



**MAJA'S VOYAGE**

**2014-2017**

**Book 4**

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Februar- July 2016

Finike (Turkey)-Valletta (Malta)

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



**Sunday, February 28, 2016. Finike (Turkey)**



Leaving Skogvik. Norway

Arrived without problem last night after a good stay in the north, a week in Denmark and more than two months in Norway. It was already dark when the taxi dropped us at the boat and we couldn't see much. But this morning, under the sun, we could finally admire Maja. She is beautiful! Her brown paint is smooth and shiny and she looks 20 years younger.



She is beautiful and shiny!

When we get off the ladder, Jens discovers a small card stuck on the rudder: our Mexican friends, Miguel and Paulina came to visit, but of course, we were not here. Breakfast in the cockpit in the sun, recovery of our marine habits on land and walk in the city with an orange juice stop. The weather is like a beautiful summer day in Norway, warm and sunny. What a contrast to yesterday morning, snow and cold, when Kristin (and Theo) drove us to the airport. Jens is determined to swim, I'm not so sure but we take our towels and go down our ladder, walk 50 m in the marina and, surprise, a car stops near us. Jens recognizes them first: "The Mexicans!"



Jens buys oranges



Paulina, Miguel, Jeff, Jens and Sandra

And yes, here are Miguel and Paulina who came from Marmaris on a rented car to see their Australian friends, Jeff and Sandra, and are now leaving the marina. We thought they came long ago. What luck, if we had walked here 5 minutes later we would have missed them. Joyous reunion, and Jeff and Sandra join us. We talk of our past navigations and our plans for the future. They think of crossing the Atlantic together (on their respective catamarans) in January 2017, one couple to return to Mexico and the other one on their way back to Australia. I admire them. We say good-bye to Miguel and Paulina and Jeff and Sandra tell us of a barbecue here at 4 pm. We continue to the platform to test the water temperature. It doesn't look too cold. But the problem is that the ladder is gone, so it's harder to get down and even harder to come up. Jens tries first in passing over rocks and helps me down. And yes, the water is "good." We do not stay long but we are not cold. Jens measures the water temperature: 18 °, not bad for a 28 February. We even take a short sun bath then return to Maja to have lunch. Jens then works on the propeller and I go shopping for the barbecue, salad and chicken wings. I wanted sheep meat but I I didn't find the butcher shop again and the supermarket had none. I prepare the salad, we carry cutlery, meat, and it reminds us of Sankt Hans in Skogvik when we go down to the grill with our neighbors, only the big fire is missing. Everything, except meat, is shared.



Barbecue

Nice meal, we're about twenty, from 2 to 75 years old, from many countries, seated at a long table. The three-legged dog, mascot of the marina is interested in all these good smells and will have his share of the feast.



The three legs dog

Back on Maja at 6:30 pm. After sunset, we must put on sweater and pants, it's cool. Long quiet evening, blog, jobbing with pictures for me and reading for Jens.

**Monday, February 29, 2016. Finike**



Last finishes



We slept well, we sleep much better in the boat (even on land) than at home, I don't know why. It is today that Maja will be put back on her element, but the crane puts first two yachts into the water before us. Our turn comes at 11:30 am. Everything is going very well, Jens makes the final touches of blue paint, where the logs left marks, the crane lifts Maja as a feather, pivots and gently put her into the sea.



Here she goes

We motor to a place that the mariners show us, at the same pontoon as in November. They help us to moor Maja front and rear. After that, we are hot and we head to the swimming platform, but the ladder is broken, so we carry our own. This reminds me of the small cafes, in my childhood, where it was written: "You can bring your own food." Here, you can swim but you have to bring your own ladder.



