



MAJA'S VOYAGE

2014-2017

Book 3

Jeannette Havskov

September - December 2015

Lavrio (Greece)- Finike (Turkey)

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

Wednesday, September 2, 2015. Lavrio. Greece

Here we are again, we came back to Greece from Paris this morning, up at 3 am and driven to Orly airport by Alain and Rolande (we appreciate, this early!) to fly at 6 am. We take a taxi from Athens airport to the marina near Lavrio. The secretary phones the site as we arrive and say that Maja must be put in the water. When we walk to the site, we see Maja already underway.



Jens stops Maja already on her way



Jens paints the marks left by the legs

Jens rushes and stops the carriage, he wants to paint the marks left by the legs on the cradle. He does it quickly and Maja resumes her course and is quickly put on the water, 15 minutes after our arrival. Jens uses a hose and washes her, she is quite dusty, we take diesel and we leave for Lavrio harbor, 20 minutes (quiet) navigation, there is no wind. We're lucky; it was blowing force 7 until yesterday.



Bye, bye Olympic Marina

There is room in the harbor and we come slowly with the nose on the dock, but driving back a bit, a rope is caught in the propeller. I'm going shopping while Jens is trying to buy a weight belt to dive but he didn't find one. Clever as usual, he then buys a belly bag and filled it with pebbles. He is about to dive when our friends Knut and Margrethe arrive by taxi. They too got up at 3 am and left at 6 am, but from Bergen. Jens dives and Knut holds the rope that secures him. Everything goes well and after several dives where he unrolls the rope, the propeller is free. A neighbor on the yacht "Norwegian Lady 2" comes to see the operation. Knut talks with him, he is from Loddefjord (just over the bridge from Askøy) and they have mutual friends!



Jens with the belly bag full of pebbles, and Knut



Jens unrolls the rope around the propeller



The guy with blue shorts is from Loddefjord, near Bergen

We drink a shot (water or beer) and eat lunch, it is 2 pm. The weather is beautiful and very hot, 30 °. None of us is very active, the night was short but we decide to go swimming in the late afternoon. Coming by boat this morning we saw a small beach near the harbor, we find it by a small road. It is pretty but in the shade, which doesn't upset us, not at all, and the water is nice. Jens forgot his thermometer but we evaluate it at 23-24 °.



The beach

We do some shopping, all together and then to celebrate our first day together, go to the same restaurant where we went just before we left in July. A short walk along the harbor after dinner and in bed.



Jens, Margrethe, Jeannette and Knut. Lavrio

Olympic Marina-Lavrio : 2 nm (3,6 km)

Florvåg-Lavrio : $3\,832 + 2 = 3\,834$ nm (6 901 km)

Thursday, September 3, 2015. Korrisía. Kea Island

We slept well, Knut and Margrethe on the "big" bed (1.10 m) allowing them to occupy my hole as "wardrobe". They even have a shoe closet, located under the bench outside. We have every comfort here. But we also have a problem: we don't have fresh water but we are sure that the tank is full. Jens dismantles the floor in our "bedroom" in front and found that the pipe is simply folded. Then he goes to the customs office to get back our transit log. They ask

a proof of residence in Norway, they have not forgotten. He shows them invoices sent to our address, a certificate of residence (in Norwegian ...), a boat club card, a university paper, it's a whole package and they accept it as evidence. But ... now we have to prove that we were outside Greece for two months. If we stayed in Greece, they will not extend our log transit with two months! Luckily Jens has his boarding pass from our return Bergen-Paris-Athens and a message on his cell who said "Welcome to Greece" and this is also accepted and it took only one hour and a half, not so bad. Meanwhile we, Margrethe, Knut and I go to the market, a large and well-stocked outdoor market, lots of fruits, vegetables, fish, clothes and things for the house sold from a truck.



The market



The truck selling everything

The guy has hundreds of things, from can opener to stool, even table cloth and he must pack up his truck when the market is over. We buy good olives and fruit. I am looking for a bikini but I find only pieces that don't match.



Margrethe

We meet all on Maja and leave towards the island of Kea where we arrive at 2:30 pm. We try to navigate with the bimini but we see nothing on the sides and behind, it doesn't work. There is no wind at all.



Jens and Knut



Arrival at Korrisía. Kea island

Shortly after our arrival in Korrisía, the main harbor on Kea, we are looking at kids who swim from the quay. One made us understand by gestures that they would love to jump off from the boat, but even better, Jens says that they can jump from the roof! The kids are very happy and say lots of "thank you". They are 5, jump and climb back on the roof constantly. We eat lunch, sometimes being slightly sprayed and amid the kids' shouts and laughter. The neighbor, a French man, invites them also a while but they return to Maja, it is more fun from the roof. They are tireless but go a little later. And the afternoon passes between short walk (it's really hot), swimming and rest. We did not planned to have dinner at the restaurant but it is late, nobody really feel like cooking so ...



The kids jumping from Maja's roof



Good friends



It's hot and we are thirsty

Margrethe, Knut and Jens



Maja. Korrisía

Lavrio-Korrisía (Kea): 16 nm (29 km)

Florvåg-Korrisía: $3\,834 + 16 = 3\,850$ nm (6 930 km)

Friday, September 4, 2015. Ormos Fikiadha. Kythnos Island

We slept well, the four of us. We go swimming before breakfast, at 7:30 am, very nice. After breakfast, Knut first and me after go to take a shower with cold water. I even wash my hair. But the cold water here is not so cold, not like at home. Then we go in search of small cups, when we are four, coffee served in mugs hardly fills the cup, it will be better psychologically (!), to have small cups. Margrethe and me, we see white flowers near the beach. These are the same that had impressed me so much at Arousa in Galicia, in September last year. Margrethe takes the picture, I forgot my camera.



Beautiful flowers. I have seen them also last year in Arousa

A shop has small cups and we return proud of our purchase, but sweating like pigs. So, swimming again and then we leave to Kythnos, the next island.



9:30 am. Second bath of the day

The destination of our journey together is the island of Paros. Calm crossing, we hoist the jib more for the shadow it gives than for the light wind. We eat lunch on the way then Jens, wearing a towel on his shoulders, shows Knut and Margrethe how to release the lifeboat.



Jens shows how to release the lifeboat

We arrive in Kythnos where several bays are indicated on the guide.



The two bays. Kythnos

In the first one, many boats are already anchored so we go to the second. Both bays are separated by a narrow strip of lowland. We anchor in the second, Órmos Fikiadha, idyllic bay ... if it were not for the loud music coming out of speakers on the beach. We want to swim from the boat but we see that the ladder that we had forgotten to store has been lost on the way. We must therefore get down the steps attached to Maja's round back part. It's a little harder, but we manage. Water at 25 °. And highlight of the day, we try the tender with four people for the first time.



The four of us in the tender

We descend into it one by one, gently, without sudden movements. First Jens then Margrethe then Knut and finally me, and it's okay, but only just. The tender is very low in the water and we have to be careful not to move. We're going to the beach, drink a juice and come back to Maja. We ask New Zealanders on a neighbor yacht to take our picture. The rest of the afternoon we relax and don't do much. Jens and Margrethe make dinner while I finish the blog and we dine under the stars but still with this high music until 9 pm, then it stops suddenly and it seems good. At 10:30 pm, we go to bed, we are tired; of what, one wonders, it must be the heat.

Korrisía-Fikiadha : 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Fikiadha (Kythnos) : $3\,850 + 20 = 3\,870$ nm (6 966 km)

Saturday, September 5, 2015. Loutra. Kythnos

We sleep really well on the boat. At 7:30 am, the four of us are in the water and then we take a good breakfast in the shade of the bimini. We go all into the tender and go ashore to walk and see a small chapel on top of a hill. We walk early, after 10 am it is too hot. A stonewall rises on this hill, to separate different pieces of land. And there are dozens of this sort, crisscrossing the hills in all directions. What a work to build them.



We are going to see the chapel over there



Wall



The chapel

The vegetation is brown, burnt by the sun. We go down and set sail at 10:15 am. The sea is calm, no wind.



Calm sea and landscape burnt by the sun

We motor round the island of Kythnos by the north and go to a harbor on the west coast of the island, Loutra, a pretty square harbor. We get along a dock, but the harbor master advises us to move: it's Saturday and the port will be full tonight. He will therefore put the yachts on several lines and as we are small, it would not be good for us to have several large boats on us. So we go nose on a dock with an anchor behind.



The bucket as a step

The problem is that Maja is high and the dock is low and we don't have the ladder that helped much in this kind of situation. Jens has the solution: we put a bucket upside down on the dock and it makes a step. But it is still a little high and I need a push on my backside to climb on board. We bathe, Knut and Margrethe go buy bread and we eat lunch. We hear music, shots and honks, Margrethe and I think this must be a wedding.



The boat with the newly wed

And right after, a decorated boat leaves the dock with the young couple on board. After lunch, we swim again, the water is 27 ° because hot springs run on the beach. Around 6 pm we go for a walk, the heat is a little down. An old abandoned big building housed the hot water baths and hot water is still channeled to the beach where a small pool is set.



Hot water pool

We tested the water, it is at least 50 °. We dine at a restaurant, the feet almost in the water and easy prey for mosquitoes. Margrethe's glasses are broken in two and she is very pretty with

two halves. A server is particularly unfriendly and the other one almost too friendly, it makes a good average. When paying, they refuse us paying by cards, "Capital control", they say ... We take our "café avec" (Norwegian expression) on the boat and go to bed.



Loutra harbor as night is falling

Fikiadha-Loutra : 10 nm (18 km)

Florvåg-Loutra (Kythnos) : $3870 + 10 = 3880$ nm (6984 km)

Sunday, September 6, 2015. Lívadí. Serifos

Swimming, breakfast and stroll along the bay. We see a small truck loaded with chairs and conclude that it is the stowage after the wedding yesterday.



Stowage after the wedding?

We pass a lovely beach with trees and walk to a (small) cape. A metallic bridge was used to load mineral from the mines on ships but is not in activity anymore.



Last shopping. Loutra. Kythnos

We swim again and leave at 11:10 am, we motor along Kythnos, pass at around 1 pm near a small uninhabited island, Nisis Piperi and see our goal for today, Serifos.



Cruising in Greece

We notice a little green valley in Serifos, we anchor in front of it and swim to the beach. But as we are barefoot and the beach is pebbly, we can hardly walk long. A small white house, old terraces and many stone walls bear witness to a past time when people lived there. This is a pretty bay but a bit too exposed to spend the night. We continue and arrive at Serifos' capital, Livádi.



The green valley



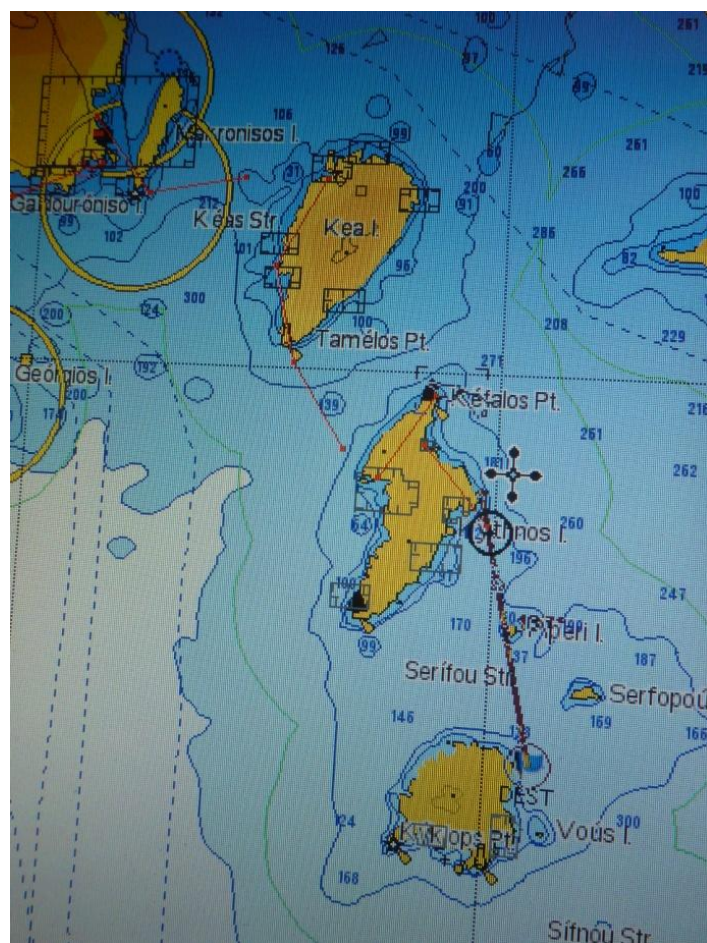
The house, terraces and walls



Livádi. Serifos

There is room in the harbor and we moor at the dock without problem. Then we have free time until dinner. I do the blog, Knut and Margrethe go for a walk and Jens reads his email. Then a little activity in the kitchen: Jens, helped by Margrethe, prepares avocados, salad and makes a pizza while I finish the blog. The oven plus the natural heat make it quite hot down in

the boat. Dessert is Greek yogurt with honey. Good dinner, good company and walk after dinner when it's a little cooler.



The three islands: Kea, Kythnos and Serifos

Loutra-Livádi (Serifos) : 24 nm (43 km)

Florvåg-Livádi : $3\,880 + 24 = 3\,904$ nm (7 027 km)

Monday, September 7, 2015. Livádi. Serifos



We take a bus



The road



The village

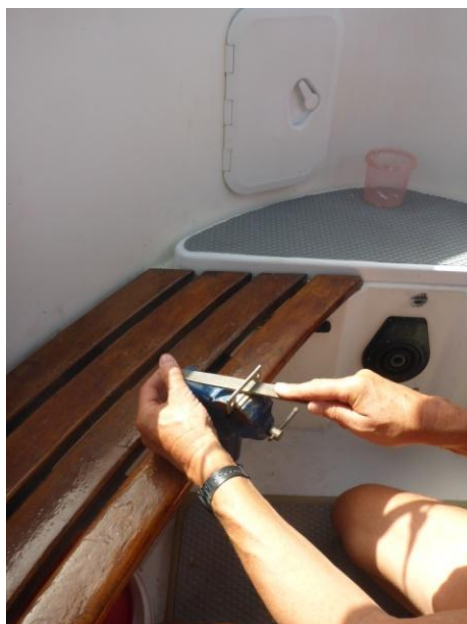


The harbor down

Up at 7 am, quick breakfast and we take the bus at 8 am to go to the "Chora", the small village perched in the mountains. Chora means capital, surely the ancient capital of Serifos. It's a small bus, not young, a little asthmatic but sometimes it manages to reach up anyway. The road is in hairpins and it's quite steep. Very nice village, all white, very steep, several streets are stairs. And, curiously, it is blowing a strong wind at the top but down by the sea it is all quiet. The wind is so strong that Jens' caps flies off, but he finds it down a street. Three windmills, which no longer are turning, are placed in a sort of saddle between two mountains, where the wind is strongest. We walk in the village, drink an orange juice (served with a glass of water) and walk down. It is 5 km by road and only 2.5 km walking down on a good path.



Good path to go down



Jens fixes the lock

We are hot, so we go swimming and then Jens has a work to do: he limes the lock of the door which is hard to open and close. Swimming again and lunch. We feast of tomato slices on bread. Tired from our walk in the morning, three of us are napping. Me, duty is calling and I do the blog. We swim once more and a guy on a large yacht says something to Jens, but Jens is too far away and does not hear. So, he repeats the same thing when I pass near his boat (in English): No one has the right to swim in a harbor! First I think he is joking, but no, he is as serious as a pope. I reply "OK, OK" but that doesn't please him. He raises his voice and tells me I will not say ok, ok when he will call the port authorities and they have given us a fine! I reply that there is no port authority here then I swim away. But that's not all. A yacht arrives to go to the quay and he shouts to them to be careful, there are "floating objects" in the water. It is us, the floating objects. What a bad bedfellow. Of course we don't bathe in a large harbor with big boats. Between us, we call this charming gentleman "kverulanten" (in Norwegian). It must come from the word "querelle" which means dispute in French. We leave again for a little walk around 6 pm and see a team of people who are trying to catch the half-wild cats that are everywhere, I think to mark them and sterilize them. But that doesn't seem very easy.



They are trying to catch the cats

Light diner on Maja, tomato salad, ham and cheese, Greek yogurt and honey. At 9 pm, we begin to yawn in turn. We can't go to bed at 9 pm! We go ashore to see a ferry that is leaving, it is full, and yet we are Monday. We go back and yawn more. We manage to stay awake until 10:20 pm and then go to bed. It's incredible how well we are sleeping here!

Tuesday, September 8, 2015 . Vathy Bay. Sifnos

Up at 7 am after a good night. We have little contact with other boats since we are in Greece, there is a big difference between here and other countries where we have sailed. Here, at least 80% of the boats are rented and people who rent a yacht for a week or two are not engaged in the same way as long distance sailors. The leased yachts carry the Greek flag but also the flag of the country people come from. The grumpy man yesterday was from the US, for example. We take up the anchor at 8:45 am ... but it clangs to another anchor! But by motoring ahead and back a little, and with Knut and Jens pulling hard, it comes up. The wind is a light Force 3 from NE, ideal for us. We sail quietly. We see Sifnos, our goal and are still seeing Serifos back us, they are separated only by 14 nm (25 km). The sky is blue, the sea is blue, a nice wind, everything is perfect. Maja rolls a bit but with moderation.



We see Sifnos

We arrive at Órmos Vathi on Sifnos at 1:00 pm. Some yachts are anchored in the bay but we can get to the small quay in front of the white church. This bay seems idyllic, well-protected and with pretty white houses along the beach. It's hot, so swimming, lunch and rest. We go for a walk in the late afternoon, meet a herd of goats, and then go to a taverna to have dinner. Here too it is at the waterfront but without the mosquitoes. The owner looks like Georges Moustaki who sang "Avec ma gueule de métèque, de juif errant, de pâtre grec ..." in the seventies. He was Greek but sang in French. And we go to bed early (again!)



Knut ties us at the quay in front of the church

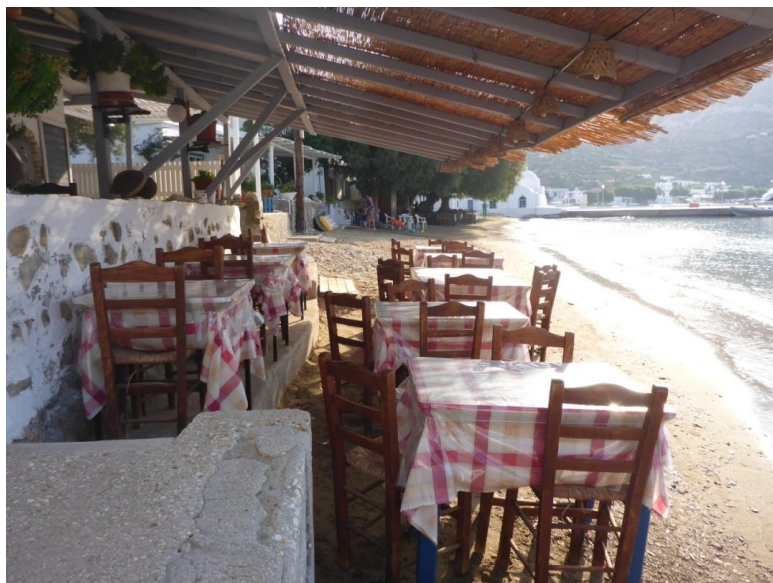


Evening. Vathy. Sifnos

Livádi-Ormos Vathi : 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-Vathi (Sifnos): $3\,904 + 17 = 3\,921$ nm (7 058 km)

Wednesday, September 9, 2015. Vathi-Dhespotico Island



The tavern where we dined yesterday

There is only one other yacht at the quay and the four occupants were making a lot of noise until 2 am. But we slept so well the other nights that we are well rested anyway. We have a visit from a young couple with a one year baby. First the young woman speaks English with Jens but I ask her where she is from and she is French, so we speak French together. They spent 10 days here and are delighted. This is a great place for kids, calm, the beach is absolutely safe, no wave, shady. And it's true that Vathi made a very good impression. The young father arrives shortly after and is happy to visit Maja.



Vathi Bay. Sifnos

Then we take a taxi to the capital, Apollonia, about ten km. We did not realize that a bus leaves in 20 minutes. Apollonia is a funny village, steep in every direction, a kind of crossroads with no clear center. We go up to see a church perched on a hill and come down by small streets. We meet a man with a donkey that offers us grapes and becomes almost angry when we propose to pay.



The man with the donkey

So he turns his anger to his donkey, poor animal. Fresh orange juice, it is now a tradition and we take the bus back to Vathi. We eat lunch and leave at 2:10 pm. The wind is blowing and we get it first on the nose. We pass between the south of Sifnos and a small island, and in the strait we have everything against us, wind and current.



We have everything against us, wind and current

With good power from the engine, we are making 3 knots, but as soon as we turn the corner of Sifnos we have the wind on the side and can set sail and have a good afternoon of sailing.



The captain trusts his second mate, Knut

The wind is Force 4 from the North, waves are about one meter and Maja capers and rolls, but not too much. We arrive at the island of Dhespotico (it sounds like a place for a despot), an uninhabited island southeast of Antiparos. An open bay to the south gives good protection from the northern wind. We anchor at 6:45 pm, dine of spaghettis and we spend a great evening, the last one together. We are in the dark, admire the stars, enjoy the quiet, look at the lights on Milos, in the south, but we are rolling, even to do the dishes, we must hold us. At around 10 pm, we see a strong lamp that moves on the bottom of the bay, on the beach. Perhaps a fisherman? We go to bed, Jens falls asleep but neither Knut nor Margrethe nor I, the

north wind is light now and a kind of south swell enters the bay. Maja gets it across and rolls ... as she does habitually.



Dhespotico Bay

We end up falling asleep, but it reminds me of Berlenga, Portugal where she also was rolling much during the night. I did not publish yesterday's blog, no internet here, and besides I couldn't do it on the way, Maja was moving too much and we arrived late here and I didn't get time.



Our last evening together on Maja

Vathi-Dhespotico : 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Dhespotico: $3\,921 + 20 = 3\,941$ nm (7 093 km)

Thursday, September 10, 2015. Dhespotico-Naousa. Paros

The sea calmed down at around 1 am and after we slept well. At 6 am, I hear an engine noise, light. When we get up we see three motor boats moored at a flat rock that forms a quay along the mountain. We believe that these are fishermen but change our opinion when we see that these men are carrying guns and hear gunshots. They are hunters. We row to land with the tender and discover the deepest beach I've ever seen, it is at least a hundred meters deep, flat and sandy.



The beach

Some parasols, a volley ball net and a few sun beds piled up show that this beach is sometimes occupied. A small sign announces that the "Captain Ben" stops here between 12:30 and 1:30 pm during the summer. Jens and I swim back to Maja, and Knut and Margrethe take the tender back, then we leave.



Knut and Margrethe take the tender back. Jens and I swim back

Swimming, Jens ask the hunters what they are hunting and apparently it's birds. One thing about birds I wanted to say for a long time and forgot is that there are very few sea birds in

Greece. The weather is calm and a bit hazy. Jens realizes that one of the pumps which should empty the boat when there is water in the bottom is running continuously, it doesn't stop. He sees that the hose is disconnected and the pumped water falls to the bottom and is pumped again. He disconnects the pump to stop it.



Margrethe and Knut, last day together

We pass between Antiparos and Paros, a narrow and shallow strait. A ferry makes the connection between these two islands, it has a flat bottom because of the shallow waters. We pass Perikia (or Paroikiá), Paros' capital, turn Kórakas lighthouse and enter the Bay of Náousa. We anchor in front of the Kalypso hotel where Knut and Margrethe have a reservation.



Hotel Kalypso. Naousa. paros

We had talked about that journey with them for a long time and now it's done. The weather is so quiet that we can stay in the bay, yet it is open to the north. Jens rows Knut and a big bag,

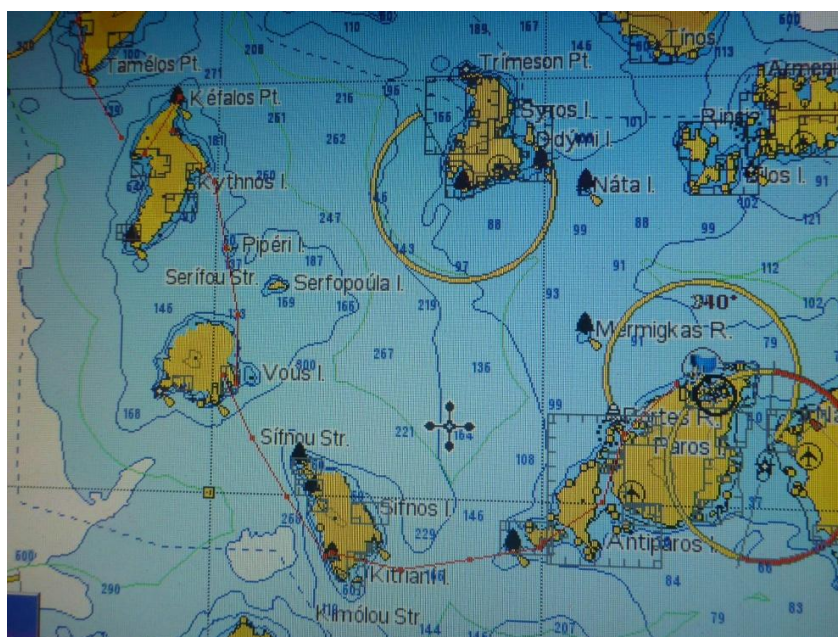
then returns to row Margrethe and the rest of the luggage. We shall go for dinner together at 8 pm. Nice swim, blog and rest. We leave Maja at anchor with the anchor light on top of the mast, row to the hotel and walk to town to dine, Knut and Margrethe invite us tonight. Last meal and a very good evening together.



Drink at the hotel. Maja over there

Dhespotico-Naousa : 22 nm (40 km)

Florvåg-Naousa (Paros) : $3\,941 + 22 = 3\,963$ nm (7 133 km)



Our trace with Knut and margrethe:
Lavrio, Kea, Kythnos, Serifos, Sifnos, Dhespotico and Paros

Friday, September 11, 2015. Naousa (paros)-Nisis Gaidharos

Quiet night, swimming, breakfast and luxury of luxuries, I am invited to take a shower by Margrethe. It feels good. We do some shopping in town, Knut, Jens and me.



Two Norwegian yachts

PS: We meet again this yacht in La Coruña (Spain) in May 2017!

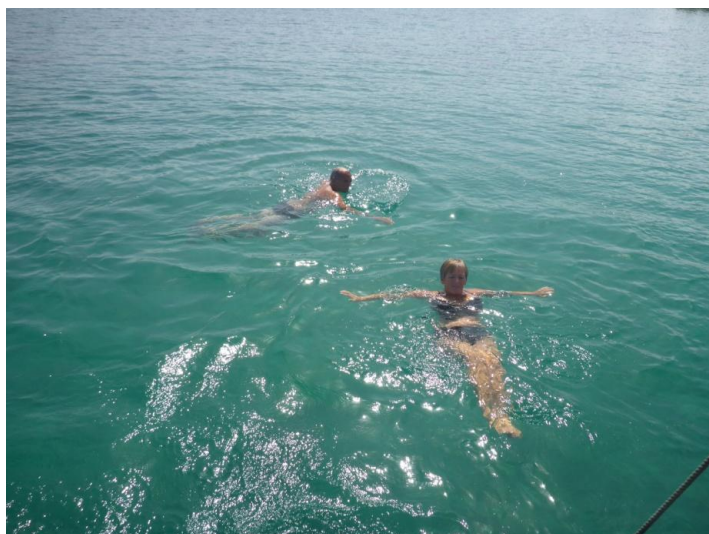
We go back on Maja with the tender, of course, but Knut and Margrethe swim to visit us. Last drink together, Knut helps Jens to take the tender on board and we say bye, bye.



Knut helps Jens with the tender

We had a very, very good "båttur" together, everything went well, we discovered several islands together, sailed well and we had a good time in each other company. And we have been lucky with the weather, strong meltemi (the north wind that blows in summer here)

before September 2 when we started our "cruise" and predicting strong meltemi from tomorrow.



Bye, bye Knut and Margrethe

We leave to the north still enjoying the calm wind. We must be in Mikonos September 17 when our Danish friends Hans and Ragnhild arrive. We're going tonight to a small island east of Síros, Nisis Gäidharos, almost opposite the capital city of the Cyclades, Ermoúpolis. When we arrive in the late afternoon, three small motor boats are on the beach, but they leave soon after.



