



**MAJA'S VOYAGE**

**2014-2017**

**Book 2**

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January-July 2015

Vila Real de Santo Antonio (Portugal)-Lavrio (Greece)

Cover picture taken by par Fritz on 17 th of June 2015 between Messina (Sicilia) and Argostoli (Greece)

**Wednesday, January 21, 2015. Vila Real de Santo Antonio (Portugal)**



The 2015 calendar with Theo and Kian is in place

Here we are, back in Vila Real de Santo Antonio. We found Maja as we left her. We arrived yesterday at around 6 pm; we rented a car in Faro and went shopping at a supermarket in town here. The weather is nice but cold, at night 5 ° and 10-12 ° during the day. Still strange to live in the boat ashore, I don't like it very much but Jens reassured me by comparing the weight of Maja (7 tons) and our weight (140 kg together). He does not see how our "small" weight can tip over the seven tons of Maja, which, in addition, is secured by legs. This morning we went for a walk on the long pier and on the beach. What a light!



The Guadiana River

Then Jens worked on the boat, he is installing a new log. Me, I corrected our visits cards, there is an error in Jens' phone number. And we have 100 cards ... All the other sailors have these cards and exchange them, so we are ready now with our cards. Lunch inside and work outside on the boat, Jens still working with the log and me painting the propeller.



Jens is installing a new log

We have an appointment with Pia at 5 pm in town for a drink. In fact, when we get to the marina, she has prepared a good dinner. She has also invited another sailor, Pete, who is English and has his boat on the Danube but is visiting Vila Real. We all have a motor-sailer, Pete a 28 feet, us 30 feet and Pia 33 feet, and we appreciate to sail dry and under a roof and think it has many advantages. We spend a great evening, it's always nice to hear the sailors who have much more experience than us tell their adventures. Pete, for example, was struck by lightning and all his electrical system was destroyed. Pia is familiar with Greece and Turkey and gives us lots of information.



Pia, Jeannette, Pete and Jens

Tomorrow, we go by car to Lisbon, but taking our time. Jens will work there with a colleague seismologist on Monday.

Thursday, January 22, 2015. Vila Real-Serpa (by car)

Go back to the 21.01 blog to read about our evening yesterday.

We start in the late morning and drive to (nostalgia, nostalgia ...) first to Foz de Odeleite (our first night on the Guadiana, an almost abandoned village but with modern streetlights), then Guerreiros do Rio (a nice café and a museum) and finally Alcoutim (pretty little town facing Sanlúcar in Spain).



Alcoutim. No Maja here, we are driving

In Alcoutim, we meet the man who made us pay for the place in the marina in November. He recognizes us, we chat a bit and we agree that it is very cold, a cold north wind is blowing. We take a coffee at the café that also sales some newspapers and magazines. And guess what I found? A review of knitwear for children in French! Here in the middle of nowhere in Portugal. I buy it, I want to knit and here is the opportunity.



It's in French!

We continue north and stop in Mértola. This small town is the last town pleasure boats can reach on the Guadiana, according to the guide, and quite risky. The river is becoming

narrower and boats have to avoid rocks and sandbars. Only one sailboat is moored there, a Swiss one. Mértola is a former major river port but now has turned its back to the river: no pontoons, no life on shore, just a bad path, even hard to find. It was already a bustling city in Roman times and an imposing wall is all around it.



The Guadiana River at Mértola

The city is very quiet, only supported by some tourism. We have lunch in a restaurant where it's cold. Then we take the road again, which makes us cross a natural park. Few houses and little traffic. We stop to see ruins of a mine in Mina de Santo Domingos and we come to Serpa which, surprise, is a fairly large city, the historical center surrounded by walls, here too.



Serpa

A gate in the wall bears the sign "Centro historico," we drive there and the street becomes narrower and narrower and we find ourselves stuck at an intersection of two narrow streets! One can only back or, doing a lot of maneuvers, turn onto another street but, a good thing is that we stopped opposite the tourist office. Jens goes there and I remain in the car. At one point, a car approaches, backwards, behind me. I think it wants to pass and manage to turn into the small street on the right. But it was not necessary, the "backing" car stops before

reaching me. Jens is back with a city map and we park the car. We walk and find a "guest house", a kind of cheap hotel. It is nice and we only pay 35 € for one night, breakfast included. It is now 7 pm, Jens fell asleep on his computer and I am writing.

### **Friday, January 23, 2015. Serpa-Évora**

After a good breakfast, we go on foot to visit Serpa. It's cold and gray, but this city seems very nice. It is well maintained; the various monuments well marked but in a discreet way and it is not too big. We go and see the castle and the ramparts; from there we have a beautiful view of the countryside. We go back to the car and drive to Moura.



Storks nest. Moura



Olive trees

This whole area is planted with olive trees and in Moura a large cooperative makes olive oil. Moura has a spa but is closed at this time of the year. We walk a little in Moura and go for a

coffee to warm us. Jens has two sweaters, one on the other and I have put a T-shirt underneath, but we feel cold all the time (except in the car, of course). We stop near a large lake formed by a dam on the Guadiana to picnic.



Picnic

And we continue, without hurrying, making a detour to Monsaraz, a fortified village perched on a hill. It's spectacular and several large car parks, fortunately empty at this season, testify to the popularity of this village.



Monsaraz

We then head to Évora, the regional capital, another historic city. We find the tourist office and the lady indicates us a central hotel. Jens asks at once: are the rooms heated? The lady phones and yes, the rooms are heated. It is not often so cold and normally in the summer, the question is whether the rooms have air conditioning, it can be 40 ° here. We go to the hotel and sleep a little nap, it's hard to be tourists. Then we walk around and feeling a little hungry, we buy hot chestnuts in the square.





Evora

### **Saturday, January 24, 2015. Evora-Rio Maior**

Last night we went to dinner at a tapas restaurant, very good and friendly. The owner, about 40 years old, spoke Spanish and he explained to us that as a child he always watched Spanish TV and so he learned the language; Évora is only about forty miles from the border. While we dined, he and another man were discussing wine and the owner tasted several whines. The second man was a wine producer who spoke French and talked a bit with Jens.

This morning, we had to put euros in the parking automat at 9 am. So we went for a walk and visit Évora at 9 am. What an idea! There was not a soul in the streets and it was freezing cold, no more than 5-6 °. But the sun warmed us when it came out. At 10 pm we bought 6 bottles of whines from the producer we met yesterday, he has a shop in town, a good wine for € 8.5, Jens is delighted. We walked in the city and at around 11 am, we resumed our trip. Beautiful day today, sunny and warmer, 15 ° in the afternoon.



The lambs are already born here

We made some twists and turns through small roads. Évora, Montemor-O-Novo, Lavre, a small village a little sleepy when we had coffee at the Taberna Antigua. All the other clients (3) were men over 70 years. We drove and the countryside is beautiful, some livestock and crop of cork oaks. The farms are huge, not small farms here, and the houses on the farms are

large stately homes, sometimes even real mansions. We stop for lunch on a small road, everything is private and surrounded by fences. From Lavre, we go to Coruche, Raposa, Marianos, Chouto, Chamusca, Golega. This does not tell you much, but they are small villages and small roads.



Big cocoon



Stocks nest

We see many stocks's nest in a big tree and when they see me approaching, they don't like it and make a lot of noise slamming their beaks, like castanets.

In Golega, we get lost and ask the assistance of Børge, our GPS in Danish. He takes us on the motorway. We thought of stopping in Alcanena, near a national park, but we do not see a hotel and continue to Rio Maior and there we find a hotel. Walk in the city, modern and quite busy, it's Saturday and the weather is nice. Good day in a beautiful sparsely populated region of Portugal. We dine at a cafe where many men drink a beverage that looks like dark beer while watching a football game on TV. On the wall, a large painting shows salt marshes. Here, in a rather mountainous region? Back to the hotel, Jens googles Rio Maior, and it's true, outside of the city, salt marshes produce tons of salt. This operation is very old, the Romans were already doing it and the water contains 8 times more salt than sea water. We'll see that tomorrow.

### **Sunday, January 25, 2015. Rio Maior-Lisbon**

It's cold! We put the air conditioning "backwards" and thus are heating the room. But the breakfast room is not heated and we eat quickly. The car is full of frost, it froze last night.



Frost on the car

We leave towards the salt marshes, 3 km out of Rio Maior. It is a bright day and the landscape is very pretty. The “Salinas” are not active in winter, it will resume in March.



The “Salinas”

It was a community that lived there and operated the salt. Small wooden houses line the salt marshes, but now most are transformed into restaurants and cafes. We have the place to ourselves, early one Sunday morning, in January. A sign indicates a 3.5 km walk in the hills. So we walk there and quickly to warm us up.



Well marked path

The path is well marked, and is first in the shade but more open later on. The temperature difference between the shade and the sun is important: it's freezing in the shade and it soon became too hot in the sun. We return to our starting point after 55 min walk. It feels good to walk in nature. We leave and Børge takes us to the sea through small roads, we get there south of Peniche near Porto Novo. It's good to see the sea again, it is blue and quiet, a good time to navigate. We walk a little on the beach and off again. We go shopping in a small supermarket and go picnicking in Assenta. A sign reads "Porto de Assenta" and as we like boats we go to the port. This is not really a port, but a ramp where boats are parked. Down, and the road is steep, a little restaurant is full, cars parked everywhere.



Picnic on the beach. Assenta

We are going to eat on the beach, it is beautiful, and even better, we find lots of pieces of glass, even three blue and one red. Happiness!



The “harbor”. Assenta



Jens too is looking for pieces of glass



The polished pieces of glass

We leave and get closer to Lisbon. The poor Børge is lost among the new roundabouts and new highways. We turn and turn but find at the end the hotel where Jens has made a reservation. It is an apartment-hotel, and we have a little apartment. First we do not see the kitchen, it is in a closet!



Where is the kitchen?



Here!

We go shopping at Pingo Doce and dine at home. An avocado with olive oil and lemon, a good fish soup warmed in the microwave, cheese and "tarta de nata", the good Portuguese cake, all washed down with a wine from Alentejo at 2 € a bottle. It is much warmer here, 17° in late evening.

### **Monday, January 26, 2015. Lisbon**

We wake up early and have breakfast here, then we go down both to the underground car park to take out our bikes that we have in the trunk of the car, then Jens leaves on his bike, I go up in the room and write yesterday blog. A young woman comes to clean the room and at first we have a little problem to understand each other. I want to tell her that it's not necessary to change linens and towels. At one point she said: "Frances?" Of course I speak French! And then it gets better. She is from Sao Tomé, an island in the Gulf of Guinea, a former Portuguese colony, but she worked several years in Libreville, Gabon, and learned French there. According to her description, Sao Tome is a true paradise, never too hot, of course never cold, beautiful beaches and she told me that her 5 year old son would like to stay on the island when they go to visit but there is no work there. She has lived in Lisbon for 12 years. Her name is Ines (pronounced Inesh).



Praça do Commercio. Lisbon



Along the Tagus

I leave by bike at around noon, I want to go down to the Tagus, and it's very easy, I find my way easily and don't get lost. And it is true that it goes down all along. I often ride on the wide sidewalks with beautiful pavements, no problem. It is a beautiful day and quite warm. Arrived at the Tagus, I ride along it towards west, I want to see the Alacántara marina and the April 25 bridge. I have lunch at the small cafeteria near the marina in the sun, on the terrace, and then continue westward. I want to go to a kiosk where I know they have the Spanish newspaper El País, but when I arrive, the kiosk is closed. To get there I crossed the highway and the railway on footbridge, pushing my bike on a kind of rail placed on the staircase. But starting back again, I'm north of the highway and the railway and there is no footbridge to pass over them. So I ride on a narrow sidewalk or a street reserved for buses and taxis, and it is not very pleasant. Finally I get to the end of the railway track, at a large train station. I'll see if there is El País in the station kiosk but it is closed too. I can pass the highway on a bridge and I'm back at the edge of the Tagus. It is so beautiful that many walk, take a sun bath or sit on the terraces. And now I must go back along the big beautiful avenue, Avenida da Liberdade to the Marquês de Pombal Square and turn into our street, Avenida Duque de Loulé where the hotel is situated. But it goes up and I'm getting tired. I reach the hotel at 4 pm. I actually bought El País on the way back, downtown. I rest; I have been cycling for four hours! Jens arrives late, at around 6 pm. His day went well. He should have come earlier but he got lost on the way back, he spent 45 minutes making twist and turns before finding the hotel. We go shopping at around 7:30 pm and dine in our "apartment".

## **Tuesday, January 27, 2015. Lisbon**

Still very good weather, sorry to say that, poor people in the rain in Bergen. I stay at the apartment in the morning to do the blog and then I'm going by bike to see a park not far from here, Parque Eduardo VII. It consists of a huge sloping lawn and above, four large columns which form a monument in honor of the 1974 revolution. I read that two large greenhouses must be there, but I don't see them. I continue after the park, a brand new bike path arrives in a new district. When the track stops, I go back again to the park and found the greenhouses.



The cold greenhouse



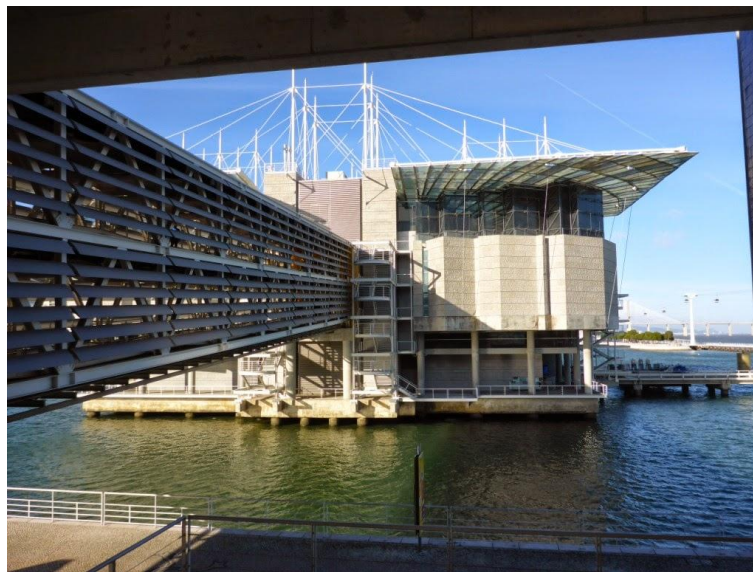
A glass tree

The largest is the "estufa fria" a cold greenhouse, that is to say, not heated. The roof, flat, is not of glass but of spaced bamboos. This is a rather dark inside, but apparently it's good for the plants that are here. These are mostly green plants, ferns, vines, tropical plants and camellias. It measures 8,000 square meters and the ceiling is very high, at least 20 m. It's

huge. Another greenhouse is heated and houses bananas, mangoes, coffee ... and a third is for cacti. I stay there a while and then come back home for lunch. It's funny, I cross the hotel reception, pushing my bike by hand and take the elevator down to the underground parking. I go out again later, on foot, to shop at the big supermarket where we bought things with Jens on Sunday, the Pingo Doce. Then quiet evening, Jens didn't get lost today. The Institute where he is working is near the airport, about 6 km from here.

### **Wednesday, January 28, 2015. Lisbon**

Same rhythm as the other days, blog in the morning and tourism in the afternoon. This time I ride down to the Tagus and turn east. I ride and ride and arrive after an hour and a half of effort against the wind to the Lisbon Oceanário, the large and modern aquarium.



Lisbon Oceanário

It's impressive, a basin of million liters of water is home to hundreds of fish from the smallest to the largest swimming peacefully all together. There are other more specialized basins, tropical waters, cold waters ... A film shows how the staff feeds each species. I stay a while and then bicycle back more quickly, helped by the wind. Jens and I go out to dine at a nice restaurant for our last night in Lisbon. We leave tomorrow and think of driving back to Vila Real de Santo Antonio in a day.

### **Thursday, January 30, 2015. Lisbon-Vila Real**

We load the car and leave at around 9 am, under a light rain. When we give back the keys in the hotel, we see the advertised rate: 120 € per room! But it is the summer rates, we paid less than half that. We pass (finally!) the 25 do Abril bridge and continue along the highway to the south. We want to go home fast, but we want to make a detour to see Arrifana, the beautiful bay where we had anchored on 24 October. There is little traffic and we get to Arrifana at 1 pm. The bay is also imposing seen from land and I'm impressed with my courage to spend a night at anchor here. It's gray and raining a bit so we have a picnic in the lifeboat shelter (empty). Some surfers are trying their luck but the waves are not high. The road is steep and down by the beach there is only a parking spot for three cars, which is empty fortunately, it gives us room to turn.





Arrifana. Think at we anchored here!



Picnic. Arrifana

We walk a bit on the beach and leave for Lagos, unfortunately in the rain.



Lagos. It's here I helped a grumpy old captain

We see the marina and the waiting pontoon where I helped a sailboat to moor and where the guy told me to pull harder! We have coffee and I make a picture of a slogan about chocolate, coffee and men.



We arrive in Vila Real de Santo Antonio at 5:30 pm and we climb again our ladder to get on Maja, carrying all our luggage. Jens then proposes a deal: he goes shopping and I do the blog. OK. We dine and then after dinner I read my book and Jens delves into the Sailing Guide to plan the rest of the trip, Maja goes back to her element on Saturday at noon, we cross the river to Ayamonte, stay there at least Sunday, and depending on the weather (and we start to follow the weather forecast again) continue our sailing journey to the East.



Our trip by car

Friday, January 30, 2015. Vila Real de Santo Antonio

Quiet day. A little bike ride in the morning along the jetty to recognize the place, literally. Then Jens works with the log, he finishes to install it: he made a hole in the hull forward and placed the sensor there. Now he needs to get the cable from this hole to the dog-house. Jens passes the cable behind the cupboards, behind the stove, behind the fridge, behind the stove and behind my "hole", the berth in the saloon.



Jens passes the cable back my "hole"

It is a lot of work. I am doing the blog and ride to Lidl to do some shopping. I pass the pigeon owners club and take some pictures. A large group of pigeons fly in circles over there and a gentleman whistles, as if to call them back.



The pigeons

In the afternoon, Jens takes the ferry to Ayamonte to see John, the boat equipment dealer. Jens has ordered an anchor and apparently he doesn't remember this command. Meanwhile, a man from the car rental company comes to pick up the car. Last evening ashore, tomorrow we put Maja in the water again, the weather forecast is strong north wind, force 5.

### **Saturday, January 31, 2015. Vila Real (Portugal)-Ayamonte (Spain)**

Good weather but very strong wind. We have an appointment with Lucia and Claudio (and the third man) at noon, at high tide to put Maja in the water. So we go for a bike ride on the jetty to see how the waves are. The tide is coming in, from south to north and the wind is blowing from north to south, so it makes waves, short but not very high. At 11:30 am, we are ready and the maneuver begins.



Maja on her way

They work very well and Maja goes smoothly from her cradle to the wagon, then the third man drives Maja to the water. The wind pushes her away from the quay and I have to help with the ropes, so I can't take pictures when Maja floats again. That's it, Maja is in the water, and we go onboard, say thank you to these effective and nice people and leave. Jens and I are delighted to sail again, even just to cross the Guadiana. I proudly put on the Norwegian flag, go down and close the window left open in our "room", sprays are coming in, and very important and necessary work, I pump into the river ... the shit, which is not shit, it is mainly water from washing ourselves, dishwashing, rests of tea ... when we lived on the boat ashore. We had put a bowl in the sink to remember not to throw any water there. In fact we used very little water, we washed ourselves like cats do, and washed the dishes in half a liter of water. We arrive in Ayamonte at 12:30 pm, Portuguese time and 1: 30 pm, Spanish time, we go to our old place, with difficulty, the wind quickly pushes us away from the pontoon, but we succeed at the third attempt.



Good wind.  
Crossing between Vila Real (P) and Ayamonte (Sp)

We re-register in the marina, but we had kept an electronic key that still works. Then walk to John's shop, which closes at 2 pm. He is not in but his wife is. She fixes the anchor order that had been forgotten. Fortunately, several anchors were delivered and we can have one. We then celebrate that Maja is on the water again and our comeback here, in a café.



At the café. Jeannette



Jens ... and the anchor

We take three "media-rationnes" it is a little bigger than tapas, two Claras and it makes our lunch. On the terrace, sheltered from the wind, it is nice. But in the afternoon, the wind is still increasing and it starts raining hard. We walk to buy bread at 5:30 pm and it is freezing cold, we go home quickly and put on the electric heating. And what a comfort to wash the dishes normally. Good day, we feel that we are on the water again and ready to go further.

Vila Real de Santo Antonio-Ayamonte : 2 nm (3,6 km)  
Florvåg-Ayamonte :  $1\ 892 + 2 = 1\ 894$  nm (3 409 km)

## Sunday 1 February 2015. Ayamonte

Jens spends his day immersed in the engine or on top of the mast: he wants to change a pump in the cooling system in the motor and install a wind turbine on top of the mizzenmast.



Jens in the engine ...



or at the top of the mizzenmast

He is working the whole morning, we take a bike ride in the afternoon then he climbs on top of the mast, not just once, many times. He made an aluminum support when we were in Vila Real, makes holes in the mast to fix it and goes up again with the new wind turbine, which weighs 7 kg. I am following everything he does, a little bit scared, he must hold the mast while carrying up this big, round and heavy thing. But it goes well. What an exercise for an "old man"! But at night, he is very tired. Me, I work with the blog and classify (and delete) photos. It is decided, we leave tomorrow, the weather forecast is a force 3 wind from north-west in the morning, strengthening to force 5 in the afternoon.

## Monday, February 2, 2015. Ayamonte-Mazagón



Jens pays the marina fees and gives the key we have forgotten to give back to Lucia and Claudio in Vila Real to John (who knows them) then we go. Leaving the marina, a couple waves goodbye, they look nice and it's too bad that we have not known them before. It is gray and the wind is light. We go out almost at low tide, no problem, but the depth sounder is lost. It says 200 m deep when we maybe have 2 m, this is probably due to the mud. We pass Nautiparque where Maja stayed ashore almost two months and go out to sea. We have to go pretty far before turning East, but it is well marked with buoys. We see two gannets, beautiful birds, and we sail away. It seems good, Maja is under jib and engine. We eat oranges given to us on Saturday by John's wife who has too many in her garden and then later a good lunch on the way.



It's cold

The first three hours are very nice, but the last two ... The wind from the northwest becomes stronger and stronger, and of course the waves too. They are different, those waves, from the big waves of the North Sea. They are flatter, closer and occasionally there is one or two much larger. And there, Maja twists in the water, rolling from one side to the other. Luckily I have secured everything this morning before we left, but it's a bit much for the crew, Jeannette, especially for the first day after a long stop. I don't like it (euphemism) and I find the time is passing very slowly those two hours. I'm not going into my hole but down in the saloon, I don't want to see the waves and I am trying to keep my calm. The good news is that with this wind we go faster than expected, we were expecting to arrive at Mazagon at 5:30 pm and we arrive at 4:30 pm.



We cross a pipeline

We cross a submarine pipeline and see several tankers waiting to unload their oil.



A waiting tanker



Phew! We are at least back the long dike

And finally, we go behind the very long breakwater and the sea is calmer. But the wind forces again and we arrive in the marina by a strong force 6 and even more. We try to go along the waiting pontoon at the marina entrance but Maja is jumping in all directions and the pontoon is undulating like crazy. I jump on the pontoon (I don't know how I manage it) but Jens calls me back on board right away, this is not possible, Maja and the pontoon are bumping into each other and the fenders leap out of the water. I go back on Maja and we go inside the marina. There are many available berths and it's safer here. Phew! Glad to get there and the "ankerdrum" is well deserved. At times, to navigate is like the fool who gives himself hammer blows on the head, it's so good when it stops! We walk a little around town, a seaside town quite dead in winter, the wind is very strong and cold, so we go home quickly.

Ayamonte-Mazagón : 34 nm (61 km)

Florvåg-Mazagón :  $1\,894 + 34 = 1\,928$  nm (3 470 km)





Ankerdram

### **Tuesday, February 3, 2015. Mazagón**

Still gray and windy today. We mount our bikes and go shopping at a supermarket just outside town. Mazagón must be busy in the summer but many houses are closed, as well as cafes and restaurants. In the marina, we are alone, I think.



The marina is big but we are alone



It's empty

Then we follow the sea to the east where there is a long beach. But beautiful homes there prevent access to the beach. From place to place, but far away from each other, rare public passages exist. It's not fair to prevent access to the beach to everyone. We walk a little on the beach but it's cold and there are no pieces of glass. We return to Maja, lunch and in the afternoon we leave, still cycling, towards the West this time. Same thing, big beautiful houses, surrounded by walls, keep the beach for themselves. But in one of those beautiful gardens, I see a tropical tree. We go and see the harbor and the pontoon where Maja was jumping up and down yesterday. We are glad to return to a warm boat, the heating works well. The wind will be strong also tomorrow, so we are going to stay one more day here.

### **Wednesday, February 4, 2015. Mazagón**

It is really sunny today, but it blows a strong northwest wind and it is cold: 6° at night and about ten degrees during the day. Spain is shivering, roads are cut off by snow, it froze where

it does not freeze usually ... I put on a lot of clothes, headband, hood and scarf, my ears and throat are still a little sore after the long cold I caught at home at Christmas. We decide to go cycling to Huelva, the big city about ten km from here (so we think). Jens checks on the map and the 10 km turn into 12-13 km and when we go out of Mazagón, a sign announces 18 km!



And in fact it is at least 23 km so we do about 46 km, round trip. We stop first at the Post Office (open 8:30 am to 11 am), Jens has some papers to send to the University in Bergen. On our way to Huelva we have the wind against us and it takes us two hours. The road is good, fairly flat but on arriving in Huelva, it becomes, without warning, a highway, so forbidden to pedestrians, bicycles, motorcycles and tractors. A bike path along the river is nice but adds a few km. At one point I feel that my front wheel makes boom-boom: I rode on a nail with a big head. And, of course, when Jens removes it, my tire is flat.



Jens is fixing my wheel

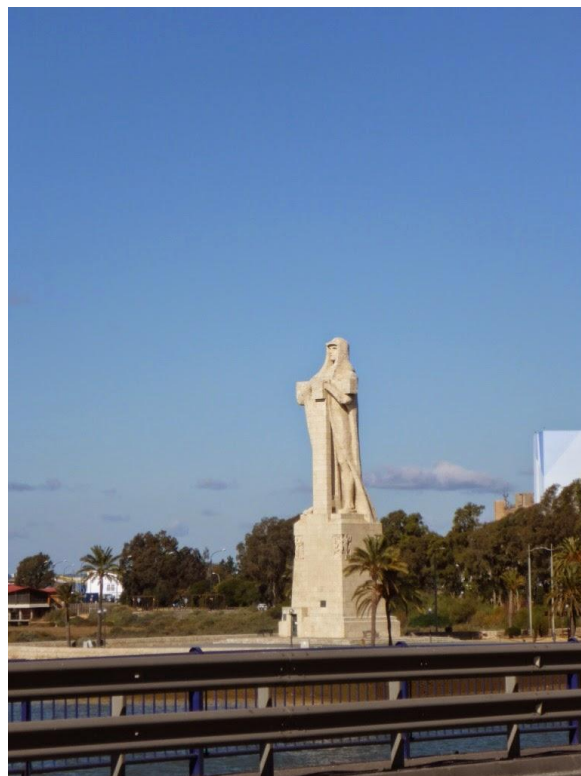
Jens fixes it with a patch, he has always everything he needs to fix a tire in his backpack. And we arrive in Huelva after riding along the harbor for several kilometers. The city is active, has a large harbor with long quays but at 2 pm, everything closes. We find a café serving tapas on a terrace in the sun and, even better, sheltered from the wind. We really enjoy this lunch: eggplant fritters, grilled cod, chickpeas and cod, and stuffed mushrooms, all excellent and cheap. Each tapa costs 2 €. With three beers (they are small) and two coffees, we pay 15 €. Beside the café a hardware store is selling everything: wheelbarrows, baskets, small furniture, bird cages, pots etc. Many of these objects are exposed on the sidewalk. At 1:45 pm, two men begin to take everything inside the shop, they close from 2 pm to 5 pm. At 5 pm, they will

take everything out again, and then, at 8:30 pm, they will take everything inside again for the night.



Café Central Huelva

We walk a bit in the city and then start riding back, pushed by the wind. We had our dose of exercise and fresh air today. Back to the boat, a good shower is nice. The weather is good and I think we're leaving tomorrow. The wind is calming down in the evening, but it is really cold.



Christopher Colon. He left from Huelva in 1492

## Thursday, February 5, 2015. Mazagón-Chipiona

Very nice weather but really cold, 3 ° this morning and today the maximum will be 11 °. Jens is working with the new wind turbine, it runs well but gives very little electricity, there is a problem. At 10 am, when the marina office opens, he goes and pays and we leave. It's nice, with northwest wind strength 3-4, very well for us. We follow the big breakwater and, after passing two buoys that mark sandbanks, we can set a destination directly to Chipiona, the harbor where we're going, 30 nm (54 km) away, we think it will take us about 6 hours. Very good crossing in the sun, relax, the weather forecast announced that the wind will drop in the afternoon. It makes a difference, to me anyway, to know that the wind will not increase. We pass near fishing boats, they have their net in front of their boat and drive back to pull it up.



They go back to pull up their net

We are careful with the lobster pots but one of them has a fairly long rope that is floating and we are going to sail just on it, it is I who am in command at that time, and I immediately put the engine in neutral, so the propeller does not rotate when passing the rope. It goes well, but as Jens tried his luck fishing, the hooks “fishes” the rope and we have to cut the fishing line with a knife. We arrive in the estuary of the Guadalquivir and can clearly see the difference in color of the waters, the sea and the river.



Guadalquivir (green) and the sea (blue)

We enter the harbor of Chipiona and tie quietly at the reception pontoon, it's quieter here than three days ago in Mazagón. It is 4:20 pm, it took us exactly 6 hours. After the "ankerdrum" we prepare our bikes and ride to see the city but the wind is really cold and we return home quickly.

Mazagón-Chipiona: 29 nm (52 km)

Florvåg-Chipiona:  $1\,928 + 29 = 1\,957$  nm (3 522 km)

### **Friday, February 6, 2015. Chipiona**

We start cycling to the northeast, toward a town called Sanlúcar de Barrameda, a little up river inside the estuary of the Guadalquivir. An old disused railway has been transformed into a bike path, it is straight and flat.



Old railway, now a bike path

The landscape is not very beautiful, a mixture of private houses and plastic greenhouses not always in good condition. A beautiful tree in bloom makes a nice splash of color.



We go down on a beach, Montijo beach, deserted. A specialty of Chipiona is the "corral" it is not a natural coral but small man made walls that make fish traps. This is a very old system, from Roman times and perhaps even earlier. The fish swim in at high tide over these little walls and at low tide, can no longer swim out. In the distance we see a wreck, a cargo ship that broke in two, at least 20 years ago and is still there.



The old wreck, broken in two

We return to the boat and have lunch outside, but well dressed.



Lunch in the sun

We leave after lunch, this time to the south, towards Rota. We go to the tourism office and a very kind man explains the "corrals" and suggests a guided tour of the lighthouse tomorrow. We ride a few km to the south, this region is prettier than this morning, a beautiful beach, lots

of vacation homes (empty) and a nature reserve that protects, in particular, chameleons. We are back at Maja at about 5:30 pm, we did a good distance by bike today.



Chipiona

### **Saturday, February 7, 2015. Chipiona**

Last night, it has been raining and Jens has been awakened by drops of cold water falling on him. He got up, put a piece of waterproof material on the window but it was not enough so he put a plastic and went back to bed.



The leaking window

Good weather and, for once, no cold wind. We have an appointment at 11 am to visit the lighthouse. We are 7 people plus the guide, plus two rescuers! Chipiona lighthouse is the highest in Spain, 69 meters high and 322 steps to climb (maybe that's why there are two rescuers?). The guide knows many things and is interesting. From above we see the

"corrales", these fish traps. And I said something stupid when I said coral, it has nothing to do with coral, but it is the word "corral" that means enclosure where animals are kept.