We are going swimming with our own ladder

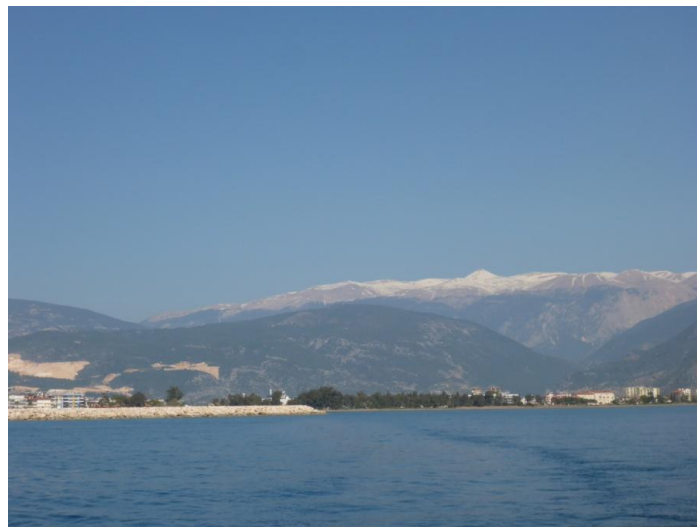
The water seems cooler than yesterday, but it's 17,9°. A short sunbath, but as I sat down on the platform, I notice fishing lines, but the problem is that these fishing lines have hooks. Those who leave them here are really idiots. Lunch, then I work a long time to write the blog (I am not used to it anymore) and sent many emails to family and friends telling them that the

blog starts again. We then go to dine at a small fish restaurant (I know I often use the word “small”, but it's really a small restaurant). We dine well, not too much, grilled fish, salad and dessert. Last night walk in Finike after dinner, we think of leaving tomorrow.



The restaurant

**Tuesday, March 1, 2016. Finike-Kisneli Adasi**



Finike

Still beautiful weather with a light wind from the S-E. After breakfast taken outside, Jens goes shopping and I go to the marina's "library". Sailors bring and take books. I leave four and I take three. Then we'll both go and say goodbye to Jeff and Sandra, I hope we will see them again. We cast off, take diesel and off we go, it is 10:30 am. The wind comes from behind but a small swell of 30 cm reaches us directly on the side and that is enough for Maja to start rolling, I know, I know "rolling boat, good boat" but ... Jeff and Sandra told us they can let a cup of coffee on the table even with a good swell. It's not fair. And the swell increases and Maja rolls more. We take the same way as when we arrived, Finike-Kekova, the large island where we spent several days in November. We'll anchor, or rather try to anchor in a small bay on Kisneli Adasi, an island at the entrance of Kekova Road, the same bay where Miguel and Paulina were anchored when they invited us to dinner on November 19, 2015. I say trying to anchor, because it doesn't go exactly as planned. Jens puts the anchor and we think the wind

will push us outside of the bay. But the wind turns around the island and, instead, pushes us inside the bay, so towards the rocks. We must implement plan B: to put the tender in the water and Jens will tie us across the bay to two rocks, and then puts an anchor in the fjord so we really can't drift towards the rocks. Now we are well moored.



Maja. Kisneli Adasi

It is 2 pm, it took us time, between one line that fell into the water and Jeannette alone on Maja who forgot to put in neutral and came a little close to the rocks. A bit amateur, all this. We first appreciate a short bath and then a good lunch in the sun. We try Turkish products, bought at random, but we are lucky this time, it's good. We go ashore to see the ruins, the old olive trees and a big beautiful white flower that grows all over the island.



Ruins

We resume our rhythm, I write the blog and Jens makes dinner that we take outside, surrounded by total darkness.

Distance Finike-Kisneli: 18 nm (32 km)

Florvåg-Kisneli :  $4\,449 + 18 = 4\,467$  nm (8 041 km)





Dinner

**Wednesday, March 2, 2016. Kaş**



A couple goes fishing. Their engine is noisy

We are awaked at 6:30 am by passing fishing boats on the "fjord", they are small, but their engines are noisy. We get up a little later. It's gray and a good wind is blowing. The weather forecast has announced South-East wind Force 3-4 until tonight. Thursday, the wind should turn west, so we want to get to Kaş today, before the wind turns. Our start at 10 am is better than our arrival yesterday, everything goes well. Jens lets go all the lines and I take up the anchor (by pressing the "up" button, it is not too hard), Maja rotates and moves towards the middle of the fjord. Jens goes back with the tender to pick up the lines. We pass in front of the square fort on top of a hill where we had eaten our almonds and raisins on a canon on November 17, see Kaleköy and its castle, then along the Sunken City and last Tersane Bay where we spent several nights. On the fjord, the sea is calm, but now we must go out to sea, Kekova Island that protects us ends there.