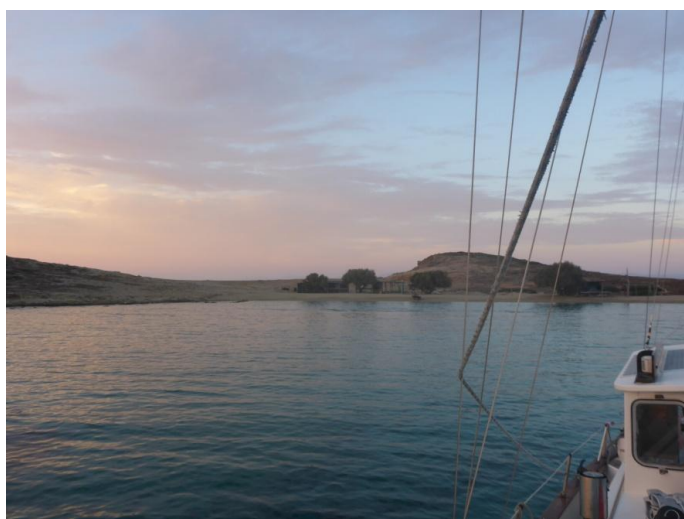
Nisis Gäidharos

We have this beautiful bay to ourselves, turquoise waters, sandy beach, it feels like the Caribbean. A motorboat arrives later and leaves two hunters. What an idea to go hunting when the night falls, they don't see much. The boat returns to pick them up at 8:30 pm in the dark but it has a strong lantern to approach the rocks where the two hunters are waiting. And after that it is all calm and the sky is starry. We have dinner with a Greek salad and Greek

yogurt. The wind still did not turn and Maja has the bow to the south, towards the sea when we go to bed.



Greek salad



Nisis Gaïdharos in the evening

Naousa-Nisis Gaïdharos : 24 nm (43 km)

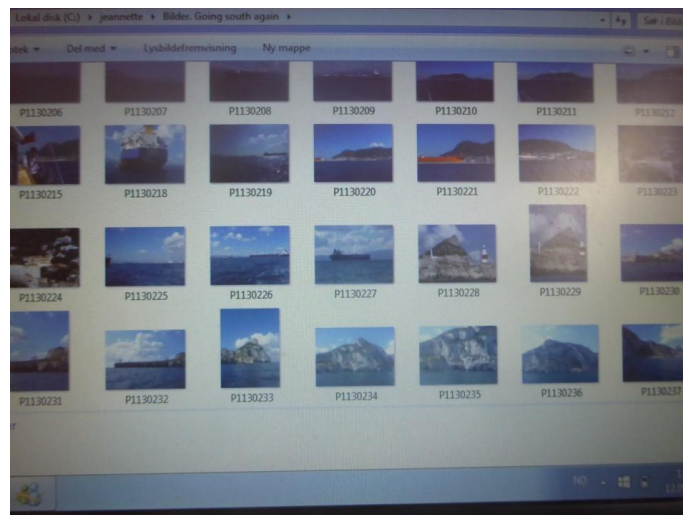
Florvåg-Nisis Gaïdharos : $3\,963 + 24 = 3\,987$ nm (7 177 km)

Saturday, September 12, 2015. Nisis Gaïdharos

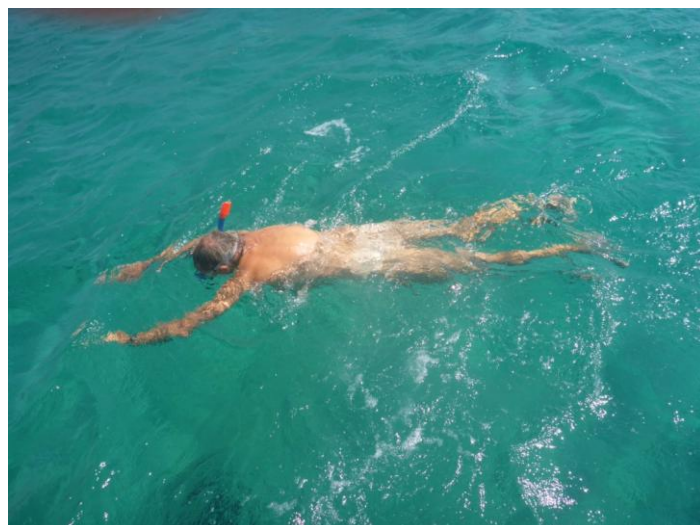
The wind turned last night and is now from the north. Maja has also turned and the bow (the nose) is to the beach and the stern (the back) out to sea. A large catamaran arrived that night and is anchored behind us. The weather is nice, of course, but the wind refreshes a little the temperature. We can swim, have breakfast and as the weather forecast predicts strong winds this afternoon, we stay here. Jens has always many things to do on the boat and I'll take the opportunity to erase pictures. My camera and computer are full of pictures and not all are masterpieces, far from it.



Jens repairs the wood which has split because of the sun ...



... and I delete pictures

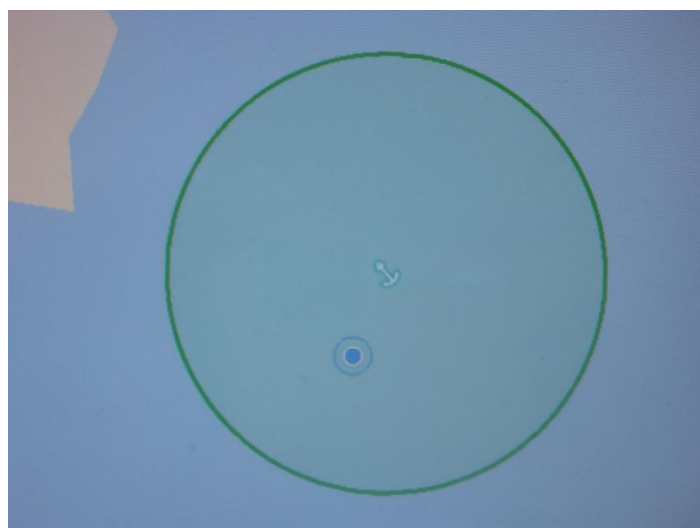


Jens swims to see the anchor

By late morning, the catamaran leaves and we are alone. The wind rises and we discover the famous meltemi, strong wind from the north. It will blow several days, quite strong. We're not going to land; it's the first time on our trip we stay in the boat the whole day. We are both busy and time passes quickly. I want to be busy, if I am not, I hear the sound of the wind and it makes me a little nervous. The wind becomes stronger, a good Force 7, 15 m/s on the anemometer (or 30 knots) and to think that we are just holding by the anchor in the sand at the bottom ... Jens puts on a mask and a snorkel and swims twice to see the anchor. It is well down in the sand and not moving.



15 m/s or 30 knots. Force 7



If Maja (the small blue circle) goes out of the big circle, an alarm rings
The anchor is at the center

During the night he puts on the "Anchor lite" program on its tablet that emits an alarm if we move away from the anchor point. We dine outside of an omelet, we have to put a sweater, the wind is cool in the evening and we go in after dinner, for the first time since we are in Greece, we spend the time after dinner inside, it is quieter than to hear the noise of the wind. I hope we are going to sleep tonight. A correction: I said yesterday that there are few seabirds

in Greece. That was true until yesterday, but here it is wrong, we see many seagulls on this island.



We stay inside after dinner

Sunday, September 13, 2015. Nisis Gäidharos-Ermoupolis. Syros

I didn't sleep well because of the wind noise. I tried to close my ears but it didn't work. The wind dropped a little this morning but is still between 11 and 13 m/s, Force 6, and Jens has to convince me that it is better to leave. It is true that distractions are a bit limited here ... To sail by this wind doesn't seem very engaging but it is a short crossing, just to Ermoupolis (or Hermoupolis) on Syros.



Photo to show the wind strength: my hair is blown back

Well, since we must go, we go. We secure everything and pull up the anchor, this good anchor that has held us so well in place. The first ten minutes, we follow 'our' island Gäidharos and we are a bit protected then we have to cross the strait separating Syros and Gäidharos, and there it is more open but it's ok, the waves are 1 m-1, 5 m and they arrive from $\frac{3}{4}$ front. We motor, not fast but we progress forward and after 40 minutes of rolling and pitching we arrive in the big harbor of Ermoupolis.



The waves



Ermoupolis over there



Phew! We are in the harbor. Ermoupolis

That seems good to get behind the pier. We go to the quay in town, there is also a marina but far from the center. We moor without problem and an orange juice is our ankerdram. We realize quickly that Maja is moving a lot in that harbor, and not just Maja. We are five, and we dance well all five. The waves are coming a bit in the harbor, but we get used to it. Ermoupolis is a big, busy city and the harbor was previously the largest harbor in Greece, but was dethroned by Pyraeus in the early twentieth century.



At the café

We walk a little and take a coffee with a kind of tapas in a shady and pedestrian street. Rest on the boat, blog and newspaper. A newsagent has many foreign newspapers and particularly French ones.



Many newspapers

Then swim 10 minutes walking from here, going north, some platforms are equipped with umbrellas, ladders to descend into the water and showers. And even with this strong wind, it is protected and one hardly feels the waves. We take homemade lemonade at a café where you have a nice view and it costs € 3.5 each! This must be the nice view that makes up the price.



The platform where we swim

Walk again and we try to find the café we went to this morning. We turn and turn, and we don't find it, but we find another one where a nice young woman makes us choose from mouthwatering dishes, all homemade. A beet salad is served with the leaves, and in fact it's good. As she says, why give them to the goats when we can eat them.

Gäidharos-Ermoupolis : 3 nm (5,4 km)

Florvåg-Ermoupolis (Syros) : $3\,987 + 3 = 3\,990$ nm (7 182 km)

Monday, September 14, 2015. Ermoupolis. Syros

A strong meltemi is still blowing and we are moving well in the harbor. We give cloths to wash (and to dry, I am ashamed to dry in the dryer by this wind, but we have a lot) to the launderette "Green Shirt" and we continue walking to the old village Ano Syros, perched on a hill. From the coast, we see two hilltop villages each with its own church.



The two villages with each a church on top

One of the villages was and is Catholic and the other one Orthodox. We climb using a good path, but it's hot, we try to walk in the shade.



We walk up and rest in the shade

The village is well maintained but a bit dead. Most homes are not accessible by road. A parking lot is at the entrance of the village and from there you have to walk. We are thirsty and the only café is already closed, but we have water with us. The Catholic Church, St. George, is huge and built on a peak.



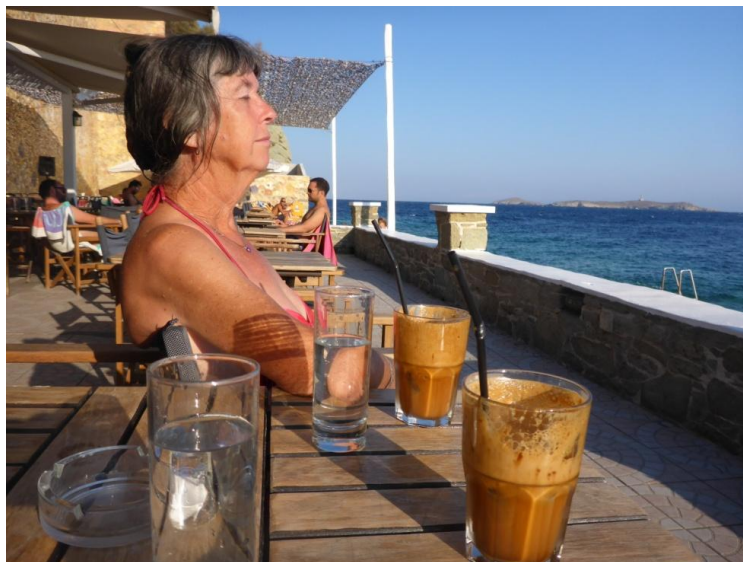
The catholic church, Saint Georges

How did they manage to build like that in the thirteenth century?



The Orthodox Church over there

We go down, eat a piece of pizza in town and return to Maja. Jens then goes off again, by himself, to go to a Chandler on the other side of the port and to take back the washed cloths too. Shortly after, a ferry arrives that makes a big wave, Maja moves up and down and a mooring line breaks. I can't go ashore alone, Maja is far from the quay so she doesn't hit it and I can't pull her and go to land simultaneously. There were three ropes, so no panic, there are two left. And Jens arrives and puts a new mooring. He comes back only with the clean cloths, the Chandler was closed. Swimming at our beach Asteria (actually a platform) and a "frappé" coffee after.



Café frappé

This afternoon, many charter arrived in the port and all are moving. We have space on both sides and can dance alone, but some yachts are close and bump into each other. When we go ashore for dinner, a ferry arrives, again, and makes a wave. Our neighbor, a Dutch man on a

super motor yacht and usually not talkative, tells us not to worry, he will look after Maja. That's nice. Dinner at the same restaurant as yesterday, good and cheap.



Maja is dancing but there is room on each side

Tuesday, September 15, 2015. Ermoupolis. Syros



The platform where we swim



Main square. Ermoupolis



This yacht is moving. Maja does the same

The meltemi is still blowing, strong. We go to swim early, at 8 am, and it's very nice on the platform. There are mostly older people, many women who gossip a lot together. A gentleman looks like he is the boss and has an important mission: he feeds the cats and the two ducks. We speak with a "young" man, he may be 40 years. He comes to swim every day, even in winter, the water is then 13-14 °. He tells us a little about the city, Ermoupolis, built late in the 19th century. It was a rich city, active and progressive. The platform where we bathe was built originally to learn to swim to school children. Many large and beautiful mansions testify to a rich past. Then he goes to work. We take our breakfast in town on the harbor, and then we leave again to go to the chandler, at 2-3 km from here.



Jens at the chandler



Funny neighbors: a casino and a church

He has many things and Jens is like a kid in a toy store. He buys a ladder, new ropes, a pump, epoxy ... We leave our purchases in the store and continue on foot to see the marina. There the yachts don't move as much as in the harbor but we feel the wind much more strongly. We are invited on a Danish yacht and spend a good time with Lars and Maria. He built their boat himself and keeps her in the Mediterranean for many years. We return, then lunch, blog, newspaper and nap, and swim again. We dine on Maja, Jens bought beautiful fresh green beans and it is a treat. Lars and Maria come to visit us and we take a drink together. I suggest they stay for dinner with us but they have already eaten. We speak weather forecast, of

course, the meltemi does not seem to stop soon. And we have to leave to go to Mykonos ... We will see tomorrow.



Lars and Maria from Denmark

Wednesday, September 16, 2015. Ermoupolis (Syros)-Mykonos

We still look at three different weather forecasts, all predict wind between F 5 and F 6, and waves of 1.5 m. So we go, it is 9:30 am, the distance between Ermoulis and Miconos is 18 nm (32 km). Jens removes the ropes in front, and comes on board, I take up the anchor back, and that is to say I press the "up" button. It goes up, it goes up and then it stops. Our anchor is hanging in the neighbors anchor chain, a large catamaran.



Our anchor takes up our neighbor's chain

We try to go forwards, to go back, nothing. The catamaran guys releases his chain and we can mount our anchor a little more, but it is still hanging in the chain that is very heavy. Jens makes a loop with a rope and passes it into one of the tips of our anchor, so that it rotates on itself and the chain slides on the inclined tip downwards. Phew! It is now 9:50 am. And all

this with a strong wind in the harbor. A little further, a guy has the same problem, but it is even worse, its anchor is hooked into another anchor.



It's even worse for him: his anchor pulls up another anchor

I make circles in the water while Jens put everything away, the anchor and the ropes. Fortunately the harbor is big and there is room. But the wind already seems stronger than the F 5 announced. We leave the port and after 3 minutes, a wave tumbles us. So I go in my hole and the travel narrative is from Jens, I am "out". He decides to pass south of the island Gáidharos to be a bit protected, so we pass in front of the bay where we were anchored Friday and Saturday. I suggest we turn around, it really moves a lot and Jens hesitates. He says that we can continue after the island to see how it will be. So we continue. The wind is strong, N-NE, 14-15 m/s (28-30 knots), F 6 + and the waves are short, at least two meters and "bad", close together. We're going to the east so we have the wind a little on the side, we have a reduced jib, but it must be well tied to work. I'm afraid at first, then gets used to it. After two hours, the wind and the waves calm down. Relief, but it doesn't last, 10-15 minute, but I use it to go to the bathroom.



Maja is heeling like a racing yacht

The meltemi then becomes stronger and stronger. The last half hour the wind increases from 14 m/s to 16 m/s and 18 m/s and even peaks at 20 m/s (40 knots), F 8+. But it is turning a little more north and the jib works well ... even too well.



Maja in the strong wind



Maja, with a much reduced jib and a little engine reaches 7 knots (she usually goes at 5 knots) and is heeling like a racing yacht. We have never been in such a strong wind but as there is no other solution, we must continue. The sea is white, the wind is roaring but we are approaching fast the port. And in fact I am not that afraid, but I think that the jib is too big for this wind, Jens agrees and further reduces the jib, not easy with this wind and this sea, but he manages it.



Maja in the waves



We are almost there. I'll have to wash the windows

The jib is removed upon entering Mykonos marina and even without any sail, Maja is still heeling. In the port too, the wind is very strong, but at least there are no more waves. We look for a place and we see one along a jetty. Getting to a pontoon by this wind is not easy. But Jens gets there the first time, with full engine. I jump down and immediately surround a line to a bollard. A guy from another yacht comes to help us. Here, with this wind, we must strengthen docking; Maja has five lines to land. The anemometer records highs of 18 m/s (36 knots) after our arrival.



Phew! At least in the harbor. It was hard

We are relieved to have arrived, we spent exactly four hours on the sea, it is now 1: 50 pm, but hours that count double. Jens and I are tired, it was hard, I feel drained. But Maja is a very good boat. She stands up when a wave tumbles her, she goes up when she falls into a hole, it's incredible. While I was in my hole, I thought of the Georges Brassens' "The Little White Horse: A horse in bad weather, so he had courage ...". Maja also continues, imperturbable, in bad weather. Just after our arrival, a marinero comes to see us. Instead of congratulating us on our performance, he is angry with us. We must have called him before arriving. Ok, ok, no need to get angry, we are safely here, it is the most important. Ankerdram, lunch and cleaning of the boat.



Drying

Water came in by the windows, things have fallen down, and the carpet is wet. Then we go to the other side of the marina, it's a long walk and the buildings are empty but toilets and showers work. A charter catamaran arrives and men in a large zodiac help her to get to the dock. Then shopping at a small well stocked shop 3 minutes from the boat, they even have knekkebrød, dinner and to bed early. What a day.

Ermoupolis-Mykonos : 21 nm (38 km)

Florvåg-Mykonos : $3\,990 + 21 = 4\,011$ nm (7 220 km)

Thursday, September 17, 2015. Mykonos

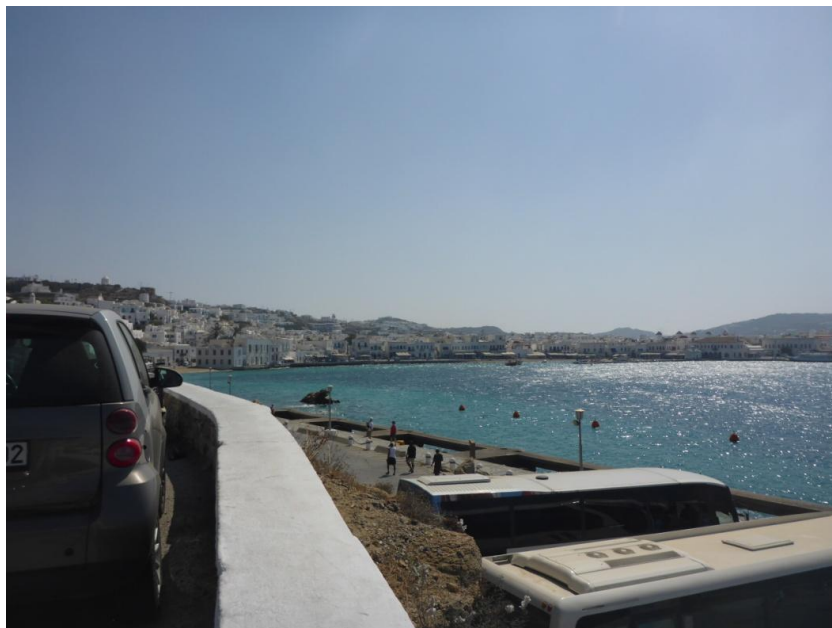
We slept like angels, I even dreamed that we were going to buy hens to have in our garden. The meltemi is still blowing and we begin to get tired of the incessant noise. We follow with interest an eventful start of a charter yacht.



He gets problem to start ...

and the wind is pushing him on the others yachts

The skipper can't pull up his anchor and is pushed by the wind on his neighbors. Grand commotion, everyone puts fenders around their boats and the skipper dare not start the engine with all these anchors. The boat is stuck. He had the idea of getting a long line around neighboring boats to get it fixed on the dock in front and pull on it. Jens also must put this line outside Maja. When this line is attached to the dock in front, a man is responsible to winch it as much as he can. The problem is that the captain set the line in the middle of his boat, and not on the bow and that makes the yacht rotate even more. Finally, after many efforts, he manages to liberate his yacht and go. Jens then works in the engine, changes a pump and I am writing the blog. Lunch, then we walks to Mykonos, about 2 km.



We walk to Mykonos

The road is not very pleasant, narrow and without sidewalks, but we reach Mykonos without problem. Mykonos is very touristy, shops after shops of souvenir, clothing, jewelry ... But the windmills are very pretty.



The wind mills are pretty. Mykonos

I see a young couple who is looking for something on the beach, and, yes, they are looking for pieces of glass. They are American and very enthusiastic. They tell me the best beach to find them is on Puerto Rico.



The young Americans harvest

We take the Seabus to come back. I go to take a shower on the other side of the marina and witness the arrival of a fast ferry. Many Greeks are awaiting tourists with signs showing the names of the different hotels. Jens does the cleaning while I shower, nice man. We are waiting for Hans and Ragnhild tonight; they are supposed to come at 7:30 pm. The time passes and nobody. Finally they arrive at 8:30 pm, all happy. They have not realized that there is one hour difference between DK and Greece and think that it is 7:30 pm now. We are glad to meet

again, drink an ouzo on the boat and have dinner at the nearby taverna. And the meltemi is still blowing strong ...



We take the Seabus to come back



Jeannette, Ragnhild, Jens and Hans

Friday, September 18, 2015. Mykonos



Mykonos

Same story as the other days: the meltemi is still blowing, and strong. But later in the day, we will be very glad for the meltemi. You'll understand why a little later. After a good breakfast, taken inside because it's quieter, we head off for Mykonos. For Hans and Ragnhild, this trip to Mykonos is pure nostalgia: they came here 39 years ago, as young students in a small budget with only a backpack on their back. They recognize a little, the mills for example, but otherwise it has changed much.



Hans, Ragnhild and Jeannette. Mykonos

We take our three orange juices and a beer in a cafe with a beautiful view of the mills, buy good bread at a bakery where small robots "make bread" and then returned by the SeaBus, but this time we are not allowed to sit on the top deck, we have to be inside.



They are animated and “make” bread



We go for a swim

Short swim at the small beach 40 meters from the boat, lunch and rest, that is to say three naps and one blog. Then Jens must solve a very important problem: the toilets are clogged. He tries several methods, wire, to pump air, but nothing works. So to big problem, big solution: he makes a hole in the shit tank, open what was clogged and then closes again the hole.



Problem with toilets

Hans and Ragnhild are then very enthusiastic to go for a walk but as a faithful wife I have to stay with my husband, and that's where we're very happy to have the meltemi. With the windows open, the meltemi becomes a very effective ventilation machine. By late afternoon, two anchor dramas unfold before our eyes. A yacht carrying the rainbow flag (gay?) hangs his anchor on a chain but still manages to place himself parallel to the yacht "Naya" before us. A

catamaran that is leaving hangs in the chain of a navy blue yacht that was not interested in leaving, but must follow her.



The “gay” yacht comes along Naya

This big catamaran takes with him the blue yacht



View of the marina

After much posturing, screaming and people on land giving advices, the catamaran is released and can sail away and the navy blue sailboat manages to return to his place with the help of a big zodiac. Following these dramas occupies us a long time. Then we go for a walk, Ragnhild, Jens and me, climbing on the hill behind the marina to have a nice view. When we come home, Hans tells us that the “gay” boat crashed in Maja. First we think it is a joke, but no, this is serious. Trying to get back behind us, he swiveled and hit Maja, but slightly. Hans feels sorry for that, but there is no mark, nothing and the captain of the yacht comes to apologize. The yacht is now docked along the quay behind us, but still with her anchor hanging and attached to something in the water. He says he will see what he can do tomorrow. Dinner at the same restaurant as yesterday, "Matthew taverna". We take three appetizers, a Greek salad and two desserts and it is more than enough. It's good, light, varied and cheap. And today they give us, as a gift, two jars of homemade fig jam.

Saturday, September 19, 2015. Mykonos-Rínía

That night the wind dropped around midnight and it was too hot where Jens and I sleep. Jens opened wide the window but half an hour later the meltemi started to blow again and we had to close it.

Yesterday evening, from the restaurant, we saw blue flashing lights towards the buildings of the marina, such as police cars. And this morning, we learned why: the port manager told Jens that a 36 feet sailboat (12 m) with 45 refugees from Syria arrived here last night, in Mykonos marina. Poor people, crowded on this boat and with this weather! Another yacht arrived this morning and docked along the platform perpendicular to ours. I pass by and say hello. It was not the right time to say hello, the woman was almost crying and her husband was comforting her after an eventful night at sea. He was English and she was French. They had a lot of wind and waves. And the poor refugees were also with a lot of wind and waves and on an overloaded boat.



Weather conference

We have now our weather-conference. The wind will drop, but we have been promised that so many times that we don't know if it's true this time, and the waves are supposed to become smaller too. We walk the four of us to see the waves on the other side of the pier and it's true, they are smaller but there are still strong wind gusts. Jens thinks it's because we're close to the mountains and it will be more constant on the open sea. We pass near the buildings where people are waiting for the ferry, we see a group of persons kept inside by the police, their luggage are at the door and small children are playing outside. I wish them good luck with all my heart. We see their boat, a little bigger than ours. 45 people on this boat!



Jens pays before leaving. The bike is the harbor master's "office"

We discuss and decide to leave. Jens starts the engine and goes on the quay to take off the five moorings and I start the bow propeller in case we need it but it doesn't start. Damn. But the wind pushes us and Maja rotates away from the quay. It's just twelve o'clock. The meltemi declined but is still force 5. We begin to cavort, the waves are arriving a little on the side, but after 20 minutes, we turn south on the strait between Mykonos and Delos, and there we have the wind virtually behind and we are fine with just the jib.



We are underway. Ragnhils, Hans



We see Delos

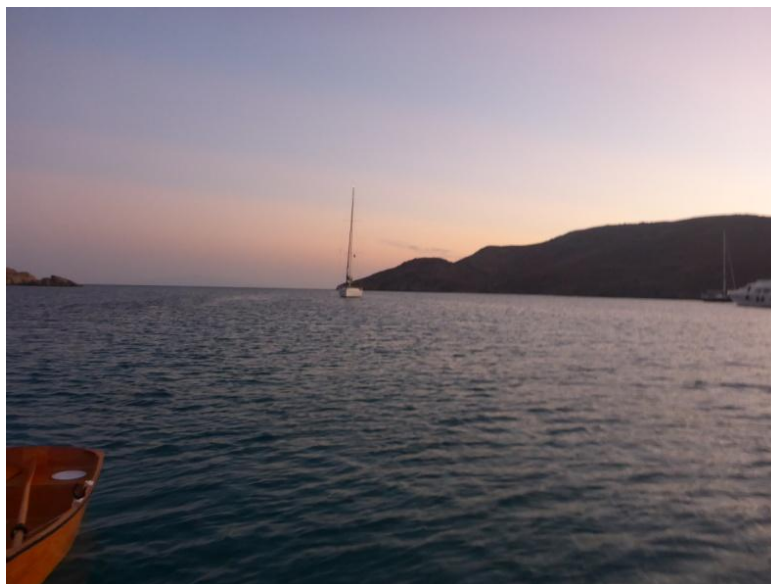
Delos is now uninhabited but was one of the great centers of ancient Greece. There lived 30 000 people and archaeologists are endlessly digging here. Pleasure boats don't have the right to make stops here and must not go within 500 meters from its shores. We follow the coast of Delos and then turn west to a small uninhabited island, Ríniá. To the south of this island, a well protected bay from the north wind is recommended in the guide. We enter this bay, it's quiet and pretty. We keep moving further into the bay, and stop a few hundred meters from the beach. A catamaran is going to leave and we take his place, there are five boats in the bay,

which is simply called South Bay. The anchor clings well, the wind is still from the north so Maja has her bow toward the beach at the bottom to the sea. It is 1:45 pm.