The "corrales" see from the top of the lighthouse

We go down and get on our bikes, we want to go to Rota, the next port to see it. Beautiful bike ride, about forty km round trip. Some places are constructed, holiday buildings, large parking lots, wide streets but are empty.



A turnabout for bikes

The cycle track is good and we are riding well. Arrived at Rota, pretty town with a nice walk along the beach (without cars), we see a lot of motorcycles. Jens tells me it is a sign of spring when the bikes go out, but it is not only that: there is a motorcycle gathering this weekend in Rota. We see them and hear them. We lunch of tapas in Rota, go and see the marina and ride home.





Rota. The beach



The motorbikes gathering

Back in Chipiona, Jens would like to get rid of the old anchor, but he does not want to throw it away, it is in good condition. He therefore proposes it to a Spaniard who has his sailboat close to us. The guy is very happy and to thank Jens gives him a bottle of homemade Moscatel. This is good! We leave tomorrow, the weather forecast is good. We discuss our next stop: Rota (two hours away) or Cadiz (three hours from here)? We choose Cadiz as it a larger city, with probably a more lively and international marina. Since we left Ayamonte, we are the only boat which sails from harbor to harbor.

### **Sunday, February 8, 2015. Vhipion-Cadiz**

We are ready to go early and at 10 am we leave the pontoon. We fill up the diesel tank and I take the last photos of Chipiona harbor. This modern harbor is divided into two, one side for the fishing boats and the other one for the marina. The harbor entrance is becoming silted these last two years and a green buoy marks the end of the sandbar, but the buoy is not on our map.



We fill up with diesel

It's nice weather, an Easter Force 3-4 wind and as we go south, that's good for us. We pass a lighthouse far enough at sea, the bay is full of rocks.



The lighthouse far at sea



Idyllic

We are sailing, not very fast, but it's very cozy and we have time. When we pass Rota, we can hear the roar of the motorcycles, and yet we are far enough on the sea. No lobster pots, no big waves, the paradise. I can even do a Sudoku! From Rota to Cadiz, the great bay of Cadiz is on our left, but we're going straight without entering it. At 2:30 pm, we arrive in the port of Cadiz, large active port, and in front of us a big suspension bridge is under construction.



The bridge under construction



Cadiz harbor

We enter the marina just after a Norwegian sailboat! A "Marinero" gives them a place because they had phoned to announce their arrival but he says to us to go to the waiting pontoon, the office will open at 4 pm. We moor Maja at the waiting pontoon and go for a ride into town.



Maja at the waiting pontoon

Cadiz is a fortified city built on a peninsula; the streets are narrow and long and intersect at right angles. We return to the marina at 4 pm and they give us the place beside "Fant", the Norwegian yacht, they are in fact from Ålesund. When Maja is moored in her berth, we ride again to the city to go shopping or to find a place to dine. It starts to rain, it's gray and cold and, after looking a little, we find neither one nor the other, so we go home. We delve into our reserves and found two cans of soup, just what we need to keep us warm.

Chipiona-Cadiz : 18 nm (32 km)  
Florvåg-Cadiz.  $1\ 957 + 18 = 1\ 975$  nm (3 555 km)

**Monday, February 9, 2015. Cadiz**

The Norwegians couple leave early in the morning, to the west, they are on their way back to Norway. The weather is nice but the wind is blowing more and more. We start cycling, first to the tourist office where they give us a plan and a program for the Carnival which starts Thursday. The Carnival of Cadiz is famous and many visitors are expected in town. Then we go around Cadiz along the wall. What a city! Repeatedly attacked by pirates, Arabs, Visigoths, English, and so on.



Cadiz. Aerial view.

We go to see the Castillo de San Sebastian, one of the forts defending the city and, in passing, go down on a small beach and make a good crop of pieces of glass.

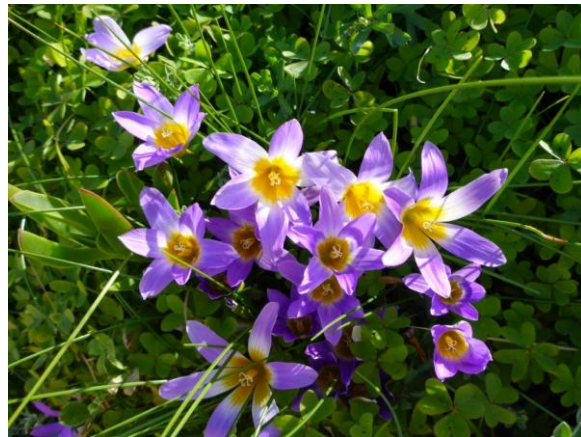


Gate of Castillo de San Sebastian



Good crop

In the fort itself, I see a spot of color on a slope and, approaching, I see very pretty flowers, a kind of crocus. How lucky, I was not sure to find a flower today here, in town.



Crocus ?



Narrow and straight streets



It's not fog but sand

We ride then to the center by small, narrow and long streets, and being a little hungry, we stop near the market for lunch on a terrace, sheltered from the wind. Very decent meal for € 11 each, 11 because we take dessert and coffee. The wind toppled a billboard, it is really blowing. We go shopping at a Carrefour in the city and we start riding home. Returning, it seems that there is fog on the sea, but it's not that: it is sand! A kind of sandstorm is blowing, it stings the eyes and the skin. Back on Maja, Jens is still working on testing the wind turbine; he put together a "trick" that measures the (little) electricity produced from the wind turbine, using two light bulbs.



Jens is testing the wind turbine

I sew a bit and work with the blog. We dine light and Jens goes and invite our neighbors for a cup of coffee. Marc and Margriet are Belgian, westbound and Herma and Paul are Dutch, eastbound like us. Always nice to meet new navigators and we spend a very good evening, a little tossed by the wind which is still increasing. All have reinforced the moorings, a gale force wind is expected tonight.



Herma, Paul (Nederland)



Marc, Margriet (Belgium)

## **Tuesday, February 10, 2015. Cadiz**

What a night! After the departure of our guests, I do the dishes and Jens, taking advantage of the strong wind, tests again the wind turbine. Our two couples of visitors have noticed, our wind turbine, it is beautiful and runs very well, but if it have been producing electricity, it would have been even better.



The new wind turbine

Then we go to bed. Jens falls asleep, but I can't. The wind is very strong and it makes a lot of noise. I get up and turn on the anemometer: 17 metres/seconde or 33 knots or a top force 7 in the gusts. And it is irregular, calming down for a few seconds and up again. This makes the ropes that moor the boat "relax" a little and then tight suddenly soon after. Maja is dancing a little, there are small waves in the harbor, but the wind comes right in front of us and that's good. Everything holds well but the noise keeps me awake. At about 3:30 am, it starts to calm down a bit, but a rope is squeaking, so I go out to fix it but outside the noise from the wind dominates this squeaking and I don't find it. But I hear a little cry, I think it's a seagull. I go to bed and what do I see? A cat walking on the window that is in the roof of our cabin! The little cry was a meow. And I fall asleep, at least, it is 4 am. This morning we find Maja full of sand, even inside, I think it comes from the Sahara, the same thing happened when we lived in Almuñecar.



Maja is full of sand

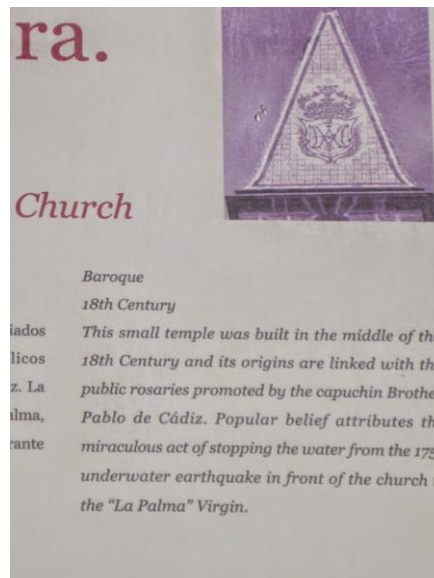
Marc and Margriet leave this morning, they go to Rota. I ride to buy two newspapers, El País and the Diario de Cadiz. A large cruise ship is in the harbor. Then a very quiet day, it is gray and I feel a little woozy after my "wild" night. At 5:30 pm, we are invited to have a drink on "Lena", Herma and Paul's yacht, the Dutch couple. They show, on a map, many interesting places in Greece, they have sailed a lot there. Their boat is very comfortable, has wood inside (like Maja), is warm and is a good sailing boat.



Lena

### Wednesday, February 11, 2015. Cadiz

We get up early and Jens leaves at 8:20 am to San Fernando, a town 15 km away from here to visit a colleague seismologist. Cadiz is on a peninsula connected to the mainland by a long causeway where the train, the road and a sort of land track, are situated. It is sunny today with a beautiful blue sky. I'm wandering alone, back along the walls surrounding the city, along the beautiful beach which borders the modern districts and finally to the Cathedral. Jens has heard that we can see a mark where the water from the 1755 tsunami, after the earthquake in Lisbon, stopped. I ask some information and no, it is not at the Cathedral but at another church, Nuestra Señora de la Palma. I go there and, indeed, there is a plaque which commemorates the miracle of the Virgin stopping the rising waters.



Nuestra Señora de la Palma

I also walk on a small beach (and guess what I do) and return to the Castillo San Sebastian. When I come home, my key does not work to open the gate to the pontoon. But Herma is outside on her boat, I call her and she comes and opens the gate for me. Jens comes back at



about 3 pm, very pleased with his visit. The Institute of San Fernando has a collection of ancient books of science quite remarkable and is also a museum of scientific instruments and all this is housed in the premises of an eighteenth century building. The “Real Instituto y Observatorio de la Armada”, it is its name, was the first astronomic and seismic observatory of Spain.



Real Instituto y Observatorio de la Armada. San Fernando

I ride later to go shopping and get really lost, and now it is grey and raining a bit. The weather forecast is good for tomorrow and we leave for Barbate, the last harbor before Gibraltar. It's a shame to leave just before the start of the Carnival of Cádiz, but we want to take advantage of the good weather to get closer and pass the Strait of Gibraltar.

#### **Thursday, February 12, 2015. Cadiz-Barbate**

It's raining, but the weather forecast is "good", that is to say, little wind and from the north, so we leave. I'll bike to buy our two newspapers, send a postcard and being “green”, sort our trash: paper, glass and packaging. Then we leave, Jens went to say goodbye to Paul and Herma, but not me and I'm sorry, I'm on the phone just before leaving (with NAV, the pension system in Norway) and then I'm busy with fenders and ropes. The weather forecast was not exactly what we got today: light wind from the north is actually an easterly force 3, so we have it on the nose. We will be cavorting all day, not like on a crazy camel, but on a jolly camel. Shortly after leaving Cadiz, the Spanish Armada calls us.



The military boat which called us

They make fire exercises in the bay and we must change course. They call us saying "velero" (sailboat), whereas with AIS, everyone can see our name, but not the military! We read in the newspaper that King Felipe is visiting the naval base here in Cadiz, I almost expect to see him in a zodiac, but no. Shortly after, we "run into" something, but we see nothing. And another time, the same phenomenon starts again. Still nothing. We deduce that it must be the military shots (we do not see or hear them, it is far away) that send a shock wave in the water. We continue and pass Cape Trafalgar, famous for its maritime battle won by the English.



Cape Trafalgar

There, we turn a little east and despite having the wind right on the nose (so no sailing, it would mean to tack) waves are now arriving on the side and Maja is rolling. We arrive in Barbate at 6 pm and the office is closed, so we moved to a place. Jens goes for a little walk and can come out and especially re-enter, the pontoon gate lock is broken. We walk together 20 minutes, Barbate is a large marina almost empty and a bit abandoned. Quick blog, dinner prepared by Jens, a little reading and to bed, we had a long day tomorrow and we want to leave early.

PS: this blog is written on the way, the 13 th, sailing.



Barbate marina

Cadiz-Barbate : 38 nm (68 km)

Florvåg-Barbate :  $1\,975 + 38 = 2\,013$  nm (3 623 km)

**Friday, February 13, 2015. Barbate (Atlantic Ocean)-La Duquesa (Mediterranean)**



Fog

It was still dark at 7:45 am when we leave Barbate, but many small fishing boats are out already. Leaving the harbor, a thick fog is waiting us. Jens puts the radar on and it feels safer. We can "see" the other boats, even the small ones, and there are quite a few.



Radar on the left, electronic map on the right

When the sun rises at 8:30 am, the fog dissipates quickly. The sea is very calm and there is no wind. The coast is pretty, hilly, green and even woody. I see in the distance an "island", but there is no island on the map, it's actually a huge containers-ship! We go to the southeast, and get closer to the southern tip of Spain, Tarifa, which is famous for its windy beaches, wind-surfers delight. It blows a strong wind here 300 days a year. But when we pass, there is no wind and the sea is calm, it's good for us but I imagine that the surfers can stay in bed longer today.



Tarifa lighthouse



We see Morocco (25 km away)



Ships waiting in Algeiras bay

We are doing well, helped by the current. We kiss each other to celebrate: we are now in the Mediterranean! Hooray! We continue northeast, we would like to stop in Gibraltar. La Bahia de Algeciras (in Spanish) or the Bay of Gibraltar (in English) is a large round bay open to the south and the "Rock" is the southeastern tip. And when we arrive there, we could believe we were in New York. The traffic of ships of all kinds, ferries, cruise ships, tanker ships and fishing boats is incredible. We have to slalom between all that. I can see 25 large ships around us and we pass near the "Risanger" from Bergen. We are approaching Gibraltar, I hoist the English courtesy flag and Jens phones the first marina. Unexpected answer: they do not have a berth "for a yacht of this size!" We try the second marina, same answer! In February?



Up ... and down at once



We are in the Mediterranean!

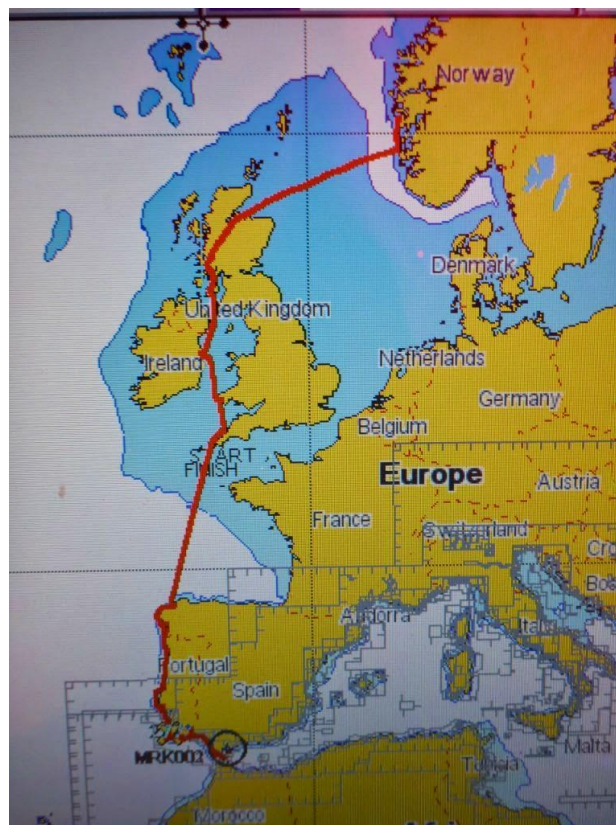
Disappointed and not very happy at all, we decide to continue. I take down quickly the English courtesy flag and hoist again the Spanish one. Fortunately, the weather is nice and it's still early. We take an early ankerdram to cheer us up and then the Mediterranean welcomes us like kings: sun, warm (20 °), the wind starts to blow from the west, the sea is blue, no

waves. We set sail and have two hours of pure happiness. It is during this time that I do the yesterday blog. We are going to La Duquesa Marina in a holiday town where we arrive at 5:30 pm.



La Duquesa

There, we try the Mediterranean way to moor. No more floating pontoons, as there is no tide here the boats dock directly to a fixed concrete pontoon. I will put pictures to show you tomorrow. Small walk on land, the city is lively, many retirees (like us) are living here and it's still sunny and warm. We go and eat couscous (very average) in a Moroccan restaurant called, of course, Casablanca. We chat a bit with our neighbors, a Scot and an Irish, who are travelling by camper. A very good first day in the Mediterranean.



Our trace Førvåg-Gibraltar

Barbate-La Duquesa : 52 nm (93 km)  
Florvåg-La Duquesa : 2 013 + 52 = 2 065 nm (3 717 km)

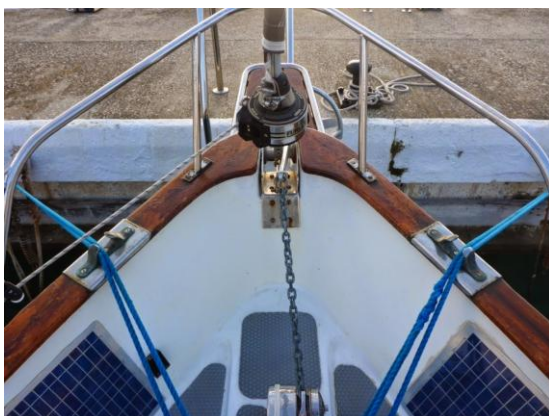
### **Saturday, February 14, 2015. La Duquesa**

It is gray and the wind is very irregular, passing from F 3 to F 6, luckily we are in port. Jens buys good bread and the newspaper; we rest a little and go for a walk. We go up on a hill behind La Duquesa. The landscape is much damaged.



Unfinished buildings

From the top we have a beautiful view of the bay. In a vacant lot, to be built but never started because of the crisis, we find, each of us something which we like: Jens small electronic components he needs, on an old radio thrown away here (capacitors?) and I find wild Vincas, blue garden flowers at home. Going down, we visit a garage sale and buy many fruit and vegetables (not used!). We lunch outside on Maja, sheltered from the wind it is good and there is even a ray of sunlight just at this moment. In the afternoon, work for Jens and blog for me, then another walk, in the late afternoon. Passing near a pond we hear much noise, first we don't know what it is and then we think they are frogs!



In front



Back

The Mediterranean mooring: a "Marinero" ties us at the front with two ropes in two rings, one on each side of Maja. Then he gives us "el muerto", that is to say, a long rope that is attached to the dock and also to a concrete block at the bottom of the sea behind the boat. This is like an anchor behind. This rope runs along the side of the boat. To go ashore we have to go from Maja's nose to the dock. Jens is agile and doesn't have any problem, I do not like it very much but I will get used to it.



We go to land by the front

### **Sunday, February 15, 2015. La Duquesa- Marbella**

It blew hard all night and didn't sleep well. This morning, the question is whether we leave or we don't. Jens wants to leave but I'm not enthusiastic. We discuss, Jens think there will be not big waves, the wind is from the west, so from the land. I believe him and I make my mind: we leave. In addition, if this is too difficult, we can stop at another harbor, 5 miles away, about an hour's sailing. We leave La Duquesa at 10:30 am.



The sea doesn't look too nice



It is blowing a good force 6 and the sea is all white, but it's true that the waves are not high. Jens unfurls half the jib and the boat heels suddenly. It is enough to send me into my hole and I spend the next hour being uncomfortable. I know that Maja is doing well, Jens is well, but I'm not well. But in fact, even with only half of the jib, we make good speed, 6 knots and Maja doesn't roll much.



Even with a reduced jib, we have a speed of 6 knots

But the wind is really strong, with peaks at 16 m/s (force 7), Jens tells me after our arrival! At 11:40 am, the wind dies completely and I come out. Jens starts the motor and rolls in the jib. But it lasts only for half an hour and at 12:10 am, the wind blows hard again. I stay up a bit and then go back to my hole ... and fall asleep. We are near Marbella when I wake up and it's quiet again, maybe we will enter the harbor without wind, but no, a good force 6 starts to blow again. Jens tried to call the marina by phone and by radio, but no answer. We go to the waiting pontoon and Jens goes ashore to see. Two mariners arrive and say that yes, there is room but only for boats of 12 meters. This means that Maja, which is 9 m, will occupy a berth of 12 m and pay accordingly. Whatever, the difference is only 3 € per night and I am not going out to sea again. One of the two mariners helps us tie Maja and we're glad (especially me) to finally be in port, it is 1:45 pm. The marina is quite small and not fancy, mostly small boats, no 'gin palace' here, they are in another marina. Our ankerdram is taken on a terrace in the sun with two tapas each. Then we walk on "El Paseo", it is Sunday and a lot of people are walking. Marbella is, of course, very built but the Paseo along the sea is nice. Sheltered from the wind we are too warm with our sweaters and jacket but at sea it was cold. Light dinner on the boat and, for the first time we don't turn on the heater in the evening.



Maja. Marbella



Jens is without socks, sign of spring

La Duquesa-Marbella : 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-Marbella :  $2\ 065 + 17 = 2\ 082$  nm (3 747 km)

### **Monday, February 16, 2015. Marbella**

We were optimistic not to put on the heating last night, this morning the temperature was  $10^{\circ}$  outside and  $12^{\circ}$  in the boat. Jens lit the stove, lies down again a bit and it's comfortable when we get up. When the sun appears the temperature rises quickly to  $17^{\circ}$  during the day. Jens puts the bikes on land and it's not so easy than before, but he manages it well. We want to see the chic marina and the chic district of Marbella, 7 km to the west. The Paseo is almost all along the coast, there are only 50 m where we must walk on the beach. We pass luxury homes, but we don't see much and, in fact, the classy part is less pretty than here, with cars parked everywhere and not a nice pedestrian paseo like here. The marina, very large, is home to "gin palaces" all big and white. We are glad to be in our nice little marina which it is more central. Lunch at the boat and then we ride downtown, Jens wants to put more money on our

Internet system and we can do it in a "locutorio" a small shop where people can call, recharge their mobile, send money ... thus we see the town, Marbella is actually a big city, even without the tourists 150 000 in winter (but 500 000 in summer!). I walk into a bookstore, let me tempted and buy two books of flowers. Then quiet evening in the boat. The weather forecast isn't good, strong easterly wind, so we stay here tomorrow.



Not so easy to take the bikes on land



The fancy marina

**Tuesday, February 17, 2015. Marbella**



Rainy day in marbella

It's raining and raining. We go, after breakfast, to the tourism office to ask where we can find a laundry, a bakery and a supermarket. The lady tells us and we go to the launderette. Yes, they can wash and dry in a day, so we are going to wash tomorrow. We walk a little in the almost deserted streets, how different from yesterday. The newsagent said it is good that it is raining, the water tanks for agriculture are almost empty. We go back to the boat and I feel a bit limited, because it's so difficult for me to go ashore. Jens says he will make something. In fact, there is almost no wind, but in the late afternoon, the waves are getting bigger and bigger. There is a storm in the southeast and the waves come all the way here.



The waves at the marina entrance

Around 6 pm, all boats are dancing, moving, and crashing a little, Maja like the others. She rolls, moves back and forth. The neighbor boat (empty) is doing the same, so we must add fenders to prevent the two boats from bumping into each other. The mariners are working, re-moor, put more fenders and make space between some boats that are crashing together.

Everything is moving. An English couple passes by and he says that we are not going to sleep well tonight. But his wife is more relaxed and says that we get used to it. Apparently they are on a yacht a little further than us, closer to the marina entrance and must move even more than we do. Around 9 pm, the waves subside and the harbor becomes quieter.

### **Wednesday 18.Février 2015. Marbella**

Variable weather, but still a lot of waves, and Maja and the other boats are moving in the harbor. We take our clothes to the laundry and after that, ride this time east along the sea on the paseo, but it stops so we leave the bikes and continue walking on the beach. A car is stuck in the sand and the guy is waiting for help.



He s stuck in the sand

When we go back, he is no longer there. This side of Marbella is less built, more wild. We return to the boat and Jens ride to get the washed clothes at 1:45 pm, the laundry closes at 2 pm. Then lunch at the boat outside, but it is blowing and we take our coffee inside. Jens fixes a support with an oar in front of Maja to help me to get on land. This helps a little but it is still not easy. He also bought a new fender, red, to prevent the anchor to hit the dock. Maja now looks like a clown with a big red nose.



Maja with her red nose

The waves are passing above the seawall and we hear from time to time a big “splash” and the quai is all wet. After the blog, Jens helps me go on land and I go by bike to buy wool for knitting. When I come home, my dear husband is already cooking; I have just to make the salad. When we go to bed, Maja is still moving and above all the ropes are squeaking, but as the English lady said, we get used to it.

#### **Thursday, February 19, 2015. Marbella**

Good weather but still easterly wind and waves. We ride to the mountain today, to see a village called Ojén. We do some detours to get out of the city and once Jens asks the way to a lady.



Caterpillars

Meanwhile, I visit with delight a vacant lot and discover many wild flowers. Then we go up, up to 350 meters.



Nice view of the mountains

Nice view of the mountains and on the coast. On the side of a small road, I see the beautiful orange flowers that I had already seen in Portugal when we were driving. They were growing in a village called Maria Vinagre (name so bizarre that it is easy to remember). I ask a lady in her garden, just opposite the road, if she knows their name. She is English and says yes, they

are called "red hot pokers." I'm glad to hear that, but when I get back to the boat and Google the name, it is not this plant which appears, it is the kniphofia (rakettblomst en Norvégien) but I find its name anyway.



Ojen, a white village



Lemon trees on the church wall

The village is a white village very steep; we leave the bikes and walk a little, then tapas in a cafe opposite the church. I find needles to knit here, in a little chop! We start to go down and Jens would like to take a small road. With the help of Børge, Mr. GPS, we find ourselves on a poorly paved and very steep road.



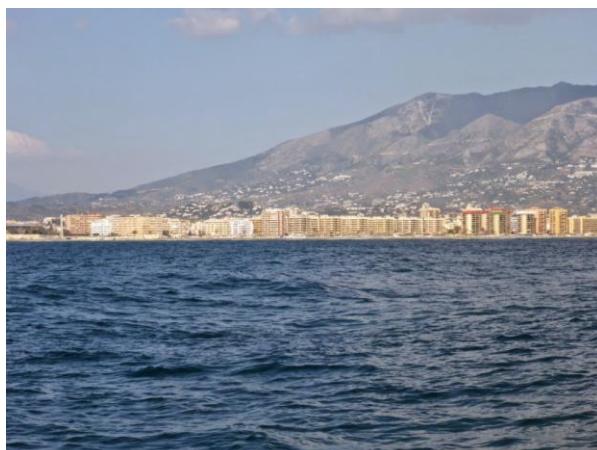
The road that Børge found

Half walking, half biking, we return to Marbella. It is 4:30, we have cycled 20 km, and not flat kilometers and we are tired! The weather forecast is better for tomorrow, almost no wind and the swell will subside, so we'll probably leave.

### **Friday, February 20, 2015. Marbella-Caleta de Vélez**

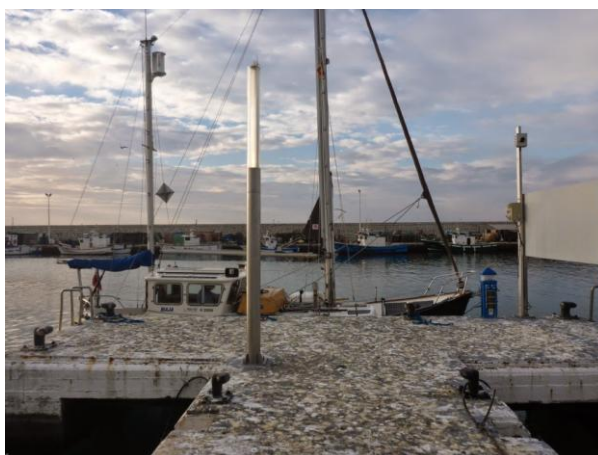
It's nice, the wind is light, variable, and the swell is much less than yesterday, so we leave at 10:20 am. The swell is between 50 cm and one meter but it's enough to make Maja roll, it comes from three-quarter in the front. We're going with the engine, there is not enough wind to set sail. We see Ojén, the village where we went yesterday and all the buildings along the coast. We pass the lighthouse of Punta de Calaburras. Jens did not sleep well last night and is

resting for an hour and then we have lunch, but we are not very hungry with all this rolling, two knekkebrød and tea is enough.



Costa del Sol

Then it is my turn to take a nap and while I am resting Jens sees a yacht going west. This is the first one in a long time. Soon after, we see a fishing boat surrounded by large white birds, they are gannets, and I did not know they were also in the Mediterranean. At one point, we feel a little shock and the engine changes regime, it slows down. Strange. Jens puts in neutral and then in reverse. We see then a piece of plastic that moves away. We were lucky it was not wrapped around the propeller. At 3:30 pm, we pass Málaga, which despite being a big city does not accept visitors in its marinas. The wind picks up a bit and Jens put on the jib, but it doesn't give much. We continue to Caleta de Vélez, a fishing port which has also a marina. We get there at 6:50 pm, we sailed eight hours and thirty minutes and did 50 nautical miles (90 km). We moor at the waiting pontoon which is all white of seagull poop, dried I hope. I start immediately to work on the blog and Jens also works a little on his computer. Diner of eggs with tomato and after dinner a very nice marinero comes to see us. He gives us paperwork to fill and returns half an hour later to pick them. And, even better, he says that we can stay at this pontoon or go to a real place. We are there, it's quiet, so we stay here. We had come much closer to Marina del Este, the marina near Almuñecar, the town where we spent one year (2000-2001) and another three months in the fall of 2013. We expect to get there tomorrow.



The white stuff isn't snow ... but it's dry



Marbella-Caleta de Vélez : 49 nm (88 km)

Florvåg-Caleta de Vélez :  $2\ 082 + 49 = 2\ 131$  nm (3 836 km)

### **Saturday, February 21, 2015. Caleta de Vélez-Marina del Este**

Very quiet night, no fishing boat went out tonight and it doesn't move at all in the harbor. We leave at 9:20 am with a gray and quiet weather. We motor along the coast close enough to recognize familiar locations. The wind rises from the west, we are practically downwind and it increases rapidly to force 5. As for the waves, there are two opinions: according to Jens, there are no waves, but according to me they are well formed ... Maja passes all this very well and we have a good speed. We pass Nerja and the "Balcon de Europa", then El Cerro Gordo with its Saracen tower and last La Herradura.



Nerja. El Balcón de Europa

We see Almuñecar further east and finally enter, under a bright sun, Marina del Este. We know this marina where we came walking from Almuñecar several times, the last time with Peter and Kirsten in October 2013. Jens phones Gerardo, his colleague and friend from Granada and Angeles, our former owner and friend in Almuñecar. To celebrate our arrival, we offer ourselves a nice lunch at the restaurant in the marina, on the terrace, in the sun. We sit at a table and then notice that the flags behind are perfect for us, one Danish and one French.



Our flags

The marina is a bit busy because it's Saturday, but in the week, we'll see. Angeles and her son Andrés come to see us at the end of the afternoon; she brought a bottle of champagne to welcome us.



Angeles, Jeannette

We drink it on the boat and we leave the four of us to Almuñecar. We visit "our" apartment which is being modernized, and then we go to the "Mesón Antonio" to eat some tapas.



Angeles, Jeannette, Jens, Andrés

Angeles offers us to sleep "on land", in a real bed but we prefer to go back to the boat. She proposes to lend us her car which she will not use this week. This is very kind of her. We leave then, Jens and me, in a nice little red car to Marina del Este.

Caleta de Velez-Marina del Este: 17 nm (30 km)

Florvåg-Marina del Este:  $3\ 131 + 17 = 2\ 148$  nm (3 866 km)

**Sunday, February 22, 2015. Marina del Este**



Angeles' car that we can use

Nice weather. Gerardo arrives from Granada around noon. He knows Maja because he's already been in Bergen. We take contact easily again and are happy to be together. We start off and walk to Almuñécar first up a mountain and then by a path along the sea. We have a beautiful view of Marina del Este and the sea.