Kaleköy



Tersane Bay

Change of scenery, the sea is rough, gray and the wind a good Force 4. Maja accelerates and wriggles. As a result, I am obliged to go "to feed the crabs," I feel bad, and retire to "my chambers" (my hole).



Good wind, waves ...



Result!

The wind becomes stronger, Maja reached the breakneck speed of 7 knots with just the jib and when we turn a corner, the wind comes in gusts from the mountains on the side. Jens tells me, after, that the anemometer showed 16 m/s (32 knots) or Force 7 in the guts. I emerge out of my hole when Jens wants to roll the jib, I put Maja upwind and he rolls it. We arrive in Kaş at 1:30 pm, glad, especially when we see immediately that "our" place along a dock is free. Mooring without problem, except that we realize that the bow thruster fixed in Finike, has much less power than before, it is asthmatic and rotates Maja weakly. Lunch, walk, but it is gray and the wind, still strong, is cool. Jens works as an electrician when we are back on Maja, he installs a new outlet for charging the phones and I'm doing the blog. Diner in a small (again) excellent restaurant. Lentil soup, meatballs for Jens and spinach dish for me, salad, water and tea for 26 TL, 78 kr or 8 € for two. We'll come back. When we walk back home it starts raining and the wind, very strong, has turned, it now pushes us away from the dock. Jens strengthens the moorings. Thankfully the dock is high enough and Maja's hull is protected, but we still feel strong blows and the noise is impressive. But we fall asleep.





Kaş



Cf King's Ottokar's sceptre (Tintin)

Kisneli-Kaş: 13 nm (23 km)

Florvåg-Kaş : 4 467+ 13 = 4 480 nm (8 064 km)

**Thursday, March 3, 2016. Kaş**



We move from here ...



to here



The gullets on land

Last night there was a lot of wind and a "tropical" downpour that awoke Jens, but I didn't hear a thing. This morning it is sunny but the wind is still strong. The small waves that come into the harbor arrive directly on Maja's side and that's not very comfortable, Maja rolls and bumps against the dock, or at least against the fenders. So we decide to move after breakfast, there is room along the docks, many "gullets", these large traditional boats used for tourism, are on land. So we do that and berth along the long pier, the waves come to us parallel, from the rear, and it's much better. We are at the spot Paulina and Miguel were when we met them the first time, but they were perpendicular to the dock. Yesterday we went to see the harbor master, in his little cabin at the harbor entrance. He was busy playing the guitar, he has not much to do at the moment: the gullets are not sailing and there is no visitors, except us. He said we could pay later. We go to see the platform from which we swam in November, 3 minutes from the harbor, down by a café but the waves are too big. So we start to walk along the peninsula. The wide beach where we bathed in November is sunny and windy but the small beach just across, from where we see the marina, is much more protected and we swim quickly there, it seems cold, 17°.



Short swim

After lunch, we go up to a new part of the city to have a beautiful view of Kaş and back through the old town.



Nice view over Kaş

Many restaurants are open, but they don't seem very busy. We take a tea and go back to Maja, it looks like it's going to rain. Jens decides to send a text message to Kristian and Lene, our Danish friends we met here in November. We think they are in Denmark but Lene phones back, they are here in Kaş! We'll meet tomorrow. Dinner at the same restaurant as yesterday, good, plentiful and cheap. We walk back to Maja in the rain.



Good food

### **Friday, March 4, 2016. Kaş**

It's raining and we take breakfast inside. Then we go to the market. The sellers have put up tents and tarpaulins but the rain wets everything and it's kind of a sad affair. Sometimes the wind lifts a tarp filled with water and those who are below are getting a good shower. Women have very small displays; they sell 5 kg of carrots and a few dozen eggs. We look at a chicken under a table and the seller makes us a sign that he can cut its head for us. No, thanks. We watch, observe and who do we see? Kristian and Lene! They are doing some shopping and go to the dentist after, both have appointments. They think it is a good dentist and much cheaper than in Denmark.