South Bay. Ríniá

We swim from the boat, this is the first time for Hans and Ragnhild and the new ladder, that Jens has already modified, is handy. Then lunch, and Jens, Hans and Ragnhild go ashore with the tender. I remain on Maja to write the blog. To come back, Jens and Hans are in the tender and Ragnhild swims from the beach to the boat. Then everyone contributes to dinner: Ragnhild and Hans make a caramel pudding (purchased in Mykonos and all in Greek), Jens makes a pizza and I make the salad. Very good evening, calm and under a starry sky. Good weather, finally, and without this crazy meltemi.



Night is falling.

Mykonos-Rinia : 9 nm (16 km)

Florvåg-Rinia : $4\ 011 + 9 = 4\ 020$ nm (7 236 km)

Sunday, September 20, 2015. Ríniá-Finikas. Syros



Maja is now facing the open sea



Morning swim



There is water on this island

The light wind turned tonight and Maja is now facing south, towards the open sea. Morning swim at 8 am for all four and Jens takes the opportunity to see the anchor. There is so little wind (and that seems good!) that the chain of the anchor is not even tense and meanders on the sand. The anchor is almost below the boat. After breakfast, Jens studies the bow propeller problem with his voltmeter, Hans stays with him, and Ragnhild and I are going ashore with the tender. We walk a little on the island, which unlike many others, has a little water. Some parts are even a little green, and we see that it is (or was) cultivated. Returning to the beach to re-embark, I speak with the only person there. She is a Greek lady who asks me where I am from. We talk quite a long time, she is interested in our trip, and we come soon enough to talk about our children and grandchildren, as grandmothers do. Ragnhild is rowing back to Maja. When we return, Jens has found the cause of the bow propeller problem, it is a "relay" (?) that no longer works. And now he's repairing the vacuum cleaner, which stopped too. As the song says: "What a good thing to have a good handyman as husband."



Jens is fixing the vacuum cleaner too



Mediterranean cruising

We have lunch and leave. The weather is good today, little wind and calm sea, so we must take the chance now. We go to Syros, we wanted go to Ermoupolis, we like this city, but the wind will get stronger later on, from Southeast and the port of Ermoupolis is therefore not advised, it is well protected from N or W but not so from S or E. So we will go to Syros, but on the other side of the island, to the east, to a port called Finikas. Very good crossing, quiet, sunny and relaxed. Unfortunately, when we arrive at Finikas, the harbor is full. We go in to see, and without bow propeller, we are much less maneuverable, but we must turn again and it goes well. Some yachts are anchored at the outside of the jetty and we do the same.



We are outside the pier

We have an anchor at the back and the nose on the pier. This solution is ok by quiet weather but if the wind gets up, it's not a good place. The English man and his French wife I talked to in Mykonos are here too. We go for a walk, Finikas is a nice harbor, no large hotels or souvenir shops. We dine, well, for 40 € (400 kr!) for four and we have coffee and two pancakes at another taverna, full and noisy, but nice. The TV is on and shows a basketball game, although it is election night. We go to bed at 10:30 pm, Maja is moving a little, and I hope the night will be calm.



The ducks beach

Rinia-Finikas: 21 nm (38 km)

Florvåg-Finikas (Syros) : $4\,020 + 21 = 4\,041$ nm (7 274 km)

Monday, September 21, 2015. Finikas. Syros

I didn't sleep well, Maja moved quite a lot and we are anchored outside the pier, anchored by the back, that is to say, with the anchor behind. When we anchor in a bay, we use the front anchor which is very good. The back anchor is also good but less than the other one. Jens swims to see the anchor, it is holding well. We are starting to prepare breakfast while Jens goes to see the harbor master. Jens comes back and says, "Clear everything, we move." The harbor master found us a place among the fishing boats.



We have moved. Maja at her new place

We are glad, that will be much safer. So we start to go along a small quay, it's not easy to get there but it's okay, and we take breakfast at our new place. And we have an unexpected visit: a Greek man who has lived in Oslo for 33 years, a Greek who speaks Norwegian, there is not that many. Nice. Then we take the bus at 10:30 am to Ermoupolis. The bus drives along the coast and stops often. We arrive in Ermoupolis, drink coffee together and we go different ways.

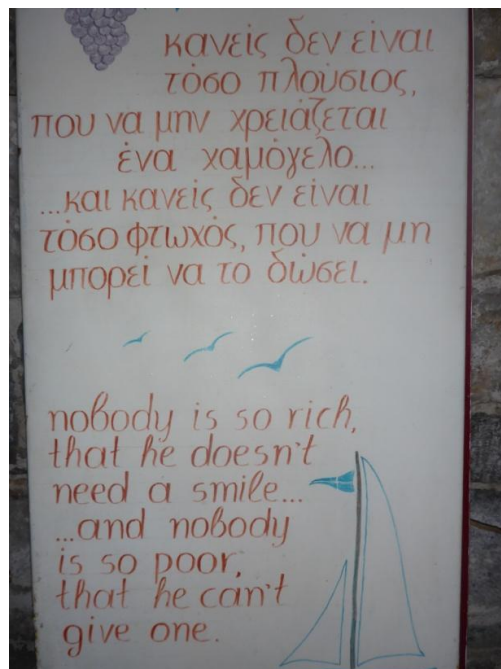


Ermoupolis

Hans and Ragnild walk to discover the city and Jens and I are going to the Chandler. Unfortunately, he doesn't have the relay to be replaced in the bow propeller. We walk back to the center, will see our old place at the dock. There are only three yachts moored there now, the wind is from SE, and waves from that direction are coming into the harbor. We buy a newspaper and also go to see the platform where we bathed, there are some waves today. Then we meet Hans and Ragnild and go to lunch at small cafe where we had coffee on the first day here.



At the café



That's true

We sit outside, but the weather is cloudy and it begins to rain. We move well under the roof that covers the terrace and lunch. But the sky becomes black and the rain becomes a downpour. We must go inside to drink coffee.



The café

This café is full of regulars; some are playing chess, some backgammon. Most are not old, are they are unemployed, they don't look rich anyway. We stay two hours in the cafe, then the rain stops and we come out.

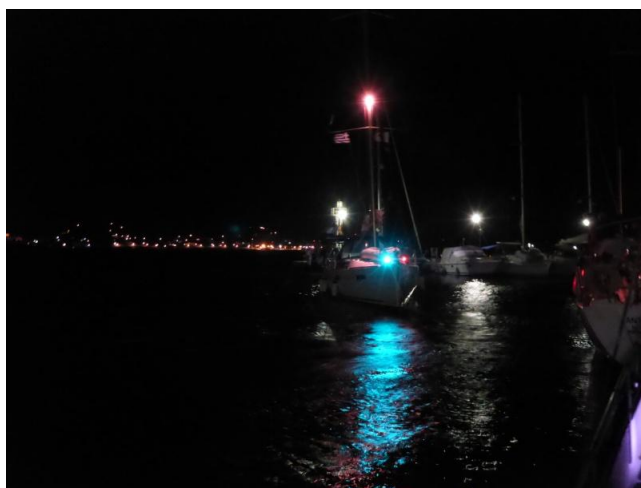


My sandals are slippery on the wet marble, so I take them off



On main square

Jens and I are going to swim, we are alone, the sun is timidly out and there are no waves. We walk the four of us to the bus station and take the bus back at 4 pm. This bus drives inland but stops at three villages on the east coast. At our dock, we now have two neighbors, a yacht ahead and one behind. We dine of salad and cheese. At around 8:30 pm, a big thunderstorm breaks out and lasts about one hour, lightning illuminates the sky, one after another, and at one time there is no time to count one second between lightning and thunder, the storm is just above us. Ragnhild climbs into the cockpit and sees a sailboat coming into the harbor; we can clearly see two lights, one red and one green. This yacht comes out of the harbor and tries to anchor, but apparently the anchor doesn't hold and she is drifting towards rocks. It's pretty dramatic, the dark, the storm, lightning, wind and the boat getting closer to the rocks. Finally, she manages to rise hers anchor and tries to come along a Swiss yacht in the harbor, but she can't. She then moves away toward the center of the bay, and then returns. The Swiss yacht shouts at her to try again and this time she succeeds. Phew! At 10 pm, the storm is over and the weather becomes calm again. Jens and I are going to walk for a few minutes and everyone goes to bed at 10:30 pm.



The yacht having difficulties to arrive

Tuesday, September 22, 2015. Finikas. Syros

A thing I wanted to say for a long time. Maybe some of you are wondering why, when we are perpendicular to a quay, Maja has the nose at the quay and all the other yachts are with the back at the quay. There are two reasons: one is that it's much more difficult to get out of Maja by the back, she is high and round, other yachts have a low platform to get out easily. The second reason is that our rudder sticks out a little bit and can crash with the quay if we are too close, and be damaged. Now you know. See photo.



We slept well, Maja was very quiet last night. It's a little gray and not so warm, it feels like autumn. We stay in Finikas today, the weather forecast is good for tomorrow, so we'll sail back to Mykonos tomorrow, Hans and Ragnhild take a plane early Thursday morning at Mykonos. I'm busy this morning, and for a long time, with a history of French paperwork: I have to read a document, sign it, have my signature certified (and how to do this here?), scan it and send it.



Jeannette and the French paperwork

So I print the document (we have a small printer in the boat), I sign the last page, I take a picture (I can't scan) and I send the whole thing by mail. As I can't have my signature certified, I also send a photo of my passport. I think it will be accepted, but no. The lady replies by email, I have to sign each page of the document! And there are 8 of them! Jens laughs and tells me that the French paperwork is almost as complicated as the Greek one.



Mrs Duck made an egg

The weather clears a bit and Jens, Ragnhild and I are going to swim at the beach of Finikas, 200 m from the boat. Beautiful sandy beach, umbrellas (useless today), platform, ladder and even a shower. We do a good lunch inside, naps and blog, short walk to the south. A beautiful hotel seems closed but the sign reserving the pool to customers is pretty funny. Finikas gets

sleepy now, there are only the yachts and their crews as tourists. Dinner is also inside, it starts to rain at 6:30 pm. Quiet evening, walk on the harbor when the rain stops at 9:30 pm.



Quiet Finikas



Inmates?

Wednesday, September 23, 2015. Finikas-Mykonos

A short blog today: I spent the day with French paperwork: "Why make it simple when you can make it complicated?" (Les Shaddoks)

We are awake at 5:30 am by the rain, but it stops soon after. Jens goes to buy bread, excellent sourdough bread and gives at the same time some old bread to the lady who makes a soup for the ducks. Then he buys the freshest fish from a fisherman who has just returned.



A fishing boat comes back ...



and the fisher sells his fish



Nice last day for Hans and Ragnhild

Hans and Ragnhild print their boarding passes then we leave, it is 9:45 am, very quiet weather. We motor round Syros by the northwest and pass the northernmost point of this island which, on the map, looks like a hen head.



The hens head

Then to the island of Tinos. Stop for lunch in a lovely bay on Tinos, Ormos Roumanou.



Stop for lunch. Ormos Roumanou. Tinos



Good lunch: fresh fish and good bread

Maja is anchored in two meters of water and we swim, the four of us, to the beach. A lot of houses, but closed and we see only one person. Lunch of fried fish and good bread, a delight. We leave calmly in the sun and Hans and Ragnhild have a beautiful and good last day. Arrival at Mykonos marina at 6:15 pm in very different circumstances from the first time: force 8 the other day and no wind at all today. Jens phoned our “friend” Nikos, the harbor master and he said our old place is waiting for us. Last ankerdram together, showers for the ladies and dinner at our fine restaurant, Matthew Taverna, Hans and Ragnhild invite us. Very good evening that ends a good "Battur" together. In bed, the alarm clock rings tomorrow at 4:30 am!



Arrival in Mykonos. What a difference with the first time



Last dinner together. Mykonos

Finikas-Mykonos : 37 nm (66,6 km)

Florvåg-Mykonos : $4\,041 + 37 = 4\,078$ nm (7 340 km)

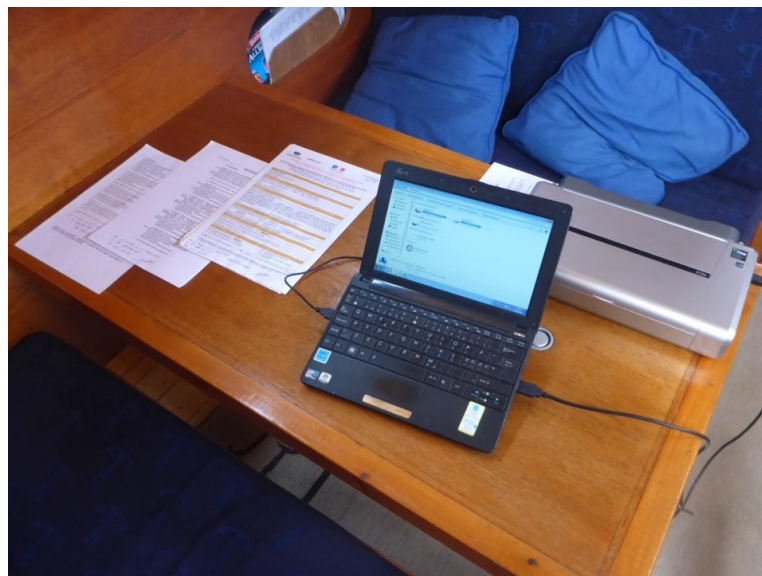
Thursday, September 24, 2015. Mykonos

We are up at 4:30 am. We say bye, bye at 4:45 am, thank each other for this good week passed together, then Jens accompanies Hans and Ragnhild on the road where a taxi, ordered the night before by the lady in the shop, is supposed to come at 5 am. 5 am pass and no taxi, but Jens has the taxi central number and calls. No, they have no reservation and they have no available taxi right now. Ai, ai. Jens phones again 5 minutes later and then they can send a taxi that arrives at 5:15 am. It's okay, the airport is close and the plane leaves at 6:40 am. Bon Voyage, Hans and Ragnhild.



Bye, bye Hans and Ragnhild (4:45 am)

We go back to bed and sleep a little more, have breakfast outside and I read my email. Again aï, aï: The documents I sent to the notary in France are not accepted, I sent them as photos and they are not big enough. But they could enlarge them! They want me to scan them. I "scan" then, that is to say I use the same photos but I put them in a PDF document and it works.



French paperwork

Something else : I must make my signature certified by a consul of France or a Greek notary, my passport, "scanned" too, is not enough ... I find (thank you Google) that there is a consul of France in Mykonos. That's the solution, I thought, optimistic. Well, a break now, we ride to a beautiful beach 1 km away from the boat, but this km is 500 m a steep climb and 500 m a rapid descent. We swim and have lunch of a toasted sandwich and orange juice.



Jens takes our bikes out



The beach



This Norwegian Spirit is registered in Nassau (Bahamas)

Return to the boat and then we jump on our bikes again to see the consul, his address is that of a travel agency in the city. Yes, there is indeed a consul, but he is not available at the moment. I explain that I need my signature certified, the secretary of the agency phones the consul. I don't know if she understood and explained correctly but the consul says he can't do it ...

Disappointment. We must find a notary. We leave our bikes and go on foot, the streets are so narrow, on notary hunt. The lady at the travel agency sends us, left and right in the small streets of Mykonos, to find a notary. We don't find one. I ask in a shop and the lady, who speaks some French, tells us that, of course, at 50 m, there is a "notarius". We arrive where she told us ... and it's a cafe called "Notorious"! The guy in the café laughs but can't help us. Pause: we buy paper and envelopes in a bookstore and I explain my story again. The young woman drew us a map to find a "notarius". We follow the map, but it takes us to a real estate agency. Here a lady walks with us to a law firm. The lady lawyer knows a notary, she calls her and we get an appointment with her tomorrow at 11 am. The lawyer writes the notary's name and address on a paper and recommends us to take a taxi, it is 4 km from here. To be continued... Everyone was friendly and tried to help as best as possible. Back to Maja, swimming and dinner on board. I write a short blog while Jens makes dinner.



Advertisement on local buses

Friday, September 25, 2015. Mykonos



We ride to the notary

I get another bundle of documents to print, read, sign, "scan" and send back. I spend a moment doing that and then we leave for our appointment with the notary. Jens asked the store where it was and as it is only 3 km so we ride our bike. But the road is steep and we're sweating when we are at the top. We are finally lucky: we ask for the address in a bazaar and the guy shows us the house next door. What a luck.



Here is the notary office

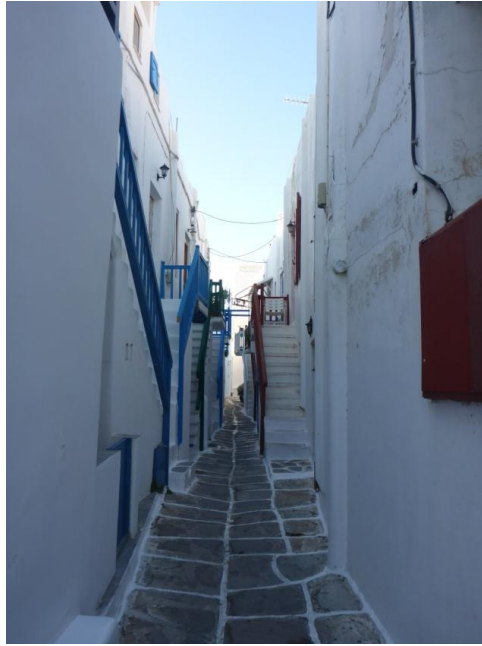


Public notary

Jens then buys a small padlock in the shop. We are early, so we take an orange juice (only 3 € here) and we freshen ourselves. Then we go to the notary who is on the first floor. She understands what I ask and do it seriously. She wants to see my passport and the beginning of the letter "I, undersigned ...", she compares the signatures and certify the one at the bottom. She signs it, puts two seals and even a stamp. And now it's done and she does not want to be payed. Her balcony door is open and we can see a magnificent view of the city and the sea.



The view from her office



A street. Mykonos

We thank her, descend into town and go back to the boat. It is hot and we go to the beach to swim, lunch this time of a toasted sandwich and an omelet followed by a Greek coffee and we come back to Maja. I'm back to my office work, scanning, saving as PDF and sending the documents. I spend quite some time doing that. Beach again, very pleasant, light ouzo at the boat and then we get a visitor. Jean-François, an authentic Breton sailor, who admires Maja. He's a little older than us and is delivering charter yachts back to their base; now, he and three other men will sail a yacht from Mykonos to Port Camargue in France. Moreover, he asks if I can post his postcards, they leave early tomorrow. No problem, I have to go to the post office anyway to send all my documents. Short blog, again, light dinner and in bed.



Jean-François, the Breton sailor

Saturday, September 26, 2015. Mykonos-Evdilos. Ikaria Island

Up at 7 am, shower and it should be noted that although the marina is not finished, that it looks like an empty lot and that the buildings are empty and abandoned, the shower is very good, hot water and good pressure (but not lock on the door), quick breakfast and then I go to the post office. I make a small detour into town to buy a postcard to my brother Michel (who has no internet to follow the blog). The postcards seller asks me lots of questions about my bike and even asked me to try it, he wants to buy one.



The guy tries my bike

But he also tells me that the post office is closed. Aï, aï. But he shows me a kiosk where I can buy stamps. According to the man in the booth, two stamps should suffice on each of my two large envelopes. I put four, to be sure that they will arrive. Then I put all this (my two big envelopes, Jean-Francois post-cards and the post-card for Michel) in a letter box. Let's hope everything will arrive. I return to the boat and we leave by a very quiet weather, a little foggy and humid, it is 9:30 am. We are going East, to the island of Ikaria. So bye, bye Cyclades Islands, now it will be eastern Sporades, closer to Turkey. Long journey, relax, calm, I can even do the blog under way. We see Ikaria from afar, it is a mountainous island. A big Greek sailing yacht passes us, motoring too, there is not a breath and we see on the AIS, that she goes to the same harbor as us, Evdilos, on the north coast of the island. We're getting there, under the sun that just appears, at 6:10 pm.



Maja. Evdilos. Icaria

The jetty that protects the port is now longer than before and the harbor is big, but practically empty of yachts, we are four boats, the big Greek called Pan Orama 2, an English one, a Dutch one, and us, no more charters here. Walk in the town, the houses are not at all like in Mykonos (white, flat roof and blue shutters). They have peaked roofs, tiles and you could imagine being in Italy. The island is greener, woody and looks fertile enough. Another interesting thing, it is one of the places in the world where people live the oldest. Evdilos is actually a village, but quite lively. Diner at a friendly taverna (for € 21 for two, 200 kr) and we witness a noisy procession of cars, all honking with enthusiasm behind the car of newlywed.



Our trace since Lavrio:

Lavrio, Kea, Kythnos, Serifos, Sifnos, Paros, Syros, Mykonos and Ikaria

Mykonos-Evdilos: 48 nm (86 km)

Florvåg-Evdilos (Ikaria) : $4\,078 + 48 = 4\,126$ nm (7 426 km)

Sunday, September 27, 2015. Evdilos. Ikaria



Evdilos at sunset

When we get up, the big Greek yacht is already gone and the Dutch are leaving. We are only two yachts in the harbor, an Englishman who is anchored in the middle of the port and us. A cargo ship arrived last night and is perpendicular to the long breakwater. Tank trucks come and go, it surely brings gasoline.



The ship bringing gasoline to Ikaria Island



It's Sunday. He rings the church bell

We start cycling at 9:30 am along the coast to the west and it is not Nederland here, it goes up and down all the time. Beautiful scenery, mountains on the left and blue sea on the right. We pass a nice beach, we'll swim on our way back, pass a village where I see a flower that I've never seen before, a kind of ruffled flower, red, beautiful. We ride and take a small steep road down to the harbor we saw from the sea yesterday. It's really a tiny harbor, we could not go here with Maja. A man is preparing to go diving and fishing and we discuss a bit with him. He is a physiotherapist from Athens, who came to settle on the island to have a calmer life. Drawn on the stones, we see a long black inflatable boat and Jens thinks this is a boat used by

Syrian refugees but we do not know how he got here. We ride/walk the steep path up and take the road east to go home now, we swim at the beach and we are back on Maja at 3 pm.



Ikaria is mountainous and green ...



... but it's called the red island too



The red tousled flower



The tiny harbor



The beach where we swim

We did 16 km and not one of those km was flat. Good late lunch and rest. We have new neighbors, a German boat with two men, surely retired, on board, Jens speaks a little with them. The boat is in the Mediterranean since a few years and they came by the canals. By late afternoon, a young woman in uniform comes to check Maja's papers and make us pay; it's only € 5 by night. Jens has to go to her office and takes the opportunity to inquire about Ikaría Island. The capital Kirykos, is on the south coast 31 km from here. We talk of going there tomorrow by bike ...

Monday, September 28, 2015. Evdilos. Ikaría

I got up at about 3 am to see the eclipse of the moon, but the moon was hidden in the clouds. There are two ways to go to Kirykos, the island capital: crossing the mountains or making a big detour east. We choose the steeper road which is also the shortest. We prepare our supply (nuts, chocolate, biscuits, water) and we leave by a foggy and cool weather, at 9:20 am. We

go up, up to the interior of the island and the road follows a green valley with abundant vegetation. I see ferns, hydrangeas, plants that are not usual on Greek Islands.



We climb and have a good view of the harbor



It's raining. We take shelter under an olive tree



The guy in the café at Akamatra

It starts to rain and we find shelter under a big olive tree and make a stop to have Greek coffee in the village of Akamatra. The guy in the café is very interested in our bikes, he himself has a bike, but unfortunately we have communication problems.



Good road. Up, up

And we continue, up, up. A postman greets us and passes us several times on his motorbike, people smile at us and say hello, they don't see often old fools like us! The distance from the northern coast to the pass (550 m) is 13 steep km, and the descent on the other side is even steeper.



The pass. 550 m



Now it's downhill, and very steep

We must be careful with the brakes, they become hot. And when we reach the other side, we still have about twenty km to Kirykos.



Stop at this beach for a swim

We ride, we ride with short stops for snack and drink. Before Kirykos, a pretty beach is waiting for us, so to say. Good stop swimming and finding pieces of glass, small and well polished.



Even a blue!

And we leave for the last kilometers, we reach Kirykos at 4 pm, tired but not exhausted.



The harbor. Kirykos

We see the harbor and talk with a Norwegian crew and a French crew, who are not best friends. The young French couple blames the Norwegians for having woken them last night at 2 am when they arrived, having hit their boat and forcing them to move. It's a little weird, there's plenty of room at a large dock, why didn't the Norwegians go there?



We eat a good meal with good conscience, even the fries. We look at the city, but we prefer our Evdilos, and then take a taxi home, there is no bus. The two bikes, folded, fit well in the trunk. We come back by the long road which is less beautiful than our mountain road. The driver speaks good English, he tells us that he lived in Canada. Where? Near Edmonton! We were in Canada at the same time (1974-1978) and close enough to each other. We ask why we see so many old fire trucks. He explains that in 1993, a terrible fire destroyed much of the island and now these old fire trucks, maintained by volunteers, are parked everywhere, ready to intervene. Back on Maja, a nice cup of tea and to bed early.



Fire trucks ready to intervene

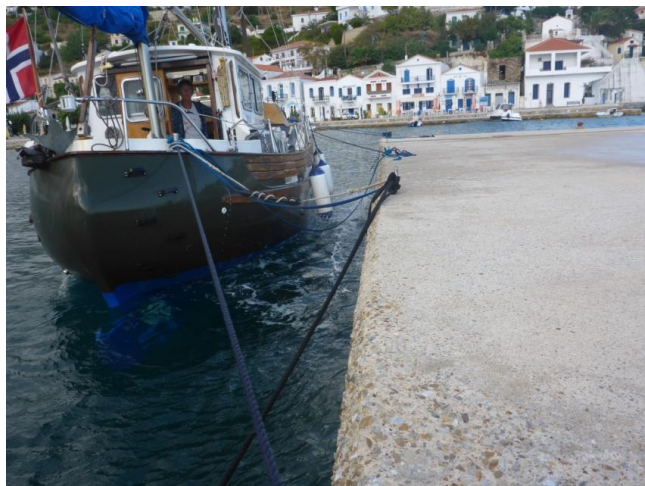


Our bike ride Evdilos-Kirykos in black

Tuesday, September 29, 2015. Evdilos. Icaria

Rest today, we are a little tired from yesterday and, in addition, I have two blogs to write, so we stay a lot on the boat. Small bike ride to the first beach to the west, but there is too much wind and waves to bathe. The big event of the day is the arrival of the ferry, activity on the platform of pedestrians and cars. We also get visitors, two Greek men, one captain and the other one officer of the Merchant Navy who come to see our boat. They are impressed to see how Maja, old small yacht of 9 m, is equipped. Very nice. By late afternoon, we find that Maja moves a lot, the wind is from the north, Force 5, the meltemi again. We decide to move.

We are at the end of a pier, so we just turn the corner and put us along the quay. No problem, and Jens moors Maja well with fivelines. But we soon realize that it wasn't a good idea, Maja moves as much as before and in addition, she receives a wave that passes under the platform through an opening. It first made an unpleasant sucking noise then the wave comes out of the hole and hits Maja from below. But it is too late to change again now, we'll see tomorrow.



Maja at her new place. It's even worse than before.

Wednesday, September 30, 2015. Evdilos. Ikaria

Slept very badly, not only Maja is moving like a (little) enraged goat (in the harbor!) but this wave coming below us is very unpleasant. At one point, I even plan of going tomorrow to rent a room in town! Then I fall asleep, Jens is sleeping well. This morning, we realize that this wave is so strong that it wets the whole side of Maja and the cockpit. We can't have breakfast outside, we would be sprayed, so we take it inside and decide to move back to our old place. The Germans who were here two days ago told us that we had the best place at the end of the quay. We should have listened to them and stayed there. Well, we prepare the moving operation; the wind will actually do most of the work. Jens starts the engine and I stay on the quay with a line ready to tie Maja's front. Jens uses the motor to help a little and jumps on the quay to tie Maja's behind but he forgot to put the engine in neutral and Maja continues to advance. I have already tied the front of Maja so as fast as lightning (!) I jump on board and run to put the engine in neutral. Jens is amazed at my decision and my speed of action.



Maja is back at her previous place, at the end of the quay

Then he strengthens the moorings, Maja has five lines. We are much better here at the end of the quay and I cancel my plan to rent a room in town. Walk on the pier, which is extended recently, it is really long now. Lunch on Maja outside, then nap for me. Then we go by bike to a beautiful beach near here. She is protected by the long jetty but it is not easy to go swimming because flat and irregular rocks are sloping into the sea. So we bathe in a small natural pond, shallow, actually we get wet and that's all.



We bath in this little pool



I wash cloths

I go back to the boat and Jens goes to buy a rope at a hardware store. The guy laughs and says that this type of rope, nylon, is used to tie goats. It is cool tonight with this north wind which is even stronger now, force 6. We put on pants (that's the first time) to go to dinner at "our" restaurant, Koralli, the girl told us that Koralli mean shell. We ask if they close in the winter, but no they are open all year round and it is the only restaurant here in Evdilos. For the first time too, we dine inside. We feel like it's fall, but if the wind calms down, we can still have beautiful days.