Marina del Este seen from the path



Jens, Gerardo

Jens had a plan, to return to the boat to eat lunch, but when we get to Almuñécar, it is after 2:00 pm and we are hungry. We wanted to have lunch at el Balcon de Cotobro but it is closed, so we continue to el Rinconcillo, that we used to call "Trekanten" (the triangle). We lunch in the sun and it's quite hot. Then we walk back by the same route. We have walked well, 3 hours in all. Gerardo leaves us at around 6:30 pm.



Maja. Marina del Este

Quiet evening in the boat but by 9 pm, the wind picks up very quickly and becomes very strong. Normally, winds, here, come from the east (el Levante, which is from where the sun rises) or west (el Poniente, which is from where the sun is setting, se pone in Spanish). But here in the harbor, the gusts are from the south so on the side of the boat. Jens strengthens the moorings. Maja heels at times as if we had the sails and is moving a lot. The wind howls and it's not pleasant. I try to absorb myself in my book, but I'm not relaxed. The wind is irregular from force 0 to force 7 in 5 minutes and then calming down and starting again. It lasts until 10:30 pm and the wind calms for good suddenly. We're about to go to bed when we hear a yacht entering the port. This is a sailboat that goes to a berth. He has navigated in harsh conditions and must be very happy to be in the harbor now. Tomorrow we'll see who he is.

### **Monday, February 23, 2015. Marina del Este**

It was a Frenchman who came in yesterday, he came from Motril, an harbor 25 nm east. He tells us that it was very hard, the wind was strong, his main sail was torn and he was happy to arrive here.

We are invited by Angeles at 2 pm. We leave a little earlier and we walk in Almunecar. What a beautiful city that we know well. Then we go home to Angeles who receives us very nicely. We meet two of her grand children, Alejandro (9) and Mario (5 years) who are in hollydays at her place. We have a very good lunch and spend a good time together.



Almuñecar



Jeannette, Jose



Angeles, Marco, Maria, Alejandro



Jens, Jose



The paella



« Our » beach and « our » building

**Tuesday, february 24, 2015. Marina del Este**

This morning, going to land from the boat, I fell and broke my left wrist. I am now in the hospital in Motril. I have a plaster to stabilise my arm it while I am waiting to be operated, and a drip in the right arm. I am OK, I am just waiting and waiting. Moral is good. See you soon.



It's a little twisted

**Thursday, February 26, 2015. Skogvik. Norway**

I was operated on Tuesday afternoon, stayed in the hospital Wednesday morning. All going well, I left the hospital at 2:15 pm, we drove to the boat at 2:45 pm and Jens drove me to Malaga airport where I took a direct flight to Bergen at 6 pm. It is easier to be at home than on

the boat with the plaster. Jens will join me in a few days. So the blog is taking a break and will resume when we go down to Marina del Este again. See you soon



Here I am. Motril Hospital



Snow drops. Skogvik. 26.02.2015

## Saturday, April 4, 2015. Marina del Este

After a long and non planned break due to my fall and fracture of my left wrist on February 24 here in Marina del Este, I start again the blog. I was operated in Motril on the same day and returned to Norway on the 25, plastered but otherwise in good shape. Jens returned to Norway on March 7. In Bergen, a radio showed a misplaced screw and I'm re-operated on March 12. There, no plaster just a bandage. Everything is recovering well but slowly and I can't yet use my left hand.

So we are back in Marina del Este, we left Bergen at 6 am and arrived in Malaga at 10 am. We find Angeles' car at the Airport. We are sorry for having kept it so long but Jens telephoned several times and each time Angeles replied: "No pasa nada" (no problem). We stop to buy bread and tomatoes in La Herradura, the weather is nice, 20 ° and the city is very lively with lots of Spanish tourists. We arrive in Marina del Este and it cost me to get back on the boat from the front, especially with only one hand. Jens helps me and I manage it. Lunch in the sun, on T-shirt and short pants. But the sun soon disappears and it is quite chilly. We drive to Almuñécar, wash the car, full up the tank, go shopping and then drive back. A memory that returns to us about Almuñécar after Holy Week: car's tires squeal when they are driving and especially when they are swinging, like racing cars even when they go to 30 km/h. You guess why? Because the streets are full of wax candles after the religious processions.



Back on Maja. Marina del Este

In late afternoon, Gerardo visits us, he brings us a very good almonds cake, a specialty from Motril. We spend a good time together and then he returned to Granada. It's gray and cool, and we soon put on jumper and trousers again but Gerardo told us that last week was nice and warm, like summer, but it's over now.





Gerardo, Jeannette



Almuñecar

**Sunday April 5, 2015. Marina del Este- Almerimar**



Breakfast at Angeles' home

Very gray, foggy, the nice weather is finished. We slept well both of us and resume our habits of marine life quickly. Jens looks at the weather forecast and today is the only navigable day of the week, strong east wind and waves are coming next night. We decide by mutual agreement to leave. We phone Angeles and she invites us to come to eat breakfast at her home. We drive to Almuñécar and I think it will be difficult to park, on Easter Sunday, but no, the city is still asleep and the large processions are over, they were mostly on Good Friday. We are happy to see Angeles and to thank her. Two of her daughters are here, Maria and Trini with their children and Andrés, her son, passes too. She serves us a kind of French toast with cinnamon, it's good. We thank her again and we bid farewell, and, as usual, she covers us with gifts, tomatoes, avocados, oranges, tangerines, jamón serrano and several slices of French toast. We take a taxi back to Marina del Este, we prepare Maja quickly, Jens goes to pay the marina for 42 (!) days and we leave at noon. It is gray and the sea is calm.



On the way again

And here we are, on the move again. I am careful not to hit my arm, hold with the right hand, but it is OK. We motor along the coast towards east, pass by Almuñécar, Salobreña and Motril. If it had been too difficult, Motril was the first port we could have stopped in, but all is well and we continue. We navigate all the afternoon, the wind strengthens a little bit, we can put the jib a while. I take an excellent nap, I feel like new again, then it is Jens' turn. The weather forecast is still the same, strong gust of wind from tonight, but we come to Almerimar, a large well-protected marina at 8:15 pm. We did 42 nautical miles (NM), that is to say, 75 km today. Jens phoned in advance and the marineros are waiting for us, normally the office closes at 8 pm but they delayed the closing time for us. That's nice. We are very happy with this first day of sailing, everything went well ... even with three hands instead of

four, between the two of us. Our dinner is only food we got from Angeles: tomato and avocado salad, jamón serrano and French toasts as dessert.



Marina entrance. Almerimar

Marina del Este-Almerimar : 49 nm (88 km)

Florvåg-Almerimar :  $2\ 148 + 49 = 2\ 197$  nm (3 954 km)

### **Monday, April 6, 2015. Almerimar**

Here Easter Monday is not a holiday, everything is open. Jens goes to buy bread and the newspaper, but it's too early. After breakfast, he worked for a wooden stand to install a gateway between the nose of the boat and the dock and he cleans the solar panels and I start to work on the blog again. We take all our meals inside today, it's gray and a strong wind is blowing. Although we are at the bottom of the longest of the marina basins, the middle one, surrounded on three sides by buildings, we feel the wind.



Maja. Almerimar

We go to "recognize" the place in the late morning. Almerimar is also a marina and a holiday town planned and built from scratch, but it is well done and quite nice. The marina is home to many boats, some inhabited and two areas for campers are also full, but, as in all these vacation towns, many buildings are absolutely empty. We look at the rental prices, you can rent a small apartment for € 200 per month, now, in summer it is more expensive. We walk also to see the supermarket Mercadona, which is large and well stocked. In the afternoon we walk on the beach, of courses deserted and windy but it starts to rain and we're happy to go back on Maja and put on the heating.



Sparrow nest

### **Tuesday, April 7, 2015. Almerimar**

It is raining, so we decide to take the bus and go to Almería, forty km from here, to the east. The bus leaves at 10:30 am and takes one hour and thirty minutes to go there (!). It is raining while we are waiting. Two ladies are waiting too, one to take the bus and the other to give a letter to the driver to give to someone at the bus terminal in Almería. The first lady is not going to Almeria, but in Las Roquettas a little before. Jens offers the second woman to take the letter, but the two ladies begin to discuss and agree that it is best for us to get out of the bus into town in Almeria and not at the terminal. So we can't take the letter. The bus arrives and the driver takes the letter, no problem. It's raining, it blows a strong wind, the sea is gray and the landscape is not very pretty, covered with plastic greenhouses as far as we can see. Most passengers are black, the greenhouse workers. The bus stops everywhere and we visit the area well: San Agustin, Las Roquetas, Aguas Dulces, the contrast is great between the resorts and just behind, those greenhouses not always well maintained. We arrive at Almeria, go to see the seafront and then go up a wide avenue lined with trees pruned like crowns. The city is lively, with many flowers and seems dynamic. It makes us think of Barcelona, especially as here too there are ramblas. We take cover in a flawless and colorful covered market.



The market

Then, around 1 pm, we have lunch on the Rambla. Good food, cheap and a very friendly waitress who even wonder what happened to my arm.



At the restaurant

The main course served to me is a surprise: I thought I ordered chicken and I end up with fish, having confused the word "gallinata" (apparently the name of a fish) with gallinita (little hen)! We spend a long time at the restaurant, it's still raining, and we set off again, walking in the city where everything is now closed. At 3 pm, we see children returning to school after lunch, at what time are they going to finish? We head to the bus station early, the bus leaves at 4:30 pm. We take a coffee in the cafeteria and a young woman comes to me and asks me if I am Angelica. She tells us she is waiting for a couple of foreigners that she has never seen and that the lady is named Angelica. We chat a bit and then the real Angelica and her husband arrive. The bus returns by the same route and arrives at Amerimar at around 6 pm. It stopped raining but the wind is blowing even stronger than before and Jens strengthens our moorings. The night is not going to be quiet.



The trees. Almería

### **Wednesday, April 8, 2015. Almerimar**

What a night! It was blowing when we went to bed but the wind increased more and more. Jens fell asleep but I couldn't sleep. The wind was whistling, howling, roaring increasingly, strong gusts were battering Maja and, of course, I was thinking about our moorings. In fact we

are totally dependent on a few ropes, Jens had put three between Maja and the dock on the windward side, two on the other side and we were moored behind at the "muerto" by a thick rope. I imagined different scenarios, the ropes on the front breaking, so the boat rotates and is only tied to "el muerto", fortunately we have plenty of room to rotate, so we start the engine etc ... At about two o'clock in the morning, I am really afraid and I wake Jens, the poor guy, he was sleeping well. He goes and checks the ropes, all hold well. I get up several times to see if Maja does not move. We have the wind on the side, it would be better if we had it in the nose. At around 3 am, I go up to check again, and see two marineros in a car, that make a round. They move slowly and check the boats moorings with a flashlight. Good service. The noise is deafening, but you get used to everything, and finally I fall asleep at around 5 am. In the morning, it is still blowing. We take a walk in the marina and find that we are, in fact, at a good place, some boats are more exposed than us and move much more. We stay on Maja; Jens tinkers, he cuts the tube in front that we need to step over to get on Maja and he has a new tube made in a metal workshop here, and I sew, I put a piece on a duvet cover.



Jens cuts the tube in front of Maja



Jens fell in the water!

At one moment, I hear a splash; I think Jens lost a tube or the gangway into the water. I go and see and this is not a tube that fell into the water, it is Jens! He manages to climb by himself on the dock by catching a rope. He is, of course very wet, must change and take a shower, fortunately it is not cold. While he is gone, two marineros come to me and advises me to tie Maja, in addition, to a second "muerto" (that mooring system at the bottom of the water, at the back), strong winds are expected, force 8 tonight and force 8, this is no joke, it's even stronger than last night. When I say that I am alone a marinero comes on the boat and ties Maja himself. Jens comes back, we spend a quiet evening, going for a stroll after dinner, it's nice and it's quiet. And the gale force 8, we are still waiting for it, it didn't come.

PS: some are wondering what I am doing with the polished pieces of glass that I find on the beaches. I put them in bottles.



Bottle with pieces of glass

#### **Thursday, April 9, 2015. Almerimar**

The wind calmed down today and we see a little sunshine. Jens continues to work to change Maja's front. We invite two Danes, Brian and Anna-Grethe for lunch and we spend a good time together. While on Maja, a Swede comes to invite them to the Scandinavian weekly dinner here in Amerimar. Brian and Anna-Grethe offer us to come too. In the afternoon, I go for a walk along the long beach to the west. We have a drink on "Imagine", Brian and Anna-Grethe's boat and we go together to the Scandinavian dinner. We are nine, Swedes, Danes and me as the only "Norwegian". We dine of tapas offered by the house with a beer or a glass of wine. We go home early, with this lively social life I have not had time to finish the blog on our restless night where we hardly slept.



Brian, Anne Grethe



The Scandinavian dinner

### Friday, April 10, 2015. Almerimar

It's pretty nice today and there is little wind, and all the better for the guy who comes to do some welding on Maja can't work if it is blowing. Jens and him prepared the work and he puts the new tubes quickly and it's very well done. He is an Englishman who started a small business here and it works well.



The welder



Et voilà

I appreciate Jens' proof of love: to change his beloved Maja for me, it's great. And here it is, much easier now to get on and off the boat than before. I am so glad that I am going in and out of Maja several times, I go shopping, buy the newspaper, I have found my independence again, even with one hand. Imagine what it will be with two! We invited a French couple, Joel and Cathy, to drink a cup of tea, they sailed a lot in Greece and will tell us about it. Jens puts marks on the map of interesting places, even places where you can put the boat ashore and, in particular, a site where the service is very good and where, height of happiness, people have chickens running free between the boats. They advise us to avoid July and August there, it's too hot, the wind is very strong and there are too many people. Several people have already told us this. Our ways are crossing in fact, they are on their way back to Brittany and their next stop will probably be Marina del Este. In the evening we watch a video "Healing after a wrist fracture", very entertaining ... The weather forecast is quite good for tomorrow, light east wind and calm sea, so we leave early tomorrow.





Joël, Cathy

**Saturday, April 11, 2015. Almerimar-Garrucha**



We leave early. Bye, bye Almerimar

We leave at 7 am because the diesel pump opens at this early hour and we are the first customers. When we go out of the harbor, at 7:20 am, daylight is breaking. It's raining and it's going to rain all day, the Costa del Sol, it will be another time. The wind is light and against us, but the waves are very small, no problem.



We cross Almería bay

We cross the Bay of Almería that looks like the top of a heart on Valentine's Day. We each do a nap in the morning and also one in the afternoon. When we pass El Cabo de Gata, the wind is a little stronger, strength 3, against us but the waves are still maneuverable, Maja is moving a little but nothing more.



Cabo de Gata



Hotel Illegal



Napping



Captain Jens

The coast turns northward after this headland. All this area is mountainous and is a national park. But a monstrous hotel was built there anyway and this is, of course, controversial. We see it in passing and we believe first that it is called Hotel Legal, funny name but why not. Jens googles it and we learn that it is Green Peace who painted on the facade "Hotel Illegal". It is abandoned since 2006, but trials are still ongoing. We hear a Pan Pan: a Zodiac with 26 north african emigrants has been observed between Morocco and the Spanish coast, if we see it we must alert the maritime authorities. Poor people.

We continue and arrive at Garrucha at 8:30 pm. We motored 13 hours and made 70 NM (126 km). The marina is deserted, the office closed and we tie along a dock, it's easier for me to go to land. A gate closes the dock but that can be opened from the inside, which is to say that we can go to town but not come back. But this doesn't stop Jens. He manages to bypass the gate and opens for me from inside. We go to town to eat pizza, it's Saturday night, the pizzeria is full, everybody is following a football game on TV and the number of decibels is impressive. I have my back to the screen and am not following the game; at one time all customers roar and applaud at once and it surprises me, I jump and am (almost) scared.

Almerimar-Garrucha: 69 nm (124 km)

Florvåg-Garrucha:  $2\,197 + 69 = 2\,266$  nm (4 079 km)

### Sunday, April 12, 2015. Garrucha

Gray and windy. We go for a walk to the north, now the coast is oriented north-south here. A nice promenade goes along the sea and the beach is very wide, half heath and half beach. We see a woman who is looking for something in the heath, I ask what she is looking for: snails, big snails that come out when it rains, and she has a lot in a bag. We walk an hour and then return for lunch. The sun comes out a little and we can eat out on Maja. After reading the newspaper, we leave this time under the sun and to the south. More people are out and it's much nicer than this morning. Garrucha is a fishing port and a seaside resort rather old fashion and not too big. When we return, I make a picture Jens bypassing the door of the pontoon, tomorrow we are going to register officially and we'll get a key.



Jens goes around the gate ... and opens for me

We move Maja and find a place near the gate because the quay is much cleaner here. At the other end, the quay was dirty with seagulls shit. We dine outside in the sun, but with a jumper, the wind is fresh. On the menu, a good avocado given by Angeles in Almuñecar and spaghetti. We are talking of taking the bikes out tomorrow, we'll see ...

## Monday, April 13, 2015. Garrucha

The weather is not too good, always gray, windy from the north and the sea is agitated. As soon as we got up at around 8 am, we note an incessant ballet of trucks on the big dike.



Trucks and excavators on the dike

They arrive and unload a whitish powder on the dike. Big excavators make a huge pile and we see treadmills, currently unoccupied, which can load vessels. Jens goes to the marina office to register us and we finally get a key to the dock gate. Then we execute our plan to try the bikes. Jens puts up my bike, I usually do it all alone, lowers the saddle so I can put my feet on the ground even when I stop. I can put my left hand on the handlebars but not hold it really but it helps a bit to start, and then I ride my bike with one hand. It's OK and it seems good, we have not used our bikes since Marbella, on February 19. We start along the sea to the south and stop at the tourist office for a map and to ask about the activity on the dike. Trucks transport gypsum that comes from a mine in Sorbas, about twenty miles from here and which is exported by ship. We continue, it goes well, go to Mojácar Mar, a large and deserted fancy seaside resort and climb into the mountains to the village of Mojácar, a white village perched on a hill.



We climb to Mojácar

The climb is not too steep and quite short. We leave our bikes at the village entrance and go up the last steep path on foot. This village is very touristic; buses after buses are unloading groups of Spanish pensioners. Every second house is a cafe or restaurant, but it's pretty and the view from the top is magnificent.



Nice view

We are hungry and thirsty and a "clara" accompanied by three tapas is welcome, and we go down, we ride home in Garrucha by a more direct route inland. Arrived at the boat, we read the newspaper and do a nap, and then work on the boat for Jens, he changes a solar panel that doesn't work, and double blog for me, Saturday and Sunday.

### **Tuesday, April 14, 2015. Garrucha**

The weather is nice, finally. We start this time to the north by bike. The promenade along the sea looks more beautiful in the sun.



Path along the sea

We can be in T-shirt and sandals and the sun is warming well. We go to Vera, the next town and seaside resort. The beautiful paved promenade stops and becomes a dirt road, but it's OK. We make a stop to eat an orange, still the oranges given to us by Angeles in Almuñécar. Jens sits on the ground but I find a better place under the shower.



I ride with one hand



Sitting under a shower

Arrived in a pretty wooded peninsula, we turn left to go inland and return by a direct road. A good ride of 18 km in all. When we get to the boat, a Spanish man who also lives on his boat (we're the only two inhabited boats) comes to us and asks us if we recognize him. We hesitate a bit, maybe him but not the boat. He laughs and told us we were together in Ayamonte in November and of course we don't recognize the boat because it is not the same one. We talk a bit and we go on Maja to have lunch. In the late afternoon, we invite him and his wife for a drink.



Concepción and Antonio

They tell us that they have exchanged their house here for a 13 m boat. The problem is that the former owner of the boat, a Basque, will not come to live here, he finds it too hot, so he gave them six months to sell the house and pay the boat. Antonio and Asunción are from Garrucha but now live on their boat, Txo, with their two children aged 12 and 9 years. Txo means the younger sailor on a sailboat, in Basque. They will go to the Balearic Islands, Italy

and Greece this summer and dream of crossing the Atlantic next year. We spend a good time with those nice people. I noticed this morning, a big red, yellow and blue flag floating on their boat. I asked why and he told me that it is the flag of the Spanish Republic, democratically elected on April 14, 1931 and then overthrown by Franco during the civil war of 1936.



Txo with the Spanish republican flag

We go to see their boat, a big and good boat, all new to them. The weather is expected to improve tomorrow, the waves are calming and we may leave tomorrow.

**Wednesday, April 15, 2015. Garrucha-Cartagena**

Jens goes to see the waves after breakfast and returns thinking they are still big. He visits Antonio and we decide to wait a little. He pays the marina, which makes us a good price and I take pictures of the Norwegian ship "Oslo Bulk 2" which is being loaded with gypsum.



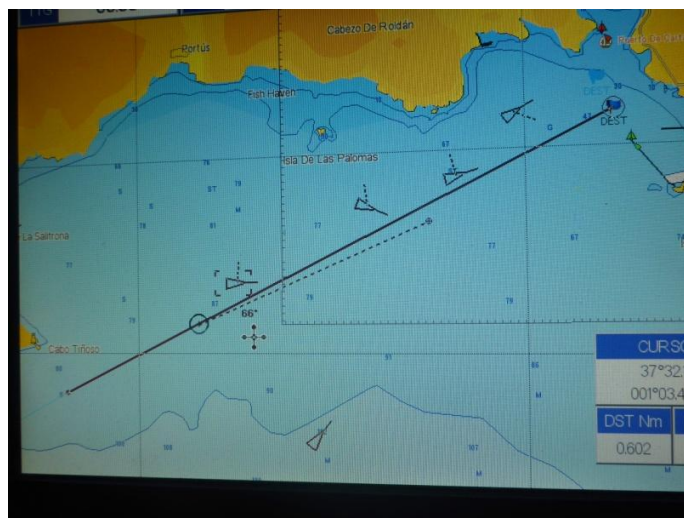
Oslo Bulk 2

Then around 11 am Jens goes again to see the waves and comes back saying they have decreased and that we can leave. We do so, and coming out of the harbor, see that the “Oslo Bulk 2” is actually registered in Singapore. And we leave the port. The swell of yesterday is still present, 1m-1.5m from three-quarter front. Maja resumes her habits of cavorting in every direction, it is moving well, it’s OK but we have to be very careful to hold on all the time, and it's raining and it's going to rain all day.



Gray and moving

We are motoring, we have one hour with the jib in the afternoon, that's all. I am perched on the pilot chair and hold on all the time, but at least I have time to do exercises for my hand. To enter or exit the "hole" (which is not my hole anymore, Jens uses it often to take a nap) Jens must help me. We don't see anyone except a fishing boat, the visibility is bad and it's like Norway in November. But by early afternoon, I see a couple of gannets, these large birds that are so beautiful. Time passes, between naps, eating a bit and listening to music. When night falls, we finally see the sun, 5 minutes and a little late. We are approaching Cartagena and see on AIS several ships anchored at the harbor entrance, waiting, the first one being an EDF-Suez ship.



Several ships are waiting in front of Cartagena harbor



We pass along them and enter the harbor at 9:30 pm. The harbor of Cartagena is a sheltered natural bay. We find the marina, and, oh joy, we see that they have floating pontoons where we can tie along. We find a place between big sailing boats and we'll see tomorrow if we have to move. Glad to arrive after ten hours of navigation and 50 NM (90 km).



We arrive in Cartagena

Garrucha-Cartagena : 53 nm (95 km)

Florvåg-Cartagena :  $2\,266 + 53 = 2\,319$  nm (4 174 km)

#### Thursday, April 16, 2015. Cartagena

Good quiet night. We begin to take breakfast outside although with a lot of cloths because it's quite chilly when we see a super yacht, the "Wind Star" coming in the harbor. We bite a mouthful of bread and see a cruise ship "Aida", it's funny I'm sure I have already seen her, in Bergen I think. She berths right behind us. Good entertainment, this morning. We go to register at the marina and we can stay in the place where we are. We walk around town, the weather is nice but not very warm because of the wind. Around 11 am, we give in to temptation: since we are in southern Spain, we dream of a "tostada de tomate", a toast with crushed raw tomatoes and olive oil. And we did not have it yet. So today we take a second breakfast.



Una tostada de tomate

This is good! Back to the boat, we ask to move: "Aida" has an engine that runs all the time to make electricity and it is noisy. Thus we change place in the late morning, but we are, of course, along a pontoon. Jens puts on a laundry and it dries well with the wind. In the afternoon, we take a bike ride in the modern Cartagena, on a good bike path. When we come back, "Aida" is about to leave and "Wind Star" is already gone. They do not stay long in a city. Good diner in the sun on Maja and calm evening.



Cartagena

### **Friday, April 17, 2015. Cartagena**

When we wake up, we see a black wall south of us! It's a huge Dutch cruise ship, the "Eurodam" which arrived last night, and we heard nothing.

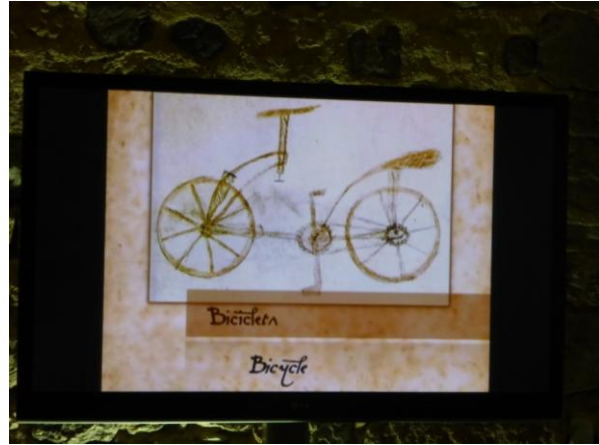


The Eurodam

Later comes another one, Dutch, too, the "Amsterdam". We take a walk to see the old town. 100 m from each other, we can see a Roman amphitheater, a church, Carthaginian ruins and a modern building.



Ruins. Cartagena



A bike imagined by Leonardo da Vinci

We go up to see the castle on a hill, the climb is shaded, flowered, and we even see a peacock that makes us the honor of spreading its tail. In the castle, an exhibition presents the work of Leonardo da Vinci. What a genius, he had imagined a bicycle, a parachute, a kind of helicopter, a boat with wheel ... We return to Maja to eat lunch. The afternoon is quiet, Jens is working on the boat and I do the blog. At around 5 pm, I put a chicken and potatoes in the oven. I go to post a postcard and am surprised to see a noisy and enthusiastic crowd: it is the finish line of a children's race.



Finish line of a children race



Our chicken

We dine of our excellent chicken, in the sun and do our small walk of the evening, and on a large square near the sea, we witness the ceremony of the descent of the Spanish flag as the national anthem (I presume) is played.



The Spanish flag is taken down

The weather is good, we leave tomorrow. We really liked Cartagena, historical and modern city, vibrant, clean and flowered, and in addition with a harbor very well protected and in the heart of the city.

#### **Saturday, April 18, 2015. Cartagena-Isla de Tabarca**

We leave at 9:20 am under a beautiful blue sky and on a calm sea. The coast is rugged, mountainous and thus not built. We first go eastward, pass the Cabo de Palos and its high lighthouse and then turn north towards Alicante. Just after this cap, we follow "El Mar Menor", an inland sea separated from the real sea by a narrow strip of land all built by hotels and buildings. Boats can enter the Mar Menor by a canal, but we don't stop. The wind picks up a bit, it's nice and we feel, for the first time since we came down again, on the Mediterranean. We thought to go to Santa Pola, just before Alicante. Jens has ordered a piece for the engine to be delivered at a workshop in Santa Pola, but on the way, looking at the guide, he comes up with the idea of going to an island in front of Santa Pola, the island of Tabarca.



Isla de Tabarca

I am initially a bit skeptical, but the weather is beautiful, and I let myself be convinced. The harbor on this island is very small and, as it is Saturday, it is not sure that there is room. We'll try. We make a wide detour; the island is surrounded by rocks and reefs. We get there at 7:20 pm, and luckily, there is only one other sailboat at the dock. The other boats are owned by residents. We must go into this port with caution, it is not deep everywhere. We ask if we may tie along the other sailboat, but the guy tells us it is deep enough just behind him, so we go there. This harbor is not protected property against northwest wind, but the wind is from the south, so it's OK. According to our neighbor, the wind will turn tonight, but it will stay reasonable. He and his two teammates are going to leave tonight at 4 am to go to the Mar Menor. We go for a walk, it is a very special island with a fortified village, then dine of cold chicken together with salad it is very good.

Cartagena-Isla de Tabarca : 52 nm (94 km)

Florvåg-Tabarca :  $2\,319 + 52 = 2\,371$  nm (4 268 km)

### **Sunday, April 19, 2015. Isla de Tabarca**

I get up at 4:20 am and I see that the neighbor sailboat is gone. Jens wakes up at around 5 am and both, we note that Maja is moving more, waves are entering a little in the harbor, and the wind has turned. So we decide to pull Maja a little along the dock and take the place of the boat which is gone. The dock makes a bend and it will be a little quieter there. The engine is started, Jens climbs on the dock in pajamas and pulls Maja while I give a little push with the engine to help, it's against the wind.



Jens, in pajamas, on the quay

In 5 minutes, it's done, Maja is moored to her new place and we go back to bed. We had planned to stay one night, but we decide, while eating breakfast, to stay one more day here. In the morning, we are going to explore the island of Tabarca. One part is fortified and built and another larger one is a moor. We are going to the end of the moor, about 2 km, our only companions are seagulls and cats. We return, and at around 11 am, tourists begin arriving in ferries and private boats. We find that they are many, but a policeman with whom we talk, says it is nothing compared to the summer. A police station is open and three police officers take care of ... 15 inhabitants (in winter)! We are safe here. We want to support the local economy and go to a restaurant, there are at least 20 restaurants, and we have enough to choose from. We go to the "Almadraba" which has a beautiful view of the harbor and the sea.

A large table is occupied by a group of Norwegians. Then we go to the local museum and being over 65 years, we don't pay.



Maja. Isla de Tabarca



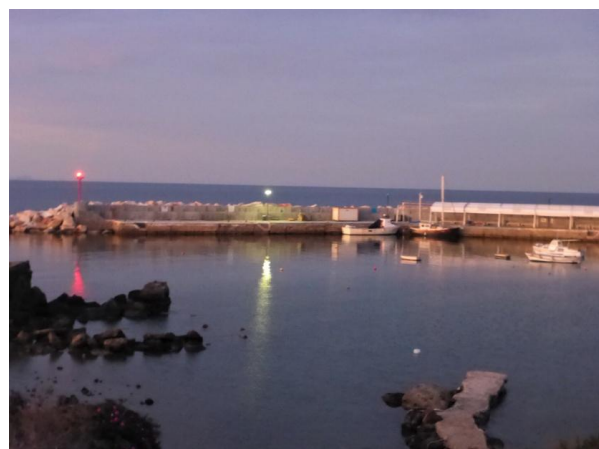
The moor and the lighthouse



The gate to the village



Sunday during the day



In the evening, we are alone

The island was occupied by pirates, abandoned then repopulated in the 18th century by prisoners taken by pirates and bought back from Tunisia by Spain. Poor people, they were put here on a barren island, where there was no water, but they survived, apparently. The island was fortified and served as a defense post too. Fishing was the main resource and a technique used was this "almadraba", a labyrinth of nets where the tuna fish could not escape. Now the island and its surrounding area are a nature reserve where fishing is not allowed. At around 5 pm, the tourists begin to leave and at 8 pm, the last to leave are the restaurant employees. At 8:30 pm, we have the island (almost) just for us. We go to see the sunset and then go home to Maja.

### **Monday, April 20, 2015. Tabarca-Santa Pola**

We are awakened by an engine noise at 7 am. This is the only tractor of the island driving the trash bins on the dock, they will be loaded onto a boat to be transported on the continent. A big cat knows the system and comes to visit the garbage.



The cat



Nice pastel colors

We walk on two small beaches which are real mines for glass pieces, well polished and of pretty pastel colors. Then we leave at 9:45 am this friendly island. As you can see in the photo "bye, bye", the Norwegian flag looks old now. We ordered another one, slightly larger, which will be delivered at home and I'll bring it back when I go home in two days. We have 4.2 NM (7.5 km) to Santa Pola, just in front.