The market under rain



Kristian, Lene and Jens

They come to eat lunch on Maja at 1 pm. When they arrive, it stopped raining, but it's still threatening so we lunch inside. We spend a great time together, comfortable, Maja does not move much. They invite us to dinner tonight (and to do laundry, which we appreciate) as they leave tomorrow.



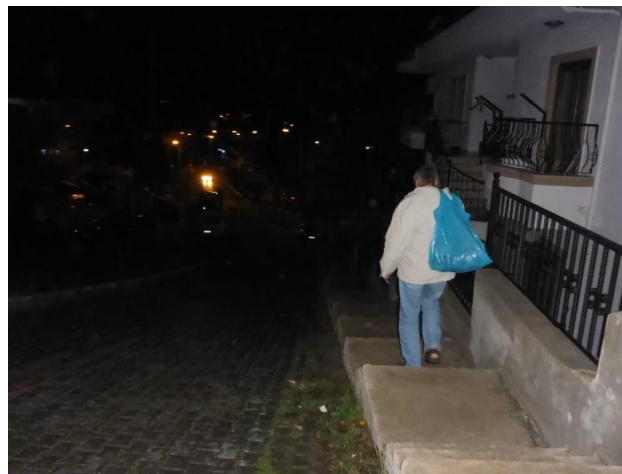
Jens changes a solar panel

When they left, Jens works, he changes a faulty solar panel and I'm doing the blog. We walk up to visit Kristian and Lene, they live fairly high and have a beautiful view.



Dinner at Kristian and Lene's place

We spend a good evening, dine well while the washing machine is running. Lene and me, we exchange smiles when Jens and Kristian recall old memories of Græsted primary school. We thank them well, wish them a good trip back home tomorrow, Jens loads the clean laundry bag on his back and we go down in the dark, it is 11 pm.



Jens carries the laundry home

The wind is stronger, the waves coming into the harbor also and Maja moves, makes funny noises, whines, squeaks, goes forward and backwards, draws on its moorings by jolts. The night promises to be eventful.

### **Saturday, March 5, 2016. Kaş**

What a night! Maja was jumping all over the place all night, hit the tires that serve as dock fenders, the lines were squeaking, stretched with violence then became loose. It was so sudden that I was afraid that the clip on the boat could be damaged. I felt the lines would rip up Maja's guts. The wind roared, thunder was rolling, torrential rain fell, all this kept us awake almost the whole night. At 5 am, Jens gets up and works hard to further strengthen the

moorings and, a very good idea, he goes to put a rope away on the perpendicular dock where we were before, so that Maja is now at some distance from the dock, she doesn't bump on it anymore at least.



Now, Maja is at some distance from the dock

That's something better, but the movements are still brutal, she moves forwards, she moves back, all this with violence, a line breaks due to repeated shocks, but fortunately each mooring is doubled and even tripled. The wind is so strong that the waves pass over the pier. At 10 am, two passenger boats depart for the island of Meis, opposite. Why two? We climb on the pier to see them leave and I ask a gentleman who tells me that these are from two different companies and they make the trip both. One has quite a few passengers, but the other is practically empty. The first, smaller boat takes a lot of pounding and doesn't progress very fast. I prefer to be in harbor than at sea. We are tired and the day is pretty quiet.



A church which is now a mosque (Kas was Greek until 1922)

Walk and a quick swim (16, 2<sup>o</sup>) at the small protected beach, lunch and nap. Then Jens wants to get rid of a bottle of Norwegian gas, but, as it is not empty, he doesn't want to throw it in the trash. He goes then to deliver it back in a gas shop. But the man doesn't want to take it back because it is not empty, and he doesn't have the regulator to empty it. Jens must go down to the boat and find our own regulator. The merchant tells him to sit back on a motorcycle driven by a young man who goes down to the harbor. And so my Jens arrives at

the boat on a motorcycle. Too bad, I didn't have time to go out and take a photo. Jens walks back to the shop with the regulator and the man can empty the gas. Good dinner for 28 TL (85 kr or 8 €) for two at the same restaurant.

We buy usually three newspapers in English, when we can find them, to follow the situation in Turkey. But today, the opposition newspaper has been placed under judicial supervision. Will it disappear or will it change his opinion?