Thursday, 1 October 2015. Evdilos. Ikaria

I slept badly last night also, Maja is moving a lot and the lines are squeaking. Jens has added ropes and Maja is moored by 8 ropes. At midnight a ferry arrives, it makes a lot of noise but Jens sleeps blissfully. At 2:30 am, Jens wakes up and fixes the ropes. There's one that slackens and tightens suddenly and then knocks on the hull just in front of my head, it sounds

like a hammer blow. Finally, I fall asleep. This morning we take a Greek breakfast at a cafe. This is good but the toast is really hard, it almost breaks our teeth. A red cat is very friendly.



Greek breakfast and a friendly cat

The weather is gray now, a little cool and the wind is still strong. We do a bicycle tour, this time eastward to a small harbor, Karavostamo, 7 km from here.



Karavostamo harbor

A jetty protects the harbor, but the waves come in and the boats are moving there too. We eat a sandwich that we share and return. We stop at a beach, but the waves are too big, we can't go swimming. By late afternoon, the wind seems to calm down a bit, I hope it will last. We walk on the pier to watch the waves, they are still big. Small walk downtown and Jens buys a jacket in a shop we believed to be a second hand shop, the clothes are all different. But it's not that, they are new clothes but at reduced price, and what's funny is that you pay by weight. Jens pays the royal sum of € 15. Dinner at "Koralli", stuffed tomatoes and peppers, and chicken with cream sauce and mushrooms. The young woman takes us into the kitchen and shows us the various dishes of the day for us to choose. The wine we drink is produced here on the island of Ikaría.



“Our” restaurant

Friday, October 2, 2015. Evdilos. Ikaria

It's been a month now that we came back to Greece and it seems that this month has been well occupied: very nice visit from Knut and Margrethe and discovery of several islands together, strong meltemi for us, very nice visit from Hans and Ragnhild and good cruising together, then alone again, and now we have come a long way eastward and spent a week here in Evdilos on Ikaría. The wind seems to drop and I believe that if this continues, we leave tomorrow. But today, long bike ride westward like last Monday but longer. Departure at 11:10 am, the weather is nice, not too hot. We ride well, pass the village with the small harbor and continue. In the middle of nowhere, we see a home appliance shop and as Jens wants to buy a new hair clipper, we stop. It's funny, Carrefour, the second-hand shop and this shop, all are on the side of the road between the villages.



Gialiskar harbor

We go down to see the port at Gialiskari, with the chapel on the quay and continue to Armenistis, our goal. The road follows the creases and folds of the terrain, and goes up and down. Good exercise. Armenistis is the most developed resort of the island, but is very quiet in October.



Armenitis

We bathe at a small beach well protected from the wind. Three old Greek ladies come out of the water when we arrive. Then lunch at a cafe that opened when the lady saw us coming. Toast ham- cheese- tomato and iced tea. The lady has no sweets but she offers us a piece of cake she made herself, very good. Rested, we decide to continue to Nas, 5 km. Nas's photo is on all maps of the island, there a river and the sea meet almost but not quite, it's a kind of canyon and is quite spectacular, we're going to see that.



Nas

Good surprise, the 5 km are only 4. We see the beach and the river and start our return.



We pick up figs and grapes under way

Back fast enough, Jens says I pedal always faster on my way home. Arrival in Evdilos at 4:45 pm, happy and not too tired after the 35 km ride. Jens tries its hair cutter and then takes a "shower" at the freshwater hose on the quay. I am so busy with my blog that I forgot to take a picture of him, and then we'll dine for the last time at Koralli.

Saturday, October 3, 2015. Fournoi



Bye, bye Evdilos

The wind dropped but it's still moving in the harbor. We leave at 9 am, the wind is weak but old waves come right in our nose, from the northeast, they are not high, 60-70 cm, but that is enough to make Maja dance. We go like this for one hour and then we turn a little more east and has the waves more on the side and with a sail to stabilize, it is more comfortable. We stop the engine and just sail, force 3, sunshine, very nice.



When we leave, it's my job to put away all the lines.



From Ikaria to Fourni



Arrival at Fourni

We arrive at the island of Fournoi, at the harbor of the same name, nestled in a kind of fjord at 1:15 pm. We are approaching a freighter in the harbor where men are working, and they all shout "no, no" so we go to another place, to a large empty quay. The harbor master arrives immediately and asks for Maja's papers. He is surprised when Jens gives him Maja's "identity card", it's no bigger than a credit card. And this is not the first time, all officials react the same way, they look and turn it in all directions and ask if this is the right document. Yes, it is. He is ok and shows us another quay more sheltered, so we go there. Ankerdram, swimming and collecting pieces of glass, there are many here. Then lunch, nap and walk in the village. The harbor is neat, orderly and the fishing boats all well maintained and painted.



Fournoi fishing harbor



Main street

The main street is lined with trees but deserted at this hour. We go up to the church to have a beautiful view and a young cat follows us all the way. Blog and dinner at a taverna, fresh fish and squid. Many cats are waiting for the left over and I, like other clients, take ours to the other side of the street and scattered them there. Maja's all quiet tonight, she barely moves, we'll sleep well.



Fourni

Evdilos-Fourni : 19 nm (34 km)

Florvåg-Fourni : $4\ 126 + 19 = 4\ 145$ nm (7 461 km)

Sunday, October 4, 2015. Port Augusta. Arki Island

Sleep well, quiet. Just when we are ready to go, a couple comes on the dock and talk with Jens. They too have a sailboat, but anchored on the other side of the island.



Lisa and Gilles

Gilles is French and Lisa is Scottish, they work from April to September (they have a hotel near Millau in France) and go sailing in Greece from October to March. They come on board and we spend a good time together. They are nice and we hope to see them again. Then we leave, it is 10:30 am, it's blowing, force 4-5 and we must first motor against the wind to cross the fjord, so we have fifteen minutes of bang, bang against the waves.



15 minutes against the waves

When we turn the corner of the next island, we now have the wind behind, it's quieter, but Maja begins to roll, as usual.



Then we have the wind from the back

The waves are not big, 70-80 cm, sometimes a meter, but it's enough for the dancing to begin, and as the waves are short, the movement is quite brutal. I have everything in the cupboards,

but inside the said cupboards, what a noise. Dishes bang, glasses rattle, books tilt to one side then to the other. I try to work a little, down in the saloon, but my computer, despite its anti-slippery 'legs', begins to slide and I have just enough time to catch it before it falls down. Jens is out, happy, Maja is progressing well with only the jib but I prefer to be inside. I stop my work and lie down, we can do nothing, it's moving too much. We meet another yacht which is sailing close to the wind. We arrive at Arki Island, where a bay which makes a bend offers good protection, at 2:45 pm.



Port Augusta. Arki Island

At the bottom of the bay, the little harbor of Port Augusta has a dock which is recommended in the guide. We thought we would find it empty, but no, 7 or 8 yachts are already there. We find a place between two yachts, one Italian and one Dutch. We are moving slowly to the dock and we anchor at the back. Swimming from the boat ... and then we learn that the Dutchman has a tank for the toilet but doesn't use it! Near the harbor, we can see a basin with reduced models of boats.



The small boats

Lunch and walk, we climb to a small church on a hill to have a beautiful view (like yesterday).



We walk up to the church



View over the bent bay. Port Augusta is on the right

The path is badly paved, but there is another little road in better condition. Then beach and swimming, we have the beach to ourselves. I see a lady, looking for something on the beach, I think she is a competitor for pieces of glass, but no, she is looking for tiny empty shells. Back to Maja, blog and dinner at a taverna. We take four starters: Greek salad, stuffed eggplant, zucchini balls and onion pie. Everything is good and light. We ask the owner how many people live on the island in winter, 37 and there are two students in the school. It is tourism that keeps this island alive.

Fournoi-Port Augusta: 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Port Augusta (Arki Island) : $4\,145 + 20 = 4\,165$ nm (7 497 km)

Monday, October 5, 2015. Port Augusta. Arki Island



Our new neighbors are from Sweden

We thought of leaving today but decide to stay one more day here. The Dutchman is gone and now our new neighbors are Swedes with a large motor yacht. They came about the same way than us we, but crossed the Biscay Bay in 22 hours, at 19 knots, from Brest to La Coruña. We walk to see the next bay where three yachts are anchored then go to the beach which is a 10 minutes' walk from the harbor.



The beach

We are alone and stay there long enough and we stop on the way to the bar on the ferry dock to drink orange juice. The owner, sixties, was born here. He tells us that when he was a child, 150 people lived on the island and the school had 25 students. There is not enough water here so they have a desalination plant for sea water. The plant that produces electricity has plenty of solar panels that worked a few years but don't work anymore, so they produce now electricity from oil. And there are 1000 goats here but farmers must import food for them. In the harbor Scandinavia is well represented: two Swedes, a Finn and a Norwegian (us). This is

nice, the sailors (not only the Scandinavians) talk, exchange information about ports, help each other. Lunch at the boat and work for Jens, there is a leak, Maja takes in water. He finds that it comes from the compartment where the gas cylinders are. He fixes it and I do the blog, then swimming again at the beach and a glass at the bar, this time an ouzo accompanied by goat cheese produced on the island.



The café on the ferry quay

The owner's wife is alone, her husband went fishing for squid. She explains that the beach is artificial, built by the inhabitants of the island that have brought trucks and trucks of sand. And it's a lovely beach. On the way, we meet an English couple who came "down" in 2009 and are sailing in the Mediterranean since. They also give us advices. Nice. Diner at the same tavern than yesterday, few customers but good atmosphere. The owner and some customers are dancing, but I don't have my camera.



Main street. Port Augusta

Tuesday, October 6, 2015. Port Augusta-Lakki. Leros Island



Our Swedish neighbors, Anette and Thomas

The Old Italian couple leaves at 7:30 am, they go up north. Most yachts go south, driven by the north wind, like us. Our Swedish neighbors, Anette and Thomas give us information on Turkey, thank you to them. We leave at 9:30 am, wind force 4, first a little on the side for about an hour, so our dear Maja is rolling and when we turn more S-E we have the wind directly behind. We have on one side the jib and on the other side the mainsail, Maja looks like a big butterfly. We move forward, not very fast, but we have time. The wind enters through the open door and it is not so hot, we put on our pants. Lunch on the way and we enjoy small tomatoes that Jens has "stolen" in an abandoned garden this morning.



The tomatoes that Jens has "stolen" in Port Augusta

The wind drops and we turn on the engine. We arrive at the entrance of the Lakki Bay on the island of Leros at 2 pm, at the same time that the English couple we met yesterday when walking. The entrance to the bay is quite narrow but once inside, it is an excellent natural harbor, large, deep and well protected.



I wash “my” windows underway



Lakki bay entrance



A group of Syrian refugees

There are two marinas, one on the left in the city and one on the right a little bit outside the city. We go to Lakki Marina, the marina in town. Jens phoned and two "marineros" are

waiting for us. Jens goes to the marina office to register us and I see during this time a group of Syrian refugees passing on the quay. We go to a beach 10 minutes from here, but we just bath two minutes, the ground is uneven and rocky. Then, luxury, I take a shower, it seems good. Green beans dinner on Maja then the English couple, Wendy and Richard, come to drink coffee with us. They sailed a lot in the Med and know many interesting places.



Richard and Wendy

Port Augustus-Lakki: 22 nm (40 km)

Florvåg-Lakki (Leros Island): $4\,165 + 22 = 4\,187$ nm (7 536 km)

Wednesday, October 7, 2015. Lakki. Leros Island

We stay one more day here in Lakki. We discuss with our English neighbors, Mary Ann and Will who have been sailing in the Mediterranean for 15 years.



AnnMary and Will

Will is interested in our solar panels and Jens gives him the name of the producer. We walk a little in the town. Lakki is a planned city built by the Italians who had a big military base here between the wars. It is a monumental city, with wide shaded avenues but which has lost some of its splendor. We meet small groups of emigrants; they are free, of course, once they are recorded. They are smiling, saying "good morning" and, I believe, very relieved to be safe. They are welcomed here, restaurants and supermarkets give them food and volunteers help them. We visit Wendy and Richard on their Myrica, men talk technique and Wendy shows me special green beans, at least 30 cm long, that she bought at the market. She asked for "seeds" to try to plant them in her garden in England and the merchant gave her a bag of dried beans of various kinds, and she gives some to me.



The beans "seeds"

Lunch on Maja and a "little" bike ride, first at a beach two kilometers away, nice and then we climb a steep dirt road to cross the island. Leros is fertile and green.



Leros is green and fertile

We descend on the other side, follow the coast and return to Lakki. The last kilometers, a guy in front of us is using roller-skate and he goes as fast as us, he is a little far away and I can't take a picture of him. Back to Maja at 6:30 pm, after 15 km, Mary Ann and Will has left.



Leros fortress

And now, a special operation which has been in the air for a long time: to move our Norwegian flag, where it is now nobody can see it. So Jens moves it much higher on the rope that holds the mizzen boom, it is much more visible. But ... it will be more difficult to take my “bye, bye” picture when we are leaving a harbor. Jens does that while I work on the blog, and I don’t follow what he is doing. It’s only when we sit down to have dinner that I notice something, the flag is missing!



Now it’s done: the Norwegian flag in its new position

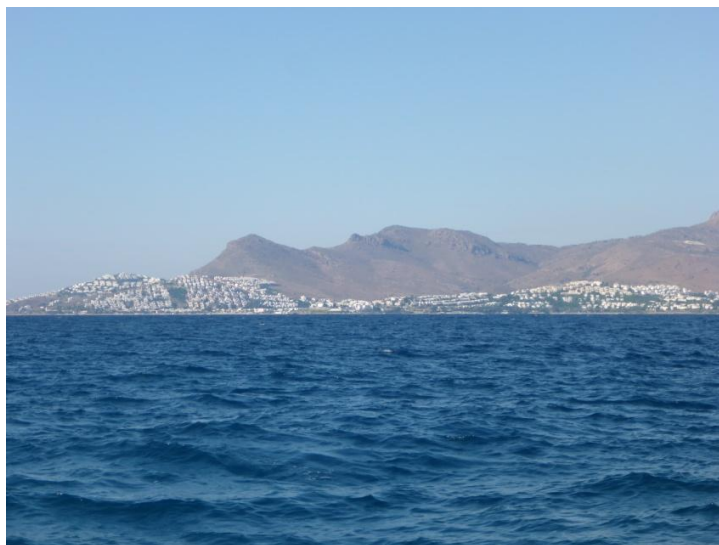
Then I look up and see it. From 9 pm, we see migrants heading to the ferry dock, there are many, maybe 200. At 10:30 pm, the regular ferry arrives and they board it. Mary Ann told me that Greece tries to gather them in Athens which is better equipped to receive them.

Thursday, October 8, 2015. Lakki-Kos



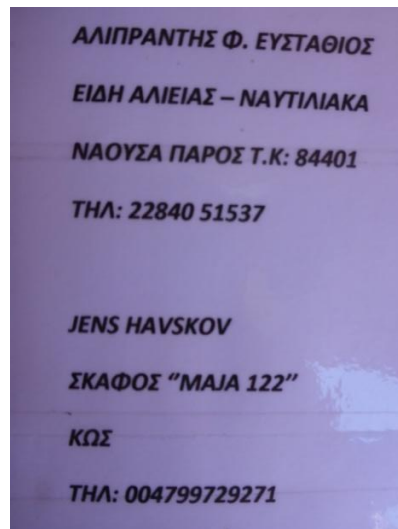
We say bye bye to Richard and Wendy

We go to say goodbye to Richard and Wendy, they also leave today to put to their boat ashore north of the island. I make the picture bye, bye with the flag up, new style. Very good and quiet crossing from Leros to Kos. We see clearly Turkey, on the left, with many white buildings along the coast and Kos on the right.



We see Turkey on the left

We arrive at Kos marina at 4:30 pm, a "marinero" on a dinghy comes to meet us and another one is waiting for us on the pontoon. We have a berth for one night, tomorrow they expect the charters returning to their base and it's not sure that we'll have a place. We will see. Jens goes to the office to register and to pick up the replacement part, the relay for the bow thruster. I must tell you how the piece came here in Kos. The large chandler in Ermoupolis didn't have it. Jens phoned our friend Knut who was still in Naousa, in Paros. Knut went to the chandler in Naousa and asked him if he had that piece. No, but he could order it from Athens. He did and Jens asked him to send it here. And here it is, thank you for your help, Knut.



The label on the package

I didn't want to come to Kos, the island that is closest to Turkey and who receives the most immigrants. But it is also a port where we can do all the necessary papers to leave legally Greece. At 5:30 pm, we take a walk around town.



It's like in Calais (northern France)

It's depressing, on one side hotels, restaurants and on the other side the emigrant's tents. Here, they are men, young and brown, undocumented and at risk of being sent home. At Lakki, it was Syrian families who, coming from a country at war, will remain in Europe. You could see they were happy, optimistic. Here, it looks like the Calais jungle only with more sun. We return to the boat, I do the blog and Jens ride back to the emigration office to register our departure from Greece. But tomorrow he must go to the port police and to customs. Then we dine, and as it is often the case here, the owner refuses card payments, supposedly because of "capital control", hum, hum, we suspect that it is to evade taxes.

Lakki-Kos : 30 nm (54 km)

Florvåg-Kos: $4\,187 + 30 = 4\,217$ nm (7 590 km)

Friday, October 9, 2015. Kos



A shaded street. Kos

We must move, a "marinero" tells us to go to a berth along the long dock. Okay, I like being along, it's easier to get on and off the boat ... but it's more expensive. The same marinero in a dinghy comes to "help" us, he is shouting, pushing us to the side to rotate Maja, actually he is bothering us more than anything else. Jens knows his boat and knows how to maneuver her. We pass very close to a catamaran; a panicked guy quickly puts fenders. I said, "Relax, my husband knows what he is doing!" We see many charters coming back and it's true that the marina is filling up. Jens then bikes to the port police and customs. He gives back the "transit log" and apparently when we return in Greece, we will have a new one and begin a new period of six months. Everything is ok and we can leave Greece. During that time, I pay bills arrived at home, scanned and sent by Margrethe. Handy, Internet banking. I start the blog and when Jens comes back we swim at a small beach near the marina, lunch, rest and I finish the blog.



The beach near the marina

And it's time for our bike ride, first on a good bike path along the sea and later on a stony dirt track. We see a name indicated, Ag. Fokas, we believe that it is a village, but it is actually a large hotel complex.



Ag. Fokas. It's not a village, it's a big hotel

We bathe on a deserted beach and return by the road, more direct and comfortable than the track. Once back, we enjoy the spectacle of the "cows-boys", the marineros that push, pull, and shout when a charter must berth.



The "cow-boys" in action

Dinner at the boat and reading for both of us, we read the same book, each on our tablet, "A Conspiracy of Faith" by Jussi Adler-Olsen, it's very engaging and exciting.

Saturday, October 10, 2015. Kos (Greece)-Datça (Turkey)

The weather is quiet and beautiful. A Swedish woman comes to admire Maja, she is doing charter on her own boat, four months a year and only for women. The place where we are is very small, we have 50 cm in front and 50 cm behind. I'm a little worried, how do we get out of here? But Jens, using the little wind to rotate Maja, is doing it very well. We take diesel and four English men who rented two bikes with four wheels also admire Maja, "a proper boat." We leave at 10:15 am.



Bye, bye Greece

We motor along the coast of Kos to the south, the same way we did yesterday by bike, we cross the border, I pull down the Greek courtesy flag and hoist the Turkish one but there is so little wind that I have to hold it for you to see it well.



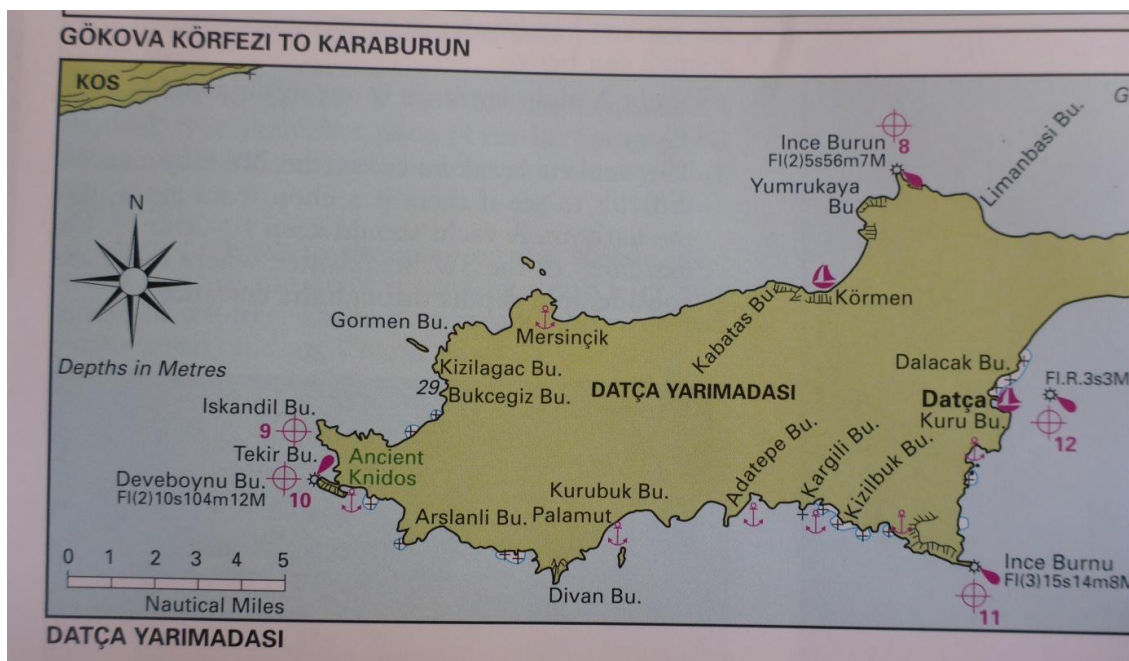
I hoist the Turkish courtesy flag

Nina phones and tells us about the serious bomb attack in Ankara, poor people who were having a demonstration for peace. We pass the tip of the Datça peninsula, we see vaguely the ruins of an ancient city, Knidos, and motor along the peninsula on the south side, before turning N to the city of Datça. We arrive there at 5:15 pm, after seven hours of quiet

navigation. The inner harbor is full so we have to moor at the promenade, a little outside, but it's so quiet tonight that there is no problem. The harbor master helps us tie up and advises Jens to take an "agent" to do all the paperwork. Well, we can do it ourselves but it is longer and more complicated. This agent takes 300 liras (€ 100). Then we have to stay on the boat, the police will come and have a "face control". They are friendly, take our passports and we'll get them back tomorrow, stamped. Walk, and we feel a different atmosphere from Greece, I can't say why. And dinner in a 100 % Turkish restaurant, we show what we want and it is very good, for the sum of € 15 for two but no beer or wine, we drink water. Datça is a sea resort mainly frequented by Turkish people, I think.



The first “gulet” (traditional Turkish boat) we see



Datça peninsula



Datça



The restaurant

Kos (Greece)-Datça (Turkey) : 37 nm (67 km)
 Florvåg-Datça : $4\,217 + 37 = 4\,254$ nm (7 657 km)

Sunday, October 11, 2015. Datça

I hear at 6 am the call to prayer from the nearby mosque. The night was calm but the wind picks up at 7:30 am and from SE. The port of Datça is well protected from winds of all directions except SE and as we are the outermost boat, we start to move a lot. I think we need to leave and get dressed without washing myself while Jens went to buy bread. He comes back and tells me, rightly: "We can't leave, the police have our passports." And where to go? The guide advises, in strong SE, to go to another harbor 15 NM further E, at least three hours navigation.



Three days of national mourning after Ankara tragedy



The waves are entering the harbor

But at least we can change place, a place is free, three places further in the harbor. We take breakfast and then moved, that is to say, we start the engine, we cast off the lines, pull up the anchor and do the same things again in reverse when we enter the new place. Here, it is a bit quieter, especially because it's next to a "gulet" these big traditional Turkish sailing boats and she is so large that she protects us a little against the waves. Jens asks if we can put a rope between her and us, as security if the anchor is dragging. The guy says no, he is not sure of his anchor. Good, but at least, as she is under restoration, she will not leave. Error. After five minutes, she leaves her place and moves, too, more inside. She slips into a somewhat narrow place for her by pushing a sailboat. We are disappointed to have lost our big neighbor, but we decide to take her place, one more place to gain inward. So second move, with all the fuss (motor, ropes, anchor). And it is not finished. The yacht, which is next to the "gulet" does not like to be stuck like this so she leaves. Deduction: we move again (third time!), we are small, we and this place is big enough for us. So here we are, again next to our big neighbor. And this time, the guy told us that she is well moored, she has her anchor and a diver went down and put a rope to a three-ton concrete block at the bottom, and now we can put a rope between her and us if we want to. Nice.



Our third place, a little protected by the “gullet” on the left

To recover from this, we go to drink a çay (tea) at the bar called Datça Yacht Club, but they have wine, whiskey, raki, coffee but no tea; but no problem they order tea from a small nearby restaurant. Jens asks for the Internet code so we will have free Internet on Maja which is 30 m away. The agent comes to us and gives us all the necessary papers, our stamped passports and a blue card. No, it is not a credit card, it is the card which controls when and where we empty our toilet! The Turks are very strict about this subject ... The weather is gray and humid today and we are not very nervous. Lunch, newspaper (we found The Sunday Time), siesta and blog. We walk to see the harbor on the other side and there boats are moving much more than we do, fortunately they are well spaced from each other and can dance all they want without bumping, and they are all empty.



They are moving even more than us

We are moving much but we can read and write without being seasick, we are used to the motion now. Walk towards the future marina whose works are stopped and back via the beach but it starts to rain a little. Dinner at the same restaurant as yesterday, all vegetarian tonight

(24 liras, € 8) and tea and dessert in a tea room. The wind is less strong in the late evening, fortunately; Maja, even protected by her big neighbor, danced a lot during the day.



There are many French word in Turkish

Monday, October 12, 2015. Datça

Quiet day, the wind calmed down, it's gray, hot and humid. We have a problem of water supply, it seems that there is air in the pipe. Jens raises the floor of our "bedroom" to repair it. He thinks it is the filter that is dirty and changes it.



Morning: Jens is working



Afternoon: Jens is working

Then walk in town to buy a SIM card for Internet and rent a car: tomorrow we are going to visit our good friends Fritz and Margret 400 km north from here. Datça is animated, lively, friendly and quite pretty. We eat lunch at the boat, newspapers (The Times and a Turkish newspaper in English "Daily Sabbah") and Jens works again in our "bedroom", he tries to repair the bow thruster. But apparently this is not the relay, it would be something in the engine. He is hot, in a difficult position and works hard. But it can't be repaired today. Around 3 pm, the Turkish neighbor (not the gulet, a yacht) leaves and pulls up our anchor with its chain.



When leaving, he took up our anchor as well

He manages to drop it again but it must be buried again into the sand, Jens pulls a little on it and it's ok. I do the blog and we go for a swim at the beach to refresh us. Then tea on the dock, I finish the blog and we dine at another restaurant of the same kind where we show what we want. Long walk along the other bay on a pretty lit promenade. Then to bed, tomorrow we travel by car.



Turkish tea

Tuesday, October 13, 2015. Urla Islelesi (by car)



The car

Before leaving we say to the Turkish gentleman on the "gulet" that we're leaving. He tells us to relax, he'll watch Maja during our absence. We looked at the weather forecast, there will not be much wind during these two days. We leave at 9:30 am, to Urla Iskelesi, near Izmir where Longway is, this is roughly 400 km away. We leave Datca, the road runs along the sea a little and then rises high enough in forested mountains.



Mountains and large cultivated valleys

This peninsula is long, fairly narrow and mountainous; a pass is 670 m above sea level. We pass close to Marmaris, big city on the sea. At one point, we buy fruits at a very modest stand at the roadside, we must support the local economy, and we see the owner of this modest stand leaving in a large brand new SUV.



Lunch



In the village where we ate

The road is good, double track almost all the way and directions are well indicated. We alternate between desert mountains and wide valleys cultivated and populated. Near a town called Söke, I see fields of white flowers, but these white flowers are not flowers but are actually cotton. I can't take a picture of these fields but I take a photo of trailers that transport cotton and cotton that fell on the roadside. We get to the sea again near Seferihisar and this part of the coast is damaged: very constructed, holiday villages of many houses all the same and private beach, ugly holiday apartment buildings, large hotels with private beach too. We continue and arrive to the town of Urla, pretty town with narrow streets and at Urla Iskelesi, the port of Urla at 6 pm. We're lucky, we find a hotel close by the marina. We put our baggage in our room and walk to see Longway.