Bye, bye Tabarca

We are sailing, there is time and since there is not much wind, it takes us two hours and fifteen minutes. We arrive at noon in the big harbor of Santa Pola, which is both a fishing harbor and home to two marinas. Good surprise, the boats are moored to docks. We register at the marina Marimar office and drink our "ankerdrum" at a café, a clara with good stuffed olives and then lunch on the boat, newspapers and bike ride to the east.



Maja. Santa Pola

Santa Pola is a large town and a seaside resort that faces south. We're going to Cabo Santa Pola where the coast makes a bend and is again oriented north towards Alicante. The buildings halt shortly before the cape and the last part is wild, probably a protected area. Para gliders fly over the cape. We return, Jens goes shopping and do the cooking while I do the blog. We dine out but the wind is strong enough and quite chilly. Nina phones us and announces a temperature of 20 ° in Bergen! We have about the same here.





From the sea, we thought it was a mosque

Tabarca-Santa Pola : 4 nm (7 km)

Florvåg-Santa Pola :  $2\,371 + 4 = 2\,375$  nm (4 275 km)

### **Tuesday, April 21, 2015. Santa Pola**

Jens rides to fetch the piece he ordered at the boat engine workshop that is at about 4 km from here. He speaks with a mechanic out there who may try to open and clean the heat exchanger, a work in the engine that Jens can't do. Jens therefore comes back, takes out that big yellow thing, puts it on his bike, and it weighs at least 15 kg, and leaves again.



Jens carries this heat exchanger on his bike

Meanwhile, I stroll into town. When he returns, we have lunch outside, but the wind is strong and cold and we drink coffee inside. The ride on the afternoon takes us west to the salt marches of Santa Pola.



Las Salinas. Santa Pola

When we arrive at the end of the cycle track, Jens' phone rings. It's the mechanic who announced that he was able to open the heat exchanger, Jens wants to see it and rides again to the workshop. I come home and do the blog. Jens comes home late, I took some time to do the blog, this is my last dinner here, and we therefore decide to go into town to eat something. We are going to 'Lizarran', a restaurant we believe to be a pizzeria, but which is not. The waitress arrives and puts under our nose a tray with several tapas, all the same. We do not understand. She explains: take a tapa if you want and she will come back with others. Each tapa bears a small toothpick and we pay for the total number of toothpicks at the end. And as it's Tuesday, each tapa costs 1 €.



At "Lizarran"

And she returns often, each time with new tapas. We enjoy it. Good last night for me: I leave tomorrow morning with a direct flight from Alicante to Bergen to go to a check for my wrist at Bergen hospital on Thursday. I come back here Monday 27, late. The blog thus takes a break and will resume on Wednesday, 29. See you soon.



## Tuesday, April 28, 2015. Santa Pola

I arrived yesterday, Monday, late. My test went well at the Bergen hospital, the fracture has healed well but the doctor was not satisfied with the state of my hand, still so swollen and so stiff. A physiotherapist made me do exercises and gave me advice to train my hand by myself. Jens has worked much on Maja during my absence and began to swim. Saturday, "Longway" the Swiss Fisher 25 we met in Portugal, arrived, Fritz sailing with a friend, Margret will join him in Palma de Mallorca on May 6. He is our neighbor here. The weather is beautiful, a real summer time, we ride a long ride and we bathe twice, the water is 19 °.



We swim

We dine the four of us on Maja, I make leeks rolled in ham. The weather forecast is good, little wind and calm seas so we leave tomorrow, us directly to Formentera, the smallest and closest of the Balearic Islands and Fritz and Jürg along the coast further north.



Maja and Longway



Jürg and Fritz. The sailors' hard life



Santa Pola

**Wednesday, April 29 / Thursday, April 30, 2015. Santa Pola-Cala Basa. Ibiza (Balearic Islands)**



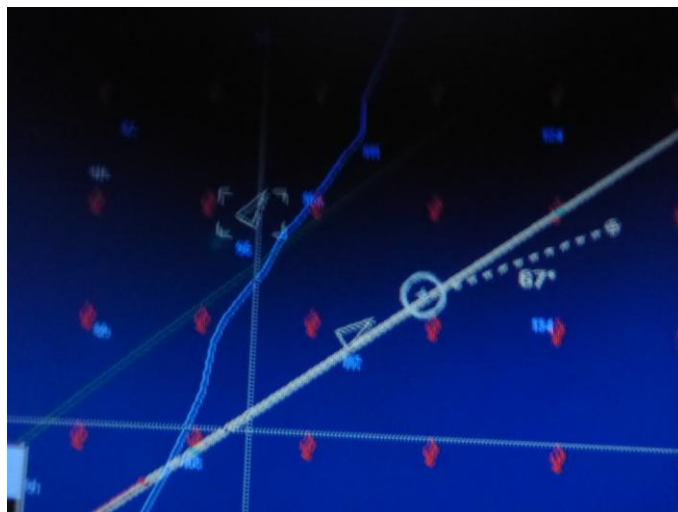
Sailing between Spain and the Balearic Islands

The weather is nice, light southeast wind and we leave. Fritz and Jürg go first, at around 10 am then we go at 11:15 am. We buy some diesel before leaving. We have lunch on the way, it's quiet, we motor and have the jib up. After some time, Jens who was looking at the Balearic Islands guide suggests that we go to Ibiza instead of Formentera. It is about the same distance and there are many more "calas" (baies) where we can anchor. OK, let's go to Ibiza, we need just changing our destination by a few degrees. The wind becomes stronger and we stop the engine, but increased wind also means higher waves so Maja is moving more and I get a little seasick. A boat of the "Aduanas" (customs) turns around us, closely, and we think she will approach us, but no, it's just to say hello, she goes away, making a big wave.



The customs boat

I lie down and I am not well. The wind dies in the late evening but not the waves, and it's even worse, waves without wind, Maja is rolling a lot. Jens eats a sandwich as dinner and I want nothing. I take a pill against seasickness and that helps. We progress, we progress in the dark. An "S / Y" (sailing yacht) catches up and passes us. We can see on the AIS that her name is Midnight Swan. Her captain calls us on the radio.



We are the circle, Midnight Swan is the triangle

This man and Jens are talking in English at first, and when they ask each other where they come from, they switch to Norwegian, he is also a Norwegian who is sailing alone.



Sailing in the dark

Jens and I change about every two hours. I am listening to Radio Algérie, it is the station we receive best.



Sunrise back Ibiza. Thursday 30 th April

At about 7:30 am, we see the sunrise behind Ibiza, we are almost there, we go around an island and anchor in Cala Basa at 9:30 am. We have sailed 22 hours and done 101 NM (181 km). Our ankerdram is replaced today by a good breakfast. Very beautiful landscape, turquoise water, sandy beach but one bad thing, the water is full of jellyfish. We're going to land with the tender and walk a little, the landscape is dry, scrub type but many pines provide shade. Jens rows going there against the wind and I row on the way back, it's probably good for my arm and my hand. We are two boats anchored, one German and us. In the afternoon, a

nap seems good, we didn't sleep much last night, and then we go to land with the tender at a little quay, nearer than the beach. We are very careful when we go to land not to fall in the water, the sea is full of jellyfish. We walk on a plateau so dry and rocky that it looks like a landscape on the moon. We go back to Maja, have dinner and go to bed early. Here we are in the Balearics Islands, a new phase in our journey.



On the beach: Advertisement to go skiing in Andorra!



It's dry

Santa Pola-Cala Basa: 104 nm (187 km)

Florvåg-Cala Basa :  $2\ 375 + 104 = 2\ 479$  nm (4 462 km)



Maja anchored. Cala Basa. Ibiza

**Friday, May 1st, 2015. Cala Basa. Ibiza**

Very quiet night, no wind, we were two boats anchored, one German and us. The wind rises with the sunrise and it's blowing well, a good force 4 with gusts force 5, but all is well.



We row ashore

We go ashore early enough at 10:30 am, before the invasion of the beach, and take a path that runs along the coast to the west and then south. The "cala" where we are is on the north side of Ibiza, open to the north, it is OK now with the wind from the south. We walk round a cape and come to another cala, Cala Comte. Two or three restaurants, ample parking, and a beautiful beach. We inspect the water and don't see any jellyfish so we go swimming. We eat dried fruit and drink water and start the way back, this time following the road, it's more direct.





Cala Basa



Cala Comte

It's nice to walk early, it is not too hot. The restaurants prices are not comparable with those of the continent: a clara which costs € 1 50 Spain costs here € 3 50, and no more menus for 10 €.



Back by the road

We return to Cala Bassa (that is written with two s on the road signs) and arrive at 1:30 pm, we walked about 7 km. Our tender is very popular with kids and the kids would like to go with us on the water.



A child likes our tender

Lunch, reading for Jens and knitting for me and at 5 pm we see Longway coming in the cala.



Longway is coming

They come directly from Spain today, they left at 6 am this morning and they had a good wind all along. We invite them to dinner, Jens will pick them one by one with the tender and we feast on spaghetti "à la Jens". Fritz tells Jens of a program of anchor watch. We program how far we can pivot around the anchor, depending of the chain length and if we rotate more than that, an alarm sounds. Jens installs it on its tablet right away, this is a great safety. A sailboat passes by; she is called "Isbjørn", carries the Spanish flag but also a small Norwegian flag. A lady asks if we came all the way from Norway by sea, she is Norwegian. Good

evening with Fritz and Jürg and Jens will escort them back on Longway the same way, one by one.



Jens takes our guests home

The wind blows a little less and will calm down in the evening. Five boats are anchored in the bay, among them two Fisher, it's not often that we are so many, we the Fisher.

**Saturday, May 2, 2015. Cala Basa-Cala Portinatx. Ibiza**



Nice morning

Beautiful morning calm, sunny and warm. A zodiac comes to see us and the guy asks if Jens remembers him: he was in Marina del Este and knows all about my wrist! We do our daily walk inland this time, it's pretty, cultivated but one wonders how there is enough water. It's hotter than yesterday because there is no wind.



Olive trees and poppies



At the end, everything will be OK. And if it's not OK, it's not the end



I can knit under way, it's so calm

Quick swim on the way back, jellyfish are rare today. Then back to the boat and departure along the northern coast of Ibiza to the east. We lunch on the way. Longway starts a little after us and joins us a little later. The coast is very mountainous and the sea is deep. We pass near a small island that looks like a monster; he has a big mouth, two eyes and even an upright tail like a scorpion. He doesn't look very nice.



The monster



Longway is catching us

We try two calas, but the first one is too narrow and the second one too populated with big hotels. The third one is the good one, Cala Portinatx, a small resort nestled at the foot of a hill and shaded by pine trees. We anchor, only one boat is already there, an English one. The weather is splendid, the sea is turquoise, it's like the Caribbean. Jens goes on land while I'm doing the blog, we swim from the boat, no jellyfish here and we are invited on Longway for a cheese fondue. I'm sorry, I forgot to take pictures of this fondue. Nice and almost tropical

evening, it is still 25 ° at 10 pm. The wind rises when we go to bed, Jens falls asleep but the noise keeps me awake.



Idyllic. We could be in the Caribbean. Cala Portinatx



Cala Portinatx

Cala Basa-Cala Portinatx : 18 nm (32 km)

Florvåg-Cala Portinatx :  $2\,479 + 18 = 2\,497$  nm (4 494 km)

## Sunday, May 3, 2015. Cala Portinatx. Ibiza

During the night the wind becomes stronger from 10:30 pm and comes in gusts from the land, it is irregular in strength and in direction. I go up in the doghouse, in my nightgown, and be there to observe the three anchored boats, Kutani (English, actually Scottish), Longway and us. We all swing following the gusts, at least 45 °, but sometimes not together. This lasts until half past midnight and then the wind calms down. I go to bed, but after a few minutes it starts again but this time from the sea, so the three boats make a complete U-turn and end up facing the opening of the bay.



Maja, Longway

I hope it will not last because if this continues, the wind will form waves that would come directly into the bay. But after a quarter of an hour, the wind calms down for good, and I finally fall asleep. The anchors of the three boats held. The morning is beautiful and quiet, we walk along the coast to a tower. Wildflowers are everywhere here, every vacant lot is a flower bed and it's the right season, later it will be too hot and most of the flowers will disappear. Short sunbathing on the beach and nice swimming. Lunch at the boat in the shade of our bimini, a canvas that makes shade in the cockpit. Rest, a short promenade and swimming. After dinner, we invite the two young Scots, Jürg and Fritz for a small glass, so we are six in the cockpit and we have a nice time together. Jens picks up Fritz and Jürg with the tender. This is the first time that there are three persons together in it. It's OK, but the tender is quite low in the water.





Kutani's crew (Scotland)



Fritz, Jürg, Jens

### **Monday, May 4, 2015. Port d'Andratx. Majorca**

We load the tender on Maja, Jens takes up the anchor and we leave at 8:15 am, have breakfast on the way, there is no wind and it is a little hazy. Longway leaves also. Shortly after leaving, we are overtaken by a tall sail yacht that carries a flag that I have never seen, red, bordered with white and a Maltese cross in the center, I deduce that this is the flag of Malta, and it's true, I check on the Internet. We (Longway and Maja) are motoring, try a moment the sails and take them down again. At 11 am, we still see Ibiza back us and we see Mallorca in front, the distance between the two is about fifty NM (90 km). In the afternoon, we see two boats on the AIS which are not moving, just in front of us. When we approach we see that these are two tugs that keep watch over a ferry that burned in late April near Palma, the "Sorrento". Fortunately all passengers were evacuated.



The Sorrento which burnt

We see men who work on it, they ensure that the cargo is properly secured; the Sorrento will be towed to Valencia tomorrow. It is impressive to see this great ship twisted and distorted by fire. We continue and Jens calls me to show me something that floats. First we think that they are bubbles, but upon closer inspection, they look like tiny sailboats with blue hull. This "thing" measure 2-3 cm and there are thousands of them. Jens goes on the Internet and finds



the name, these are Velella Velella, small animals that are drifting, they have a kind of sail, and feed on plankton. Jens fishes one with a bucket and I can take a picture.



Velella Velella (2 cm long)

We arrive at 6:15 pm at the port of Andratx, 30 km west of Palma, on Mallorca. We're not going to Palma because there marinas are overpriced, we heard rumors of 100 € per night in the summer. The port of Andratx is both a fishing port and a marina and is well protected by two breakwater, in the bottom of a cala. A marinero helps us to put ourselves in the dock, the nose on the dock and moored to the muerto back, Longway is our neighbor. The problem is that Maja is high in front and the dock is low. Jens puts the gangway but it is so inclined that he has to help me to go up or down. Jens does a bike tour, I do the blog, we have dinner and we go for our after dinner walk in the evening. Many foreign tourists and yet there is no beach here, the coast is rocky, it is mild and the evening is nice.



Arrival in Port d'Andratx

Cala Portinatx (Ibiza)-Port d'Andratx (Mallorca) : 47 nm (85 km)

Florvåg-Port d'Andratx :  $2\,497 + 47 = 2\,544$  nm (4 579 km)

## Tuesday, May 5, 2015. Port d'Andratx

Good weather but windy. Jens, who can do everything, removes the gangway, it is too steep and twisting a little the ladder we normally use for bathing from the boat manages to hang it at the front of Maja and I can go down and up easily.



The ladder

We mount our bikes and ride inland towards the village called Andratx, at 5 km from here. In the old days, people were so afraid of the pirates that they built their villages a little inland. We take a small road that winds between fields and homes, it is very pleasant and then a bigger road that has a bike path. Flowers are everywhere. The arrival to the village is a bit uphill, but it's ok, until we get to a staircase.



We have to carry our bikes

There we have to carry our bikes but it's short. Above the village, a fortified church was a refuge for people in case of danger. We walk a little, drink a glass of orange juice and from the terrace I see a car plate that reminds me of Ib, Jens' father: He was called Ib and lived of course in DK!





The fortified church



S'Arraco village

We continue to another village S'Arracó, at 3 km, but 3 km which are steep. It is now time for lunch for us but it's still a little early for the locals. A restaurant offers a menu 6 € 50 but asks us to wait 10 minutes. We walk a little and come back to find a table near the window marked "reservada", it's nice and the food is very good.



Downhill now, so uphill on our way back



Sant Elm

We ride again after lunch, we believe, down to the sea, towards one of the few beaches here called Sant Elm. But before going down we have to go up a steep hill and it's hot. The descent after the climb seems good, especially since it's shaded by pine trees. The problem is that we will have to climb again this hill on our way back. We do a sort of square, fPort Andratx, Andratx, S'Arraco and Sant Elm, except that this square lacks one of its sides. Sant Elm and Port d'Andratx, which are both at the edge of the sea, have no direct connection. We must go back to S'Arraco then go from there to Port Andratx. We swim in Sant Elm and this refreshes us. And we go back on our bikes, the thought of this long uphill ride darkens a bit my moods but in fact this is going better than expected, I walk only a small part of the climb and the last km between S ' Arracó and Port d'Andratx are a piece of cake. Return to the boat very tired but happy, we did 21 km, and not flat. Light dinner and then Fritz and Jürg come to drink a small glass, it's Jürg's last night here, Margret, Fritz's wife arrives tomorrow and there is therefore a crew change on Longway.

PS Andratx is pronounced Andrach, the tx is like a French ch like in "chat"



The last part of our ride is a piece of cake

**Wednesday, May 6, 2015. Port d'Andratx. Mallorca**

A few drops of rain are falling when we wake up but it doesn't last and the sun appears. We take the bus at 8:35 am to Palma.



Waiting for the bus

It takes an hour and twenty minutes to cover 30 km, the bus makes many detours to pick up folk. We stop in Palma near the Cathedral, an imposing construction. A group of college students who must practice their English ask us questions (in English), they are nice and I take their picture. We walk in the old town with narrow streets and pretty squares. We stop to drink orange juice and read the newspaper on a quiet square and then leave again. I have a mission to accomplish in Palma: to buy Theo's birthday present, he will be 4 years old at the end of the month. I don't know if we are in a big city soon, so I take advantage of being in Palma to find a toy store and to buy Lego.



Palma de mallorca. The cathedral



The group of college students

We pass, by chance, in front of El Corte Inglés a big department store. I find the toy department there and I found exactly what I was looking for. I'm glad. We go to the beach to swim in town and I hide my El Corte Inglés package in a towel. Good swim and we walk again to find the place where we had orange juice, it was so nice we will have lunch at the same place.



The nice café

After a good lunch we walk along the sea and see the boats.



We walk along the sea

It's classy, chic, chic boats some are three times bigger than Maja (minimum) and the marina prices are exorbitant here. We begin to feel tired and we take the bus with pleasure and relief at 4:10 pm. We arrive in Port d'Andratx at 5:30 pm, happy with this good day. We walked 12.5 kilometers. After dinner, I mention an island that is a national park and which we can visit by boat only with a permit. Jens looks on the Internet and the license can be obtained this way. No sooner said than done, and we have permission to spend two nights on the island, Cabrera, 35 MN (63 km) east of here. We leave tomorrow.



A windmill (picture taken from the bus)

**Thursday, May 7, 2015. Port d'Andratx-Isla Cabrera**



Margret, Fritz

Margret arrived last night and we all drink a coffee together to welcome her before leaving. Fritz cut his beard, Margret didn't like it. We fill the water tank and leave at 10:30 am, the weather is good and there is not much wind, but against us. We first motor along the coast to the east, pass by the Bay of Palma and then go to the island Cabrera directly. We see more sailboats now, the season has started and we see at least three ferries connecting Mallorca and Spain. By early afternoon the wind forces, always in the same direction against us, and Maja begins her cavalcade. We have to choose: if we go slowly, it is moving less but each wave stops the boat, if we go a little faster Maja passes the waves in a better way but she is moving a lot. We choose to go a little faster, otherwise we will arrive tomorrow. And Maja is dancing, she rides on a wave, then goes down then up again ... Sometimes, if the wave is a little bit bigger, Maja falls into the hole and it makes a big splash.



Splash!

The front windows, which are high enough are full of spray. The waves are not big, 80 cm-1 m, but it's enough to make Maja move a lot. When it's my watch, I sing, accompanying Sissel Kirkebø, a Norwegian singer that I like. Jens is out in the cockpit but I'm mostly inside, it's not warm, 20-22° and the wind is blowing. We keep going like that all afternoon and finally at 5: 30 pm we see the island. The entrance is spectacular, narrow, between a cliff to the right and a castle perched on a hill to the left.



The bay entrance. Isla de Cabrera

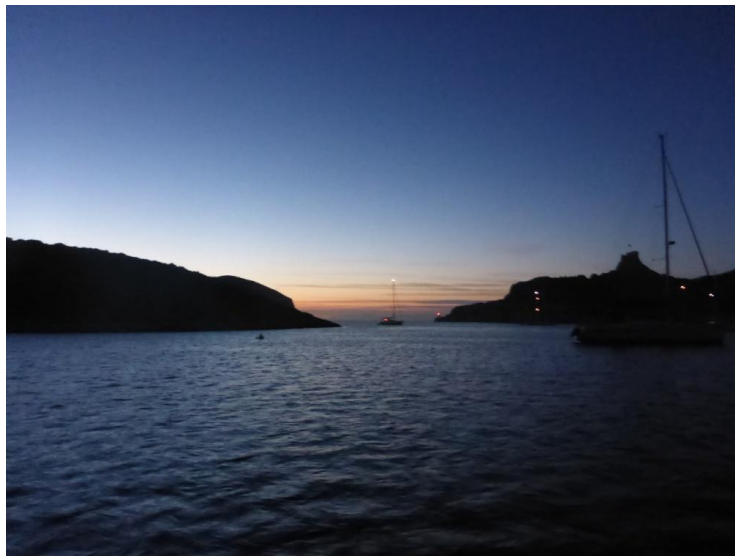
We are not the only ones to arrive. Booking a mooring is from 6:00 pm to 6:00 pm the next day, so everyone is arriving around 6 pm, like us. The island Cabrera has fifty moorings and we bet with Jens how many boats there will be. I say five, and he says ten. In fact when we enter the bay, we see 25 boats, and we are only in the beginning of May. We can stay several nights now, but in summer, it is limited to one night. The bay is a well-protected natural harbor, but we have to use the official moorings, no one has the right to anchor. The moorings are different color, white for boats up to 12 m (like us), yellow for boats 12 to 15 m etc. After we docked at a white mooring, we go ashore with the tender, Jens is rowing, and it is far enough, 700 m. A former small harbor is now reserved for official boats (park rangers, guardia civil, suppliers) and the two or three original houses are transformed into administration and "cantina".



Our dinner



We have a drink at the cantina and two tapas each, this is our dinner. Then it is my turn to row back to the boat, good exercise for my arm. There is no wind now, the evening is beautiful dark and starry.



Night is falling. Isla de Cabrera

Andratx-Isla de Cabrera : 38 nm (68 km)

Florvåg-Isla de Cabrera :  $2\,544 + 38 = 2\,582$  nm (4 647 km)

### **Friday, May 8, 2015. Isla de Cabrera**

Many boats leave this morning. Cabrera is a National Park and there are many restrictions on the island. Jens rows to the harbor at around 10 am, a small pier is reserved for the tenders and we go to the park office. They give us a plan and explain the paths open to the public. You can climb to the castle, and we do it.



The harbor and the castle

This castle was built to defend the south coast of Mallorca against the pirates, but it was built, demolished and rebuilt ten times. A very narrow staircase inside is used to go up, and it is so narrow that only one enemy soldier could go up, so it was easier to defend. From up there is a beautiful view of the bay.



The bay seen from the castle



Maja. Isla de Cabrera



The monument to “Los Franceses”

We go down and walk to see the monument to Los Franceses. He was raised in memory of the 9000 French prisoners interned on the island of Cabrera after the defeat of Napoleon in Spain in 1808. From 9000 only 3,600 survived. We continue our walk and want to go see the museum but it is closed, only the garden is open. It includes plants of the island with their name, it's interesting. It is hot and now we go to a small beach, and there is nobody, well almost: a team of filmmakers is making a film about the island and filming a girl bathing, and they start again and again. Yesterday they filmed us in our tender, maybe we will be on the film? The water is 20 °, turquoise and clear, and on the beach we find pieces of polished glass. Back on Maja, lunch, blog for me (I can't publish it, no Internet on Cabrera), newspaper for Jens, then at 4:30 pm, we leave again with the tender, but this time with the electric motor, to the harbor, we are going in a tour with a guide. We are only two and the guide is nice and interesting, and, a big plus, he is interested in plants.



Jeannette, the guide

He begins to speak to us in French but is very happy when we tell him that we understand Spanish. We talk well and in addition to the history of the island, we are solving Spain's problems. He gives me a little book in French on Cabrera, that's nice.



Cabrera

We walk around Miranda, a central mountain of the island; therefore we have a beautiful view to all sides. He shows us a former lime kiln; the few inhabitants here were making lime and charcoal that they sold in Mallorca. Cabrera is 9 km off the south-east corner of Mallorca. He also shows us a curious plant, he said it had a huge flower 3m high four years ago and nothing since. This plant is called Ferula Communis.



Ferula Communis

We walk from 5:00 to 7:30 pm and cover 8 km, plus our 5 km this morning, we walked well today. Dinner at the boat and in bed.

**Saturday, May 9, 2015. Cabrera-Cala Mitjana. Mallorca**

Awakened by mild impacts against the hull, it is the mooring buoy which passes in front of my porthole; there is so little wind that the rope between the buoy and Maja is not stretched and all that floats independently.



The mooring is in front of my porthole

We leave at 9:30 am to walk to the lighthouse, we put the tender to another authorized dock closer to us. The paths on Cabrera are wide and easy, they were built by the military before the island became a national park in 1991. We go up to 120 m and then down again as much and go up again to 120 m. The lighthouse is unique with its white and red diamonds.



The lighthouse. Cabrera

A curious lizard comes close, 10 cm from Jens' foot while we eat a big tangerine (given by Ángeles in Almuñécar!). The wind blows hard up there but it is much quieter at sea level.



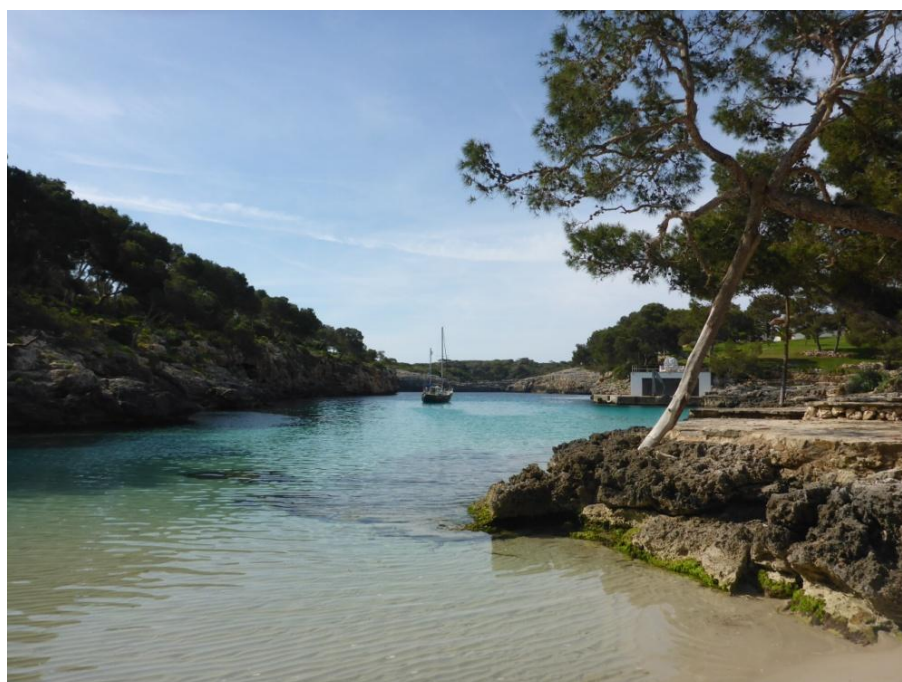
To go back, we have to walk this long path. Cabrera

We go down, I row to Maja, we arrive at 1 am and at 1:15 am, we weigh anchor, or rather we drop our mooring. We motor along the east coast of Mallorca looking for a cala. The first one, Cala Mondrago, is quite open to the sea and there are many people. We continue and arrive in Cala Mitjana, a pearl. We were afraid to find it full of boats, the guide book said it is often so in summer but there are only three small motor boats that leave a little later. We have this

beautiful cala to ourselves. We anchor and when the other boats are gone, we put a rope to land, there are bollards in the rock, like that we are well moored, even if the wind turns.



Entering Cala Mitjana. Mallorca



Maja. Cala Mitjana

Cabrera-Cala Mitjana : 22 nm (40 km)

Florvåg-Cala Mitjana :  $2\,582 + 22 = 2\,604$  nm (4 687 km)

## Sunday, May 10, 2015. Cala Mitjana-Puerto Costa de los Pinos. Mallorca

The night was calm and completely black, we couldn't see a single light. It was much darker than in Cabrera where we could see some lighted houses. We see two big houses but they are not occupied. A beautiful private ground is surrounding the cala and previously the beach probably was part of the domain. But now all the beaches in Spain are public and the owners not only had to allow access to the beach but also make a path to get there. A path lined with ropes cuts the well maintained domain in two but you can see the park on either side.



The path lined with ropes

A fisherman comes with a small boat and put a long net in the cala. Jens said we have an anchor down but he says it doesn't matter. We hope we can go up the anchor, he'll let his net until Monday. We are alone and go ashore with the tender that we draw on the beach and then we go up the path which becomes a path between fallow fields. It is at least 1.5 km to a small road, where we turn right and right again and go down to another cala, the Cala Sa Nau. The beach is larger and easier to access by car, it's a more civilized beach with a refreshments bar and permanent parasols. We drink an orange juice and walk back by the same route. The little beach of our cala, cala Mitjana, is not invaded, only about a dozen people are there. But the boats arrived, and a few Spanish boats mean the end of the quiet time.



We are not alone anymore

Even jet skis arrive at full speed, making noise and waves. A man on a boat advises us to put a mark on our rope between Maja and the land, and he is right, Jens puts a fender on the rope so it is easier to see it. We swim from the boat, it is very nice.



Swimming

Then we leave. Jens takes the rope first and then the anchor up. The chain raises the net but it glides in the water and it's ok. The wind picks up a little, from three quarterback and Jens wants to try the gennaker. He hoists it and splash, the gennaker falls into the water. Jens fishes it, ties it better and hoists it again.



The gennaker

I work to catch the blog on the way. We pass a cala too open, continue and finally arrive at Puerto Costa de los Pinos. But this said puerto is tiny and not even deep enough for us but can we can anchor in front of it. It is quite open to the sea but the wind dropped and it's quiet now. The submarine ground is a mixture of sand and rocks, but it is better to anchor in sand so Jens looks for sandy patches. We anchor, trying if it holds with the engine back. All is well. It is 7:30 pm, light dinner and early to bed.





Jens looks for a sandy parch to anchor

Cala Mitjana-Costa de los Pinos : 16 nm (29 km)

Florvåg-Costa de los Pinos :  $2\ 604 + 16 = 2\ 620$  nm (4 716 km)

**Monday, May 11, 2015. Costa de los Pinos- Alcudia. Mallorca**

The night was quiet, only a little rolling. We are going with the tender to see the little harbor, it's really small, then we walk along a hotel and then to the resort.



The tiny harbor. Maja overthere

That's all closed, private, the beach is gravel and in addition it smells bad, not very attractive. We return to the boat, swim quite a long time and leave. Little wind, calm seas at the beginning and then, almost as every day, the wind picks up in the afternoon. Jens checks the coolant pump and discovers that there is a leak, and the pump is new, bought this winter in Ayamonte! He spent all morning on the phone to order a new pump, it can't be fixed.



