping back down from the sea wall to the ground, we began exploring. Why the fence was installed I have no idea because it didn't stop anyone from doing as we had seen others do and did ourselves – climb the sea wall and go around the fence.





Even though we have rented an apartment with a kitchen neither one of us gave a second thought to buying the catch of the day.



I liked the red fish but not enough to be enticed to buy one.



Didn't need any seashells. Still have the ones we bought while living in Florida 20 years ago.



Push carts move everything in Morocco.



Must have been two or three dozen fishing boats like this one in the harbor.



Fishing without a boat.



An artist rendition of the red fish we saw for sale?



Maybe the red fish after the artist ate it?



The main gate from the port heading back into town.



And what is a fishing port without gulls.

We enjoyed the walk and our time trying to stay out of the way of those catching, unloading, selling and buying fish. Everyone was very nice, and no one said, “No” to any request of a photo as long as it didn’t have them in it.