Longway. Urla Iskelesi

Fritz and Margret are here and it's so nice to be together again. We are very happy! We'll drink a raki and some appetizers at our hotel and it will make our dinner and, as dessert, warm Turkish pastries stuffed with ice cream. We talk about our common memories, compare our routes, our experiences, time flies and they leave at 10 pm.

Wednesday, October 14, 2015. Datça

The wind is blowing and we think of Longway moving in the harbor. We meet at 8:30 am and drive to Urla, 5 km from the harbor. Fritz and Margret know a good pastry in town where we can have breakfast.



Breakfast. Margret, Fritz, Jens and Jeannette

The young woman welcomes us in French, she made her pastry studies in Paris and got the Cordon Bleu diploma in France. She apologizes, croissants and pains au chocolat are not yet ready, but we have time. Meanwhile, we have coffee and the conversation is lively. Fritz brought a map and we see our two routes, theirs further north, ours further south. We exchange information on good harbors, secure bays and beautiful islands. Croissants and petits pains arrive, right from the oven, and we take another coffee, this time a cappuccino. What a good breakfast, in every sense, gastronomical and friendly. The young pastry chef was actually biologist but her passion for pastry took over. We also meet her husband, a very friendly man. Then we walk a little in the city of Urla, old town with an active bazaar.



Urla Iskelesi harbor

Return to the harbor and fruit juice on Longway, time passes and we have to think to give back the room keys before noon. We bid farewell, we were so glad to meet again and we hit the road shortly after noon.



The four of us on Longway

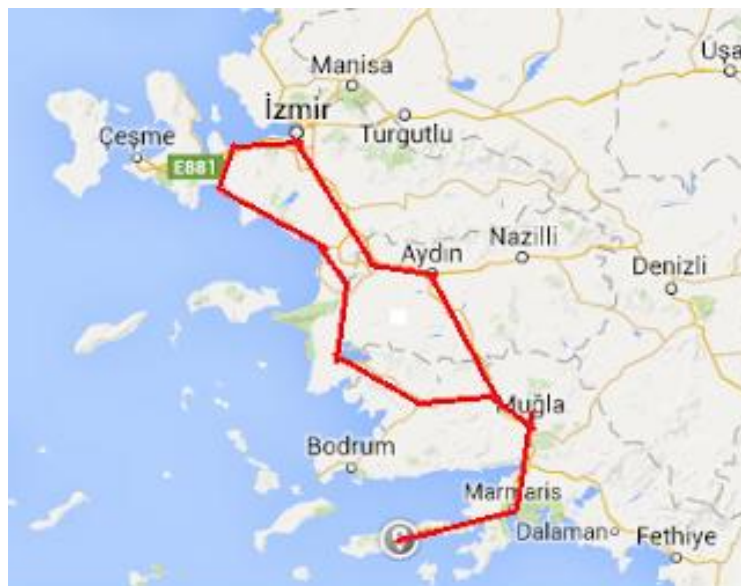


Bye, bye Fritz and Margret

This time we take the highway, but it's a toll road and the rental guy did not explain anything to us. There are two kinds of toll porticoes and everything is written in Turkish. We pass under one and as no siren sounds and no police car starts chasing us, we will always use that kind of portico. We're driving well, Izmir, Aydin, Muğla, Marmaris and then to Datça on the national road. There, the average speed is low, it is very mountainous. We change Jens and me to drive, but are very tired when we get to Datça at 5:30 pm. This is much more tiring to travel by car than by boat; in the boat one can move, rest, be outside or inside, reads or writes if it doesn't move too much. We give back the car to the rental company and as the person who receives it doesn't speak English, Jens will come back tomorrow for this motorway toll problem. Once back, I start the blog, I have two to make. We eat quickly a soup at the nearest restaurant, and I finish the blog. Two good days, different from the other ones.



On our way back



Our travel: along the coast going and inland coming back

Thursday, October 15, 2015. Datça

Today Kuvvet arrives. Kuvvet is one of Jens' student who became professor of seismology in Bergen, he is Turkish, is married to a Norwegian woman, has lived in Norway for about thirty years, and has a holiday house here in Datça. He'll come tonight. This morning, rest, sewing for me, newspaper for Jens then we begin to move a bit. Jens goes to the car rental agency to pay for the toll roads. The car had a briquette but we passed systematically under the wrong portico, but we didn't know. The guy wants us to pay the fine, 30 tl (Turkish liras or 10 €) on each passage. Jens protests, he should have explained the system. Finally, he accepts and we pay only the toll, not the fines. Jens then takes out the bikes and we ride by the beautiful promenade along the large bay then turn more inland. Beautiful area of houses with flowers and then we arrive in the country side, we pass between tomato fields, they can grow tomatoes all year here.



Ride between tomato fields



A man on a donkey

Nice ride, quiet, we see only one car, then we reach the main road but we don't take it, we return by our dirt road. We bathe at the beach on the large bay, the water is still 24 °, we swim 200 m. Lunch, rest, blog, then Jens goes in the town and buys a Turkish (of course) carpet for Maja, luxury.



The Turkish carpet for Maja

We swim again, 200 m. At 8 pm, Kuvvet arrives with his sister, who has also a vacation home here. We all find the situation strange, almost comical, the three of us from Bergen but none of us a real Norwegian who speak Norwegian in Turkey. But when we are together, all four, we speak English. We dine together at a restaurant and it is very instructive for us to be with two Turks. We ask a lot of questions and Kuvvet answers with patience. We dine very well of "kofte," (meatballs) and will take çay (tea) on the promenade with small cinnamon donuts which look like small potatoes.



Kuvvet and his sister Ayten

Friday, October 16, 2015. Datça



Turkish breakfast

We swim early, at 8 am, on the beach of the large bay, it's very nice. Jens talks with a Turkish gentleman who comes to swim every morning until late October. Then Kuvvet and Ayten pick us to go and have breakfast at a beach at 3-4 km to the east. When we sit down in the restaurant, Ayten gives us a gift, two beautiful towels, thank you, Ayten. Very good Turkish breakfast and swimming after.



On the beach

We return to town and they come on Maja where we take an iced tea. We drive Ayten home first and accompany Kuvvet who wants to do some shopping at the Migros supermarket. When he is finished, I ask him if we can go through the same street by which we arrived: I saw a tree with beautiful pink flowers and I want to make a picture. I think that the last time I saw this tree was in Argostoli, our first stop in Greece!



The beautiful tree, last time seen in Argostoli

Then he shows us his house that is part of a large, very pleasant residence, shaded and with many flowers. Kuvvet offered us to use his washing machine and we accepted, so we put a wash on the way. We drink a glass accompanied by a baklava then we walk down the boat, a half-hour walk. A little rest and we ride up to Kuvvet's house. From there we walk together to Ayten's house, which is in the same residence as Kuvvet's. She prepared a good dinner of stuffed tomatoes and peppers which here are stuffed with rice and meat. She also serves us a very good red wine, Jens writes down the name, he wants to buy several bottles. We ride down at around 10 pm after an excellent evening.



Stuffed tomatoes and peppers with yoghurt

Saturday, October 17, 2015. Datça

We stay to the boat this morning, work for Jens and blog for me, swim at 10:30 am. Ayten and Kuvvet pick us at 11:30 am to see the bazaar. Every Saturday Datça has a large market, several streets are closed to traffic and vendors set up their stalls there. It includes everything, but especially clothing.



The bazaar

PS: the young woman in front is also on a picture taken on March 19, 2016, on our way back

This bazaar is famous and people come from far away, there is even a special boat that bring customers from the nearest Greek island, Simi. Kuvvet buy pants, but they are a little too

long. Never mind, a man made alterations in minutes. He cuts both trouser legs, removes a band and sews back the original hem. We don't see it at all, the bottom of the trousers is exactly as it was before and it is done in 5 minutes.



The man who cut Kuvvet's pants in 5 minutes

Ayten buys a pretty tablecloth ... and offers it to us. That's very kind of her. We drink tea and we part. Lunch, blog and swimming. A big "gin palace", a huge motor yacht passing at high speed far on the sea, creates a wave that comes onto the beach. We are on the beach after swimming and see sandals, a towel and a bag that are almost carried away. Jens rushes and saves them. The owner, when she comes out of the water, makes big smiles to Jens to thank him. At 5:30 pm, Ayten and Kuvvet arrive; Kuvvet brings back our clean clothes, dried and folded, thank you so much to him. Then they take us to see the old Datça, a few kilometers from the town, on a hill.



The old Datça

Here too, they built a little inland for fear of pirates. The village was abandoned, the houses fell into disrepair but a man that Kuvvet knows bought a house, some thirty years ago, has it restored and founded an association to save the old Datça. These are beautiful stone houses, mostly quite large, with a garden surrounded by walls and beautiful portals.



The old Datça

We dine in a restaurant there and almost kidnap a kitten unintentionally, if the backpack had been open ... see photo. We take dessert in town and see (and hear!) a wedding procession.



If the backpack had been open ...

Sunday, October 18, 2015. Datça-Bozuk Bükü

Early swim and breakfast. Jens goes shopping, we are leaving today. A thing I forgot to tell: we see many American yachts here registered in the States, in Delaware. But apparently, they are Turks who register their yacht there for a question of taxes. We take a last coffee with Kuvvet and Ayten and we say goodbye. We spent a great time together and thank them for their kindness and generosity and, besides, what a chance for us to be in Turkey with "real" Turks. Returning from the café, Jens looks a little in bins, in containers, vacant lots and around the fishing boats in the harbor. And he found what he was looking for: a plastic pipe. It is because we are going to empty the toilet and he bought a 3 m pipe. But he thinks maybe 3 m is not long enough. So in putting both pipes together, it would be better.



The pipe that Jens found



Operation to empty the toilets (photo taken when the pipe is empty ...)

But in fact we are lucky, we have room to rotate Maja and moor her along the quay, and then the 3 m pipe is long enough.



Maja along the quay. Our friend the “gullet” behind

I'll spare you the details, but everything goes well and the harbor master gives us a buffer on our blue card (via internet). We release the lines, pull the anchor in the back and Maja backs smoothly. Our neighbors on the 'gulet' say goodbye. It's sunny, wind force 3-4 N, very good.



Our old log died today

We had thought of going east, not far, but given the favorable weather, we go further to the southeast. When turning more to the south, the wind comes more from the back and Maja rolls. I start the blog, but I have to stop, I am almost seasick. We reach Bozuk Bükü (Bozuk Bay) at 5:30 pm. We admire the huge fortress that guards the bay, Loryma, built around 300 BC to defend Rhodes (which is 13 km south).



The enorm fortress of Lorima. Bozuk Bükü

In the bay a guy agitates a flag to show that there is a vacant place on his pontoon. It's free but belongs to a restaurant ... so you got to go dining there. There is just a small place between a French yacht and a local fishing boat. It is common here, a jetty owned by a restaurant. There's nothing else here, no road, everything comes by sea, no other houses. We climb to the fortress which is impressive: long walls 3 meters thick, 8 m high, round towers at the corners and it's built of large stone blocks. The French neighbors invite us to an aperitif, a good Pomerol. Then we go to the restaurant, average and expensive meal, but it is free docking. At 11pm, they stop the generator and everything becomes black and calm.



Our trace today

Datça-Bozuk Bükü : 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Bozuk Bükü : $4\,254 + 20 = 4\,274$ nm (7 693 km)

Monday, October 19, 2015. Bozuk Bükü-Kizilkuyruk Köyü



Alibaba restaurant. Bozuk Bükü



The donkeys that awake us at 6:30 am

At 6:30 am, a donkey brays, and it sounds like a foghorn. Jens goes to buy fresh bread from the oven (at the restaurant), breakfast and we go for a walk and I see plants that start to grow now, in October. The French yacht leaves early. A guy who works in the restaurant offers to make a picture with both of us in front of Maja, nice.



Us two and Maja

Then we leave at 9:50 am, the weather is calm but the wind picks up shortly after and will blow well, westerly, that means right back us who are going east. We cut a large bay and are not far from Rhodes.



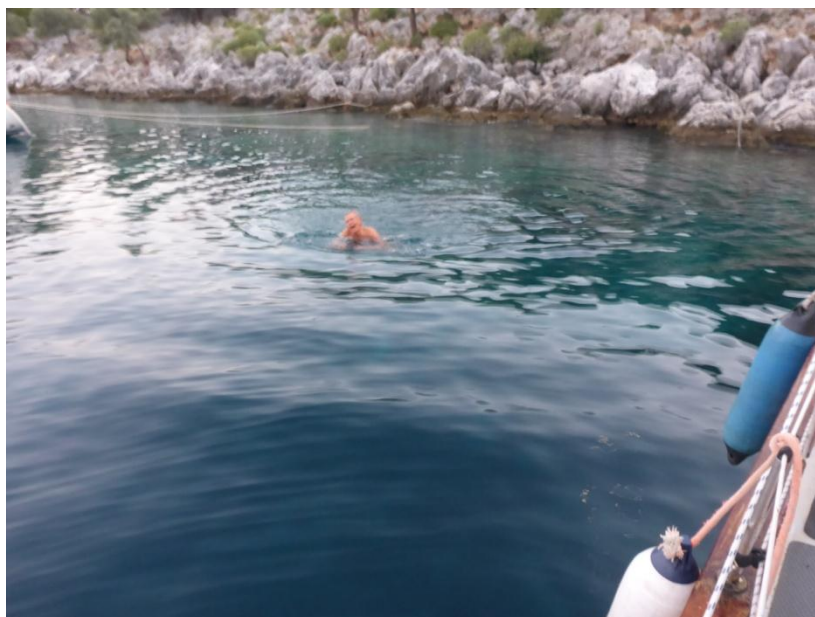
Waves

The waves also increase and Maja moves a lot, which I don't like very much, so I lie down. We make a long leg today, we want to get closer to Göcek, where we will leave Maja alone one week. Thursday we fly from Dalaman, Jens to Ankara where he will work one week and me to Bergen, it is time to see children and grandchildren. We stop at a beautiful wild bay without restaurant this time, called Kizilkuyruk Köyü.



These rocks form a natural jetty which protect the bay

As soon as we turn the corner, a kind of natural jetty made of sharp rocks protects us and it's all quiet in the bay. There are already a few boats, and here they have an anchor and a line to land. We do the same, anchor at the back and a line in front. The sun sets just as we come in the bay, and it will be dark soon.



Jens swims to put a line ashore

Instead of putting the tender in the water to bring the rope to a shore rock Jens swims but must be careful where he puts his feet, there are sea urchins. He is surprised by the water temperature; he calls me and tells me to join him in the water. So I also swim, the water is 24.5 °, October 19, at 6:30 pm, not bad. Our neighbors are German on the left and on the right, a large gulet with Swedes and Germans. I finish the blog while Jens is cooking and we eat dinner outside in shorts, it is very mild and calm.

Bozuk Bükü-Kizilkuyruk Köyü : 48 nm (86 km)

Florvåg-Kizilkuyruk Köyü : $4\,274 + 48 = 4\,322$ nm (7 780 km)

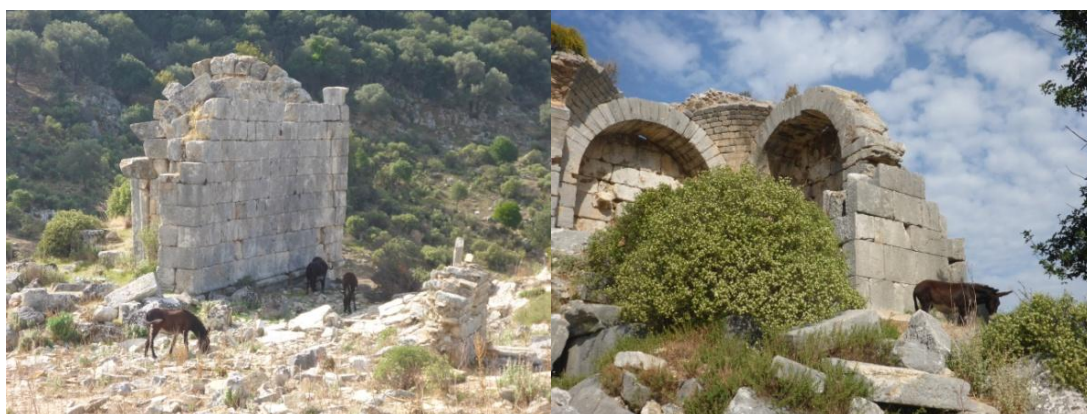
Tuesday, October 20, 2015. Kizilkuyruk Köyü

We decide to stay another day here still, it's nice and pretty. Quiet night, morning swim, breakfast and we put the tender in the water. We see four people who go down the small path with donkeys and mules.



Donkeys and mules going down the path

We take the same path they are using to go to see the ruins of Lydae. Nice walk quit steep but it is often in the shade of trees. Imposing ruins, and yet one has the impression to be in the middle of nowhere.



Ruins and donkeys

But in Roman times, a city was located here. I take pictures and three donkeys come to say hello.



Why do they put stones in the old olive trees?



The donkeys and mules go up again, carrying boards

We go down and back to Maja by the tender. Jens phones to Göcek marinas, there are four of them. Göcek is popular with boaters because it is located at the bottom of a sort of fjord and it is well protected. Prices range from 26 € to 100 € per night! We make a reservation at the cheapest one. And we have a visit: an ice cream seller and we buy two, of course. Then we row to the nearby bay, Jens on the way there and me on the way back. And tonight, as I finished the blog early, it's my turn to cook.



Maja (right)



The ice-cream seller

Wednesday, October 21, 2015. Kizilkuyruk Köyü-Göcek

What a night ! First, I could not sleep, and then, from 4:30 am, very powerful lightning lit up the sky continuously. A large flash, just a second, and a new flash and it lasted until 6:30 am. We heard the thunder roll, also without stopping, but far away. Jens got up and reassures me by telling me that the storm is far away, the sky above us is starry. Good, but half an hour later it begins to rain hard, so our starry sky isn't starry anymore, and thunder comes closer. Fortunately the wind remained fairly light, it is just blowing a few gusts for 10 minutes. I have never seen a thunderstorm like this, which lasts so long. At one point, I get up and check the

anchor, the rope is loose, the anchor has dragged a little, and as we are near the shore, it's not a very comfortable position. At 6:30 am, we get up and evaluate the situation. It should be added that even with this light wind, waves of increasingly high enter right into the bay. Maja is dancing and every time she goes up and down with the waves, she pulls jerkily on the anchor and it's not good. We decide to leave, but first we take our breakfast. The problem is to recover the rope ashore, the waves are too high for the tender and it may hit the rocks. Jens looks a long time at the waves coming to the rocks and decides to swim there. I'm not enthusiastic; I would prefer to cut the rope. He undresses, puts on his bathing suit and shoes and jumps into the water.



Jens swims to untie the line ashore

We have started the engine and set on the winch to lift the anchor. My job is to get the rope as fast as possible in the front and to come quickly to the anchor winch (which control is inside the doghouse). Jens catches the rope which is attached to the rock and wait for the biggest waves to pass, and then, taking advantage of a smaller wave, he climbs on the rock. There, he unties the knot and I pull the line that comes well, without knots. I'm going back in the doghouse, and it goes well, the wind makes Maja rotate but there is room between us and the neighbor. Jens swims back to Maja and we take our customary posts: I press the button "up", sometimes I back a little and Jens verifies that the anchor goes up well. Everything is going well. But this is not over, we must take the tender on board Maja. I go to the edge of the bay, under the mountains, where the waves are a little less high. Jens and I, we manage to pull the tender on board smoothly. Jens dries himself and gets dressed and we leave the bay, it's 8 am, the sea is gray, the sky is gray, there is still some lightning and waves are well formed but it's OK.



We know that we will soon enter a fjord, in fact, we could be in Norway. We pass in the fjords, all is calm and approach Göcek. We see thousands of boats, they are everywhere. Jens phones at the Club Marina and a marinero comes to meet us. He accompanies us to a berth, helps us to tie up and Jens goes to the reception to be registered. But he realizes that it is a more expensive place and asks if we can move. No problem, the marinero helps us to move Maja and there she is really safe, she is across a kind of small channel where the maximum wave must be 20 cm and, even better, it's cheaper. Very good.



Maja on her “channel”

And guess what is the name of the boat in front of us? Find out by looking at the pictures.



Our neighbor in front!

So, we are settled in Göcek at 10 am. Stroll in the marina, but it starts to rain. Some larger yachts have a private dock which is like a small garden. I start to work on the blogs and Jens

works with the bow thruster engine. It is very difficult to take it out, he thinks it's a bit rusty. At 1 pm, we take a break and eat lunch. We are tired, we slept little, but we go back to work after lunch. Jens finally manages to remove the engine, puts some oil, pampers it and it works. To be continued ...



Jens finally manages to take out the bow-propeller engine

Now it's housekeeping, to empty the fridge, packing. The day flies. We leave together tomorrow at 8:30 am from Dalaman, about twenty km from here, Jens to Ankara and me to Bergen. The blog takes a break and will resume on November first.

Kizilkuyruk Köyü- Göcek : 10 nm (18 km)

Florvåg-Göcek : $4\,322 + 10 = 4\,332$ nm (7 797 km)

See you soon.



Saturday 31 october 2015. Göcek

We arrived last night at Dalaman airport, took a taxi and were on the boat at 9:30 pm. It was mild, 20 ° and dark. After a cup of tea and a bit of reading, in bed This morning, cool, 13 ° and Maja being almost under the trees and behind a mountain, the sun didn't reach us, and we felt quite far from the city of Göcek, so we quickly decided to change marina. One is spoiled for choice here, there are six marinas in Göcek. Jens phones Skopea marina, a marina practically downtown, and yes, they have room (and not too expensive). We motor 10 minutes and are there. The marina is actually called "Mega Yacht Marina," good enough for our Maja (9 m).



The "Mega Yacht marina". Göcek

A marinero is waiting for us and we are well placed, near the pretty little house that serves as office, near the entrance and just behind a real mega-yacht. We go to land and our ankerdram of the day is a cappuccino and excellent croissants, on the promenade. We carry a large laundry bag to the laundry and walk along the coast to the west but the beach we find is a little gray and the water not too clean, so we turn around, pass again the town (or rather the village) and off again to the east. We see two marinas, one of them must have a good gardener, plants are well maintained and marked with small signs, I like that.



Plants names in Turkish and Latin

We finally reach Blue Point Beach. We walk there but a lady stops us. This is a private beach and she asks us 130 TL (Turkish Lira), that is to say 390 kr or 39 €! Of course, we will not pay this and Jens told her it was "crazy".



Blue Point Beach. 39 euros!



Here at least it's free

We retrace our steps and go to another "beach", which is not a real beach but where it is free and enjoyable. The water is 24.5 ° and clear. We do our ration of 200 strokes, take a short sunbath and discover that we are hungry. A restaurant is right next to the beach, what a chance, with a terrace from which one has a beautiful view of the bay and the mountains. We take two appetizers, expensive and pretentious and cafe, that is enough. We walk back and rest on the boat. Shopping in the evening and dinner on Maja, outside, but with a sweater and with a lamp. Tomorrow is a very important day for Turkey, Turks vote to elect their parliament.

Club Marina (Göcek) - Mega Yacht Marina (Göcek): 1 nm (1,8 km)
Florvåg-Mega Yacht Marina: $4\,332 + 1 = 4\,333$ nm (7 799 km)

Sunday, November 1 st, 2015. Göcek

Good weather but a little cool in the morning, 18 °, I know, I know, I'm not going to complain but it blows a light northerly wind which cools us. We are going to ride a long bike tour, first to see a poll that is in a school. It is also market day here today and many people from neighboring villages come to sell their products. We see women dressed very traditionally who, first, vote and then go to work on the market. Göcek is built on a broad plain along the sea. Behind this plain, fairly high mountains surrounds the city on three sides. We drive on wide streets planned to enlarge the city, but still not built and then we climb among the pines.



Wide streets



It's steep

It goes up, up, after a while, we decide to turn around, we would have liked to get to a village but it was too far. We are hot of this climbing and we go for a swim in the same place as yesterday. A group of men also bathes and I think they speak Russian. We go to the market on our way back to buy fruit and we let ourselves be tempted by a lady who is making a kind of tasty pancakes. With tea, it will be our lunch.



The market



Our lunch

Back to the boat and rest, we drove 10 km and swam 200 m, active retired persons. Then swimming again at 4:45 pm before the sun disappears. At 5:30 pm, it's only 20 °, brrr! We have dinner in town with a Turkish pizza and a Turkish cake, both very good and we go home to follow the election results on the Internet, results which are surprising and disappointing.

Monday, November 2, 2015. Göcek-Gemiler Island



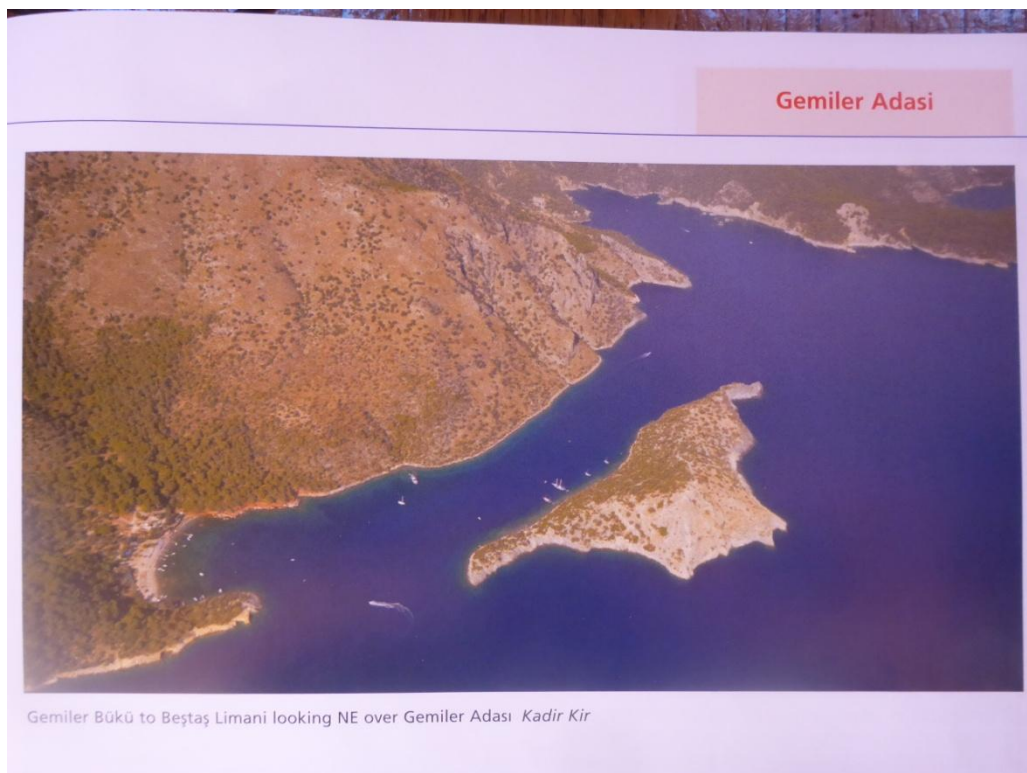
Maja between two mega-yachts

Still good weather, but we're in the shadow of the little house and we have the sun only at 9:30 am, so we wait to eat breakfast. I go to take a shower but the water is barely lukewarm and it's a mini-shower. I ask the guy who is at the marina reception what Skopea means. He speaks very little English but I think I understand that it is the ancient name of Göcek. Further on the pontoon, I see a yacht registered in La Rochelle, I ask one of the sailors if he is French. The guy answers that he is Russian! We take our time and leave at 11 am in calm weather. A yacht is close enough behind us and Jens puts on the bow thruster ... which doesn't work. But by maneuvering forwards and backwards, we manage to leave without problem. Very calm crossing towards south-east, newspaper, sudoku, Jens even works.



Very calm crossing

We arrive at the island of Gemiler at 2:20 pm. From the sea we see many ruins on this island. The "fjord" between land and the island is well protected and there are already some boats.



We anchor between Gemiler Island and the continent

A man comes immediately in a small motorboat and proposes to put a land line for us, but we say no. He shows us what he sells: potatoes, carrots, tomatoes, bread, eggs ... We buy some vegetables, expensive, but we must support the local economy. It is very deep and we must be

close enough to the island to anchor, but it is so quiet and the light wind is in the axis of the fjord, so it's going to be ok.



We swim

We swim, the water is warm (24.5 °) and clear, then we put the tender on the water and go to visit the island. It's called Gemiler but is also called the St. Nicholas Island, the good bishop would have lived here.



Ruins

It is a small island, 1 km by 400 m, but one can see dozens of ruins including those of four churches. It was a place of pilgrimage and a port of call to go to the Holy Land.