Costa de los Pinos. We spent the night here. Not much protection here



Jens finds a leak in the pump

Meanwhile I am doing the navigation; put a destination on the browser and a new one when we reach the first one. Jens manages to order a new pump in Denmark and it will be sent to Alcudia, the port where we are going today. So we are going to stay there several days. Jens has a good friend from the boat club, Inge, who is on vacation with his wife Marit in Alcudia, this is why we come here. We stop the engine and put up the sails when it's blowing, the wind comes from the back and we have the jib on one side and the mainsail on the other. I am a bit skeptical; I remember my time as a dinghy sailor, as it was so easy to capsize when going like that. But Maja is not a dinghy and Jens fixed the boom so it can't jibe, i.e. go at once to the other side. I enjoy the quiet to write the blog and I'm almost finished when we reach Alcudia.



Maja. Downwind

A seaplane is training near us. It takes up water, rises again and ejects the water. It does this several times and passes quite near us.



The seaplane taking water

We arrive at the big marina at 5:45 pm, a marinero helps us and here too it is the nose on the dock and back to a "muerto". Jens does some shopping while I make dinner with one hand and I finish putting the photos on the blog with the other hand. Inge and Marit, our friends from Florvåg, come to visit us after dinner. We spend a good time together and make a plan to do a boat trip with Inge tomorrow. Marit prefers to stay with her sister and brother in law on land.

Costa de los Pinos-Alcudia : 25 nm (45 km)

Florvåg-Alcudia :  $2\ 620 + 25 = 2\ 645$  nm (4 761 km)



Alcudia is a big harbor



Marit, Jens, Inge. Alcudia

**Tuesday, May 12, 2015. Alcudia. Mallorca**

Inge arrives at around 9 am and we leave at 9:30 am. The weather is good, hot and the sea is calm. We notified the marina that we go out but will come back, so they don't believe we try to escape without paying. Inge and Jens are happy to talk boat together



We motor out of the Alcubia bay, pass a cape to the west, motor across a large bay and anchor in the Cala de Engossaubas. A large catamaran is entering the cala at the same time, anchors and the passengers swim or go kayaking.



The large catamaran. Cala de Engossaubas

We swim from the boat, this cala has no beach. It's a little early for lunch so we raise anchor and go to another cala, parallel and close by, the Cala Murta which has a small beach at the bottom. Passing near the large catamaran, it smells good, they are making a barbecue on the (large) bridge. We anchor in the Cala Murta and lunch under the bimini.



Jeannette, Inge

Then we swim to the beach, the three of us. The water is good, 22 ° and clear. We are bare feet and the beach is gravel, so we can't walk long, but I still find a lot of pieces of glass that Inge, the only one who has a pocket in his swimsuit, brings back to the boat.



Weswim to the beach. Cala Murta

Until then, a tranquil “båttur”. But suddenly, waves begin to enter the cala. We have all heard of boats stranded in cala when the wind gets up. Fortunately, it is not that extreme but we must go. Jens weighs anchor and we go out cavorting a lot. It's funny, there are well formed waves, 1 m or so, but no wind at all. If we want to go to Alcubia, we will have them all the time in the face, and it's not funny. Everything must be secured, we must hold all the time and Maja dances like a crazy camel. Jens, a man of good sense, proposes to go a bit into the bay that must be crossed and go to another cala, shallow but sheltered behind the cape that we must pass by. We go there and that is calmer, another boat did as we did. We can anchor but not go ashore, the bottom of the cala is closed by a line of red buoys, it is a military area.



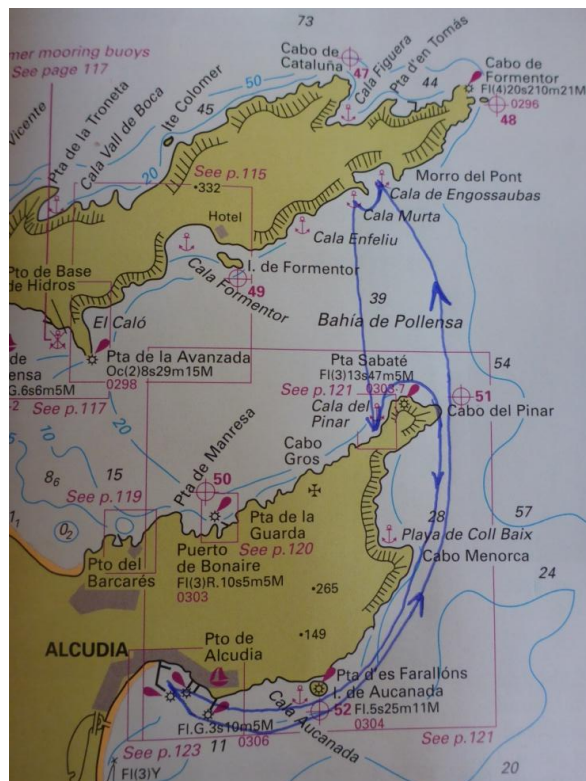
The military cala

We are comfortable here, I do the blog and Jens prepares a pizza. We dine and hope this will calm down soon so we can leave. At 8:30 pm, we leave. It's still moving but much less; but when I do the dishes while the two men are talking, I have to wash one thing at a time and dry it immediately, if I put it on the drainer, it falls down. We return when night is falling, it's

very pretty and when we arrive in the harbor, everything is calm again. We take our ankerdram, and Inge leaves us, we had a very good "båttur" together.



On our way back to Alcudia at 10 pm



Our "båttur" today

« Båttur » : 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Alcudia :  $2\ 645 + 20 = 2\ 665$  nm (4 797 km)

**Wednesday, May 13, 2015. Alcudia**

The weather is nice and quiet at the beginning of the day and then a southwest wind, hot and dry, starts to blow at around 10:30 am. Jens brings some clothes to wash at the marina laundry and the lady tells him that the wind comes right from Sahara.



Alcudia Marina



The laundry is drying well

This is the hottest day we have had so far, 33 °. We don't feel very active today. We're going for a short bike ride. I make pictures of flowers in a garden and "el señor" talks to me, he is very friendly. Jens asks if he can take a few loquats (nísperos) and he says we can take as many as we want. It is a common fruit here but people don't eat them much. We continue a bit but it's just too hot, so we ride home and go for a swim at a small beach near the marina, but no one swims there, it is a little suspect and the water doesn't look too clean. Then lunch



at the boat and we take refuge in the boat, down in the saloon it is only 29 °. The clothes dry in two hours. We come out again at 6:30 pm and passing the following pontoon we see Longway's nose. We stop but they are not on board, a neighbor tells us that they are showering. We swim at the large beach, this time, and on our way back we say hello to Fritz and Margret. They went along the east coast and arrive from Puerto de Sóller. They come to Maja after dinner bringing a good pineapple which we enjoy together. At 10 pm it is still 29 °.

#### **Thursday, May 14, 2015. Alcudia**

Here, in a Catholic country, Ascension is not a public holyday. It's even hotter than yesterday, 35 °, with a warm wind, and it's a little cloudy. The lady at the launderette where I give this time the sheets to wash, tells me that it will not last and that tomorrow the weather will cool off. Jens fetches the pump at the marina reception, it came quickly, sent Monday from Holland and arrived here yesterday, Wednesday night.



Jens makes a medlars compote and ...



works in the engine. By this heat!

Jens makes a "nísperos" (medlar) compote and then dives into the engine; he is courageous, in this heat. He drains the old pump, running the engine, put a liquid that cleans the pump, empties it again and washes it several time. This lasts for hours, during which time I am knitting, but only in the morning later it's too hot. And after this treatment, apparently, the old pump is not leaking anymore! So he doesn't change it. He changes the engine oil also. We go for a swim, especially he deserves it, and have lunch of a bacon sandwich and a portion of fries that we share at a cafe on the beach. It's so hot that even in the boat, which is usually cool, it's hot. Rest, blog, newspaper and then swim again at 6:30 pm. The wind lifts the sand and we get sand in the eyes. Light dinner at the boat and then we drink coffee on Longway.



Longway

While we're there, I see the wind changes suddenly. At one point the courtesy flag indicates a strong SW wind and two minutes later it indicates a strong NE wind. It's incredible, a strong wind that changes direction so quickly, 180 °. And then the temperature drops very quickly, 35 ° at 8 pm and only 20 ° at midnight. Strange weather.

**Friday, May 15, 2015. Alcudia. Mallorca**



Grey, "cold" (18 ° this morning) and even a little rain. Jens takes down the sail, it does not slide well in the mast, he puts a little silicone, slid and rolled it several times and put it in the mast again. At around 11 am, the sun comes out and we go by bike to Alcudia, the small town inland, here it is the port of Alcudia.



Alcudia. The town

This is a pretty old town, with stone houses beautifully restored and full of tourists coming from here. We continue, Børge our Danish GPS man finds a very nice hiking trail. And, joie, joy, alegria and glede (!), I see a *Caesalpinia gilliesii* !!! It is a tropical shrub that has beautiful yellow and red flowers. I've seen it three times in my life, once in Argentina, once in Paros and today here in Alcudia.



Bird of paradise (*Caesalpinia gilliesii*)

We drive and as we thought of just going from the marina to the city, 3 km, we have taken nothing, no food or water. The path becomes a small road which passes through a nature park where you can see wild goats, but we don't see them and boom, the trail stops at a grid. A car arrives and we ask if we can go, if the path comes out the other side of the property, but no, it's impossible. On the GPS, this path continues or continued, but now it is closed. So we must retrace our steps and take another route to go back.



The small road stops here

Fortunately, this is a good little road without traffic and going down. We return to the boat at 2:30 pm, we made 15 km and we enjoy our late lunch. In the afternoon, newspaper, blog, mechanic work for Jens. We have invited Fritz, Margret and their guest who arrived yesterday evening, Markus. I put pork shops with potatoes, cream and thyme in the oven and we go swimming. We dine the five of us together and spend a good evening. Fritz and Jens talk much about the weather forecast, not very good these days. Maybe we're going on Sunday directly to Sardinia ... We'll see.



Markus, Fritz, Margret, Jeannette and Jens

### **Saturday, May 16, 2015. Alcudia. Mallorca**

Not really nice weather today, gray and windy. Fritz, Margret and Markus on Longway sail out in the bay but don't stay long, the wind is strong and there are waves. Markus prepares his exam of Swiss navigation and must have 1000 nautical miles of sea navigation, and that's

Fritz who is counting the miles. Jens does several pump tests. When he puts water as a liquid, it works but when he puts the coolant, the pump starts to leak.



Jens is working with the pump

At one point he turns on the engine but crack, it makes a funny noise in the propeller. He stops right away, but a rope is twisted around the propeller. He had pulled up the muerto rope but didn't see there was another rope. He looks, undresses, goes down in the water and looks again with an old toy of our girls to look underwater.



Jens looks underwater

He tries to turn the propeller with his feet, but it doesn't work. Then he goes to Fritz who has diving equipment, but this material is fixed on Longway. Jens returns and a few minutes later Fritz and Markus come to help. Markus has a mask, a snorkel and a weight belt. He dives

twice to remove the rope, and he dives a third time to check that all is well. How to thank him, thank you 1000 times, Markus.



Markus dives

Jens plugged the water hose to the tap on the dock and Markus and Jens take a good shower, the harbor water is not very clean.



A good shower now

Jens decides to change the pump and in an hour it is done. We go for a swim, have dinner on the boat and go for a walk after dinner, now it is calm and clear. Fritz and Jens are still looking at the weather forecast; there is a window with quieter weather between Sunday and Wednesday morning. Funny, the problem here is the mistral which is blowing in France. Fritz

thinks that this window is a bit short, it takes about 48 hours to sail to Sardinia. We will look again at the weather forecast tomorrow morning.



The old pump on the left, the new one on the right

**From Sunday, May 17, to Tuesday Mai 19, 2015. Alcudia-Carloforte. Isola di San Pietro. Sardinia**

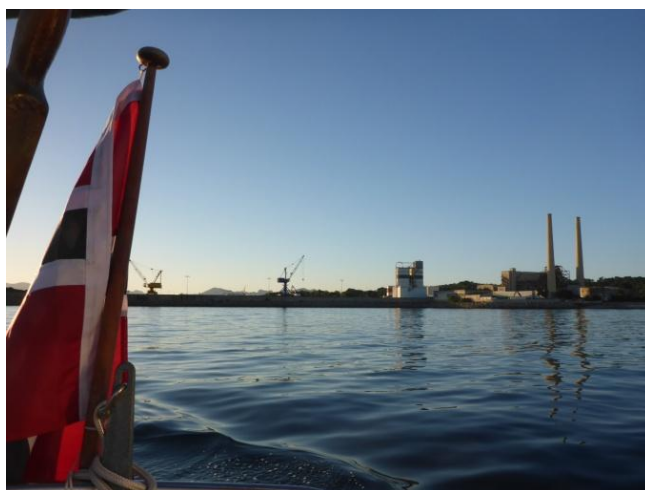


Rødt, hvit og blått !



Gratulerer med dagen, Norge !  
Today is the national day in Norway

Fritz and Margret come to us to talk about the weather. Jens says, "It doesn't look too bad, shall we leave?" Fritz is more skeptical, he thinks the window between Sunday evening and Tuesday evening is a bit too short. They both prefer to go to Menorca tomorrow and wait for the next window there. Jens thinks it is long enough and we are leaving. The problem is that we must not leave too early, apparently there are offshore waves of 4 m now and they will go down in the evening. The weather forecast predictions are these waves becoming less and no wind, until the middle of the night, then a calm period without wind with waves of 1 m on Monday and the following night even more quiet. On Tuesday, a period of variable winds, very light, turning East, so against us and then in the afternoon turning NE and reinforcing, Force 4-5. And then we must reach our destination before a new depression comes in the night of Tuesday to Wednesday, around midnight, with strong winds and big waves.



We leave at 8 pm. Sunday May 17

We leave at 8 pm, after saying goodbye to Fritz, Margret and Markus. We fill up the diesel tank, pay the marina and motor out of the harbor. The first part of the bay is calm but the waves increase when we go out to sea, they are on average 1.5 m but are quite long and Maja takes them well. I lie a little before 9 pm and Jens is steering. At 11 pm, we change and continue to change every 2 hours. The night is dark and very starry;



Sunday, May 17. 11 pm



Maja rolls a bit and progresses with the engine.



In two seconds, Maja will roll on the other side

I listen to music and I take the opportunity to make my hand "dance" this is my exercises. We see only a boat all night, a sailboat that we cross from afar. At 7 am on Monday, we pass the SE corner of Menorca. We take breakfast before going out of that corner, it will start rolling more after we leave the shelter of Menorca. We have the jib and the engine, not enough wind to sail only. Still swell from the north, about 1 m, and Maja is rolling.



Monday, Mai 18. 8:50 am

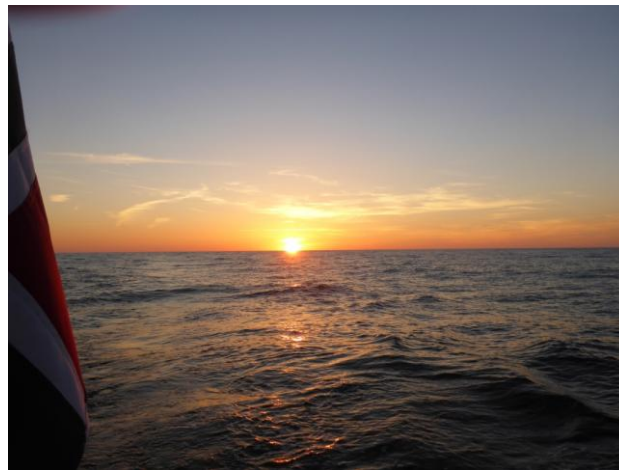


Monday, Mai 18. 8:51 am

The day goes like this, we naps in turn, we can't do anything. In the evening a special bulletin from the Cros Med of France: Gale warning in Roussillon, NW winds force 7! And they repeat it several times. It worries me a little, but Jens remains undeterred. At 8 pm, another weather report, this time from Spain: gale warning force 7 on Menorca, but on Tuesday evening, I hope we will arrive before. At 8 pm, we have done 125 MN, half of the way, and in just 24 hours, we respect our time schedule, as my father would have said, being a railway man.



Our dinner. Monday evening



Sunset. Monday, Mai, 18

The sun sets, the sky is red, a sign of good weather and the second night is quiet and still starry. I tried to take pictures of the sky, but that's impossible. During my shift I notice that the speed drops to 4,5 knots, we usually goes to at least 5. I say it to Jens when we change and I would like to accelerate a bit, but he doesn't want to do it, for the good of his engine ...



Second night. Tuesday, Mai 19. 3:30 am    Jens is asleep and I am steering. Tuesday morning

Tuesday, no wind, no waves but, as expected, the light wind turns from the east and then Jens accepts to accelerate a bit.



I hoist the Italian courtesy flag

And, as predicted the wind strengthens and turns to the NE but we would like it a little more north, it is a little too East for us, we are close to the wind and Maja is not the best upwind boat. We try to stop the engine, but that's not good. But by combining sailing with a little engine we manage to go up wind a little better, and now the wind is force 5. The sea is gray, the wind blows and I find that the waves are big enough like that, but Jens tells me we could have the same waves on Byfjorden, on the fjord between Bergen and Askøy, our island. And then time passes slowly, we see the coast of Sardinia but we come close very slowly. I'd like to arrive, I "rest" and asks Jens, as children do: "Are we there soon?" And there are still two hours to go.

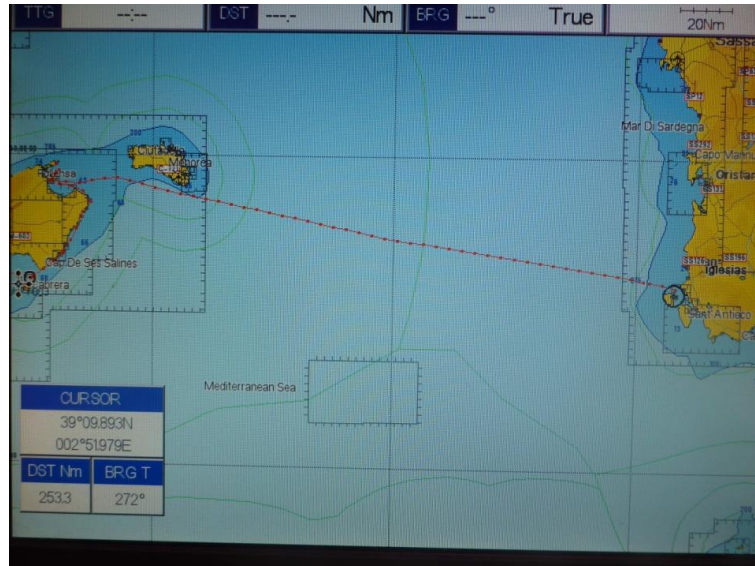


Now it's grey, blowing, I am tired ... Tuesday, Mai 19. 8:30 pm

We are going to Isola (island) di San Pietro, in the west of the southern coast of Sardinia. We have to pass in the channel between Sardinia and this small island. There are two entries for this channel, one wide and long or a narrower and shorter one, Jens wants, of course, to take the shorter one between a small island and San Pietro. I imagine big waves in this narrow channel, but in fact it is very quiet, and we are finally protected earlier. It is now dark and we must find the Carloforte harbor entrance, but with the chart plotter and lighted marks, no problems, we enter the harbor at 9:45 pm. Once in the marina, we can't see much, we see a

long pontoon where there is plenty of space and we tie Maja along it. Phew! Glad to be arrived well before the weather will begin to be bad again. We did 250 NM (450 km) in 50 hours. A good ankerdram at 10 pm, then a cup of tea and in bed.

Alcudia (Mallorca)-Carloforte (Sardinia) : 248 nm (446 km)  
Florvåg-Carloforte :  $2\ 665 + 248 = 2\ 913$  nm (5 243 km)



Our trace from Mallorca to Isola di San Pietro. 248 nm (446 km) in 50 hours

### Wednesday, May 20, 2015. Carloforte. Isola di San Pietro

One thing I forgot to mention yesterday is that the weather forecast was right for our trip, everything predicted happened, and when it was supposed to happen. And it is true that the wind picked up to night, at 3 am I woke up and it was really blowing, from the north, a tail of mistral. We awoke under a gray sky, breakfast inside then we go to the marina office. The young woman is very nice, she tells us we can stay where we are, along the pontoon if we prefer it that way.



Maja at the unfinished pontoon

And in fact this pontoon is hardly occupied because it is not finished, it has no water or electricity, but at the moment we don't need neither one nor the other. We're going into town, Carloforte seems a nice little town, and a real town not only made for tourists like many seaside resorts in Spain.



Carloforte

And funny coincidence, the island of San Pietro has the same history as the island of Tabarca, in front of Alicante that we had visited on April, 19. Italians of Genoese origin, settled on the island of Tabarka in Tunisia since 1540, expelled in 1740 and relocated on the island here in San Pietro. Tabarca (Espagne) and San Pietro are twin islands.



Carloforte

It is gray, raining at time and it's not warm. We enjoy a good coffee, walk a little in town, it really feels like a city but actually Carloforte has only 6500 inhabitants. We go to the market and look at the fruits and vegetables, disappointment, everything comes from Spain, and probably making a detour by Italy, there is no direct connection between Sardinia and Spain, a lot of transport. Lunch in a small empty restaurant that makes local cuisine, especially for take

away. It's good, but we have a little shock when we see the bill, 25 € for both of us and we didn't eat much. I don't think the neighbors pay 12 € when they buy a meal. Return to the boat, it's raining, so blog for me and water pump repair in the bathroom for Jens. Ah, these pumps!



Jens is fixing the pump in the bathroom

We move Maja a little, we remain at the same pontoon but we are moving a bit to be more protected and closer to land. Jens takes out our bikes and we go for a ride, to see the salt marshes which are no longer exploited and we see many kinds of birds including flamingos. At last a ray of sunshine appears in the evening.



Salt marshes



Flamingo

#### **Thursday, May 21, 2015. Carloforte**

Still windy from the NO but more sun than yesterday. Carloforte is situated at about half the east coast of Isola di San Pietro. From there go three main roads, one to the south, one to the north and the third one west that crosses the island. The island of San Pietro is 14 km long, north-south and ten wide, east-west. We start cycling to the south; it is where the beaches are. The road is good and there is very little traffic. Apart from Carloforte, there is no village, the houses, most vacation homes now are dispersed and closed by walls and gates. Some fields are still cultivated but most are idle. We ride well, pushed by the north wind. We stop at a beach, but the sun is hidden at the time and it is a little early to swim.



First beach: too early



The Colomns

We continue. A lovely stone path leads us to the "columns", they are two rock formations shaped like columns. Then, right next to them we try a beautiful beach. Access is narrow, a small winding path passable only on foot, not even wide enough for a stroller. Short sunbathing sheltered from the wind and fresh and quick swimming, the water is only at 17 °.



Us two

We continue and come to another beach, the last one, where the waves are bigger. Above, a large building, hotel or apartments is not finished because of the crisis here, too.



We are hungry and fortunately we have a small picnic with us. Everything is closed. We sat on the terrace of a refreshment bar, closed also; our only company are two black cats with whom we share our bread and sausage.



One of the cats

Then return by the same route at the beginning and another that takes us making a loop to Carloforte. We have done 24 km. Yesterday I exchanged a few words in French with a man who has his boat in the marina. I thought he was French, but he is Italian and his wife is originally from Argentina, so we speak Spanish together, a language that we practice all four. We invite them to have a drink on Maja. Paolo and Catalina live in the north of Italy but have their boat here.



Catalina and Paolo

They leave tomorrow. We talk boat, of course, and education, they are both teachers and finally, by chance, books. And they are both very fond of a Swedish author Bjørn Larsson, who wrote novels about the Celts, their travels and adventures. And, coincidentally, this Swedish author lives with his Danish wife in Gilleleje, close to where we have our "sommerhus" in Denmark. Who would have thought we would talk about Gilleleje in Carloforte with Italians and in Spanish!

PS 1: Paolo and Catalina are going to stay in our summer cottage in DK next week-end to visit Gilleleje (written in August 2015)



PS2: We visited Catalina and Paolo, by car, in September 2019. See blog “Going South Again by car”.

**Friday, May 22, 2015. Carloforte**

Still a strong wind, more westerly now and it's not warm, 20-22 °. At 11 am we leave for our great expedition westward, crossing the island. Leaving the city, I stop before a beautiful flower that I saw only once before, in Paros. It grows near a house and the lady comes out. I "explain" I would like to take a picture and she says yes, I asked the "nome" of the flower and she told me but I forgot it, and she told me that the seed is used as a condiment for meat. We agree both that this flower is bellissima.



The bellissima flower (caper)

And we ride up, and up, against the wind, sometimes I walk, it is followed by a plateau and finally the great descent on the other side.



Long road

The road stops at the end and we see one of the many bus stops. Me, with my malicious mind, I begin to doubt the existence of these buses, but right after us, a minibus arrives and unloads a couple.



Vineyards



Isola di San Pietro west coast

So we are four in Capo di Sandalo. I hear them speak and they're French. We exchange a few words, the bus dropped them and will be back in three hours. So they walk here in the meantime. Jens and I find a place sheltered from the wind and have lunch in front of this magnificent view.



Capo di Sandalo lighthouse

This part of the island is home to a rare kind of hawk and a sign explains that they fly to hibernate in Madagascar. We start the way back and stop to see a small bay where the waves are impressive. Then we go back on the plateau, but the return seems easier than the way out and we end up taking a small road which goes down very steeply to Carloforte.



Back to Carloforte

At 4 pm we are back with 27 km in the legs after five hours of sun and wind, we are a little tired. We are invited for a drink on a French boat, Mélimila. Jean-Marie and Agathe have traveled to Sicily, Greece and give us information on the islands. But our paths cross, they go to Mallorca, Gibraltar, Cape Verde and the great crossing to Brazil.

### **Saturday, May 23, 2015. Carloforte**

Still very windy, it is lasting. A US couple, passing on the pontoon, admire Maja. They also have a boat but at the other marina. They explain they hardly consume any electricity and have removed some solar panels on their boat. And a little further, at another pontoon, another American yacht has every imaginable luxury. Our bike tour takes us this time to the north. The road is along the sea and follows a nice area of town, beautiful homes and beautiful gardens sloping towards the "fjord". At the northeast corner of the island, a large tuna factory is in ruins. It was one of the largest in Sardinia and Italy, tuna was abundant and they had a system of big nets for fishing them.



The tuna factory



The long tuna nets

From here we see where we passed with Maja when we arrived, between the two islands.



We passed between those two islands when we came

We ride back, eat lunch outside but take the coffee inside, the wind is really strong. In the afternoon, Jean-Marie and Agathe come to see Maja and bring a very good pears cake. We spend a good time together, but I forgot to take a picture. By late evening, we go into town, it's lively and cries resound when a football team scores a goal, on television at a sidewalk cafe. We dine at a nice little restaurant, opposite the fishing harbor. Jens uses his Italian-Danish dictionary, bought during his first trip to Italy in 1965!



Jens is using his old dictionary

The weather forecast is good and we are talking of leaving tomorrow, perhaps for a long leg. Two things I forgot to tell: In Carloforte, many people ride a bike, young and old. The other thing is that there an incredible service of ferries, two companies coming and going, almost all the time.

### **Sunday, May 24, 2015. Carloforte-Capo di Pula. Sardinia**

Jens would like to go directly to Sicily but I would like to go to Cagliari, the large city in south Sardinia. The weather forecast is good, but only with a window that allows us to go to one or the other, not both. Okay, so we go to the island of Ustica, north of Sicily. We leave the marina and the harbor and re-enter in the fishing harbor to buy diesel. It's funny, it's the same gas station that serves cars and boats.



The gas station serving bothe cars and boats

The guy at the station talks a lot, sometimes said "sorry, Sir" and continues in Italian. I think it's because there are two diesel prices, one for fishermen and one for boaters. Then we leave, it is 10:45 am, it's gray, little wind and some waves from yesterday, first on the side, so Maja rolls, then when we turn the southeast corner of San Antioco, another island, from behind, so Maja raises her buttocks. In all cases, it is moving, and no wind at all. We caper like that for a while, pass the Bull, the Cow and the Calf, three islands at the southern tip of San Antioco and then motor along the south coast of Sardinia.



The bull



The cow and the calf



We see dolphins



Our dinner: grated carrots and omelet

I take a nap, we can't do anything. When I get up, Jens tells me he looked again at the weather forecast and we can go to Cagliari and then to Ustica, the window is long enough. Good, but it is quite late and if we want to go to Cagliari, we will arrive at night, at around 10 pm. At around 8:30 pm, we pass a bay, Capo di Pula, well protected from the north and west wind, two yachts are already anchored there. Jens says they are probably locals and that it must be a good place here. We decide to stop. As we approach, we realize that the "locals" are in fact Dutch and Spanish. We anchor and it's very quiet.



Capo di Pula

We have already dined on the way, so we take just our ankerdram. It is nice, quiet, the perpetual movements have stopped, we are happy, and we learn, by Google, that the ruins of a Phoenician-Punic-Roman city are right there. We'll see that tomorrow.

Carloforte-Capo di Pula : 45 nm (81 km)

Florvåg-Capo di Pula :  $2\,913 + 45 = 2\,958$  nm (5 324 km)

### **Monday, May 25, 2015. Capo di Pula-Cagliari. Sardinia**

We slept so well! It's nice and it's quiet. Good breakfast with a "morbissimo" cheese, I think it means soft.



A "morbissimo" cheese

After breakfast, we go with the tender to say hello to our Spanish neighbors, a very nice young couple who sailed to the Azores, the Canaries on their 28-foot boat.



Our Spanish neighbors

Then we continue with the tender to see the ruins of the old city, Nora. We dock at a small beach near a sea museum that looks interesting but a gentleman tells us that the museum is closed on Monday and we can't have the tender on the beach, it's private. He even comes with us to see us leaving. OK. Jens rows further and we pull the tender on another little beach at a kind of a small harbor. We want to see the ruins of the ancient city, but only guided tours are allowed and the next one, in English, is in one hour and a half, so we give up. I make a picture of a poster.



Nora

This great city has been active between the eighth century BC. and the eighth century AC. We go to the beach and we swim, 20° in water.



A kindergarten on the beach



It's my turn to row

It's my turn to row back to Maja, 1.2 km and we set sail towards Cagliari.



Cagliar overthere



Good crossing, a little wind, quite calm sea, I can even start the blog on the way. Jens passes between a large tanker and an oil refinery and then we get to Cagliari, we go to the Marina Del Sole, recommended in the guide as cheap and friendly. A marinero helps us tie up to the dock and shortly after two French yachts arrive. We ride in the city and we miss being run over ten times, Italians have a problem with crosswalks. While we have dinner on Maja, a flight of flamingos passes over our heads.



Sea front. Cagliari

Capo di Pula-Cagliari : 14 nm (25 km)

Florvåg-Cagliari :  $2\,958 + 14 = 2\,972$  nm (5 349 km)

Tuesday, Mai 26, 2015. Cagliari

Visit of the old city in the morning. Then Fritz, Margret and Markus arrive at around 12. The wind was light but becomes much stronger in the afternoon. They invite us on Longway and we eat a good fondue together. Margret has a problem with an eye and is going to see a doctor on Thursday, so they will stay here several days. Markus asks us if it is possible for him to sail with us to accumulate sailing miles before he goes back to Switzerland at the end of the week. Of course, no problem.



Jens, Jeannette, markus, Margret and Fritz on Longway. Cagliari



The fondue

**Wednesday, May 27 to Friday, May 29, 2015. Cagliari (Sardinia)-Isola di Ustica ( north of Sicilia)**

The wind calmed down during the night and the weather forecast is good so we leave the three of us for the island of Ustica, north of Palermo in Sicily. Markus "moves in" at around 9:30 am on Maja, Jens explains a little about how everything works on the boat while I write some words on the blog to tell of our departure, with a new sailor on board. We leave at 10:15 am; we hope to make the 200 NM (360 km) in 40-45 hours.



Bye, bye Fritz and Margret. Wednesday, Mai 27. 10:15 am



Markus, Jens. Wednesday, mai 27. 11 am

The weather is nice, it blows a bit at first but the wind calms down after a few hours and it's pretty quiet on the first day. Markus enjoys working and being useful, it's nice and we take the opportunity to make a nap Jens and me. At around 5:30 pm, we see a whale! In fact we do not see it, but its water jet. Fritz, Margret and Markus have seen three whales, close enough. And at 6:40 pm, we see dolphins.



Dolphins. Wednesday, Mai 27. 6:40 pm

Markus sees also a sea turtle! We dine of three cans of soup and a grated carrot salad, and small desserts still good but their date of consummation long past. As we are three, we change every three hours at night: Jens is steering between 9 pm to midnight, Markus from midnight to 3 am and I from 3 am to 6 am. The watch is a bit longer but we can sleep 6 hours, which is great. The night is pretty quiet, waves from three quarter from the back waves, and Maja is rolling.



First night between Wednesday 27 and Thursday 28



Sunrise. Thursday, Mai 28. 6 am

On Thursday 28, Jens takes the wheel at 6 am and the wind increases. We sail from 7: 30 am to 8:30 pm, all day, only with sails. The wind is a good force 4 and the waves are on average one meter, but some are higher, 1.5 m. Maja moves a lot, we must hold us all the time and the three of us are "almost" sea sick, just feeling not too well for a while, but fortunately not at the same time.



Waves on the side, Maja is rolling

For lunch Jens puts everything (bread, ham, sausage, paté ...) on the kitchen counter and it's self-service.



Lunch self-service. Thursday, Mai 28. 1 pm



Tea time. Thursday, Mai 28. 2 pm

It's sunny, Maja is progressing well, so well that we are afraid to arrive early in the night between Thursday and Friday. The afternoon passes quickly, we naps in turn, all three. Markus phones Fritz and Margret in the evening with the satellite phone. Margret is relieved, her eye problem can be solved with medicine.



Second night between Thursday and Friday

The dinner menu has a little variation, the salad is, this time, carrots and tomatoes, and we mix two British chicken soup cans with a can of stew of Andalusia. The result is good enough, the Spanish chorizo gives taste to the english chicken. And we start the second night. The wind calms down, the waves also but later. We start the engine but at a low regime for not going too fast and arrive during the night. We have the mainsail and the engine together. We change every three hours and I am lucky to see the sun rise at the same time I that I see the island of Ustica at the end of my watch, at 6 am.



Sunrise. Friday, Mai 29. 6 am. We see Ustica

Markus and Jens wake up and nobody goes to bed again, we want to see the arrival. We go round the island and enter the small harbor at 8 am. A man shows us a place and gives us "el muerto," we do not need to put an anchor.



Ustica harbor. The only sailboat is Maja

We are very happy because in the guide they say that often anchors cling to ropes or cables left at the bottom. And here we are, at the island of Ustica. We make a good breakfast with orange juice, toasts, coffee. We are very happy the three of us, Markus is so easygoing and is always ready to help, it went well with him. Jens and him fill his papers to count the miles, it is detailed, how many miles under motor, under sail, the type of boat, they almost ask about the captain's age. We go for a walk, this island is pretty, flowered and known for its

possibilities for diving. We see a ferry dock, it has two anchors in front and four ropes back to be stabilized.



Markus invites us at a restaurant

Markus then offers us the restaurant, a good fish restaurant, then he prepares his luggage, he takes a ferry to Palermo at 2: 50 pm, then another ferry from Palermo to Genoa where he will visit a friend. And from there, he will go by train to Switzerland. We make our farewells on the ferry dock and wait, wait ...



Bye, bye Markus and thank you

The ferry arrives at 3:45 pm and leaves at ... 4:20 pm, it waits, it waits, it should have started right away! It is waiting for a motorcyclist who gives the captain a package or a letter and then it leaves. Have a nice trip, Markus, we were very happy to have you on board. Rest of the day quiet, dinner on Maja and while we are eating our dinner, we enjoy the view of our neighbor climbing at the top of his mast.

Cagliari-Ustica: 205 nm (369 km)

Florvåg-Ustica:  $2\,972 + 205 = 3\,177$  nm (5 718 km)

Saturday, May 30, 2015. Ustica



Ustica. All the small red flags show diving places

A little gray and less hot today. The neighbor, an Italian on a big yacht and who speaks English, tells us that he loves Scandinavia, his boat is made in Denmark and in summer he exchanges his house with a Norwegian family near Oslo. Jens asks how much he pays here, and he says 80 € for one night! He says he can haggle but for one night it's not worth it. The first neighbor had paid 40 €. We start to walk to cross the island but after five minutes we change our mind and come back to fetch our bikes. In town the streets are paved with cobbled not very comfortable on bike, but as soon as we leave the city the road is normal again. Whenever we are near the sea, we look for a place to swim, but it is rocky, volcanic everywhere. Sometimes a road goes down and ends with a small parking lot, but nothing to go down in the water.



We can go down to the sea, but no place to swim



People are sunbathing but no one ventures into the water, only a few young people who jump from a platform, but I'm not agile enough to do that. Finally we come to a little more accessible spot, a few people are there but the only ones in the water are children.



Finally, we go swimming here

A man comes to talk to us, he speaks a little English and Jens asked if he goes swimming. Oh no, it's too cold! On the "beach", dozens of dead *velella velella* shine in the sun, these small blue animals, kind of small jellyfish, which have a sort of sail.



Dead *velella velella*



Cactus leaves between tomatoes plants against rabbits!

The water is clear, at least 21 ° but not very deep and the bottom is rocky. We continue and ride around the island, it is 5 km long and 4 km wide, roughly. It is described in the guide as fertile and well cultivated, but now many fields are fallow.



Poppies



The bellissima flower grows like weed here

Back to Maja, lunch and rest.



Then Jens climbs into the misaine mast to take down the windmill that spins well but produces no (or very little) electricity. He tries to fix it. We dine at 8 pm at the restaurant owned by the marinero's son.



The marinero's son restaurant

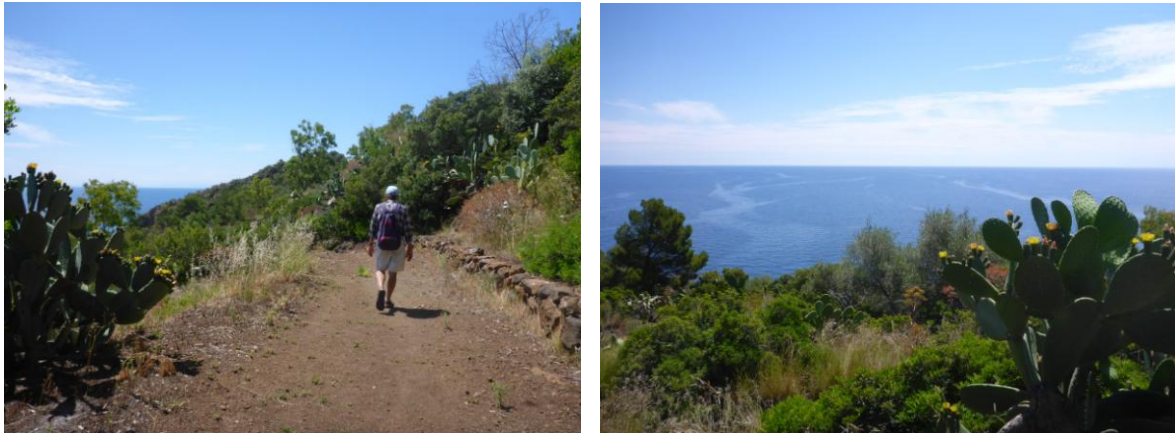
It is full, the food is very good and we spend a good time, in both senses of the word. At around 10 pm, fireworks light up the sky, that's the signal for the party tomorrow, with procession, mass on the quay and giant fish grill.



Firework

## Sunday, May 31, 2015. Ustica

The party does not start until this afternoon, so in the morning we have time to take a walk, this time on foot and south-west. It's hot to walk in the sun and we are seeking the shady spots.



Walk

We take a small path along the sea and return by another one, between fields. We are happy to go home and drink. Lunch on the boat, then at 3 pm, we must move, the dock must be released and reserved for the loading of La Madonna.



We have moved

We tie Maja along an old ferry dock outside the harbor, the other yacht goes on the other side. Jens takes this free time to cut his hair and goes swimming. At 4:30 pm, we hear the fanfare that announces the arrival of the procession. A fishing boat is decorated and is waiting at the dock. The bearers embark the Madonna on the boat which will make a tour of the island with its illustrious passenger. Many boats are accompanying her and the carabinieri are struggling to control the number of passengers on each boat. Some boats have really too many passengers and the carabinieri order some passengers to stay on land, and they grumble.



La Madonna



La Madonna goes sailing

When the Madonna comes back at around 6:30 pm, she is carried on a hill behind the harbor where she usually is. Then an open-air mass is held on the esplanade overlooking the harbor. At this time the ferry arrives and operates its full siren, maybe the captain wants to salute the Madonna, or he wants to sabotage the mass ... After the return of the Madonna, Andrea (that is the name of the head-mariner) tells us to come back to our place. But it's a bit chaotic among all passenger boats which followed the Madonna and new boats arriving. But Andrea is true to his word and gives us our place back. Then it's a bit of a rat race, a French sailboat which was the first of the new ones has no place but a super-huge motor yacht arrived after him has a place. The couple on this super-yacht stays on board and are watching a football match on TV. Finally everyone gets a spot, some to the old ferry dock, others at the dock of the hydrofoil, but just for one night, tomorrow morning at 6 am, they must leave.



At the end, the harbor is quiet again

Then it's time to buy dinner, you have to buy a ticket, 3 € 50 marked pasta + pesce (plus salad, bread and wine) and wait in a long queue. We get our pasta at 9 pm but the fish is not ready so we have to queue again for the fish. At 10:30 pm, we abandon the queue, no fish for us tonight. A very good music leads young and old and many are dancing. It's very nice, and back on Maja we are well placed to admire the fireworks and a light curtain that illuminate the harbor.



Pasta and fish



## Monday, 1 June 2015. Ustica

Calm day. We go to buy my ferry ticket, I'm leaving tomorrow morning at 6:30 am by hydrofoil to Palermo where I fly home, I have a check up for my wrist at the hospital in Bergen on June 4. Meanwhile, Jens stays here and will take a diving course. He will sail to Palermo on the day of my return, on June 9, weather permitting. So the blog takes a break until June 10.



Ustica. Diving school



SEE YOU SOON

### Wednesday, June 10, 2015. Palermo. Sicilia

So here I am back in Palermo after a good trip to Bergen. I arrived last night at midnight after flying from Bergen to Amsterdam, then Rome and Palermo. Jens arrived here from Ustica on Monday, along with Fritz and Margret. Last night in the port of Ustica was quite hectic, with strong gusts and waves in the harbor, Maja and Longway (arrived after I left) were dancing a lot, and Jens, Margret and Fritz didn't get much sleep. But crossing from Ustica to Palermo was quiet, little wind, no waves. Jens took a diving class and is very happy with it, but he has since a clogged ear, I hope it will be OK soon. He found here a small beach 5 km away where he goes by bike to swim and made a good crop of pretty pieces of glass.



Jens took a diving class

Fritz and Margret leave at around 10 am to Cefalù, a city further east on the north coast of Sicily.



Longway leaves at 10 am



If the weather is good, we will go there tomorrow. Today we stay here in Palermo. We go for a walk in the city. What a city full of history too, palaces and churches at every corner, luxury street and rather poor streets, noise, people and trash everywhere. On the sidewalks near the Garibaldi Park, close to the marina, people sell a little of everything, old things, old books, used clothing ...

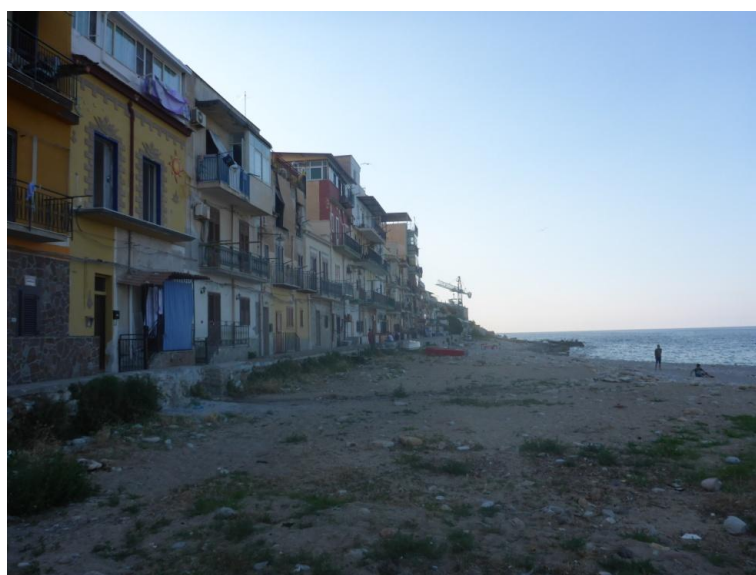


A street forbidden for pedestrians?



A street. Palermo

We lunch of a kebab on a well shaded square, it is 27 °. Back to the boat a nap restores us, we walked 7 km this morning, then short blog for me and reading Bergens Tidende, Bergen newspaper for Jens. And we set out again, this time by bike to go to the beach 5 km to the west. We ride along the sea, pass shipyards and popular neighborhood. Many houses are abandoned or poorly maintained.



The beach

This beach is not at all touristy, it is bordered by a street of buildings not fancy at all and it is the locals who use it. It is rather late, 6 pm, and the beach is now almost empty, only a few children are still playing in the water. The water temperature is nice but it's not the cleanest water in the world, nor the beach beyond. But the glass pieces are well polished and of lovely pastel colors. Dinner on Maja, salad, cheese and melon. One thing I wanted to say for a long time is that the pleasure boat owners love the color blue! I noticed many boats with the word "blue" in their name: today, Wind Blue and Blue. But I saw too: Blue Dream, Blue Wave, Blue Marlin, Blue Cloud, Blue Magic, Fleur Bleue ...

PS This blog is written Thursday the 11<sup>th</sup> between Palermo and Cefalù



I bought a new flag in Bergen, the other one was too big

Ustica-Palermo : 37 nm (67 km)

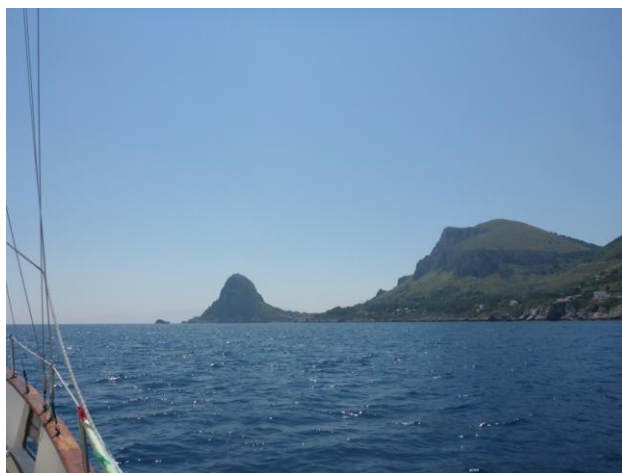
Florvåg-Palermo :  $3\,177 + 37 = 3\,214$  nm (5 785 km)

### **Thursday, June 11, 2015. Palermo-Cefalu. Sicilia**

I go and buy a cucumber and tomatoes at Carrefour which is 5 minutes from the marina while Jens stores the bikes, and then we leave. We take diesel in the harbor and go out being careful not to run over the kayaks.



Calm sea, blue sky and a little headwind, so we are motoring. We follow the coast that is green and doesn't seem to suffer from lack of water, pass the Capo Zafferano.



Capo Zafferano



Hard work for the captain



Cefalù

It's so quiet that I do a sudoku. We eat lunch and enjoy the paté (brought from Norway) and cucumber. After lunch, I do the blog. We arrive in Cefalù just before 6 pm. The city is dominated by an imposing cathedral, begun in 1132 by a Norman prince, Roger, to thank God for saving him from a shipwreck. In our guide, there were two marinas in the harbor but now there is only one.



The harbor

We are two boats away from Longway which appears empty. We drink our ankerdram and soon after Fritz and Margret arrive. Fritz went by train to Palermo to repair a pump and Margret remained here. We are happy to see them, as always. We dine in town, Cefalù, 15 minutes walk, but Fritz and Margret eat “at home”. The city is west of the mountains and the port in the east but there is a road around the mountain along the sea. Cefalù is very touristy, every second house is a restaurant or gift shop, but it's nice and picturesque. The cathedral is immense.



The cathedral

We eat pizza and salad and then walk back to the harbor. Margret and Fritz have guests on Longway, a German couple, Mikael and Ines who themselves are anchored. We join them, spend a good time and then go to bed, Jens wants to leave early tomorrow morning.



A marriage

Palermo-Cafalu : 36 nm (65 km)

Florvåg-Cefalu :  $3\,214 + 36 = 3\,250$  nm (5 850 km)

**Friday, June 12, 2015. Cefalù-Isola Vulcano. Aeolian Islands**

We leave at 7:20 am, Fritz and Margret come to say goodbye.



Bye, bye Fritz and Margret

The weather is calm, a little foggy and we follow the coast to the east quite close to have less current against us. We have time to admire the scenery, small villages perched on top of hills, probably for protection from pirates, watch towers against these pirates, and more of our time, a highway and a railway.

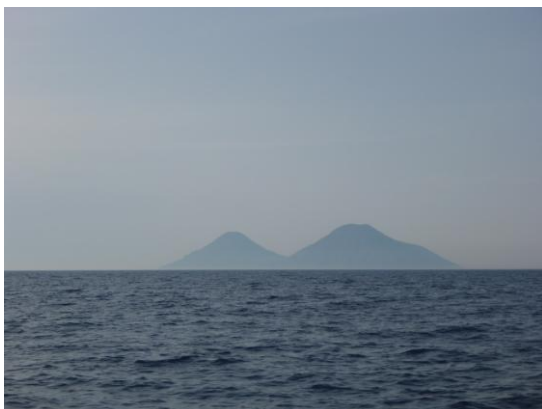


A white village on a hill top

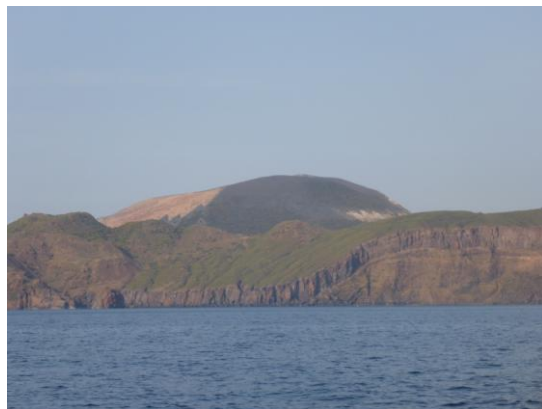


A motorway

Our goal today is the island of Vulcano, the southernmost of the Aeolian Islands, north of Sicily. The wind raises a little towards noon, Northeast, so against us when we go northeast to the island, but the waves are still modest and it remains fairly quiet. We see five of the seven Aeolian Islands, particularly Isola Salina and its double crater.



Isola Salina



I thought the white was smoke ... but no

Of all the volcanoes of these islands, two are active, Stromboli and Vulcano. The guide said that sometimes we can see smoke coming out of the "Gran Cratere" on the island of Vulcano. When we approach, I see something white at the top of the island and I think it is smoke but when we get closer, disappointment, it is only white rocks. The island has two well-protected bays, Porto di Levante (east) and Porto di Ponente (west), and as the wind is north, northeast, we go to Porto di Ponente. The guide describes the bay as quite undeveloped, still a little wild and we are surprised to see about twenty boats at anchor, restaurants, music and a beach of black sand with parasols.



We are not alone



Sunset back a volcano

All boats are anchored on one side of the bay and I ask a French yachtsman why. He replies that it is better on the right because it is sand at the bottom, on the left it's rock. So we go to the right also and the anchor holds well the first time. It is very hot, a little humid and we go for a swim from the boat. I think I touch a jellyfish while swimming, it's not nice but it's not a dangerous type, fortunately. We motored twelve hours today, we left at 7:20 am and arrived at 7:15 pm.

Cefalu-Vulcano : 56 nm (101 km)

Florvåg-Vulcano :  $3\,250 + 56 = 3\,306$  nm (5 951 km)

**Saturday, June 13, 2015. Vulcano**

Jens rises early but let me sleep and when I wake up, he says that there is a surprise and I guess: Longway arrived here this morning together with Maxi, Ines and Mikael's yacht. Fritz swims to Maja, Margret is still asleep.



Fritz comes swimming



A shaded street



Smoke is coming out of the volcan



This hole is smoking and smells of sulfur



Then we go for a walk to Porto di Levante, on the other side of the island, but it is very close, we're there in ten minutes. It is very hot, humid, the air smells of sulfur and we see smoke coming out of the volcano. A shaded street, animated could be in the Caribbean.



We see many Meharis

Porto di Levante is more developed and this is where the ferry arrives. We go shopping; we have invited Fritz and Margret for dinner. We swim and are invited to enjoy a drink (cool water) on Maxi. After lunch, we get the visit of an Austrian young man, sailing alone on a 21 foot boat. His dream is to have a boat like ours with a dry doghouse. He doesn't stay long because his inflatable dinghy is leaking, he must inflate it often.



The Austrian guy, Frank



Our guests go home

Fritz and Margret come at 7:30 pm and we spend a very nice evening together, pretty quiet. But after they left, a gust of wind comes, very strong and forty boats are pulling on their anchors and rotating a lot. We see that everyone is on alert, silhouettes are moving on every boat and I don't believe that anyone can sleep. We hold well but Maxi which is right in front of us backs a little and comes quite close to us. Fortunately, Mikael and Ines notice it, take up their anchor and resettle it a little further, all this in the dark and the noise of the wind. The anemometer registers force 8! No way to sleep, we keep watch to see if Maja is moving or the others boats, but the anchors hold. On the other side of the bay two boats have problems and touch each other. Then the wind suddenly dies down, a little after midnight. But no question for me to sleep: loud music from a restaurant keeps me awake until two in the morning with a firework display to end the party and an attack of mosquitoes after that. What a night!



Firework at 2 am

### **Sunday, June 14, 2015. Vulcano-Messina. Sicilia**

It's weird, the wind is from east but a swell from west enters the bay and the boats are rolling. Fritz, Margret and Mikael leave at 6 am and go up the volcano, they are of courageous after a night so agitated. We wait for them to come down to say goodbye and Fritz announces that they will leave also and go to Messina with us. We agree to communicate on channel 72 by radio. We leave at 9:20 am, pass between the island of Vulcano and the island of Lipari and then go straight to the Strait of Messina. The morning is pretty quiet but the wind gets up early in the afternoon and we need to go close by with a good F 4 with points at F 5. We have jib and motor. Longway leaves an hour after us, but catches up with us at around 4 pm.



Longway catches us

The Strait of Messina was renowned for its current and eddies but apparently after an earthquake in the nineteenth century, the seabed has changed and it's less dangerous now, and in addition we have the engine. Jens and Fritz agreed that the good time to enter into the Strait is at 7:30 pm.



We are getting closer to the Messina Strait

We're a little early and we slow down. Jens phones the marina in Messina at 5 pm and the guy says that the current has already turned and will be with us. Okay, so here we go. The entrance of the strait is recognizable by two large pylons, one on the Italian side and one on the Sicilian side.



The pylon on Sicilia. There is a similar one on the Italian side

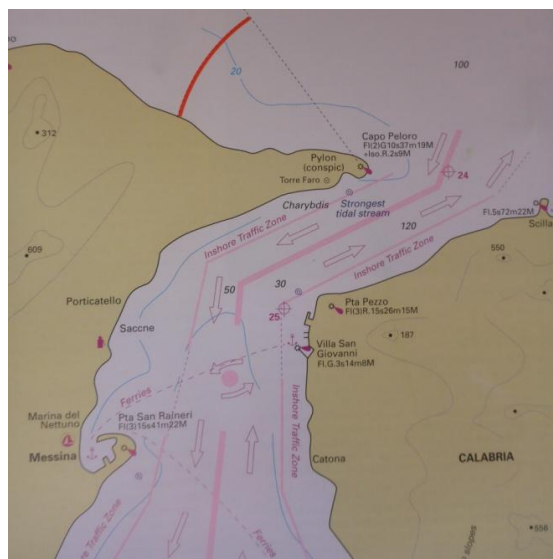
Before these pylons were carrying a cable which is now underwater, but the pylons remain without cable as landmarks. The wind is strong, a bit too much for my taste to enter this Strait of sinister reputation. Here are Charybdis and Scilla, according to legend Charybdis is a whirlpool which takes the mariners to the bottom and Scilla a cave that engulfs them too. Hence the expression "falling from Charybdis to Scilla." Scilla is in fact a small town on the Italian side. The strait is quite narrow at first, 2.7 km wide and a corridor is reserved each way for large vessels. Let's go. The current has not yet turned and we have everything against us, wind and current. Fortunately we have the engine.



The curreant



Longway against the curreant

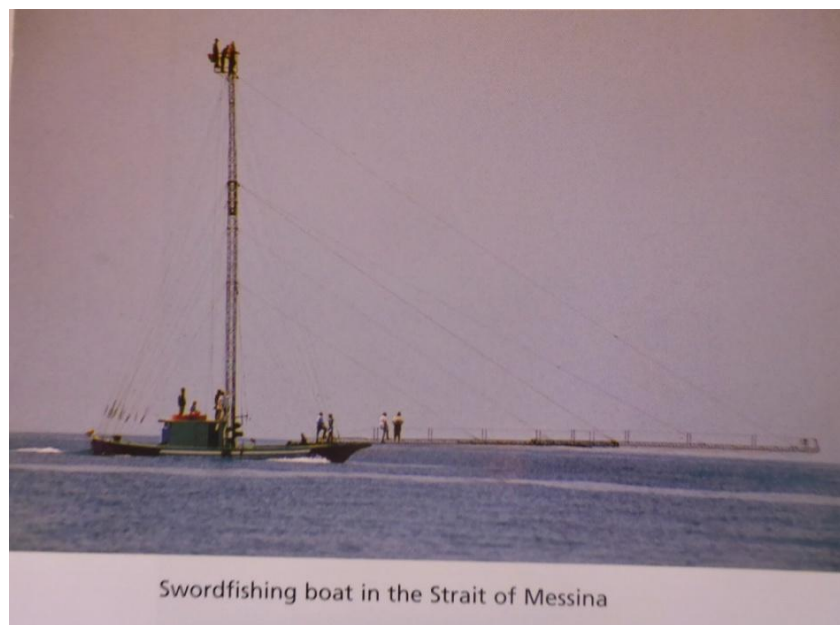


Map of the Messina Strait. In pink, the corridors reserved for big sips

The waves are small and well agitated. It's ok. Maja and Longway are going forward, not fast, but we advance. Then the strait widens and we feel less the current. We take diesel at a pontoon on the way. And good surprise, we see a typical fishing boat of the Strait, used to fish swordfish. I saw a picture in the guide and it is the same kind of boat. It has a "perch" very high where a man sits and is looking for the fish and a long horizontal "ladder" in front of the boat to the harpooner.



A typical boat to fish swordfish. There is a man up there



Swordfishing boat in the Strait of Messina

I make a picture but I also put the book picture that is clearer. We arrive at Messina at 8 pm, a marinero gives us berth in the marina. We are at a floating pontoon and have two "muertos" behind. And we realize pretty quickly that it is a marina where there's movement, especially Longway is rolling much, but Fritz and Margret are so tired that they will surely sleep well

anyway. We decide to go into town to eat, we walk, walk and find no restaurant. But there is a sort of mini-pizzeria with a single table on the sidewalk and three chairs, they have to get a fourth stool for us. This is good, local pizza, good beer and local cakes for dessert for the huge sum of € 19 for four.



Dinner in Messina

Vulcano-Messina : 44 nm (79 km)

Florvåg-Messina :  $3\,306 + 44 = 3\,350$  nm (6 030 km)

### Monday, June 15, 2015. Messina. Sicilia

The boats are rolling a lot in the marina, between the current and the waves of all the ferries. Tourism in the city in the morning. The city is a bit run down and the traffic is terrible. At noon, a lion roars, a rooster crows and small statues covered in gold rotate in the bell tower of the cathedral, in music.



Cathedral bell tower



The statues are rotating

Then quiet afternoon, long blog for me to catch up. We dine in town with Fritz and Margret, in the square outside the cathedral, it's nice and, for once, a square without cars. But dinner is not at the same standard as the setting. The waitress forgets Fritz's pizza and we share our (banal) pasta with him. But the pizza is counted on the note, fortunately the owner speaks English and acknowledges the error. We drink a cappuccino coffee at another café, and there the waitress is friendly, add cocoa on our coffee, ask where we come from and tells us the only French words she knows, "comme-ci, comme-ça ". We return to the boats, the night is perfumed, Margret thinks that there are the lindens which smell good. We leave tomorrow, hoping to go directly to Greece, Longway et Maja together.

**Tuesday, June 16 to Thursday, June 18, 2015. Messina (Sicilia)-Argostoli (Greece)**

We leave at 9:20 am, a good north wind blows in the Strait of Messina and pushes us south.



Good wind in the Strait

It's cool, 22 °, sorry to the people of the north who are freezing but here this temperature is low enough and the wind is cold. We put on sweater, pants and I even put on socks. But when we turn the corner of the tip of the Italian boot, the wind dies completely and the temperature is back to normal, 28 °. All day Tuesday will be calm. We cut directly the hollow of the boot, pass the Capo Spartivento at 5 pm and put the waypoint in Greece.



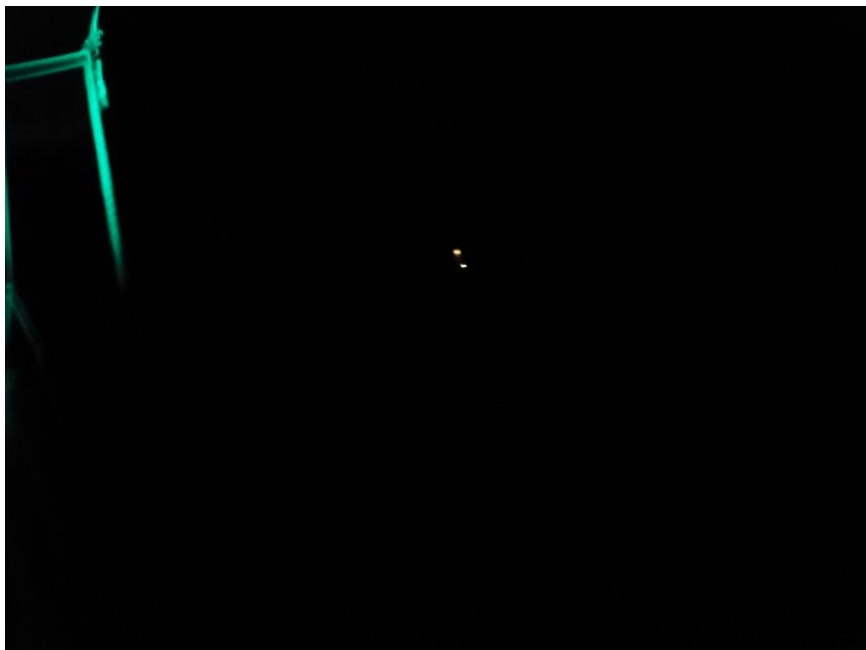
Capo Spartivento. Tuesday, June 16. 5 pm

We communicate by radio with Longway, channel 72, that is to say that we have two connected channels, the mandatory 16 and 72. At dinner time, we see a long spectacle of dolphins playing in front of Longway. We are a bit jealous, but the dolphins being nice animals, come to us and do their show in front of Maja. They are four animals crossings under Maja, they come back, dive, play, this is a wonderful show.