Ruins

The ruins date from the fifth century to the twelfth century AD and later the island was abandoned. Where we have the boat was a harbor but is now under water because the island has sunk but we still see a wall that runs along the waterfront. We spend a long time on the island, its history is fascinating. We return to Maja, Jens puts two pieces of chicken with vegetables in the oven and then go to put a rope ashore while I do the blog. We dine under the stars, it's beautiful and quiet. We have three neighbors on the left and three neighbors on the right but widely spaced, during the summer there are dozens and dozens of boats here.



Night is falling. Gemiler Island

Göcek-Gemiler Island: 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-Gemiler Island : $4\,333 + 17 = 4\,350$ nm (7 830 km)

Tuesday, November 3, 2015. Gemiler Island



The seller in a boat

Same beautiful weather, 17 ° in the morning and 25-26 during the day. The seller comes to us with his boat and we buy fresh bread, then he goes to the other boats. We will stay here today, it's beautiful, quiet and we like it. We have always something to do, Jens wants to repair the anchor light on top of the mast, it's not working and I have the blog, photos to classify and to delete.



Jens climbs on top of the mast

Jens climbs up in the morning to assess the problem of the light. It is the wires which are corroded (rusted). He comes down, takes his tools and climbs again, fortunately he isn't dizzy. Then swimming from the boat, there is no beach here, it is nice, the water is clear and 24.5 °. Other work, Jens wants to clean the extra chain and put it together with the one we are using, so we will have 75 m of chain to anchor.



Jens is measuring the anchor chain: 75 m

And besides, he puts, at the beginning of the chain, where it is tied to the bottom of the boat, a piece of rope: if one day, we must leave a mooring in hurry and we can't take up the anchor, he can cut the rope. We go swimming, have lunch and then go rowing a long tour along the island old harbor. It was built almost all along with excavations that seem tanks or reservoir, for what? Water? Grains?



Kind of reservoirs dug in the rock

Jens is rowing half of the way and me on the way back, good exercise for my arm. We swim for the third time today and have a quiet evening with dinner under the stars.

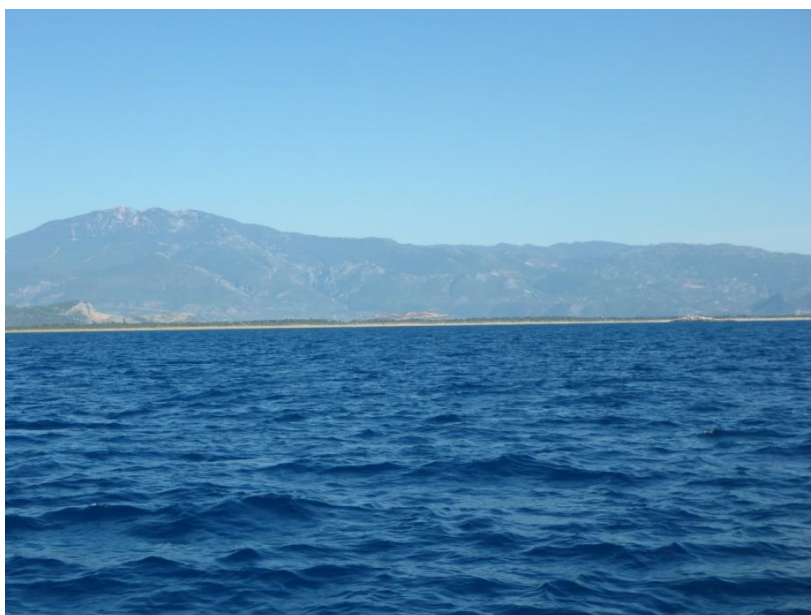
Wednesday, November 4, 2015. Gemiler Island-Kalkan

The boat guy sells us bread, breakfast at 9 am in the sun and swimming. We get ready and take up the anchor at 11 am. It's very quiet, such a beautiful time in November, even here, is special.



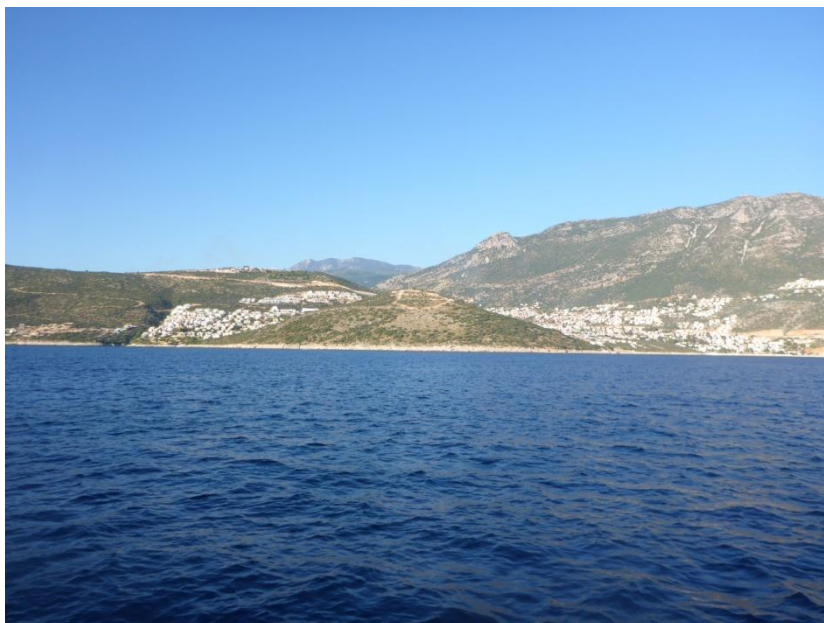
Nice weather

We motor along the coast to the southeast. This part of the coast is quite inhospitable, high mountains that plunge into the sea, so little shelter for sailors. It's quite wild, then and there an isolated house, now abandoned. The wind picks up a bit and we put on the jib, but it doesn't last and we take it down again. We pass a place called The Seven Capes and the coast suddenly changes, now is a long sandy beach on 21 km, the longest beach in Turkey.



21 km long beach

But even here it is little developed. We are approaching Kalkan, a harbor on the bottom of a bay. The city is divided by a hill that juts into the sea and that is not built at all, the harbor is on the right of this hill.



Kalkan, back the hill

We enter it and it is almost full of gulets, I count 30 of them! But there are still some free spaces for visitors.



Kalkan harbor

In the guide, it says that we must anchor, there is no "laid mooring" the thing we still call "muertos". And here I must confess my BIG MISTAKE!!! When there are moorings, we come slowly, one tie the boat in front, we catch the mooring and that's it. We must not brake because we can catch ropes in the propeller. When we anchor, we throw the anchor back

before we get to the dock, we advance, we brake and tie Maja in front. Good. But this stupid Jeannette gets all mixed up. She dropped anchor and Jens goes to quay to tie Maja but we have too much speed and SHE DOES NOT BRAKE. Jens turns around, horrified, and Jeannette is still at the anchor, not in the dog house to brake. She tries to brake by holding the anchor, but the seven tons of Maja is a bit much for her arms. And CRAC, we crash on the dock. I don't know where I can hide, I'm so ashamed of my stupidity. But, fortunately, Maja is reinforced at the front by a metal strip and she doesn't have a scratch, but not the dock, we can see a large notch on it.



Souvenir of my stupidity (1): Maja



(2) The quai. Kalkan

Jens is very nice and consoles me, then we go for a walk in town. Small tourist town, restaurants with red and green lights that are flashing, but it's almost empty now. We have dinner at the boat. Tomorrow we have visitors: Jens, in primary school in Denmark, was in the same class as a little girl named Mette and we are still friends with her. Mette has a brother, Kristian, who is on vacation with his wife Lene in Kaş, about twenty km S-E from Kalkan, so they come tomorrow morning by bus and we go together to Kaş, by boat.

Gemiler-Kalkan : 32 nm (57 km)

Florvåg-Kalkan : $4\,350 + 32 = 4\,382$ nm (7 887 km)

Thursday, November 5, 2015. Kalkan-Kaş

Fairly quiet night, but I have the impression that Maja rotates a lot and I get up several times, but in fact Maja doesn't move, it's the neighbor that is moving, our anchor holds well. This morning, Jens goes shopping while I start the blog. At 11 am, Kristian and Lene arrive. It's funny to see the reaction of the two men who have not seen each other for forty years.



Swimming



Lene and Kristian

They recognize each other but have changed a lot. We sympathize immediately, have a drink and leave. It's still very quiet today and we motor all day. After half an hour of navigation, we anchor in a bay, very close to land, otherwise it's too deep and we bathe. Then Jens made a good Greek salad enhanced with a boiled egg, a small chocolate cream and coffee. After this break we leave at 3 pm and Lene and I wash the dishes. Then I finished the blog while the other three enjoy the sun. Just before Kaş second stop to bathe once again, then we arrive at Kaş at 5:15 pm, the harbor looks very similar to Kalkan harbor but the town seems bigger. There are not many places but a gulet captain tells us that we can tie Maja along a quai, that's good, we don't need to cast the anchor. We take our ankerdram and Kristian and Lene invite us to dinner at their home.



Old subterranean sisterns. Kaş

We go shopping together at the Migros supermarket and climb home. They live at the top of the city and it's fortunate that there is no snow and ice here, otherwise it would be impossible to climb up, it's very steep! But, as a reward for the effort, they have a beautiful view from their balcony. We eat well and spend a nice evening and we decide to do a long walk together tomorrow.

Kalkan-Kaş : 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-Kaş : $4\,382 + 17 = 4\,399$ nm (7 918 km)

Friday, November 6, 2015. Kaş

Kristian and Lene come to the boat at 10 am and we leave together. They have done this walk before and know the way. In recent years, the hiking trails here are becoming well marked and more and more people walk, Turks and foreigners. A path is called "The Lycian Way", Lycia being the old name of the region and meant the land of light, it starts near Fethiye (just east of Göcek) and goes all the way to Antalya, near 500 km. We do just a little bit of it, from Kaş to Limanağzı, a bay 5-6 km east of Kaş. We go up one street and descend to a beach, Ada Beach, where we take a tea. The lady to whom we pay puts the bill on the ground and picks it up. Kristian tells us it means that we are her first customers and this gesture brings good luck. We will bathe there on our way back this afternoon. Walking, Jens and Kristian exchange old memories, a ski trip, a car trip to Italy ...



Ada Beach



The path is well marked



They must have worked hard to remove the stones

The path becomes narrower but is always well marked with a red and white mark on a rock or a tree. It is not too hot and it's nice to walk. We ascend and descend along a cliff, there is a little acrobatic, you have to put your foot at the right spot. A rope fastened to the wall (and at the other end to a grave!) is reassuring.



A rope, tied to an old grave (!) helps us

And we come to our bay. We bathe, but, surprise, the water is cool, there is surely a fresh water source under the sea, the same phenomenon occurs in the port of Kaş, then lunch on a terrace in the sun.



Lunch. Lene, Jens, Kristian and Jeannette

Kristian and Lene take a nap on sun loungers which are free, the season is over. And we start our way back by another path that goes around the cliff, is a bit longer but less steep. Lene, Jens and me, we swim in Ada Beach just as the sun goes down and we arrive in Kaş at 6 pm, tired and very happy with our day, we spent 8 hours outdoors and walked at least half of the time. We take a tea together and we say bye bye to each other.

Saturday, November 7, 2015. Kaş

We see at 10 am the "Meis Express", the boat that connects Kaş (which is pronounced Kash) to the Greek island of Meis just in front of the bay. Jens would like to go there with Maja but, strictly speaking, we are not allowed to do it. We would have to give back our Turkish "transit log" and ask for a new Greek "transit log" and same operation the other way when we return. That's a lot of paperwork (and money) for only a few hours or days there. I would like to go with the Meis Express. We will see.



Maja along the quay. Kaş



A tomb back the harbor

Stroll in town, we go to the tourist office to have a plan, do some shopping and drink tea. We walk to go swimming at the campsite of Kaş, they built a platform and ladder for swimming. In summer, it must be reserved for the campers, but now no one says anything and we even sunbath ... in November! The water is 22 °.



A street. Kaş

We return to the boat and arriving on the large quay we hear a horn concert. It is a marriage. The whole wedding go out of the cars, a small orchestra plays and people dance a little. The bride is wearing a white wedding dress but her entire head is covered with a red veil, even in front of her face.



The bride with the red veil

Then they leave, honking loudly. Later, we go to swim at a small beach to the east of the city, but it is already in the shade and the water is only 18 °, luckily I found some nice pieces of glass. We go home, I finish the long blog for yesterday (our hike) and Jens puts the rack of lamb in the oven, we have guests tonight. Kristian and Lene arrive at 7 pm, we take a Kir outside but go in to have dinner. We spend a very nice evening together and we wish them good journey home to Denmark, they leave tomorrow, we were very pleased with the good times spent together. Attracted by the meat smell, a visitor, behind the window, is following our dinner with interest.



He is interested

Sunday, November 8, 2015. Kaş



Breakfast in the sun

We changed time tonight. Turkey waited a week after all other European countries to change time because of the elections of November 1, therefore, for a week there was a two hours difference between northern Europe and here. But from today, there is only one. Breakfast in the sun and then we are ready to go for a walk when the young Turkish couple on the neighbor sailboat invites us to drink tea on their boat. We speak boat, of course, they dream of crossing the Atlantic. They tell us it is very expensive to have a boat in Turkey, taxes are very high. This explains the number of Turkish yachts registered in Delaware in the United States. I went on the internet and Delaware officially announces how to register a yacht there. On a forum, an American tells of her surprise arriving in Turkey to see so many “American” boats but where no one was speaking English. Some Americans are not happy with the use of their flag as a flag of convenience.



An old tomb between new buildings

We then walk to see Kaş marina which is situated behind the long peninsula in the northwest of the city. This is big, brand new and chic. Jens asks for the price to put Maja ashore from December to February, but it is more expensive than in Finike (a port to the east) where we have booked.



Kaş marina, chic and expensive

We walk along the peninsula, we sunbath, we swim at a lovely beach at the narrowest part of the peninsula and walk back, this walk was 6 km. Lunch, rest, blog and we walk back in the afternoon at the same beach to swim. Once back, we calculate that we walked 10 km today. Dinner at the restaurant "Smiley" near the port and to bed early.

Monday, November 9, 2015. Kaş



The quay is landing zone for paraglides. Kaş

Jens goes into town after breakfast to buy a gas cylinder. When he leaves Maja, we see a paraglide landed on the dock, what a pity we didn't see it landing. While Jens is gone, a man working on a gulet comes to admire Maja. He speaks good English and I invite him on board. He had a sailboat 35 feet but sold it, he too says that it is very expensive to have a boat in Turkey. He has never seen a stove in a yacht and asks what it is. Jens returns without gas, they will have it this afternoon and they are open until 11 pm, a small shop! We walk to a "new" beach, a little further.

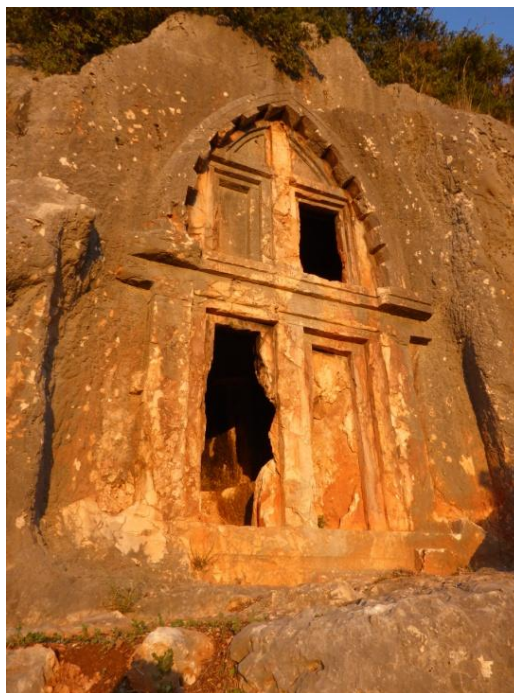


The antic theater



The walk to go to the beach

In fact, we are not using the bikes because the town is very steep, it goes up everywhere. This beach is down a green garden, watered and planted with trees and flowers. It's pretty, well maintained and it is the municipality which manages it. We swim and lunch of a sandwich at the bar. Return to the boat after that long walk and rest. At around 4 pm, we go for a swim again, but this time closer. A café has a platform at the bottom of its terrace and we ask if we can swim there, no problem. We swim and drink some tea at the café. Walk in town, we go up to see a tomb dug into the mountain. What a technique, they dug into massive boulder.



Antic tomb dug in the rock at sunset. Kaş

Then we go for the gas. Dinner at a restaurant where one can point with the finger at what we want. We take stuffed eggplant, very good, but on the side are green peppers which are actually chilies and Jens gets fire in his mouth.

Tuesday, November 10, 2015. Kaş-Tersane. Kekova Island

Today at 9:05 am the whole Turkey stops, sirens sound, cars stop and honk and everyone observes a minute of silence to pay tribute to Ataturk, the father of modern Turkey who died Nov. 10, 1938. As we leave the boat to see the ceremony on Kaş Main Square, a couple looking at Maja presents themselves as the owners of the catamaran which is moored a little further and surprise, they are Mexican!



Ceremony in honor of Ataturk. Kaş

We go to see the ceremony then we take a tea or a coffee together. They sold their home in Mexico, bought the boat in France this summer and since then have been sailing, from La Rochelle to Kaş. We sympathize and hope to see them again later.



Paulina and Miguel from Mexico

Jens goes shopping while I take the last pictures of Kaş, we empty the toilet to get a stamp on our blue card and leave at noon.



Miguel and Paulina's catamaran and Maja

We motor along the coast to the east, first the sea is all quiet, then when it is more open, a southern swell arrives on the side and Maja starts rolling. I put everything away ... except the teapot that falls, hits the stairs and breaks. I need to clean the pieces of glass (and they are not polished, those ones) and tea, on all fours, in a rolling Maja. We then got back behind the island of Kekova, an 8 km long island that protects the coast and forms a large basin without waves.



We pass between two islands



Tersane Bay on Kekova Island

We spotted a small bay, Tersane on Kekova Island, and we try it first. It's pretty, quiet and full of ruins. The wind is from the south, but now often turns north in the evening and during the night. So Jens has the solution: he places Maja in the middle of the bay and puts two anchors, one in front and one back. We saw pictures of the bay in summer, tens of gulets are anchored parallel, tight against each other and have a land line, but now there is room. We row ashore; we swim at the small sandy beach and admire the ruins.



Beach and ruins. Tersane Bay

Two gulets come but leave after a few minutes and two fishermen also leave. At 5 pm, we have the bay to ourselves, what a luxury. Our only companions are goats we see and hear (they have bells), they come down from the mountain, to drink and sleep, I suppose. Blog, dinner inside, the wind is fresh, reading and we admire the starry sky, we see it very well because it's dark as pitch here.



Maja. Tersane bay

Kaş-Tersane: 14 nm (25 km)

Florvåg-Tersane.Kekova Island: $4\,399 + 14 = 4\,413$ nm (7 943 km)

Wednesday, November 11, 2015. Tersane Bay

A precision: the name Tersane means boatyard, it looks like they built boats here between the second and the sixth century AD.

Beautiful and quiet weather. When we get up, we notice that the water is dirty, full of brown foam which floats in direction of the beach and, after 10 minutes, it's gone and the water is clear and turquoise again. We have a visit from a group of kayaks accompanied by a motorboat, they remain half an hour then leave. We are going on land to see the ruins, the photos show that there are many but there is no explanation or guide here.



Ruins. Tersane



Ruins. Tersane

But why build on this island that is so rocky? The buildings date back to 200-600 years AD. When we walk, we smell a strong smell we had smelt the first time on Gemiler Island (Saint Nicolas' Island), then we smelt it again with Kristian and Lene during our long walk and Lene found in book about trees what it is: that smell comes from the carob tree; it is a heavy smell, heady, not very nice. A small boat comes with a couple in their fifties, Turkish, and I suppose they come to collect olives; they stay all day and are joined later by a girl brought by boat by a young man.



The olive picker's boat

We return to the boat to go swimming and eat lunch. Another small Turkish boat comes to the bottom of the bay, close enough to the beach and a fisherman puts down a net making a large circle. After a short time he pulls it up and I see no fish.



The fisherman

While I do the blog, Jens goes ashore to walk alone. He talks with the Turkish people and it's true that they went to pick olives. The girl speaks some English and Jens asks her how much olive do they need to make one liter of oil. She asks the older man (her father, I think) and she tells Jens it takes 8 kg. Later a beautiful gulet arrives with a young couple, and the captain. The young woman is veiled and dressed with a long dress. The young man undresses and swims, but not her. The end of the day, like yesterday, is announced by the bells of the goats coming down from the mountain. They are beautiful animals, big and in good shape, with brilliant fur; a few ones climb on top of the mountain and stay there a few minutes to admire the scenery. The night is starry and we see in the water phosphorescence, like diamonds that appear and disappear.



Maja. Tersane



This plant with a big onion grows everywhere

Thursday, November 12, 2015. Tersane-Karaloz Bay. Kekova Island

Still beautiful and quiet weather. We go up to a big ark to see if it is natural or constructed and seen closely, we see that it is natural. We go up, it's easy to say, we climb in the bush, on the rocks, we grab what we can, our legs are scratched, it's really bush walking.



This ark is natural



It's really bush walking



Cyclamen in a hole

Once down, we swim and Jens goes with the tender to take the anchor up. This done, I press the "up" button and the winch pulls it all, the tender, the anchor and the man. Just as we leave, a gulet passes near and women greet us and one even sent me a kiss, surprise, I return one to her. We leave at 11:30 am and come out on the open sea, along Kekova south side to go into another bay, south of Kekova. This island is not as long as I thought, it is only 5.5 km long and is uninhabited. At one point, we see something that floats and we think it is a plastic bag with a kind of round ball on top. But when we see this plastic bag dive and swim, we realize that it was a turtle! We arrive in Karaloz Bay at half past twelve, we motored one hour, not too hard today.



The Karakoz fjord. Kekova Island

It looks like we are going into a fjord in Norway, it is wild and deserted and even more, we see a heron, the first one in several months, we see very few sea birds here, and even seagulls are rare. We go at the end of the "fjord" which turns south. Jens sets the anchor in front and a long line to land that we mark with the big red buoy. We swim from the boat and have lunch. We row a little tour with the tender and we see a yacht carrying the American flag come in and anchors near the fjord entrance. We hear goats bleating but they have no bells here. We are surrounded by mountains but we still get internet, it's surprising.

Tersane-Karaloz : 4 nm (7 km)

Florvåg-Karaloz : $4\,413 + 4 = 4\,417$ nm (7 951 km)



There are idiots everywhere. Karaloz

Friday, November 13, 2015. Karaloz

A little cool this morning, 16 ° but the temperature rises to 23 ° at noon. The Americans have the sun before us and bathe in the sun (without swimsuits) when we are still in the shadow, but at night it is the contrary, we have the sun longer than them. We go with the tender to land and are bush walking again among rocks and bushes on the mountain.



Not an easy walk



There is no path and it's not easy. Many places the soil has been dug up, we saw this also with Kristian and Lene and we thought that it might be boars. We see the Americans walk on the mountain a bit further. They go down before us and when we row near their boat when we return, the captain invites us for a drink and it turns out that these Americans are actually Turks! I really thought they were real Americans, their boat is large (54 feet or 16 meters) and could have crossed the Atlantic, they have an American flag and the Turkish flag as a courtesy flag and don't have Delaware written back like the others.



The “American” yacht

He tells us that he went to pick up his boat, a Hallberg-Rassy, at the manufacture in Sweden in 2012 and made almost the same trip as us. He went to Bergen, Inverness, the Caledonian Canal, Dublin ... We return to Maja, swim 200 strokes (without swimsuits, we also!) and lunch. When we drink our coffee, we see the Mexicans, Miguel and Paulina come in and they too anchor in the bay.



Paulina and Miguel's catamaran is coming

We are happy to meet again. 200 strokes again, the water is 23 °, blog and during that time, Jens rows to "Va", their boat and invites them to dinner. Jens makes a good pizza and a chocolate mousse and I make the salad.



They arrive in the dark

They arrive at 8 pm, in the dark and we spend a good evening together. What a coincidence to meet Mexicans here in Turkey and for them to meet "Norwegians" who lived in Mexico and speak Spanish. We celebrate it with a glass of Tequila they brought.

Saturday, November 14, 2015. Karaloz

We know nothing of the tragedy that took place in Paris yesterday evening until late morning today. Nina calls and tells us about it. We see the news and are shocked and horrified. What hatred, what fanaticism. We think of our family and our friends in France. I speak with Catherine, my sister and she reassures me, the family was not affected. As in July 2011, when the tragedy of Oslo and Utøya occurred, we feel both concerned and far away.

Quiet day, we stay here, we see the fake Americans leaving and our Mexican friends come to say goodbye and leave also.



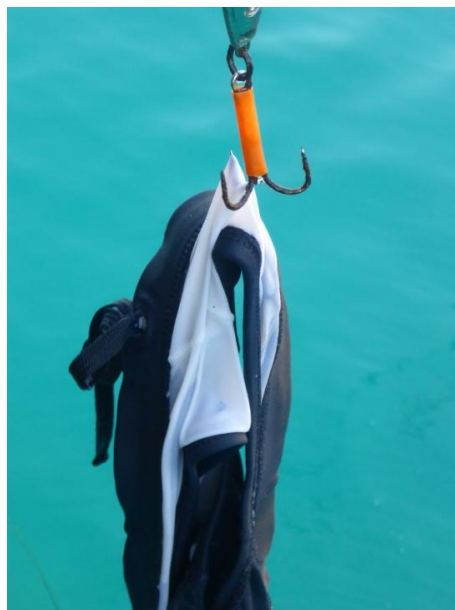
Paulina and Miguel com to say bye bye

We swim first time early at 8:30 am, this is our exercise because we don't go ashore today. After breakfast, and I put pictures to show our improvisation to make tea without a teapot, we read the newspaper. I brought late October a stack of "Guardian Weekly", from late August to late October, and we savor them slowly. Second session of swimming, sunbathing and lunch. A gulet arrives with a group of men to fish, they are noisy, laugh loudly, sing, they seem very "happy".



The "happy" fishermen

They leave around 3:45 pm and we swim for the third time. I put the swimsuits to dry and soon after I notice that Jens' swimsuit is not here anymore: it fell in the sea, I look and can see it at the bottom, 7 m deep. I am annoyed, but it's not so serious. I start working with the blog and think no more about it. But Jens has another idea: he will try to fish it. He spent a little time trying, but manages to catch it; I put photos of this operation.

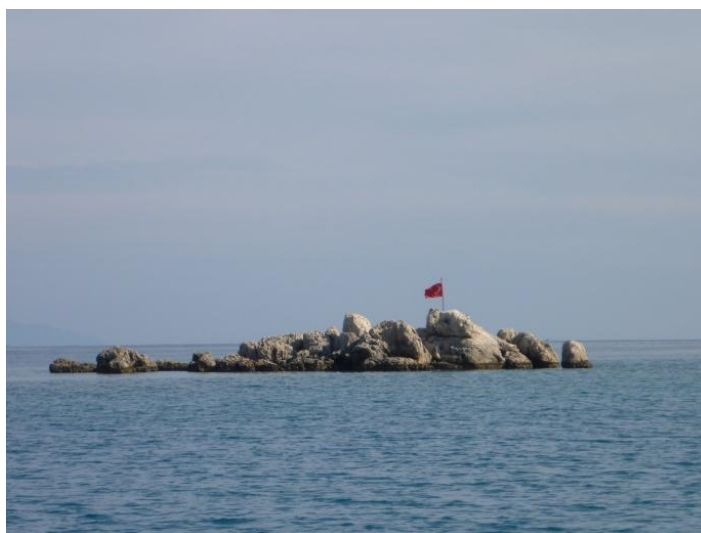


Operation fishing Jens' swimsuit

When the sun goes down, it is cooler now, and I put on socks for the first time this fall. Diner inside but we take our digestive outside. The sky is very starry but we fail to find the Great Bear. But in return, we see shooting stars. The sky is beautiful.

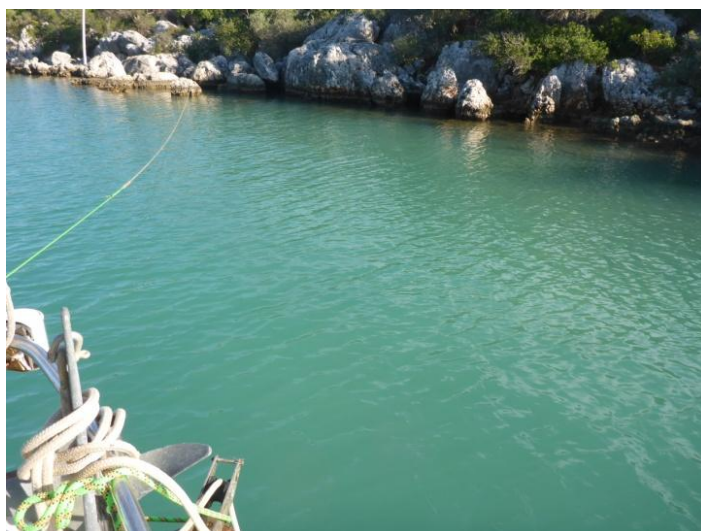
Sunday, November 15, 2015. Karakoz-Gökkaya Limani

We swim 240 strokes, breakfast, newspaper and preparations to leave. Jens takes of the rope on land, I tidy everything inside, we pull up the anchor and we set off at 11:20 am.



There is no doubt, this islet is Turkish

We follow Kekova by the south and go round the island of Ashil Adasi from the east. Turning behind this island we see a catamaran coming out, we believe these are Miguel and Paulina, but no, it is an "American" from Delaware. We go behind the island and find a nice little bay that looks actually like an estuary; it becomes narrow at the bottom. We anchor, swim and lunch, it is 1 pm. The water is not clear and turquoise as in Tersane or Karaloz, it is green and opaque; we could never have fished up Jens swimsuit here.



The water is green and opaque

And it is not uniformly warm, we feel cold currents, there is probably a fresh water source nearby. We start exploring the bottom of the estuary with the tender. A restaurant, "The Smugglers Inn" is at the bottom with a small jetty where we leave the tender.



The Smugglers Inn

Nobody, but everything is open and a poster warns that it is a bar reserved for pirates, all the others will walk the plank and splash! A good path well marked is behind and we walk towards west. After about one kilometer through bushes, the path comes to an opening and what we believe to be a field.



It's not a field. Nothing grows here

But no, it's a large esplanade where only small plants grow. On the left, at the top of a hill, we can see the ruins of a castle, and down, closer to us, the ruins of houses.



Ruins on the hill

We walk and row back, the sun is hidden now and it's a little late for swimming. Soon after, a boat full of adults and children pass near us and the man at the helm throws us an orange. We thank him, he comes back and throws another one, and it's really nice. When Jens looks at his mail, he finds that Miguel and Paulina invite us to dinner, but it's too late now, it will be another day. Then blog, dinner, tea and reading and another day is gone.



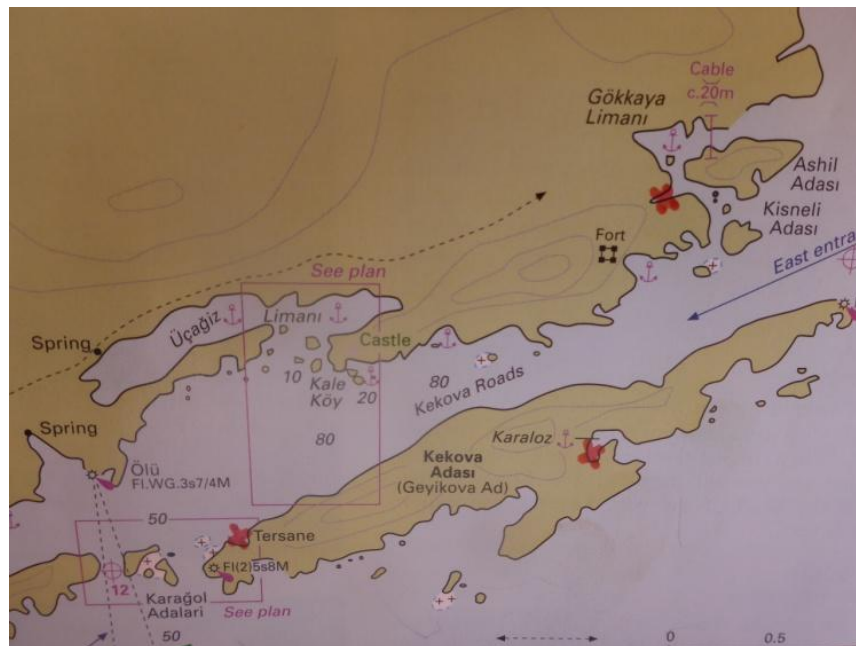
Thank you for the oranges

Karaloz-Gökkaya Limani : 4 nm (7 km)

Florvåg-Gökkaya Limani : $4\,417 + 4 = 4\,421$ nm (7 958 km)



Maja. Gökkaya Limani



The three places where we stopped:
Tersane, Karaloç and Gökkaya Limani

Monday, November 16, 2015. Gökkaya Limani

I am awakened by a bird whistling very close, I think it's on the boat. Still beautiful and quiet, it's amazing. We share an orange for breakfast, it is good. A boat arrives and a man leaves his wife who goes to pick olives, she has a large bucket and a long stick. We leave shortly after to row, to see the cave on Ashil Adası, it's only possible in quiet weather because we have to go on the open sea, so we take the opportunity today, we feel just a little bit of swell, but it can't be calmer. It takes us 20 minutes to get there, Jens is rowing. The entrance doesn't look very big, but in fact the cave is high, wide and deep enough. We go in and I do lots of photos, but it is difficult to give an idea of its size.



The cave



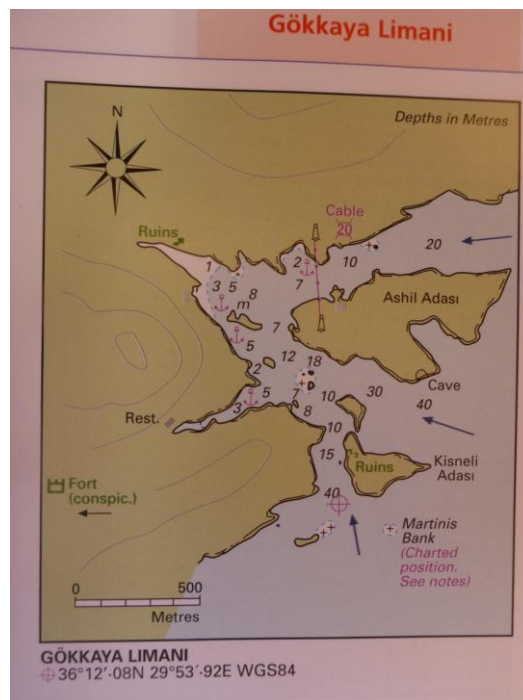
The entrance seen from inside

It seems that fishermen come inside with their boats in search of coolness in the summer when it is very hot. We get out, row along the island to the north and we change place, without going on land, slowly and I end up rowing. We dock at a quay in front of big terraces deserted now. Apparently there was a restaurant before but nothing remains, only goats which run away when we arrive. We walk to the ruins and after 5 minutes meet a couple, a little older than us. The gentleman said, "Lovely day today" and Jens replies: "Er du norsk?" Well, yes, they are Norwegians from Oslo who are hiking along the coast, following "The Lycian Trail "(Lycia was the province former name). We stay a long time talking and from where we stand I see flowers about thirty meters on the side of the path. After they left, I go and take a photo of the flower, it will be the flower of the day. We are going to the ruins, a house that doesn't seem so old, a church and a well that has water and is still used.



The well is still used for the goats

We go back, swim, take a sun bath and lunch. Then same routine as the other days, blog for me and work for Jens. We brought two solar panels with us in September to replace two that are not working. But Jens is in no hurry to install them, he noticed that by directing them in front of the sun, they charge a lot better. So he places them well, move them a little from time to time and they are charging much more. We have enough electricity to be in the nature without reloading, and everything is working, the fridge (that's what takes the more), light, computers, telephones etc. For dinner, we begin to tap into our stocks, tonight we eat spaghetti with tomato sauce and yogurt as dessert. This tomato sauce, bought in Turkey, is very hot and the yogurt is a bit sour and salty. Surprise, surprise when we don't understand what we are buying.



Gökkaya Limani. Maja is anchored in the estuary near the “Rest”
The cave is on the island Ashil Adası

Tuesday, November 17, 2015. Gökkaya Limani

We get the sun a quarter of an hour earlier, at 8:30 am. A boat comes and is moored a little further and a family goes on land to go and pick olives. We swim at 9 am, and it's funny, the surface water, 10 cm deep, is fresh (21 °) and the water below is warmer (23 °), it is that fresh water comes from springs and floats on salt water. Another boat with two young guys moors at the Smuglers Inn. We go there too, at 11 am to dock the tender and we see that they are cleaning the restaurant, it's the end of the season. We walk on the hiking trail, towards the great plain, we cross it and continue westwards. We see Kale Köy, a village with a castle, but it's too far, we will go there by boat.



A kind of blue spider web on the ground



Kaleköy castle, far away



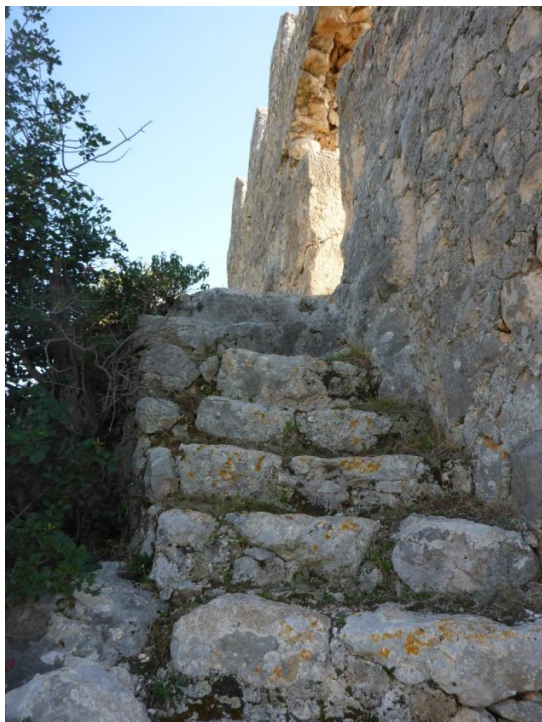
A large basin in the middle of the plain

We turn and walk back through the great plain, more in the middle and pass near a large basin that collected water and several old wells that still have water. We want to go to the fort on the top of the hill that we saw the other day. A small path goes down to the sea and reaches a fence, full of holes, surrounding a property. And here we find a ruin, but a ruin of a modern house with bathroom, kitchen and toilet. This must have been a big house and a beautiful area, with a private bay. We bathe there, the sea is clear, the bottom is sand and the water is warm.



We swim here

Then we find the path up to the fort. Fortunately there are cairns every 30 m, without them it would not have been easy to follow it. It is steep, rocky and yet it is apparently the only access to the fort.



The fort

This fort is small, maybe 150 m², but has a view overlooking the sea and the interior. We didn't take lunch but we have reserves (nuts, dried fruits ...) in the backpack that we share equally, on the cannon, enjoying the beautiful view.



The fort



Our “lunch” on the canon



The canon and view over the sea



View over the plain

We return to the boat at 2:30 pm, a little tired. Classic afternoon newspaper, Sudoku, blog and work for Jens. At 4:45 pm, the family of olive pickers comes back to their boat, carrying big

bags of olives. They approach us and the young man asks if we can give them water. We give them a bottle and ask how much they have gathered today: 200 kg! They thank us and leave. After dinner, we are out to see the stars when we hear a boat, but we can't see it. She doesn't approach us, she is following the island opposite, Ashil Adasi, but she has no light! At times, the guy lights a torch, illuminates the coast of the island and continues.

That's eight days that we are in the nature and we like it. We had not expected this and we have to dip into our reserves, but it's ok. We still have knekkebrød, sardines, tuna, rice, spaghetti ... Fresh water is not a problem, we use very little, 50 l in a week (our tank contains 100 l), we are using as much as possible saltwater: dishes, cooking (by mixing it with fresh water, it's too salty). We have bottled water, a little fresh vegetables, all is well. We'll go shopping tomorrow or after tomorrow.

Wednesday, November 18, 2015. Gökkaya Limani



The estuary bottom with the “Smugglers Inn

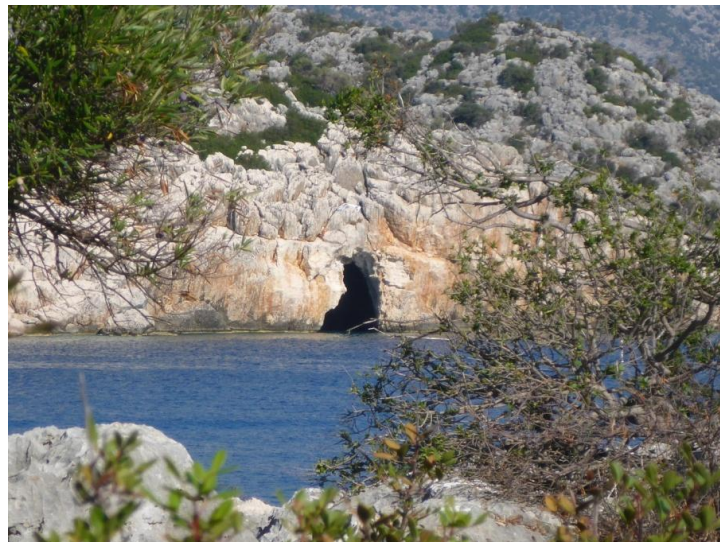
13° this morning, it's getting cooler but the temperature rises when the sun comes out. We swim at 8:50 am and take biscuits for breakfast, they look like sticks that Chinese use to eat. We keep the “knekkebrød” for lunch. We row, or rather Jens rows to an island called Kisneli Adasi, 20 minutes from here to see the ruins, in fact it is a ruin of a church and the name of the island is translated as St Elias Island.



We walk a little and I fall, I do not know how, it's an easy walk. I twist my left ankle and I get a scratch on my right arm. And, as a stupid girl, I continue to walk, "it will pass." A small gulet with Spanish tourists anchor and people swim and a large gulet full of tourists passes on the "fjord". Then they go away and we swim, the water seems warmer here than in our estuary.



The old olive trees are often surrounded by stones

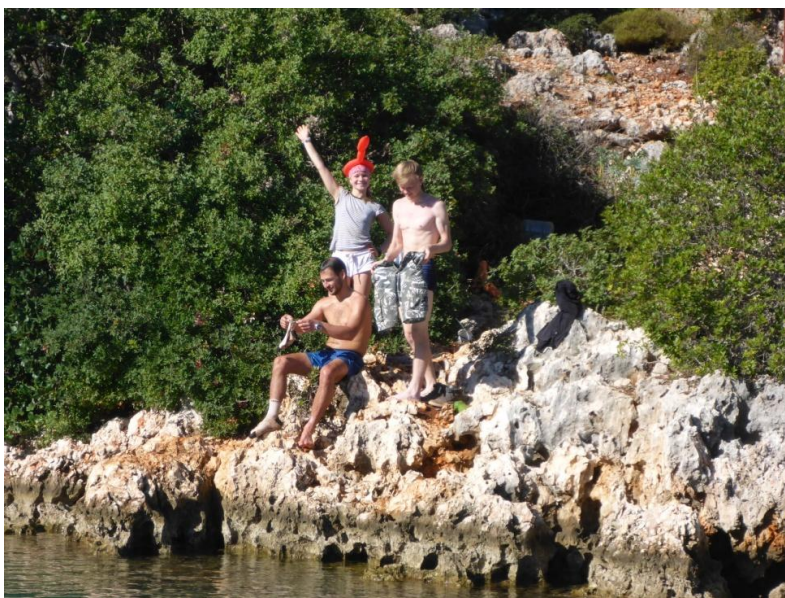


We are in front of the cave

We return, and this time it's my turn to row, and my ankle swells and hurts. Back on the boat, I put my leg on the table and that helps. It's not serious, just a slight sprain. Lunch and blog. Miguel and Paulina arrive and anchor near the Island of St. Elias. He calls Jens by radio and invites us for dinner tomorrow. They are 500 m from us but we don't see each other because they are behind a rocky promontory. Jens makes dinner with our reserves: Lamb chops, one sautéed potato (a large potato), cucumber salad with apples and olives (and feta) and dessert is our funny yogurt with honey (Jens) or cherry syrup (me). At 9:30 pm, we hear a light noise, a gulet is anchoring near us in the dark, at 50 m; she doesn't have an anchor light but a white flashing light on deck.

Thursday, November 19, 2015. Gökkaya Limani

Our neighbor, the gulet, leaves before 7 am. It's cool, only 11° but the sun is warm when it comes out. I don't bath this morning, I'm not sure I can climb back on Maja from the sea, but actually my ankle hardly hurts, but it's still swollen. After breakfast, a trio of young Russian hikers makes a break just in front of us, the girl has wrapped a long balloon on her head, the two boys bath and they seem happy when I take a picture.



The young Russians

We leave with the tender to the Smugglers Inn, a group of young people are there to clean and fish. A girl gives us a big apple and four clementines, that's nice. They gave a small fish to the cat, but he is not interested. I make a picture of a kind of comics in the inn (which is also, apparently, a nightclub) which has the sequence of distractions for an evening (drinking, eating, dancing ...), the last drawing is a little crude, I am warning my readers.



Evening program at the Smugglers Inn

We hear an outboard, and it is Miguel who comes to offer us to eat earlier, at 3 pm and, of course, we accept, in fact it is better, we can eat outside. Our plan this morning is to take a short walk to see how my ankle reacts. So we walk eastward, pass next to Maja and continue to the large terraces where we had moored the tender the other day. Well, if I put my foot flat, it's all right, but I must not twist or skew it. We get there and turn around. On returning, we bathe going down from rocks, but the sea bottom is sandy. Then we meet a couple of young

hikers, Americans I think, and they tell us that they saw a big snake on the path. We go back, my ankle is fine, we walked two kilometers.



Maja. Gökkaya Limani

I start the blog, but at 2:30 pm, we leave with the tender to go to Miguel and Paulina's catamaran. They are anchored in front of the ruins of Kismeli Adasi where we were yesterday, it is a very good place, protected and pretty. Their boat is really big, three cabins each with a bathroom and the kitchen could be the kitchen of an apartment.



The kitchen!

We dine out, eat very well and spend a very nice evening together, between the memories of Mexico and the navigation experiences. We return rowing in the dark but we see a little, a quarter moon illuminates us. Back to the boat, I feel that it is 10 pm, but in fact it is only 7:45 pm, so I have time to finish the blog. We forgot, before leaving, to turn on the anchor light, the light up the mast, so we turn it on now.



Jens, Paulina and Miguel on “Va”, their catamaran. Kisneli Adasi

Friday, November 20, 2015. Gökkaya Limani-Üçağiz

One thing I forgot to say, when we returned home from Paulina and Miguel yesterday at 7:45 pm, we felt that our estuary is much colder than the surrounding places, probably a difference of several degrees. Jens thinks this is fresh water coming from sources which floats on salt water that cools the estuary. Okay, back to today. It's only 11 ° this morning and 14 in the boat, so we wait for the sun to rise to get up. Swimming, breakfast and we leave at 10:15 am. We have spent ten days in the nature and it's time to go shopping. We pass Miguel and Paulina's "Va" and continue going back west.



Bye, bye “Va”

We admire Kale Köy, a pretty village at the foot of the castle, we will come back, and continue to Üçağiz where there is a supermarket and a marina. The marina is nearly full of gulets, at least a hundred, but a marinero shows us a place along a quay, it is 11:15 am.



The marina

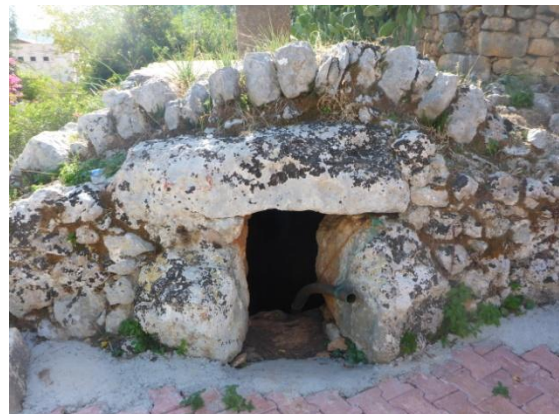


The village. Üçağiz

We are behind a large motor yacht where an employee (a man) is watching TV. We walk in the village and go to throw our garbage. I am ashamed to say that we have at least 6 kg of it, mostly packages!



Sarcophagus



Old well still in use

This village was an isolated and poor village which found itself catapulted into the big business of tourism. Buses arrive from Kaş, unload their passengers who board gulets and make a tour. Even today, 20 November, four buses are here.



Buses

In summer, the buses must park on a big parking lot at the village entrance. Walking, we can see in two minutes the ancient (sarcophagus) and the modern (bus). As it is Friday, the day of prayer, many faithful go out of the mosque and there is a small clothing market. We do some shopping and return to eat lunch at the boat. The employee is watching TV. We go to our second walk along the hiking trail to the west, we would like to reach a source indicated on our guide, but it is too far and it's too late, at 4:15 pm, we turn around, it will be dark soon.



The trail

We go to dine at a restaurant, we see one which is lit, very lively, it looks good. We go up, it's on the second floor, and the people seem surprised to see us. A man comes to us and apologizes, the restaurant is closed, it is a family reunion. He shows us another one which is opened. We go there and we are the only guests, but no problem. The owner advises us to try the prawns (local) and sea bream (also local), with fries and salad. This is good, plentiful and

cheap. The wood stove is lit and chestnuts are roasted for his children. Nicely, he offers us some. We go back to Maja and the employee is still watching TV.



The wood stove in the restaurant



He has been watching TV the whole day.

He is sitting outside, smoking and watching through the open door

Gökkaya Limani-Üçağiz: 4 nm (7 km)

Florvåg-Üçağiz : $4\,421 + 4 = 4\,425$ nm (7 965 km)

Saturday, November 21, 2015. Üçağiz-Kaleköy

A bit cloudy and windy this morning, but we can't complain, it's still 16 °. After breakfast, I offer myself the luxury of a shower and especially a shampoo, I dare not say how long I didn't wash my hair, yes, I'll admit it, it was at Kristian and Lene's house in Kaş. Showers and toilets are not in the marina, they are communal and near the square. A lady in charge asks for 5 TL (15 kr or 1 € 5), she is on the landing in front of the entrance, with her family, drinking tea. The shower is a cabin without much space for hanging clothes or towel, but the entrance is open to the street so I can't change here, the water is barely warm but still, this seems good. Jens, at the boat, borrowed a hose to the nearby TV viewer and fills the fresh water tank.



Maja. Üçağiz Marina

We then walk a little and the restaurant owner where we had dinner yesterday wants to show us giant prawns which were caught today. And it is true that they are big.



Giant prawn

We make the last purchases and leave at 11:40 am. After 20 min navigation, we are in Kalköy, the pretty village.



Kalköy

Each restaurant has its free pontoon, but with the moral obligation to eat at their place. A couple helps us to tie up, and this helps because the wind pushes us away from the dock, we thank them and make an appointment for dinner tonight at 7 pm.



Kaleköy



View from the castle



Battlements and sarcophagi

We climb to the castle, there are no streets here, only passages or stairs between the houses. Kaleköy is only accessible by a path or by boat. Recent homes are built on the foundations of ancient houses, using a wall, a basement, a staircase carved into the rock. They are many flowers, it's very pretty and quiet at this season. Swimming and after lunch and our "stillestund" (quiet moment when drinking our coffee), we walk first to see the sarcophagus in the water, it's on all the photos of Kaleköy and then row along the village and around a small island. Even on this island are the remains of places carved into the stone, like warehouses or reservoirs.



Ruins. Reservoirs?



Maja. Kaleköy

At sunset, the village is really pretty. While I do the blog Jens tries the stove that starts smoking black. The pontoon owners come to see what is happening, fearing a fire. Jens reassures them and invites them to see Maja, they think she is nice but really small. Then we go to dinner, the restaurant is empty, dark, everything is stacked and only one light illuminates our table, but the food is good and the people nice ... until we see the bill! We ate almost the same as yesterday but the note is almost double. We paid 105 TL (315 kr or 31 €) yesterday and tonight it's 187 TL (561 kr or 56 €). This is the most expensive meal since we are in Turkey. But the pontoon is free ...

Üçağiz-Kaleköy : 1 nm (1,8 km)

Florvåg-Kaleköy : $4\,425 + 1 = 4\,426$ nm (7 965 km)

Sunday, November 22, 2015. Kaleköy-Tersane. Kekova Island



This path is the only access to Kaleköy on land



Encounter on the path

Gray, cloudy and a light easterly wind. We follow the path that is the only land access to Kaleköy, first climb and descend into the plain behind. This looks like the great plain where we walked, but here it is used, there are greenhouses and a shipyard. It takes about fifteen minutes to walk to Kaleköy from here. Jens asks if we can go into the yard, they are currently building a large gulet. No problem and Jens discusses a long time with the yard owner. We pass an half abandoned cemetery and we see some old graves with inscriptions in Arabic (the Turkish language was written with Arabic letters until Atatürk's reform in 1928).



Yard where new gullets are built



A grave with Arabic inscriptions

We go up and down to the sea to leave. It's gray, it's blowing, we're on a fjord, it's like in Norway. We cross the fjord and go to see the sunken city of Simena, just across Kaleköy.



Simena, the sunken city



Simena, the sunken city

This is impressive, the whole side of the mountain is excavated and built over a length of more than one kilometer. Then we motor to see a bay shown in our guide, but it is not protected at all from the east, so we return to Tersane, the bay with the ruins of a church, there it's all quiet. As it is Sunday, two gulets brought tourists but they leave rapidly and we have the bay to ourselves. As the wind is from the east, we put the bow close to land to the east, moored to a big rock and the anchor behind. We go swimming, the water is clear and pleasant, then late lunch it is 2 pm. Rest, blog and the evening arrives quickly. Jens makes dinner and we spend a quiet evening ... except that the wind turned and is now from the north, which means it pushes us on the side. This is not a storm, a force 3 but Maja now pulls on the anchor from the side, not from the front, let's hope that it holds.



We are back in Tersane

Kaleköy-Tersane : 4 nm (7 km)

Florvåg-Tersane : $4\,426 + 4 = 4\,430$ nm (7 974 km)

Monday, November 23, 2015. Tersane

Last night we went to bed with a little doubt: will the anchor hold? Jens put the anchor watch if we move, but that does not help us much, even a few meters would be too much, we are near the rocks. We don't sleep. At 1:30 am, Jens decides to go with the tender to put another

line between a rock a little north and the side of the boat, it will prevent us from pivoting toward the rocks.



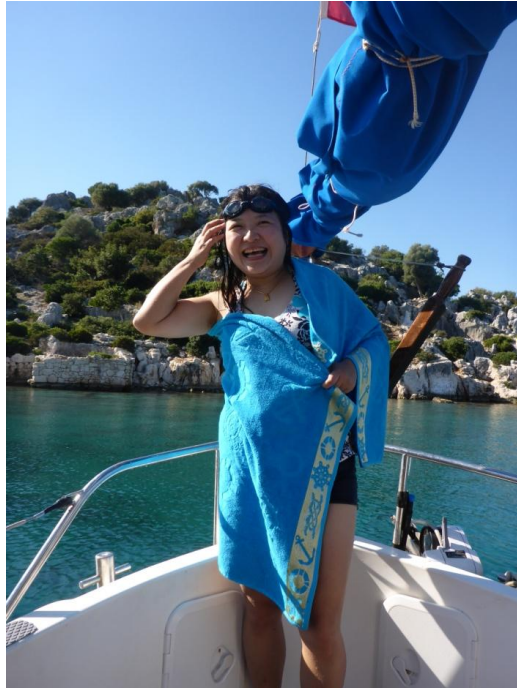
At 1:30 am, Jens is going to put another line

Fortunately, the moon is almost full and it's quite clear. It goes well. Back on board he notices that the anchor rope is not tight, so he pulls a little more. It's not long this time, only 20 m. Then we go back to bed and fall asleep and the rest of the night is quiet, but Jens gets up several times and tightens the anchor rope every time. At 6:30 am, I get up, Maja didn't move, but none of the ropes is tight, I wonder how we hold. I also pull to tighten the anchor rope. When we get up we realize that between us, we pulled 10 m of the anchor rope, this means it didn't hold well! We are now anchored with only 10 m, which is against all the rules, but we leave it like that so long as we are on board. Swimming, breakfast, work on the boat for Jens and work with the photos for me.



Jens puts Sikaflex

We're both busy. By late morning, a gulet arrives with only three passengers. A young girl swims and comes to see us, she wants to see in the boat, she goes up, I lend her a towel and she visits Maja, she is from Taiwan.



The girl from Taiwan

She leaves, we eat our lunch and take coffee when another gulet arrives with a large group of Russians, I think. A guide speaks into a microphone and presents us " ... Norvegia" or something like that. People greet us and applaud! Some bathe and then they go.