Dolphins. Tuesday, June 16. 7:45 pm

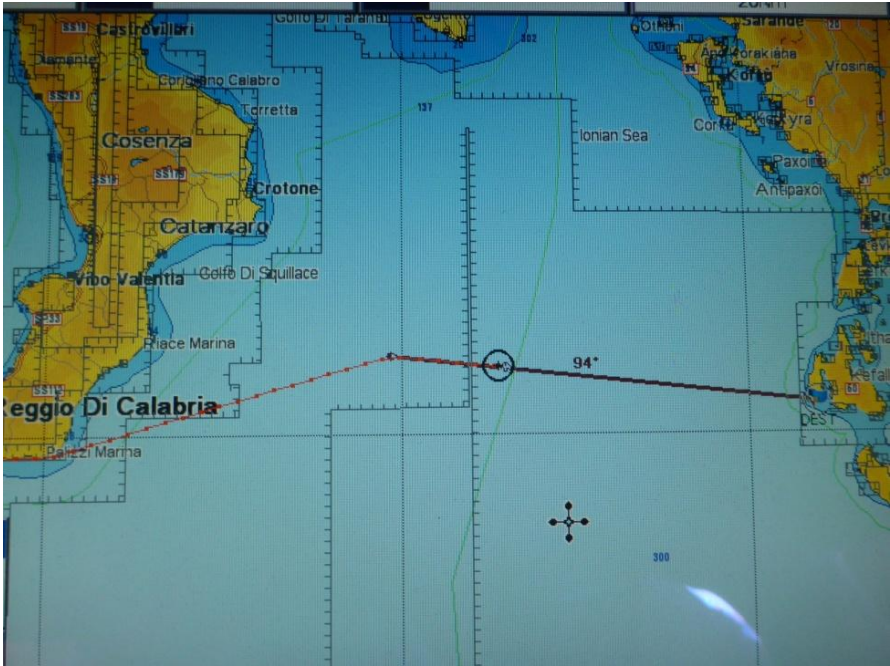
We dine well, out in the sun, soup, salad, cheese and small puddings. We don't suffer from hunger. Quiet night, from Maja we see the lights of Longway sailing parallel to us.



We see Longway's lights



Our two-hour shifts are working well and the night passes quickly. On Wednesday morning, a problem on Longway, the autopilot does not work anymore. The wind picks up, also the waves and Fritz doesn't want to plunge into the boat bottom to fix it. But he thinks it is a power cable that is broken. So he puts a parallel cable and it works. Phew, without autopilot, it's hard to steer all the time and to keep a course. The quiet time is over, Longway and Maja are rolling like crazies. Jens wanted to go to the island of Levkas a little to the northeast but Fritz wants to go to the island of Kefalonia, which is closer, so we change course, we see it on our track.



We change direction. Wednesday, June 17. 4 pm



Night between Wednesday and Thursday

The day is going well. The night between Wednesday and Thursday is turbulent, literally. The wind is strong, F 4-5, F 6 in the guts and the waves are high, 1.5 m to 2 m.



Longwau in action. Thursday, June 18. 6 am



Longway



Longway



Maja



Maja



Maja

It's amazing to see Longway back the waves, almost disappearing behind them, coming back, rotating, and going down again and up. We think that Longway moves more than Maja, but they think that Maja moves as much. When we are in the boat, we must cling all the time, you can't do anything and it's tiring. Jens manages to sleep but I get very little sleep. But you get used to it, after 1000 waves, one has confidence in the boat. We exchange small waving of the hand with Margret sometimes. On the radio, we wish good luck to each other and when Margret and I find it's a bit too much, Fritz proposes to put the two women in a boat and the two men in the other. Ah, ah, ah! I admire Margret, Longway is smaller than Maja and is moving more. On Thursday morning, the sky is tormented, we are heading towards dark clouds, lightning cross the sky to the north, all this is not reassuring, but in fact the wind remains strong but stable and the waves calm down a little. We are approaching Kefalonia Island with white cliffs as in England. I ask Jens jokingly if we did it right and if we are not arriving at the perfidious Albion (a "nice" name formerly given to England by the French).



The pretty lighthouse before Argostoli. Thursday, June 18. 1 pm

The wind redoubles and we reach the port of Argostoli under strong gusts. Here no "muerto", there must be an anchor back and the nose on the dock. Longway and Maja after being travel companions are now neighbors at the quay. When mooring the boats, Margret sees a big turtle swimming under our boats and we see it too.



First meal in Greece

What a relief to have arrived and walk on firm land. Margret and I, we exchange our congratulations about our performance and we kiss each other, it was pretty hard since yesterday morning, strong winds and big waves, not bad for two little madams. We made 244 nm (439 km), we left Messina on Tuesday morning and arrived here on Thursday at 1:30pm. We go to celebrate our successful journey at a small restaurant on the quay. Greek salad, Greek omelet, Greek wine from Kefalonica, Greek coffee and a glass of Metaxa, very good, nice waitress and it was cheap. Then nap for three of the four of us, I'm the only one set to work to write the blog. We are very happy to have arrived in Greece, almost a year after leaving Skogvik (June 24, 2014).

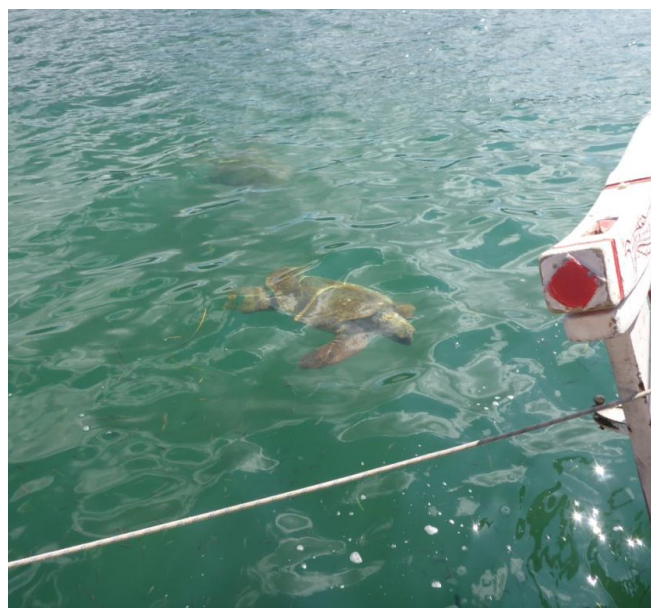


Difficult choice

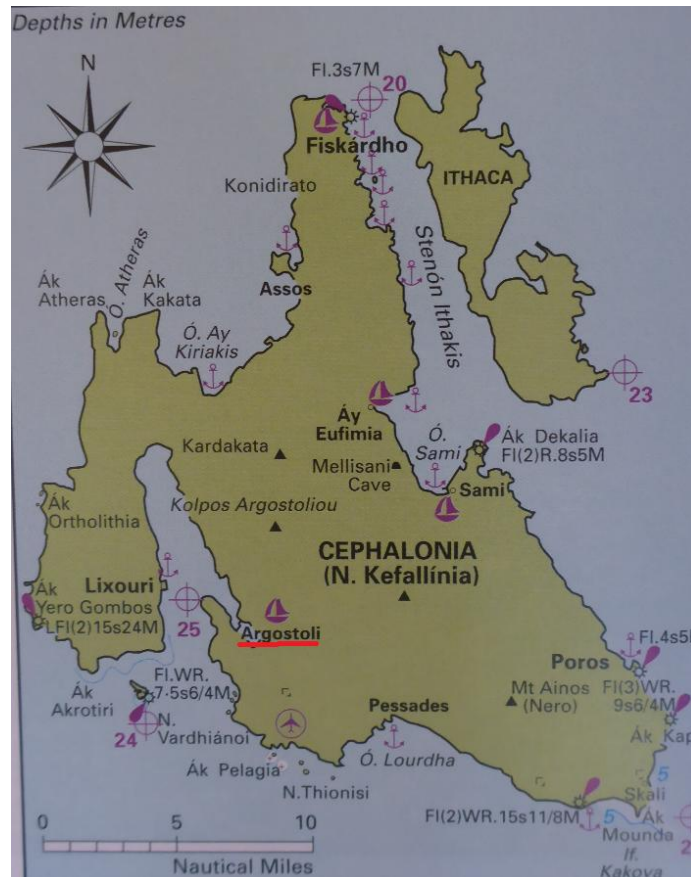
Messina-Argostoli : 244 nm (439 km)

Florvåg-Argostoli :  $3\ 350 + 244 = 3\ 594$  nm (6 469 km)

**Friday, June 19, 2015. Argostoli. Cephalonia. Greece**



A turtle in the harbor



Cephalonia. Argostoli is located in a fjord



We are neighbors

We slept like babies, the four of us, we had to catch up on sleep. Jens and Fritz are at 9 am at the customs office to register our arrival in Greece. They spend three hours between Customs, the port authority, the fees payable for the port and for the entry of the boat in Greece. Especially for us, the situation is complicated, they do not understand that Jens is Danish but Maja is registered in Norway. Jens is obliged to show his social insurance card with his address in Norway. The official wants to give us permission to stay in Greece one month! (Fritz gets six months). After much discussion, back and forth between offices, he gives us, finally, six months. We now have a "transit log," a document we must have stamped in each harbor we will visit. For this, Jens had to give the name of his father and the name of mine !!! Everything is, of course, recorded in triplicate, and some documents are copied by hand in a big book ...



An orthodox priest



The quay. Argostoli

Meanwhile, I walk in the city. Argostoli, population 10 000, and the island of Kefalonia were almost completely destroyed in August 1953 by a strong earthquake. Many inhabitants emigrated then, but now it is rebuilt and tourism has become important. Fritz and Jens will then buy SIM-cards for the Internet. Lunch at the boat, then Jens reads the newspaper, I found



a Greek edition of the International New York Times (in English) and it is interesting and finally knitting for me. In the big waves I was dreaming of knitting. It's hot but there is always some breeze. Then we mount our bikes and ride around the peninsula northwest of Argostoli. There are few beaches, it is rocky but we find one in Lassi, very nice, we swim, have a drink and start pushing our bikes by hand to go up the steep path leading down to the beach.



The beach. Lassi

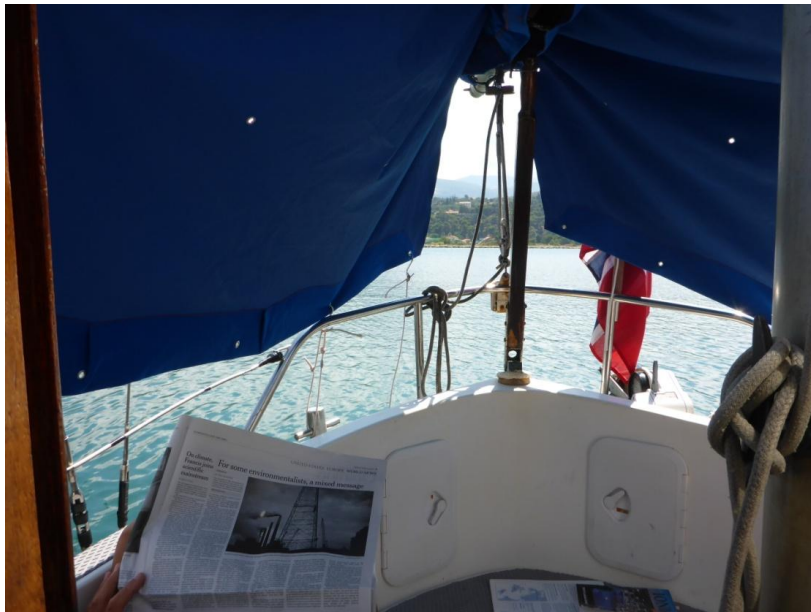
By chance, we pass a restaurant in a garden and the owner "invites" us, it is 7:30 pm... why not, especially since he promises us local cuisine. This is good, light, after a toast with crushed tomatoes and feta, Jens has a mixture of squid, rice and spinach. But I take cod with mashed potatoes with garlic and spinach. The only minus is that the cod comes from Norway. We are in the garden and that's nice. We return in ten minutes by the main road which cuts the peninsula, much more direct than on the way up. Very good day; with Margret, we are so happy to be arrived, she says we are "high", euphoric.

### **Saturday, June 20, 2015. Argostoli**



Tourists looking at the turtles. Argostoli

I take a walk into town in the morning, and now I've learned that the light is so strong that I must not forget my sunglasses. I'm surprised by the number of plants shops (4) and large fruit stores (5, plus the market) for 10 000 inhabitants, that's many. Argostoli is all along the fjord. In the south, the stone bridge that becomes a dike separates the end of the fjord from what they call the lagoon. The lagoon is shallow and home to many birds and turtles. By late morning we ride to a little beach to the north of the city. It is about 1 km from the boat and Fritz and Margret can walk there. Yesterday, we had not seen it in passing. There is even a shower to rinse the salt off. Lunch on Maja, newspaper for Jens, knitting then blog for me.



Lunch and newspaper under the bimini

We take our bikes at 5 pm, go around the lagoon and ride along the fjord on the other side.



The dike. Argostoli seen from the other side of the fjord



Big sign, big budget, and no work to see

We are seeking a beach, but do not find one, only steep hills that go down into the sea and where some goats are grazing. We are hot and thirsty and we take an orange juice in a cafe on the road side. Starting again, Jens wonders if I have this flower, a pretty pink flower on a tree in the café's garden. And no, I did not and I had not seen it myself.



The pretty flower that Jens noticed

On the way back we go to see the marina in front of Argostoli. It is a sad spectacle, it was never finished, is in the middle of a vacant lot and is far away from the city. Fortunately, we did not stop there. We arrive at the boat at 7:30 pm, having 20 km in the legs. We rest, change and we go for dinner with Fritz and Margret at the "Captain's Table", a restaurant in town. Good evening and everyone agrees to leave tomorrow to Poros, on the southeast coast of Kefalonia.

PS This restaurant is called "Captain's table" in reference to the book "Captain Corelli's Mandolin", a good novel that takes place in Cephalonia during World War II.

## Sunday, June 21, 2015. Argostoli-Poros. Cephalonia

Before leaving, Fritz and Jens go to the port office to have the sacrosanct "Transit log" stamped to show our departure. Well, a lot of bureaucracy, but the fees in the ports are very affordable. They have a complicated rule to fix the price: it is € 150 per meter per year. So, they divide 150 by 365 and multiply by the number of days that we remain in port and multiply by nine (Maja is 9 meters). For example, for three days, we pay 11,10 € plus 23% tax of 2.55. Total € 13.65. It's not expensive. But another rule: when we arrive, we pay the day of arrival if it is before 6 pm. And we also pay the day of departure. We leave at 10:15 am and motor out of the fjord, down south, turn the southwest corner of the island, along the south side of the island and up a little on the east coast. The weather is variable, a little wind, no wind and even a little rain.



It's raining

Relax and quiet crossing. I write the blog under way. At one point, we sail and we "compete" and it is Longway which wins. We arrive at Poros at 4:15 pm, Longway arrives first and docks and then we put ourselves between two much larger yachts than us, an Italian and an Australian.



Longway arrived a little before us

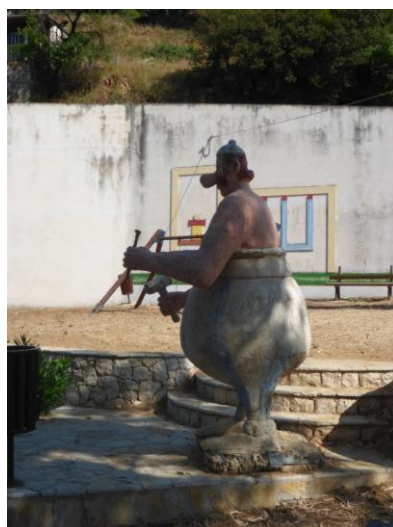
It's very international here, we therefore see an Australian, an Austrian, an American, a Finn, a Swede and us, from Switzerland and Norway. The wind picks up after we arrived. We take our ankerdram together on Maja. We ride to the village, go shopping and we go swimming. Then diner on Maja, home-made Greek salad and THE fish caught by Jens and walk on the harbor before bed.



Maja between her two big neighbors



THE fish fished by Jens



Obelix in a play area

One thing I want to say: the Greek we have met are friendly, helpful and speak good English (the Sicilians didn't).

Argostoli-Poros : 28 nm (50 km)

Florvåg-Poros :  $3\,594 + 28 = 3\,622$  nm (6 520 km)

### **Monday, June 22, 2015. Poros**

Good night here; many boats leave, and we are only six left at noon. The wind is blowing all day, but the port is fairly quiet, boats move just a little.



There is no gasoline station here. A truck delivers diesel

I'm tired and rest. Jens go for a swim alone, at the end of the harbor, there is a tiny beach. We walk uphill behind the port, the village is nice but not very active, and many houses are closed. Here come the ferries linking the mainland and the island of Kefalonia, but tourists continue to Argostoli and spend little time here. We pass a steep staircase up where a sign indicates a taverna. We climb and are happily surprised to find a small family restaurant with a splendid view of the sea and the harbor.



The taverna



Nice view from the taverna

The young man who serves us is friendly and speaks good English. We discuss with him the economic situation of Greece, today is the last chance meeting in Brussels. It's very hard, ordinary people are tightening their belts to the maximum; we read in the newspaper the cases of pensioners who have € 700 a month and support several family members. We also read that a million cars owners drive without insurance, people don't have money to pay for it. And it does nothing to stimulate the economy, on the contrary everything stagnates. But, back to the present moment: the menu is excellent, grilled tomatoes on toast, eggplant puree, grilled vegetables and small fish, a kind of sardines, and a big plus, the lady has pretty plants in her garden. We go down and go back to Maja. Many boats arrive and in the evening we are twenty. Jens talks with four Danes and advises them about the good little restaurant. We leave tomorrow for Ithaca, Odysseus and Penelope's island.



In the evening, we are twenty boats

**Tuesday, June 23, 2015. Poros-Kioni. Ithaca**

It is today we celebrate Sankt Hans at home in Norway, but nothing here. We start at 8: 15 am, no wind but after 5 minutes the wind picks up, from the north so against us. But it does not last, it dies after half an hour and the rest of the crossing is calm.



Ithaca

We see more and more yachts, this area, a sort of inland sea with numerous islands, is popular to rent sailboats. Sometimes the mountains resemble the Norwegian mountains, they are woody and don't appear dry.



Wind mills ruins. Kioni

We approach Kioni, the village where we are going, together with six boats and the dock is already full at a quarter past twelve.





We are six yachts arriving at the same time

Large boats won't find place but, as we are small, we manage to find a spot inside the dock, the nose on a restaurant terrace. Jens asks the owner if it's OK and he says yes, but tells us to be careful with his parasol. I must admit that we dock a little fast, I try to brake by pulling on the anchor, but it doesn't catch immediately and we hit the dock ... and the parasol. Fortunately we have a steel strip which protects the hull.



We are not far from the taverna

Longway arrives just after us and find a place even more inside, next to us. The advantage of being small. The big yachts begin to anchor on the other side of the bay, with an anchor in front and a rope to land. In all we are about fifty boats at night. This is not really a wild mooring in the nature. To thank the owner of the restaurant, we have lunch on his terrace, 2 m from our boats. Still very international here, our neighbors are from South Africa and we talk with a Norwegian from Sandefjord. By the way, the story of "Transit Log", it's just for boats

that are not in the European Union, that is to say, Switzerland, Norway and Lichtentein. It's funny that Longway and Maja are in the same boat (ah, ah, ah).



The sea women



Our neighbor is from South Africa

Rest, stroll, swim, dinner. By late evening, an argument erupts between an irascible man who does not want another boat along his own boat. He screams, gets mad, all spectators take sides for the newcomer. In principle, you never refuse a boat coming along your own. Finally the newcomer gets off again and goes on the other side of the bay.

Poros-Kioni : 18 nm (32 km)

Florvåg-Kioni :  $3\,622 + 18 = 3\,640$  nm (6 552 km)



Goats. Kioni

**Wednesday, June 24, 2015. Kioni. Ithaca**

It is exactly a year ago we left! Unbelievable.



Kioni



The Christmas tree

We go by bike to another small harbor, Friskes, a little north. The road climbs steeply and we walk part of it, but, consolation, coming back it will be downhill. At the top, a well-placed bench in a small hamlet is appreciated. From this bench, I see a Christmas tree, no it is not a true one but a pole that is covered and decorated by a climbing vine with beautiful orange flowers.



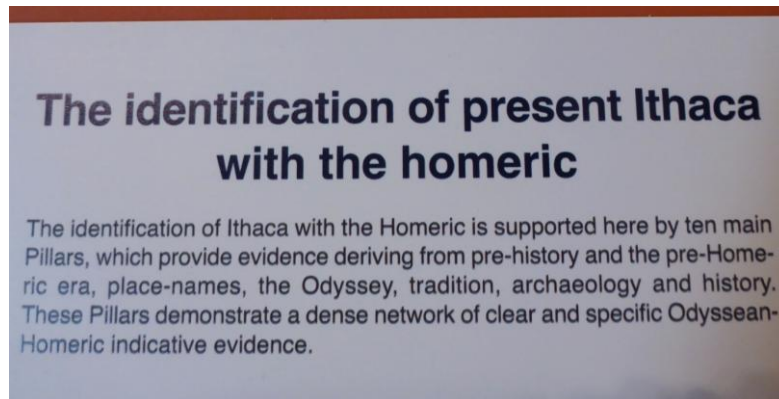
Kioni harbor

Soon after, going down, I hear someone calling me. I stop and see, far down on a small beach, Fritz and Margret. Long descent and arrival at Friskes, same kind of village as Kioni, but smaller.



Friskes

The port is almost empty, but an Englishman tells us that it will be full tonight. From there, we take a road that crosses the island, going west and which also rises. We pass a small village, Stavros where a free museum is open. We go there and the whole exhibition is devoted to assert that Ithaca is Ithaca of the Homer's Odyssey, Odysseus' kingdom.



Some historians claim that it could be another island but here there are no doubts. It's interesting and makes you want to read again Greek mythology. What a story, Odysseus returning from the Trojan War taking 10 years to go home, and Penelope faithfully waiting for him. Ulysses is his Latin name and Odysseus his Greek name. In the village a map shows Odysseus' journey. We take refreshment and return by the same route. We swim on a small beach en route.



Then blog, Jens goes shopping and I start cooking, we are going to celebrate our first year travelling with a good dinner, and to be in good company we invite Fritz and Margret. The menu: cucumber salad with cream, stuffed eggplant and rice, Greek yogurt with honey. Another very good evening.



Margret and Fritz, our good friends

#### **Thursday, June 25, 2015. Kioni-One House Bay. Atoko**

I take a shower and wash my hair. There is no sanitation but a taverna shows "showers". They installed two showers and, for a fee, we can take a shower. Here is € 3, in Poros it was 2. The water supply for boats can be a problem, but we took water in Poros, there was a water point. We have 100 liters of water and it lasts a good week, we use very little water. Here a truck brings water to the boats, for a fee. Then we leave, Longway and Maja sailing together. We go to an island Atoko, 6 NM (10 km) from here, a small uninhabited island almost in the middle of the Inland Sea.



One House Bay. The house on the right and the chapel on the left

The bay where we plan to go is called "One House Bay", it's spectacular but many boats are already there. We anchor, Longway prefers to continue.



One House Bay. Maja on the left

We put the tender on the water and row ashore. A house and a tiny chapel seem empty. A few years ago the house was still inhabited, but not anymore.

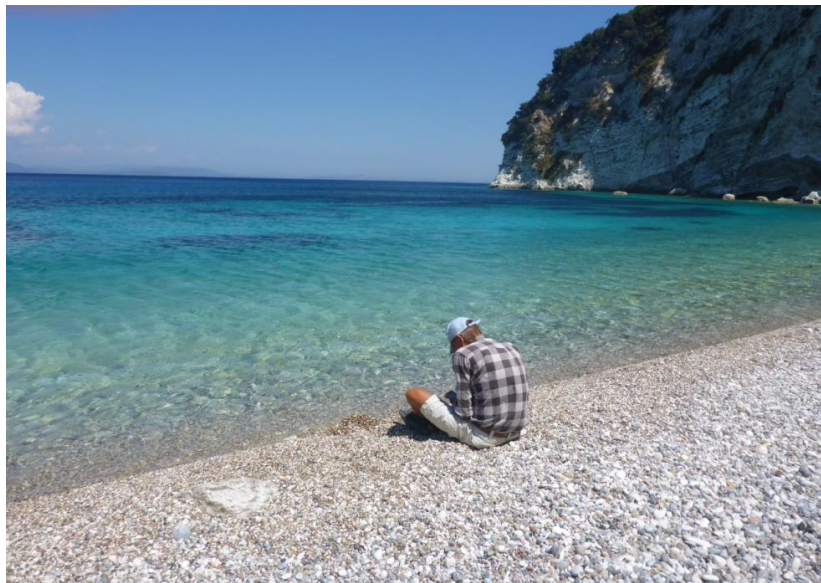


The chapel

A deep well has water at the bottom. We climb a steep path and have a beautiful view of the bay. We swim and return on Maja.



Special rock formation



The beach. One House bay

In the evening, the other boats depart, we hope to have the bay just for us, but two yachts arrive a little later. We move because we are a bit close to them and, in addition, Jens went to see the anchor, swimming, and he felt that it was not securely hooked. Clear plaques in the bottom, which look like sand, are actually patches of sand packed hard. So we re-drop anchor a little further and there it sits well. Quiet evening under a starry sky with a beautiful moonlight.

Kioni-One House Bay : 7 nm (12,6 km)

Florvåg-One House Bay:  $3640 + 7 = 3647$  nm (6564 km)



## Friday, June 26, 2015. One House Bay-Kastos

Quiet night, no wind but sometimes a sudden gust that comes down from the mountain and lasts a few minutes. We enjoy the scenery and tranquility when we eat breakfast and then we leave at 10 am, we go to the island of Kastos where Fritz and Margret are. The distances between the islands are small and at a quarter past twelve we are there.



Many islands which are not too far from each other. Ionian Sea

The port of Kastos is small and it is already full when we arrive.



We are at an angle, because there is a rock underwater back

But at the end of the dock, at an angle, there is just a small place, nobody goes there because it is not deep enough and most of the modern yachts have a keel of nearly two meters, but our long keel is only 1,4 m. That's OK, just. We have the anchor behind and two ropes in front, we are close to a fishing boat. As long as the wind pushes us away from the dock, no problem.



Longway. Kastos

We go to say hello to Fritz and Margret which are anchored off the beach and walk a bit in the village. It is a village who would have died and which survives only on visiting boats. In winter, twenty people live here, but in summer several restaurants are open. We lunch on Maja, blog, then walk to the windmill, restored and which is now a restaurant.



It is now a restaurant

We find a small beach, pick up pieces of glass and swim. At 6 pm, we have an appointment with Margret and Fritz to drink an aperitif on the harbor front. But when they arrive to pick us up, we notice that the wind has turned a bit and pushes us to the dock where a rock under the water is a few cm from Maja. Jens swims with a rope to a large mooring, passes a string in its docking ring and brings it back to the boat. This rope pulls us further from the dock and will be easy to remove when we leave.



The new line

Then we'll take a drink. I take an ouzo, a kind of pastis, very good but strong, and we dine at the oldest taverna, Belos, where we enjoy an excellent red snapper.



The four of us. Kastos

One House Bay-Kastos: 7 nm (13 km)

Florvåg-Kastos:  $3\ 647 + 7 = 3\ 654$  nm (6 577 km)

**Saturday, June 26, 2015. Kastos-Kato Achaia. Peloponnese**

I walk a little to take a photo of a flower and, returning, I go to see Fritz and Margret to suggest waiting before leaving, the sky is black eastward and we hear thunder, but they have already left. We leave also and have a good gust of wind. The thunderstorm is not here, a bit away, but the sky is black, the rain is pouring and the wind is roaring. The anemometer registers 14 m/s, a strong force 6 or the beginning of force 7.



Gust and rain



Longway



It's over



It looks like Norway, mountains and fish farming

But the waves do not become very large, it is an interior sea protected by islands on three sides, only the south is open. The rains lasts 10 minutes and the wind two hours and it stops suddenly. Soon after, the sky turns black again and we fear a second thunderstorm. Longway and us go behind an island, but we can't anchor it is too deep so we leave again. In fact this storm is far away and doesn't cause problems. The rest of the day is sunny and quiet. We're going to the east, to the Gulf of Patras and the Gulf of Corinth and the Corinth Canal. We pass between islands, it's like Norway, fish farms included. At one point, the chart shows 35 m deep and the depth-sounder shows only 5 m. Jens probes, and it is true, it is only 5m. It's because we are in front of the mouth of a river that brings alluvium and sand. We think going to a small fishing harbor on the south coast, so on the Peloponnesus side. The guide says it is shallow, 1.5 m. We'll see. We approach slowly, the eye on the depth-sounder, but it's OK. We tie Maja along a wooden boat and Longway along us.



Longway and Maja, along a fishing boat. Kato Achaia



Kato Achaia

We ask two people if we can stay there and both say "no problem", so we stay. Ankerdrum together and then we go ashore. The harbor is very messy, dirty, there is garbage everywhere,

but the atmosphere in "the" street is nice. A baptism takes place at the church, the children are playing in the street and people are talking. The street is like a square, everyone is in the middle and if a car wants to pass, it uses its horn, people move a little and then come back in the middle. We dine at a cafe where a lady speaks some English. We eat well, Greek salad, chicken for me and skewers for Jens and the fries could feed six people. We follow of course the situation in Greece and what will happen now with a referendum? An autistic child is on the sidewalk and it makes me angry to think that these are the people suffering. 25% unemployment! And the rich have taken their money out of the country long ago. Not an easy situation.

Kastos-Kato Achaia : 40 nm (72 km)

Florvåg-Kato Achaia :  $3\ 654 + 40 = 3\ 694$  nm (6 649 km)

### **Sunday 28.Juin 2015. Kato Achaia-Návpaktos (old Lepanto)**

We have a long walk to the west, along a long and beautiful beach.



Here, it's clean and fancy

How different from the village, here it is neat, clean, maintained, hotels have watered gardens and a man is cleaning the beach. We bathe, the water is clear and the bottom is sand. Then we leave, Longway has already left.



Patras, south, on Peloponnese

We're going to the east, pass north of the city of Patras and under the large suspension bridge that links mainland Greece to Peloponnese, the Rion-Andirion bridge, finished in 2004. We can't pass like that, we have to call Bridge Authority 5 MN (9 km) before and again 1 NM (1.8 km) before the bridge so they can tell us where to go.



The big bridge

It is not clear why all this fuss, no big ship is passing right now and there is plenty of room. Finally, it must be done so we do it. They ask the height of the mast, where we go and say we must go under the left arch, and the guy says that we must have one pillar on the left and three pillars on the right. Although there is a bridge, ferries are still in use and we see two of them crossing each other.



There is still ferries crossing

An hour after the bridge we see the port where we go, Návpakτος, a jewel of a fortified harbor.



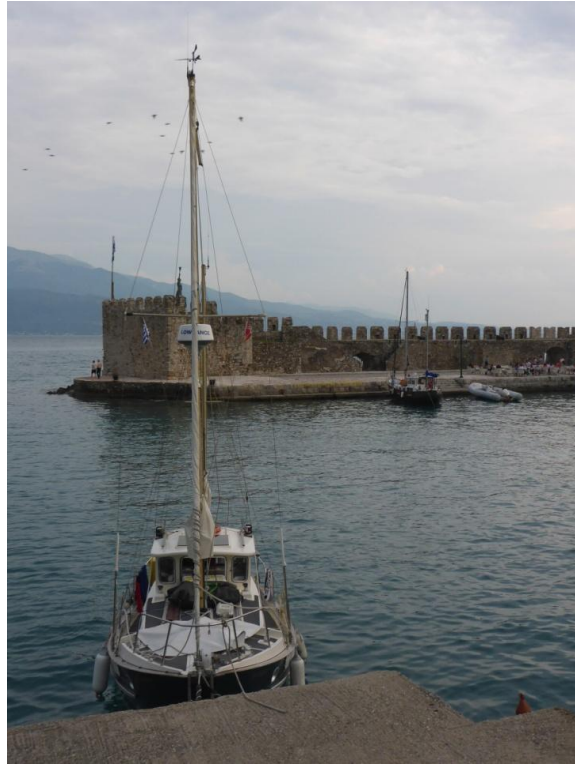
Arrival. Navpaktos

It is small and we are not sure to find a place, but Longway, that has already arrived reassures us, there is no other yacht.