The gulet with the Russian people

When we are alone again, we want to pull up the anchor and put it farther. Jens goes ashore with the tender to release the line, I put on the engine a little in reverse, just to withstand the wind. Jens takes up the anchor and moves it farther with the tender. I was a little nervous, but in fact it's going very well and now we have put 45 m line. We go for a walk, we hope to approach the sunken city by land, but it is too far and it's late, we come back at 4:45 pm, just before dark.



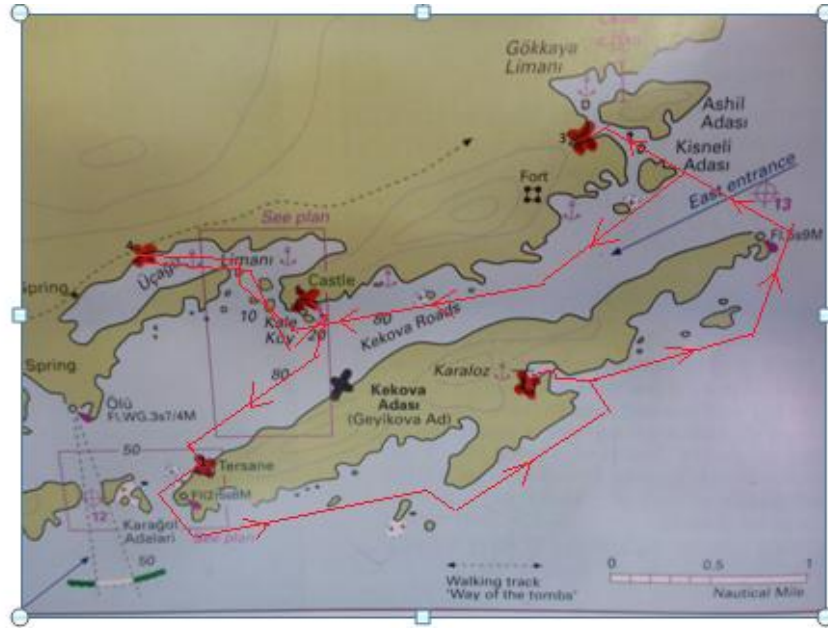
We go for a walk



Goats

And to finish, a nice story. After dinner, we are outside with a little glass and I hear a kid (not a child, a baby goat) crying, close enough. He cries a long time the poor animal, but at around 10 pm, I hear a goat with a bell that is approaching, and in fact I see it too, it is white. And then it's all quiet, I can't hear the kid crying anymore, I think they both left.

Tomorrow, we are leaving to Finike, the town a little further East where we are going to leave Maja on land three months, from December first to the end of February and then we will begin our journey home. The weather forecast is bad for the end of the week, rain and strong winds from Thursday on, so it will be better to be in a marina when it comes.



Our stops: Tersane, Karaloğ, Gökova Limanı, Üçağiz, Kaleköy and back to Tersane. The black cross marks Simena, the sunken city

Tuesday, November 24, 2015. Tersane-Finike

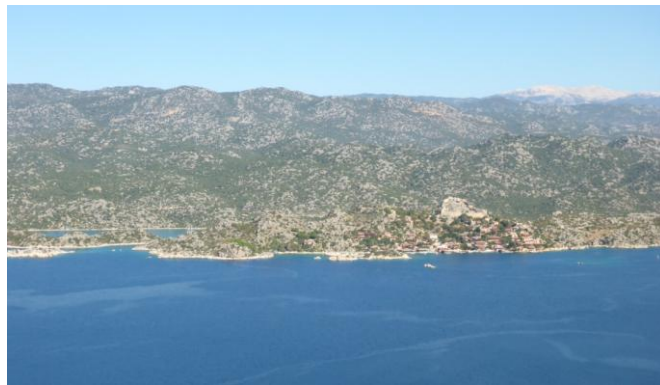


An antic dock under Maja

It's amazing, this long period of good weather in November. We swim, we dry ourselves in the sun on the boat and then take our breakfast. Jens sees on the fjord an animal that swims and goes up to the surface, like a dolphin, but smaller, perhaps a big fish. Then we start walking at 9:50 am to try to go to the Sunken City by land. We follow a vague path, either made by the olive pickers or by the goats. We climb and reach the top of the cliff overlooking the city, but no way to go down, it's too steep. We have a beautiful view to the north over Üçağiz and Kaleköy and south over the sea.



Walk along a ruin



To the north: Kaleköy



To the south: the sea

We rest a little, eat a tangerine and I watch a wasp flying here and there. And this wasp lands on a flower, at about 5-6 m from us. I can't believe my eyes, this is not possible, I have visions! This flower, here, it's crazy! I must go and see it, so I go down these few meters clutching the rocks, and in fact, I see that there are several. I make the picture of the flower of the day laughing, no one will believe it's true. And now you will see the picture.



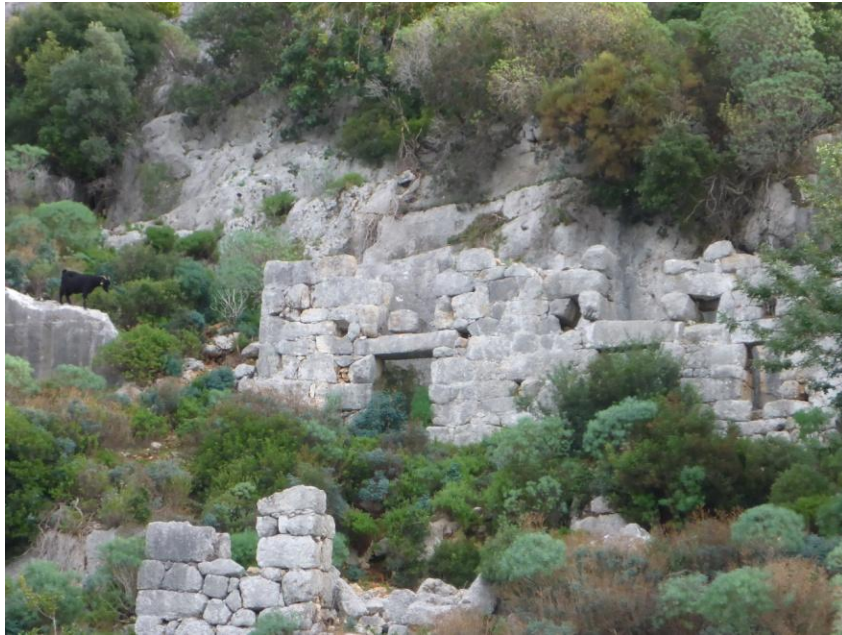
The flower: I am very surprised to see snow-drops here



Church ruins. Tersane

I went on the internet once on the boat and it's true, a variety of this flower is native to Turkey, Lebanon, Jordan. We go back at 11:50 am, we walked two hours. We swim and see

five seagulls, a record. And we leave, Jens removes the line from land, I take up the anchor, we hoist the tender on Maja, we leave and pass the Sunken City again, still impressive.



We pass again in front of Simena, the sunken city

We eat lunch underway and right after, we get a radio call from Miguel and Paulina, they see us, but we can't see them. We are looking for them far away and they are very close on our left. We come near each other and exchange a few words. They have with them Australian friends who have the same catamaran in Finike, where we are going, but themselves are en route to Marmaris. When shall we meet again? Maybe next year?



Hard life of the sailors. Between Tersane and Finike

Quiet crossing, sunny, it takes us four hours to reach Finike and we come just after sunset. Two marineros come to meet us on a Zodiac and show us our berth then one of them comes on board Maja to take the laid mooring for us, what a service.



Here we are, at the end of our journey. Finike



From Datça to Finike

An Englishman shouts to us from his boat that a Fisher is his "dream boat" and a man on the dock tells us: "Velkommen til lille Skandinavia." It looks nice here. We are at the end of our trip, after Finike we'll start the return journey. We are happy to have come so far, without problem, and to celebrate this, our ankerdram isn't orange juice today, but a glass of Tequila (courtesy of Miguel and Paulina) and peanuts. We walk a little in town but it is dark, we have dinner with a kebab each for a total of 10 TL (30 kr or 3 €)!

Tersane-Finike : 19 nm (34 km)

Florvåg-Finike : $4\,430 + 19 = 4\,449$ nm (8 008 km)

Wednesday, November 25, 2015. Finike

Still sunny today and Maja is well exposed, we have the cockpit to the east, to the rising sun and that's good to eat breakfast.



Maja with her round brown stern and the Norwegian flag

We walk a little in the marina, very international and well equipped with carpentry workshop, electricity, sail maker. Jens asks the electro-mechanical workshop if they could repair the bow-propeller engine. Perhaps, but they will see it first, so it's necessary that the Jens brings it to them. Jens then goes to the marina office to register us. Good surprise, the price that Jens got when he booked covers the days when Maja is in the water and three months ashore, we thought that we had to pay extra for the days on the water. The manager is friendly and tells Jens that he was an English teacher before but earns much more since he works in the marina. Teachers earn little here. Finike Marina is popular for the winter, first because of the climate and also the nice atmosphere between residents who formed a club and organize outings, classes, quizzes etc ... We are already booked for a concert in Antalya Friday night with bus transportation. And this morning, there is coffee and cake at the "Porthole" it's the name of the club house.



The "Porthole"

We didn't know it and go when it's almost finished. But we have a coffee and the last piece of the pie that we share. An old lady, 79 years old, tells us that she was on a boat before, she now rents an apartment, but she always comes to the club anyway. We go to swim at a platform fairly near our pontoon, very nice, the town beach is not very pretty and you have to go far to get water to the knee. We also carry laundry to the launderette. The boss is an old little lady, round and smiling. She knows some English, enough to get by with her job: welcome, 20 TL (this is the price for a machine), finished at 5 pm, dry? Ironed? So lunch, Turkish newspapers in English and Sudoku for me. Then Jens takes out the engine in front, delivers it to the workshop while I start the blog, and we go for a walk in the city, but it's getting dark soon now, specially as the weather is grey. Tomorrow we take out the bikes.



Jens takes out the bow-propeller engine

Thursday, November 26, 2015. Finike

It rained a little last night and now it's a mix of sun and clouds. Jens takes out the bikes and we ride along the sea, first on the promenade and then on a wide sidewalk that borders the road to Antalya.



Straight and flat road. The sea is on the right. Finike

This road is straight, straight and flat, flat. The sea is on the right, separated from the road by a kind of heath and on the left are tall buildings, apartments and hotels, also separated from the road by a wasteland. We ride, we ride ... and get nowhere, just further on the road which is under construction at that point.



The road finishes her, but not for us

Just before turning around, I see a bush with the beautiful yellow flower that I know from San Juan (Argentina).



Thevetia

I take photos and we turn back, that is to say, it is necessary to cross the four-lane road, but there is not much traffic and it's not a problem. We ride but it starts raining hard, so we take shelter under a balcony a few minutes and the rain stops.





Not very pretty

The landscape is not very pretty, vacant lot along the road, mixture of buildings and greenhouses and in addition it is very gray, which doesn't help. We arrive in town and eat a sandwich on the sidewalk but it starts to rain again and we go inside the cafe where the TV shows Turkish President, Erdoğan.



Erdoğan on TV

We go home when it stops raining and quiet afternoon in the boat, it starts to rain again. We don't swim today, for the first time in several weeks. We dine early, and at 8 pm, go to the quiz organized at the "Porhole". We are 15 so that makes 5 teams of 3. The questions are quite difficult and despite our efforts our team, 100% female, loses. We go home at 10:30 pm and start, each on our reading tablet, Jussy Adler-Olsen's last book on Department Q, with Carl, Assad and Rose, I can recommend those books for fans of detective novels.

Friday, November 27, 2015. Finike

It rained last night and is still raining when we get up, but the rain stops at around 9 am and the sun comes out. We walk along the other pier, not the one behind us and from there we see the mountains covered with snow, and this time they are not clouds.



Mountains with snow. Finike

Jens wants to swim but I'm not enthusiastic ... and even less when I see the waves arriving on the platform, so he is swimming alone.



Jens goes swimming alone

A father and his son, 8-9 years old, are on the staircase that descends to the platform, the little boy is drinking a juice in a carton. When they go, Dad throws the carton between the rocks that form the dike. And we were told that some boaters have been fined for throwing coffee grounds into a harbor...



A sport newspaper called “Fanatik”?

We go back and I start to do the blog right away, we take the bus at 2:30 pm with the club to go to a concert in Antalya.



In the mini-bus

We are 13 people from the marina and a driver in a white minibus, not old, but whose suspension had surely passed a lot of holes and bumps on the road. Jens and I are at the back with a Swede, Thomas, with whom we are talking, and time flies. There are 115 km from Finike to Antalya, we have a break en route and we arrive at 4:30 pm in Antalya, very large city (1 million inhabitants) lively and well maintained. Some go down to a mall and others go a little further to another mall. As we know neither one nor the other, we go down at the first one. First we are in a large DIY store and garden center; we ask if they have "coffee

machines", but they don't, we try to find a coffee/tea pot to replace the one that broke in the waves the other day. Then we stroll between shops of clothes, shoes, items for the kitchen and, surprise, it's in a perfumery (!) that we find our teapot, they have a shelf one meter and a half with some cooking utensils, I don't know why.



It's here that we find our tea-pot

We are happy and to celebrate this, we take a tea in Starbucks. At 6 pm, the bus picks us up and we go to dine. And what an experience this dinner.



Dinner. Antalya

Before ordering, we are served raw vegetables, salad, sauces, fried onions, mini meatballs served in lettuce leaves and a kind of "flatbrød" (flat bread, unleavened) placed on a long board in the middle of the table, everything is good and fresh. This is a Turkish restaurant, nothing is written in English, it's huge and an army of servers are going in all directions. Then each and every order is served quickly and efficiently. I have a dish of eggplant and mutton meat balls, along with grilled tomatoes and peppers, and raw grated onions, very good but it's too much, it would feed two people easily. Some have coffee, we take tea and the bill arrives. How much? 45 TL (135 kr or 13 €) for both of us! In addition, our group is very friendly and international (English, Irish, Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian and two women who speak French but with whom I have not spoken). Bus again and we go to the concert hall which is in an illuminated park.



Entrance. Concert hall. Antalya

In fact, we do not pay for the tickets: When the organizer of this event, a very nice Dutchman, wanted to buy them, they were all sold, but the concert hall manager was moved by our fate, he found 13 free tickets for us. Very good concert with the Antalya Symphony Orchestra, a virtuoso pianist (Gülsin Onay) and a conductor (Marek Pijarowski) that reminds me of Grieg, a little man with long hair who is conducting with energy. Return by bus and we arrive in Finike at half past midnight.

Saturday, November 28, 2015. Finike

A mix of sun and rain this morning. Jens wants to put the bimini, our parasol which then would become our umbrella. It is rolled on the small boom above the cockpit. I am just below it and we didn't think it rained and that it's full of water: I get one of those showers! I have to change completely.



I am soaked



Market street



The market



Large choice of material to make the wide pants of older women

Then we go to the market by bike, it's under a huge hall and in some surrounding streets. There is everything, clothes, fruits and vegetables, spices, dried fruits, and different nuts, kitchen utensils, toys ... And it's too bad it's so early, women are making the kinds of good pancakes, but we are not yet hungry. On the way back we see a turtle on a sidewalk near a small park, what is it doing here? While we were at the market, the wind rose suddenly and all the afternoon it's blowing very strong, F 6 and it's raining. We therefore remain inside, with a little heating, Jens works in the engine, changes oil, filter, cleans some stuff and I do the blog. We dine of a good plateful of beans and the rest of the pudding that Jens made the day before yesterday. When we go to bed, it stopped raining, the wind calmed down and the sky is starry.

PS First day with no swimming at all since a long time.

Sunday, November 29, 2015. Finike

The good weather has returned. We go by bike to explore the wide valley north of Finike. We take a small road left of the river, pass a bridge at about ten km and return by the main road on the right.



Mountains on the left and river on the right



It's harvesting time for oranges

This entire wide valley is cultivated, especially oranges and greenhouses with tomatoes, peppers, eggplants. But greenhouses do not dominate as in Spain, they are more discreet, surrounded by trees and greenery. Many times, the children say 'hello' to us, people smile and return our "merhaba" (hello). Here and there we see a mosque, small and without minaret where there are not many houses, and large with a minaret to the most important places. For several km there are houses, and then they thin out and at the end the road is between the river and the mountain. Where there are no more houses, I find the same plants as in Kekova, small cyclamen, the sturdy plant that grows from a large onion and, in addition, a new plant with yellow flowers that I don't know. We ride, ride, do a banana-nuts-mandarin break, pass the bridge and come down on the main road.



We pass the bridge

At the end, the road is straight, straight and flat, flat, it's easy to ride but it's quite boring. We arrive in Finike at 2 pm and take a sandwich at the same café as the other day. Return to the boat with 28 km in the legs and to cool off, swim in the sea. Several boys are getting dressed and Jens shows them the thermometer when he measures the water temperature (21 °). They are interested and ask where we come from. Norway. The oldest asks "South? North? ". "North, cold." OK. Rest of the day quiet, Jens helps our Swedish neighbor Thomas to climb up his mast, then dinner, news on the internet and reading.



Jens helps Thomas to climb up his mast

Monday, November 30, 2015. Finike

We take Maja out of the water tomorrow, so today we are working. Jens is in the engine, he adjusts the valves, I clean inside thoroughly, and we also carry 9 kg of laundry to wash.



Jens works in the engine ...



... and I am cleaning



Swimming and sunbathing

The two towels are a gift from Kuvvet's sister in Datça

Then we go swimming and sunbathe. Lunch, coffee, newspaper and we get visitors: Miguel and Paulina's Australian friends that we met briefly on the water when we passed them on our way here.



Sandra and Jeff (Australia)

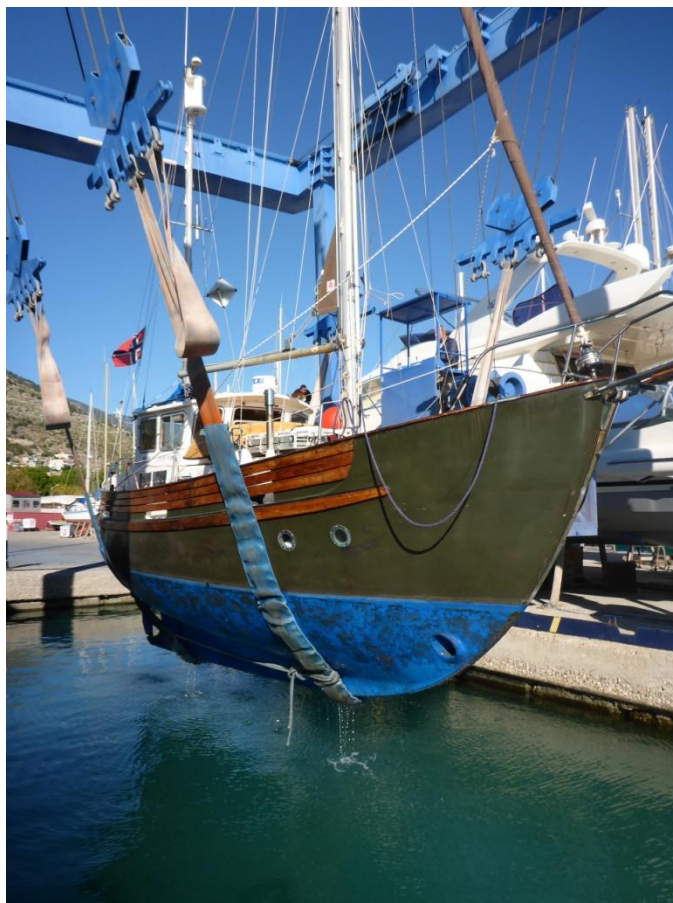


Thomas (Sweden)

They're called Jeff and Sandra, take tea with us and we sympathize well. They have the same catamaran as Miguel and Paulina, bought in La Rochelle in France. Sandra had little sailing experience and started by crossing the dreaded Bay of Biscay, from Belle Ile to La Coruña (Paulina also has done the same), these ladies impress me. And they think to go back to Australia by boat, what a trip. We invited Thomas to dinner and also invite them, but they can't tonight. Jens first made chocolate mousse, then go shopping, I do the blog, Jens fills the water tank, I start the ratatouille, Jens fetches the laundry (all is not dry, we'll have the rest tomorrow), I start the chicken. We are busy. Thomas comes at 7 pm and we spend a nice evening together. I find that for a Swede he is easy to understand. After he left dishes and some chapters with Carl, Assad and Rose.

Tuesday, 1 December 2015. Finike

When I wake up at 6:30 am, a strong wind is blowing and I think this is not the best of weather to take Maja out of the water. But the wind calms down and at 9:30 am, as we approach the lift, it's all quiet. A marinero tells us, when we arrive, "turn, turn", I ask him why, but he doesn't understand. Well, we turn and go backwards into the quay, but Maja is not the most maneuverable in reverse. The two guys grab the lines and it's ok. The lift can carry 80 tons, so the 7 tons of Maja are not much.



Maja is lifted out of the water

Then, a marinero washes Maja with high pressure water and the lift carries her at her place. Here, they don't use berths, they put pieces of wood, like logs to prop up the boat. They put only three logs on each side, but Maja has a long keel and can almost stand by herself.



Only three logs ...

We are well placed (again) and the cockpit is in the east, the side of the rising sun. Jens goes to buy anti-fouling paint, darker than the old one, and starts painting.



Jens is painting ...



... and I do the finish

I begin the blog at 11 am, because this afternoon I'm going to paint too. We go for a swim, very nice, lunch and work. Jens is almost finished already and I paint the small places he didn't reach with his roller. The sun goes behind the mountain very early, at 2:30 pm we are in the shade and we have to put on pants and sweater. At 4:30 pm, tired, we walk a little into town and take a tea near the mosque. And it is precisely the time of the call to prayer. It's very loud when you're so close! But here, at least, the first call is not too early, around 9 am, I think, in other cities, it may be at 6 am. We go back, it's dark, we climb our ladder and we are at home. Then quiet evening. We resume our lifestyle in boat ashore, we know the trick now, it's the third time, once in Portugal in December 2014, once in Greece this summer and here in Turkey. We can't throw the water out, like at sea, so we use the minimum amount of water and throw it in the toilet of the boat, we have a 80 liter tank. We can use the marina toilets and showers, no problem.

Correction: the first call to prayer is before 6 am, but I didn't hear it because I am sleeping at this time.

Wednesday, December 2, 2015. Finike

Last day in Finike, we fly tomorrow to Denmark first and then Norway. We slept well but it's still a funny feeling to be in the boat on land. But I am used to it now, before I really didn't like that. But we find that Maja has few legs, only three on each side, all the other boats have at least fours, and they are joined together to consolidate the whole thing. Jens speaks with a marinero and he and a colleague add a leg on each side and secure them together. It's better.

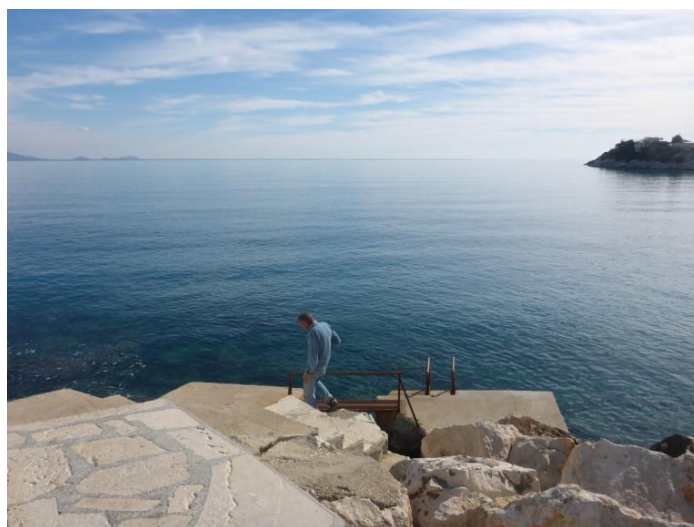


Maja has four legs now



Jens puts back the bow-propeller engine

We are still working today, Jens put back the bow-thruster engine (repaired), I sand, paint, sand again and paint again the propeller, the large one behind. Jens speaks with a painter, a professional one, and asks how much it would cost to paint the top of the hull, the brown part. The guy looks serious, explains the whole process and we let us be tempted. We would never have done it in Norway, it is too expensive, but here it is affordable. He will do it while we are away and when we come back on February 27, Maja will be beautiful. A lady comes to see Maja. She is German, is called Pia and lives in her boat ashore and tells us that she has lost her husband two years ago. What a coincidence ! It's the same story as Pia (the Dutch woman) that we met in Ayamonte, on the border between Portugal and Spain, just one year ago. The same name and the same sad story. We go for a swim for the last time this year, it's calm and the water is 20.2 °, for a December 2, it's not so bad.



We go for a swim

Lunch and ride for half an hour. Jens works again, cleans the bikes and their hole under the cockpit and I do two blogs, one for yesterday and this one for today. Jens cuts his hair, we tidy a little, give our fruits and vegetables to Thomas.



Last evening in Finike

One thing we still have to do is to remove the Norwegian flag and the Turkish courtesy flag. So, our outward journey is over. We come back here on February 27 and the blog will resume on February 29, 2016.

MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR

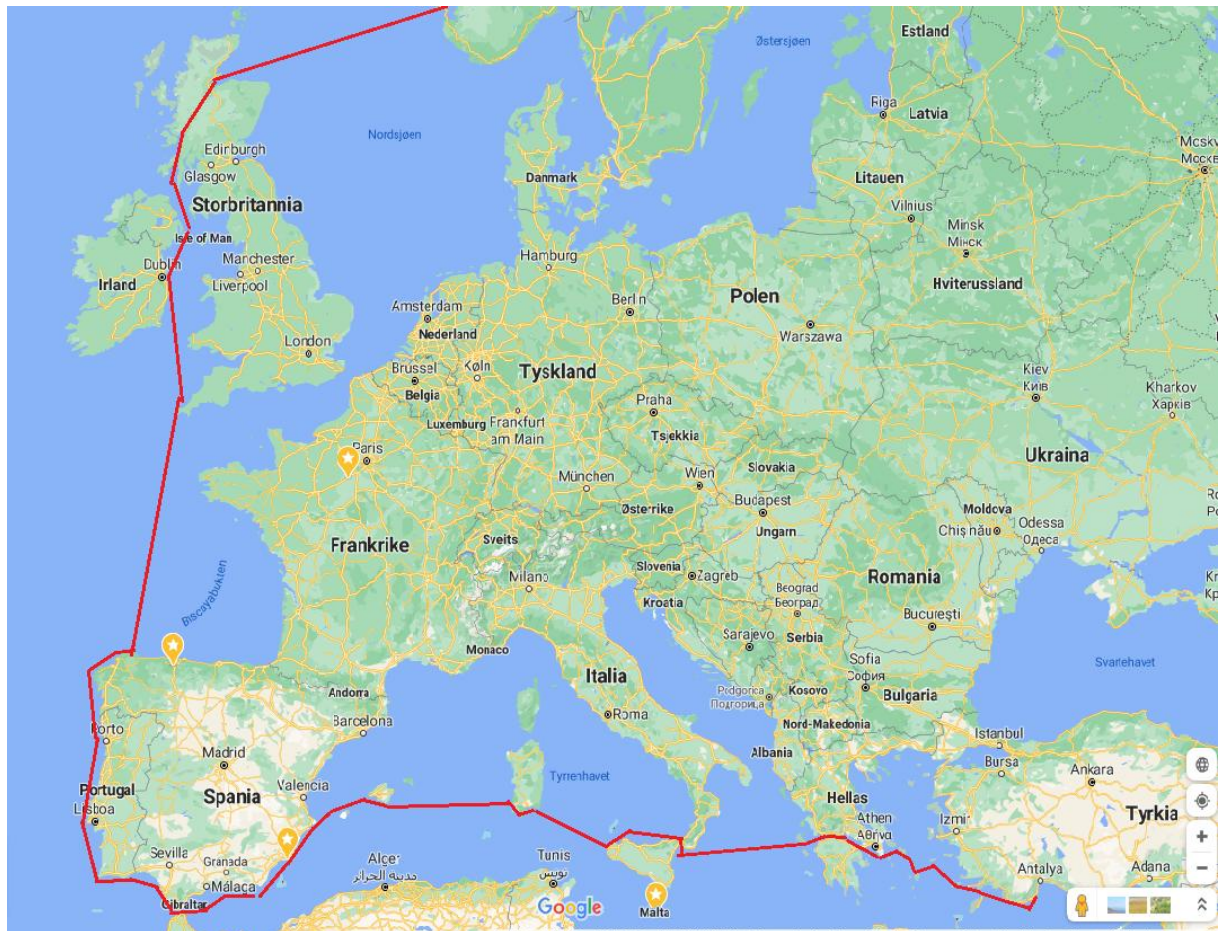
SEE YOU SOON



Finike



Finike Marina



Our trace Florvåg (Norway)-Finike (Turkey)
June 2014- December 2015