Maja. Navpaktos





Longway. Maja overthere

So we go there and we put the nose on a dock with an anchor behind, against the wall. What a feeling to be in this ancient port. Short walk to town, Jens tries to draw money at an ATM, but it is empty. To go to the beach, we pass under a porch in the wall and we are there. Good swim to the sound of loud music coming from a bar, and a girls group makes a demonstration of modern dancing. Aperitif on Longway and dinner on the boat. Návpaktos was called Lepanto a period and it is here that the gigantic Lepanto naval battle in 1571 took place, Turks against Christians.



A statue of Cervantes. Navpaktos (called Lepanto before)



The beach

Kato Achaia-Navpaktos: 19 nm (34 km)

Florvåg-Navpaktos:  $3\,694 + 19 = 3\,713$  nm (6 683 km)

### **Monday, June 29, 2015. Navpaktos**

Jens goes to swim early but not me, I prefer to stay in my cozy bed. We leave early, we think, to go up to the castle, but we meet Fritz and Margret who already have been there. It almost seems like going up to Fløyen, the mountain behind Bergen, many small streets go up, there are stairs and at the end we are walking on a road through pines. The view from above is a bit similar too, we see the city and the port at the bottom, the "fjord" and opposite our island of Askøy, except that here in front it's Peloponnese. The castle is closed today.



The castle is closed today



The town, the harbor, the fjord and, in front, Peloponnese

We pass on a small street and Jens picks up a fallen orange, we sit on the edge of a fountain to eat it when a lady tells us that at 30 m, we can ring at a door and we can visit an exhibition on the Battle of Lepanto. We ring and a gentleman opens up and we enter a castle and visit the exhibition. What a battle!



Battle plan of the battle in 1571

This is one of the largest naval battles of all time. It's interesting and impressive. We go back, we swim, I swim 200 strokes as an exercise for my wrist which is still stiff and then lunch at the boat. While we drink our coffee, a large yacht arrives and tries to dock next to us. He must try several times, passes too near our anchor, Jens must let it go a little, is going too close to the fishing boats and finally goes to the dock. They are six men on board and when I ask where they come from, one of the men answers Israel. They are quite reserved and do not contact us at all, although we are 30 cm apart. Jens helps with the lines and they tell him thank you, but that's it. This is the first time we encounter a boat of this country. They have no nationality flag, maybe they are Mossad agents (not very good ones) ... Then a little later, a large catamaran also comes in, it is a charter with the Greek flag but they also have the South African flag. What neighborhood, Israel and South Africa.



Our neighbors, South Africa and Israel

Ride in the late afternoon along the sea to the west, as if returning to the bridge. And actually we would arrive there as fast by bike than by boat. Swimming again (200 strokes) and dinner on Longway, good Swiss fondue. Another very nice evening together.

### **Tuesday, June 30, 2015. Navpaktos-Nisís Trizónia**

I must tell you what happened last night. At half past twelve, our neighbors, the Israelis came back from town, not too quietly and started their engine! At half past twelve! I wait a bit, hoping they will stop but no they don't. Jens is sleeping. I get up, get dressed and go to talk to them. I ask, in English, if they are leaving. No, it's just to recharge their batteries. I told them that it is half past twelve and that we would like to sleep. They say sorry and stop the engine. Meanwhile, Jens woke up in and wonders where I went. Then we go back to sleep. We leave at 10 am, together with Longway to go to an island 12 NM (22 km) from Návpaktos, by a very quiet weather. This island, Nisís Trizónia, is near the north coast.



Main land on the left, and Nisís Trizónia on the right

We get there at 1 pm. A well-protected bay is home to a large marina that was never finished. The docks are in place with bollards but there is no service. It is used by many owners who

leave their boat here in winter. So there is little room for visitors, just along the dock that protects the harbor. So we go there, along the quay.



Maja, Longway along the quay



Jens, Margret and Fritz

Just after us, a big Greek yacht arrives and tries to get to the dock too, between two boats. But the place is too small for him. An Italian boat, just moving a few meters would allow him to dock. But the Greek and the Italian don't speak together. It's Jens who asks the Italians if they can move a little. And everything works out; there is enough room for everyone. Lunch, stroll and swim. Fritz and Margret who swam before us warn they saw sea urchins. I put my cros to swim, but it's a funny feeling, feet floating high when swimming. Some sailboats in the marina are occupied but many are empty and some boats are in bad shape, there is even a wreck, a tall ship that sank and of which we only see the masts. According to the flags, the majority of boats are French, and a French lady told us that the island is nicknamed the island of the French. All the boats, passing or staying don't pay anything.



The sunken yacht

Nice little village and small beach. From Maja, I hear a continuous roar, I think this is a wind turbine on a boat, but no, they are the cicadas. By late afternoon, the sky becomes dark, a thunderstorm comes and the rain falls hard for a few minutes. We dine together the four of us for the last time. Fritz and Margret will stay in the area a few days and we continue directly to Athens, we fly from there on July 9 to return to Norway. We were really happy to sail together, we now feel like old friends, maybe because Fisher owners are a little special? We hope to meet again in September when we come down again. We wish them fair wind and nice waves.



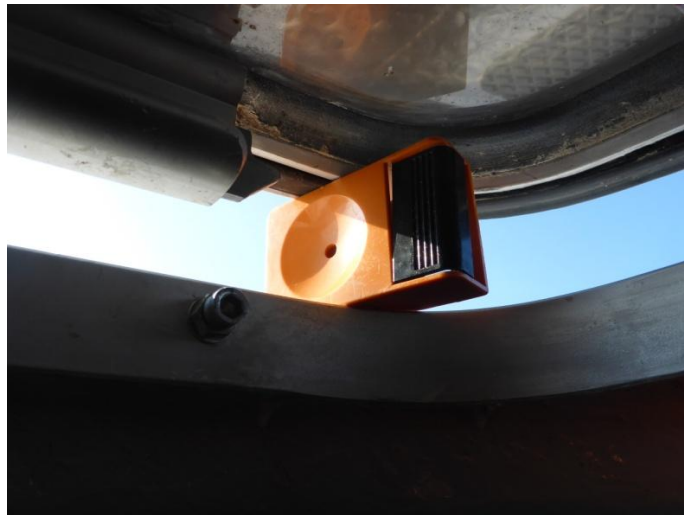
The village

Navpaktos-Nisis Trizonia: 12 nm (22 km)

Florvåg-Nisis Trizonia:  $3\,713 + 12 = 3\,725$  nm (6 705 km)



The cats in the restaurant are eating our leftover



We have used this (an egg piercer) to keep the window open in 28 years

**Wednesday, 1 July 2015. Nisis Trizonia-Ormos Kalamaki**



The four of us

Jens and Fritz go for a swim early then we say bye, bye. An Italian takes a picture of the four of us. We leave at 7:30 am and take breakfast on the way, it's nice and very quiet. We are going directly to the city of Corinth, our destination. Corinth Golf is big but we see the mountains all the time, all around. I do the blog in the morning, we know from experience that often the wind picks up in the afternoon and a thunderstorm may burst. The day passes, nobody on the sea, Jens follows the news on his tablet, I read or do a Sudoku. The wind rises around 2 pm, E and N-E. We put the jib. A little later, the sky becomes dark and the wind suddenly turns S. A gust of wind force 5 blows, but that does not last, only a quarter of an hour. The thunderstorm is over the city of Corinth.



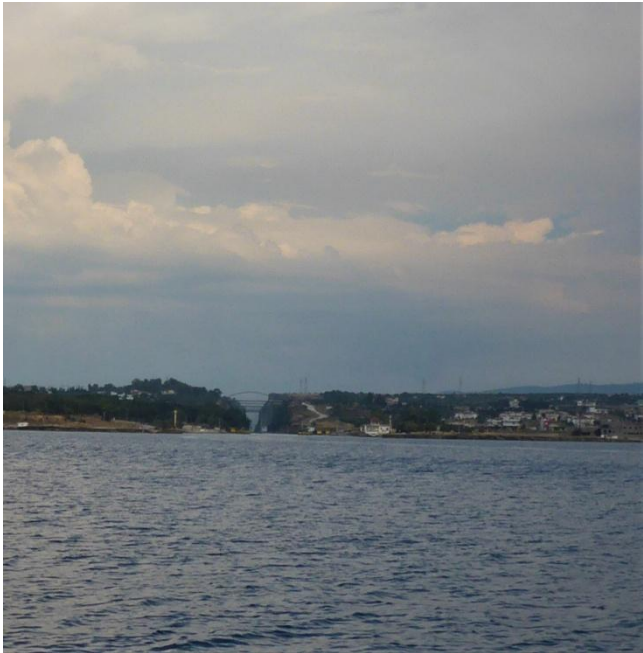
Corinth City



We follow a direct line from Nisis Trizonia to Corinth



Our plan is to stop at Corinth harbor, spend the night there and pass the canal tomorrow but we hear communications between a yacht that will pass the canal tonight and the canal authority. They tell him to wait a bit and he can pass. The canal guy is not very pleasant. Jens and me we discuss, why not pass tonight? The weather is calm, the sun came back, why not.



The Corinth Canal

So Jens calls the canal and we have to wait with Alta Marea, the other yacht. Another motor yacht arrives. And we have the green light, literally and figuratively. A last one, a sailboat that is still a bit far, hurries to join us. So we are four, in a single file. At the entrance, the sides of the channel are gently sloping and a road bridge crosses it. This bridge is submerged several meters below sea level to let the boats pass.



The submerged bridge

A line of cars is waiting. The last boat is far behind us and the bridge remains down while it hurries up to catch us. We are happy that we are not the last boat, the first two ones are going fast and Maja hardly follows them. With a last one far behind, we can slow down a little. This channel is impressive, dug so deep into the mountain. Here and there it is wider for boats to cross, but nowadays it is alternating traffic, no boat crosses. The walls are very high on each side, 79 m at the most and it is a kind of light clay.



Corinth Canal

We pass and go out on the other side where there is also a submerged bridge when we pass. We tie Maja to a dock and Jens goes to pay. It is expensive, 100 € for Maja for 6, 6 km of canal. The guy is friendly, efficient and even keeps his patience with a Turk (the boat behind us) who speaks little English. Funny, this Turk is on a yacht carrying the American flag and whose home port is Newcastle in Scotland!



Jens goes to pay. Now the canal is open in the other direction

We leave and anchor in a bay just north of the canal entrance, Alta Marea goes there too and a French boat is already there. It is 7:30, we sailed twelve hours today, a long and good day.



The (built) bay where we anchor. Ormos Kalamaki

Nisis Trizonia-Ormos Kalamaki: 52 nm (94 km)

Florvåg-Ormos Kalamaki:  $3\,725 + 52 = 3\,777$  nm (6 798 km)

#### **Thursday, July 2, 2015. Ormos Kalamaki-Agistri Island**

We slept well, eat breakfast and we leave. At one point we have the wind from behind and Maja has the jib on one side and the mainsail on the other, she looks like a big butterfly, but it doesn't last, the wind drops and we must start the engine.



We pass a huge refinery

We arrive at the island of Agistri at 2 pm, a short day today. The harbor is full, mostly charters, some rented with a crew but we slip between two boats and we get a place.



Maja. Megalochori. Agistri Island

We don't pay in these harbors; it's free to stop there. It's hot 33 °, so we rest a little on the boat, then we go for a swim on a nice mini-beach, the water is at least 23-24 °. Return to the boat, Jens takes out the bikes and we ride to Skala, another small resort. The road ends here, so we turn and start in the other direction, towards Limenaria.



We ride to Limenaria

It's hot, the road is mostly uphill so it's a little bit tiring, but we get rewarded when we arrive at Mariza, we come down to a platform with ladder to go down in the sea to swim, it seems good.



A good swim

Full of hope we go back to Limenaria where we saw a taverna, unfortunately it is closed. So we return to Megalochori, 8 km, the capital, where we are staying. We drink water, eat a fruit and we back in the saddle.



A car which doesn't move much

We dine in a small taverna in the village, an old lady is very kind, gives me two shells she caught herself and smiles a lot, but the food is average and the price high.





Agistri Island

Ormos Kalamaki-Agistri : 18 nm (32 km)

Florvåg-Agistri :  $3\,777 + 18 = 3\,795$  nm (6 831 km)

### Friday, July 3, 2015. Agistri-Olympic Marina. Lavrio

The wind picked up tonight at 4 am, and we appreciate it, this refreshes a little, it's hot. In the morning a nice force 3 accompanies us when we leave at 9 am, it is idyllic ... but it will not last.



Idyllic ...

Three charter sailboats (rented) come out at the same time than us but anchor at an island in front after 20 minutes of navigation. We continue, sheltered by Aigina Island, a large island, but when we are no longer in the shelter of the island, the fun begins. The wind strength and instead of coming from the north as predicted is almost from the east, so we have it almost in the nose.



I thought it was an antic temple, but no

We keep the mainsail, tight, to try to stabilize a bit. The waves are not very big but come from two sides at once, from the front and from the left. Maja caper like a rabid goat (!), it becomes quite uncomfortable. And the wind increases further, 13, 14 and even 15 m/s (30 knots), force 7. Jeannette is not happy, happy (understatement!).



He is very big and comes fast back us



He passes back us



15 m/s, it's a little too much for me

And this lasts, lasts, we are not progressing fast against wind, waves and even current. We hoped to be in the shelter of land when passing south of the peninsula Attica, where Athens is located, but no, on the contrary, there are still more guts there.



Here it is an antic temple. Cap Sounion

Then we hope the wind will stay from the east when we go north along the east side of the peninsula. But no, the wind follows the coast and is from the north, right in our nose and very strong, but the waves are not that big in this channel, protected by a long island. We thought we would arrive at 4 pm but we arrive at 6 pm in the marina, called Olympic Marina, near Lavrio. Two mariners come to help us to dock, and with this wind it is not so easy. Finally, we are along a pontoon, very glad to be arrived. Tough Day for the Queen.



Happy to be in the harbor. Olympic Marina. Lavrio

Agistri-Olympic Marina: 37 nm (66 km)

Florvåg- Olympic Marina :  $3\,795 + 37 = 3\,832$  nm (6 897 km)



## Saturday, July 4, 2015. Olympic Marina. Lavrio

The Olympic marina is very big and we are at the end, that is to say that we are far from everything and well exposed to the wind which is good to refresh us. It also has the distinction of being the most expensive marina of our trip, 50 € per night! But this is a good place to leave the boat ashore, so we stay here. Today we have the visit of Raymonde, she is my French friend Denise's sister. Raymonde has lived in Athens for about thirty years and I have not seen her for 35 years. We made contact and she comes to visit us with a friend, Annie. Raymonde offered to take us back to Athens with her tonight and spend the day tomorrow there, it's nice and of course we accepted. We ride to go shopping in town, Lavrio which is 2-3 km from here. Of course we go to see Lavrio harbor, but it is full of charters, not one place for visitors.



Lavrio harbor

We shop at a well-stocked Spar supermarket and ride back. Our guests arrive, we are happy, Raymonde and me to see each other again and sympathize immediately with Annie. We lunch on Maja, under the bimini and eat an almost Scandinavian lunch, a little greek too with tzatziki (made by Annie) and a good Greek white wine (provided by Raymonde). According to them, the summer is not as hot as normal, 30-32 ° is "cool" for here. We exchange news of the children, recall old memories, speak of course of the Greek situation and have a good time. Jens is so nice he washes up to let us talk together.



Jens, Annie, Raymonde



The beach

Then, as it is hot, we drive to the beach just south of here, a beautiful sandy beach, popular enough on a Saturday in July. The water is nice and we stay long enough in the sea. We return to the boat, drink a glass and go together to Athens by car, we take Annie to her house and arrive at Raymonde's place when night is falling.

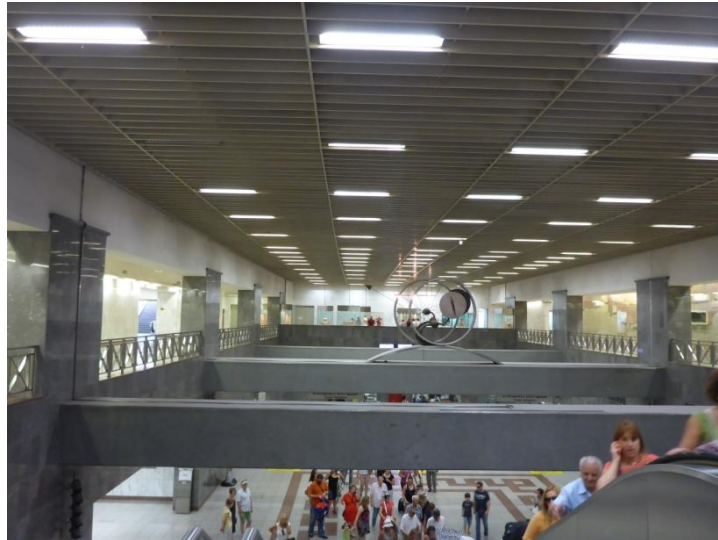


A little ouzo before dinner. Athens

Her dog, Pelops, is very happy to see her again. She lives in a very pleasant area, quiet, shady, and bonus, close to the subway. She welcomes us kindly, we dine of tomatoes and peppers stuffed the Greek way and spend a good evening together, go for a walk after dinner to recognize the way to go to the subway station Halandri tomorrow, we phone Denise, my friend and Raymonde's sister, and then we go to bed.

## Sunday, July 5, 2015. Athens

Historic day for the Greeks in Athens, they vote today, and we are lucky to be here. Good breakfast and then Jens and I take the subway, free all week, towards the center. Raymonde showed us on a map interesting places. The metro is beautiful, flawless and fast.



The metro station Halandri

The stations are announced in Greek and English, orally and visually. We descend at Syntagma Square, the square outside parliament where major events are held.



### OXI (no)

A lot of people, but good atmosphere, a booth for the "oxi" (no) is lively but we don't see a stand for the "nai" (yes). We remain a bit and then go sightseeing. We walk a lot, a pedestrian street lined with small shops goes all the way around the Acropolis. The Parthenon is actually in the city center on a hill, so we see it from many places. It's hot and we stop to drink often. We have lunch at a small restaurant where the owner is Americo-Greek. He will vote no. We pass a polling station in a school, many voters are arriving. We come back to Syntagma Square at 5 pm it's much more crowded and we see many journalists.



OXI



They go to vote



Greek, European, Greek, European ...



Many journalists

One more drink and then a walk in the neighborhood. Jewelers, furriers and luxury clothing merchants show that everyone is not affected by the crisis. But Syntagma Square attracts us like a magnet. We stay there until 7 pm, closing time for the polls. The atmosphere is both quiet and expecting. People talk a lot, raise the tone sometimes, but it is a good and friendly atmosphere, too bad we don't understand. We take the subway and go home to Raymonde who went with her daughter Anna at the airport late afternoon to pick up a nephew, his wife and their two children arriving from France. We are therefore eight tonight at dinner. Raymonde has prepared an excellent moussaka and we enjoy it.



We are eight at dinner (Jens takes the photo)

At 9 am, Raymonde puts on the television and the unexpected result of the great victory of the no is announced. Joy. We toast to the victory of the no. Seen from Greece, it is interpreted as a no to austerity, not a no to Europe. But for the rest of Europe, is presented much more negatively. The Greeks don't want to tighten their belts to save the banks, they have suffered

enough. We spend a good evening and Jens and I thank Raymonde for her so nice welcome and we take the subway to the airport, it brings us closer to Lavrion and from there we take a taxi, there are more buses, it is 11 pm. We arrive at the marina 35 minutes after that historic day passed in Athens.

### **Monday, July 6, 2015. Olympic Marina. Lavrio**

Work, work today, we take Maja out of the water tomorrow morning. Cleaning, laundry, Jens is busy in the engine (change of the engine oil, change of filters ...) and blog to catch up for me.



The laundry dries quickly

Time flies and it is 6 pm when we go swimming at the same beach that Saturday. In fact the marina is between Lavrio, 3 km north and the beach, 3 km south, with bikes it is OK. Diner of what we have in the fridge, we do not buy anything since we leave on Thursday. I speak with some French people and they tell me that the marina is quiet at the moment, the past years there were many more visitors and animation. It's true that we see many empty places along the pontoons.



Some are not affected by the crisis

**Tuesday, July 7, 2015. Olympic Marina. Lavrio**



Maja is taken out of the water and on her berth

We take Maja out of the water at 9 am, it blows a strong wind but it's ok and the crane takes her on the yard, a huge lot where boats are on land. Several boats are there for years, abandoned, including a Fisher 37, sad and incomprehensible, it represents a large sum of money and it's left here. Even if the owner died there must be heirs. Strange. By the way, we don't pay 50 € by night when Maja is on land, we pay 8 €.



I still don't like it very much ...

I still don't like being on the ground on Maja, especially when the wind is blowing so strongly. It's very different from the last time, it was in winter, in December, in Vila Real de Santo Antonio in Portugal, a small shipyard. Here it's summer, it's hot, it's Greece and the

yard is big. When Maja is on land, I want to do laundry but there is no water but it's possible to wash Maja with the high-pressure water, it is not we who are doing this, it's an employee.



Lavrio

So we ride to go to Lavrio customs to give them our "Transit Log": when the boat is on land, it does not count in our 6 month stay. So if Maja remains ashore two months, it adds two months to our permit. Jens and Fritz had already met with Greek bureaucracy in Argostoli, when they had applied for the transit log. But for me, this is the first time. I am impressed. They are ten people working there and they have produced hundreds of folders stacked everywhere.



Custom office

Although we have our transit log, the official must find something to complain. And he finds something. Jens is Danish but we live in Norway, he had already provided a proof of residency in Norway in Argostoli, but this is not enough, when we come back in September, Jens must bring a new proof of residency. This is reminiscent of the Shaddok: Why make it simple when it can be complicated. To recover from this bureaucracy, we drink an orange juice on the port and then ride back to the yard. I put the washing on and put the clothes to dry on Maja. It is blowing so much that I dare not hang them, I put them to dry flat, it dries very quickly anyway. Jens realizes that we need plastic gloves to paint, so I ride to buy some at the chandler in the marina and there I get a shock: a box of hundred disposable gloves is 45 € (360 kr)! Fortunately, you can buy them one by one, he has a rest of five (!) gloves and I take



them. Then we get visitors, Raymonde and her family. The kids like to climb on the boat and their father too, but we, the three women stay down in the shade.



Titanic

Then they go swimming at the beach 3 km from here.



Work, work

We paint, Jens the bottom of the hull in blue and me the propeller. This seems disproportionate but I must first sand the propeller, then paint it once and then a second time

but it's true that he works much more than me. I finish at 7:30 pm, climb on Maja to prepare dinner and Jens finishes at 8:30 pm. We are tired.



We are tired

**Wednesday, July 8, 2015. Olympic Marina. Lavrio**



Maja, new painted

Same program as yesterday, work on the boat. Jens needs a hose to install a filter to the toilet and they don't have that at the chandler in the marina, so we go to Lavrio.

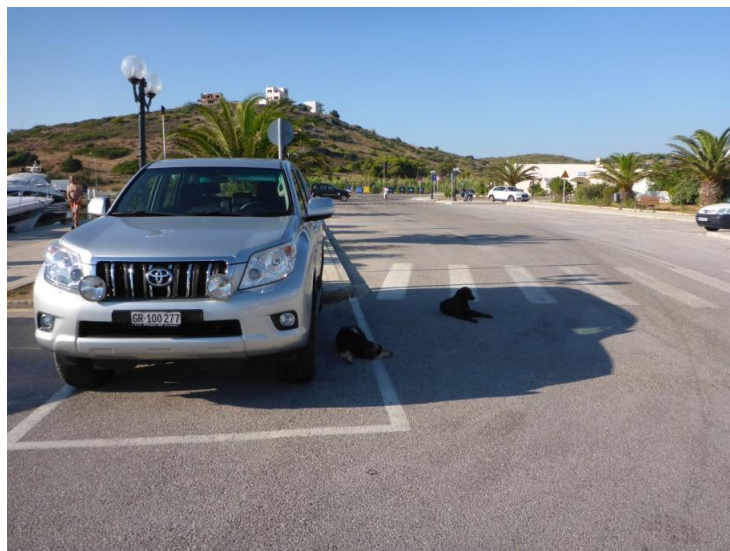


A marriage. Lavrio

This is actually a nice little tour, especially because at the entrance of the city we are now taking a street that comes more directly to the harbor. Purchase of a 4 m hose and orange juice on the harbor. We take the opportunity to go to the harbor office to ask if there will be more space available in September. The young woman, who speaks good English, says yes, there will be no problem. So when we put Maja on the water in early September, we will come here, especially as we will have visitors, our good friends and neighbors Knut and Margrethe and it will be better to be in town. We return, cleaning, storage ...



Good idea to put the car in the shade



Those dogs are in the shade of a Swiss car.

At 5 pm, we ride to the beach to swim and we stay long in the water and on the beach, this is the last day. Then last preparations to leave the boat clean and tidy. And to finish the day's work, we return to town for dinner at a nice and friendly little restaurant. We ride back in the dark, Jens in front with a strong, flashing white light and I'm behind with a strong and flashing red light too. We see us well. This ride back is pleasant, 25°, it seems fresh after the heat of the day and with the sound of cicadas all around us. We leave tomorrow.

**Thursday, July 9, 2015.Olympic Marina (Greece)-Skogvik (Norway)**

We get up at 6 am, we finish preparing the boat for our return in September, Knut and Margrethe also arrive on September 2. Jens has some problems with a filter, this time he has set a filter to take out the bad taste in the water tank, so until the last moment he needs his toolbox.



Jens is working until the last minute



Going down

I vacuum at 7 am, fortunately we don't have neighbors and I have time to take a walk on the pontoons to see the boats. It is already hot and we take our shower at the last moment. Breakfast at 8: 30 pm and at 9 am, we are in the marina reception where the secretary calls us a cab.



Jens takes out the ladder



On our way to the airport

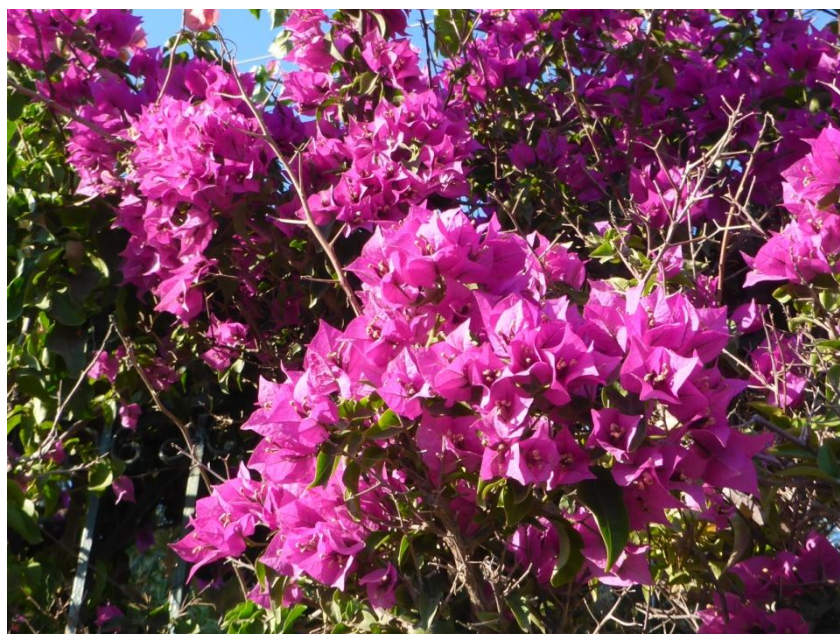
The driver speaks good English and we talk of course of the Greek situation. His opinion is to leave the euro, he says they have nothing to lose. We quickly get to the airport in 25 minutes

this time. The plane to Oslo is at noon, we have plenty of time. Athens-Oslo flight without problem and Oslo-Bergen too and at 5:15 pm, we get out of the airport, the temperature is 12 °. And, surprise, Theo and Hélène are with Nina. Joy, joy.

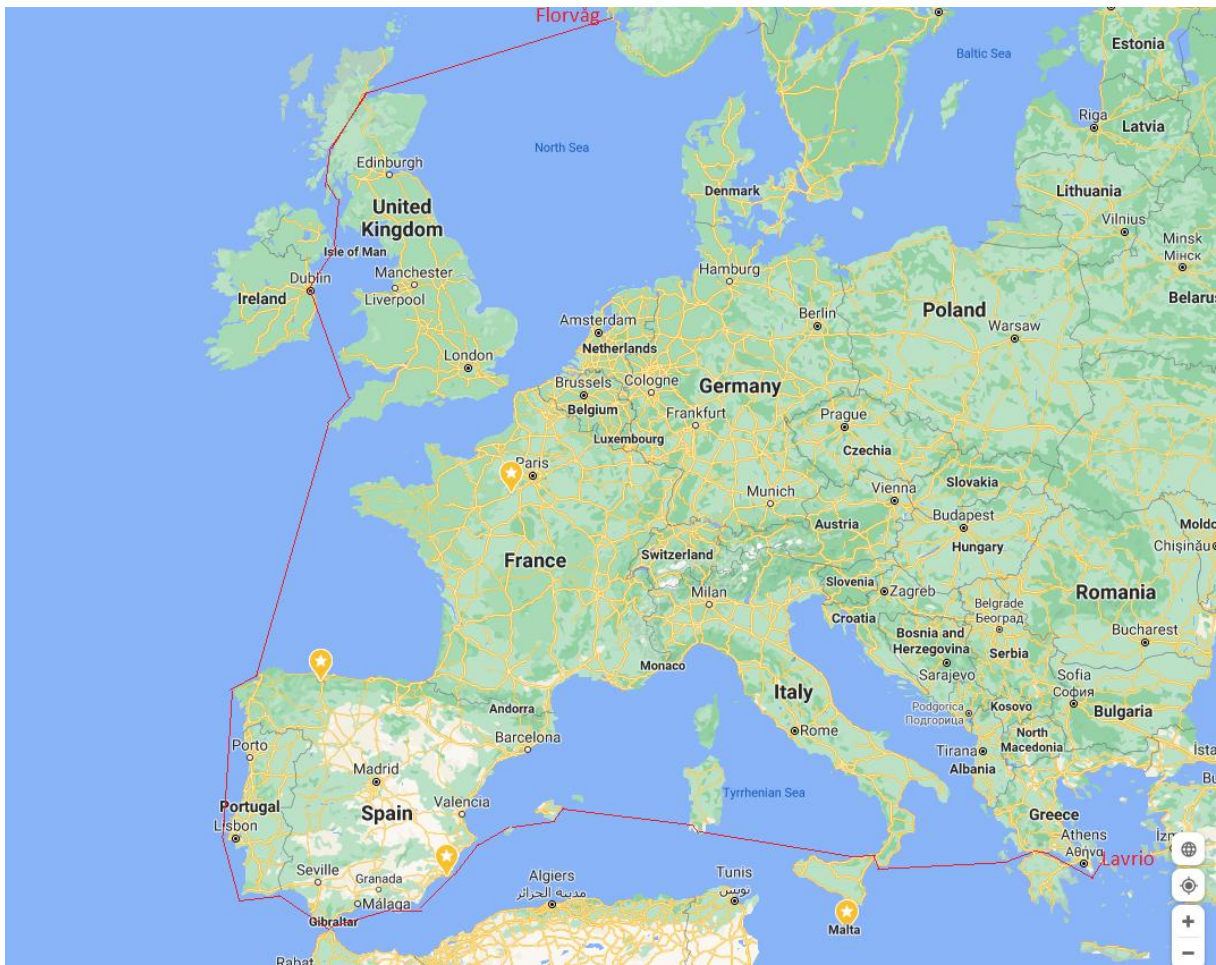
The blog thus takes a break and resume on September 3. Happy holidays to all.



Our house. 10.07.2015



Bougainvillea (Greece)



From Florvåg (Norway) to Lavrio (Greece)

June 2014-July 2015

3 832 nm (6 897 km)