Waves

### **Sunday, March 6, 2016. Kaş**

At least a quiet night, that's seem good, we slept nine hours. Jens goes to work to repair the strip of wood on the side that has cracked; he fills the crack with Sikaflex. Behind us a couple works hard on their gulet. Jens talks a little with them, the gulet is one year old and was built in Kaleköy.



The couple working on their gulet

It's probably a very big investment and if tourism declines in Turkey, competition between the many gulets will be fierce. Their two children (10 and 8 years approximately) play on the ground or climb the ladder to be in the boat. Then Jens takes out and prepares the bikes, we'll ride around the peninsula today, about fifteen km. At the narrowest point, a large beach is



exposed to the south and the small protected beach is on the north side. We stop there to take a picture and just at this moment, an antique car full of stickers arrive. I ask (in English) the young woman who goes out of the car if I can take a picture. No problem, and I hear she speaks Spanish with her children, so we switch to Spanish. On the car, a banner said, "A family driving around the world", and it's true!



A family driving around the world

Their journey began in 2000, Argentina-Alaska, first as a couples without children. Then the children were born, and their journey took them to India, China, Africa ... The car is from 1928, has no heating, no windshield wiper, of course no seat belts, the tank is only 40 liters and the wheel spokes are made of wood! But, one advantage, it has two spare wheels. As their family grew, they made the car cut in the middle and lengthened, and set up a tent that opens on the roof. We buy their book (Argentina-Alaska) and sympathize, so we decide to dine together tonight. We continue our bike tour of the peninsula, partly wild and partly built aggressively. The road is cut by works but it does not stop hardy cyclists like us. Returning we swim quickly at the large beach. After lunch we get visitors, the globetrotting family, the children find Maja at their scale and play well.



The Zapp family: Cande, the oldest son and Herman



The three youngest in my hole

The eldest son (13 years) delves into the only Tintin in English we have, Tintin in Tibet. We talk well and go to dine together in our small restaurant. Good company and good dinner.

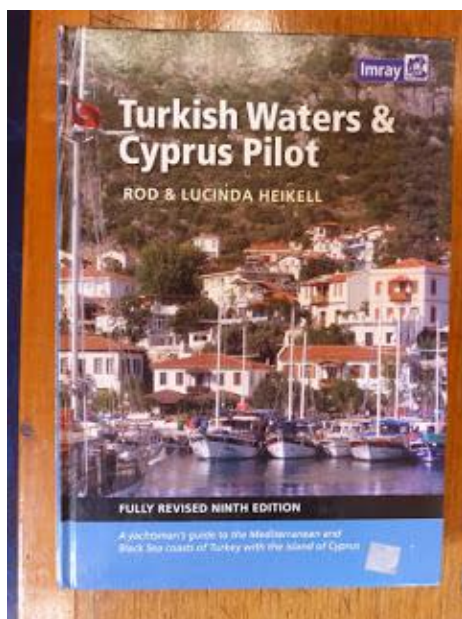




We dine all together

We part, wishing each other a good trip. We are impressed by their adventures, a family with four children traveling and living in a car so old, well done!  
Here is their page: [www.sprarkyourdream.net](http://www.sprarkyourdream.net)

**Monday, March 7, 2016. Kaş-Kalkan**



The guide front cover photo is taken here, in Kaş

The same one taken by me

We're leaving today for Kalkan, 17 nautical miles (nm) (31km) to the west, but first we're going to do some shopping, and passing a second hand store, I buy a pretty blouse which costs 3TL (or 9 kr or 1 €), a good price. Then Jens pays the harbor fees, 70 TL (or 210 kr or 20 €) for five nights. We leave at 11:35 am, blue sky, blue sea, the weather forecast predicts a S-E wind Force 3-4, good for us. But we noticed that the weather forecast is correct for the wind

direction, but it is not so reliable for the wind strength, often the wind is stronger than predicted. And this is what happens also today, soon the wind becomes a F4-5, but it's ok.



Captain Jens



Maja

We sail along the peninsula and turn N-O to the Bay of Kalkan. Before Kalkan, strong gusts F 5-6 give us good speed and yet we have only the jib, we sail like grand parents do, quietly and safely. Kalkan harbor looks like Kaş harbor, smaller but well protected at the bottom of the square bay. Here too most of the gulets are on the ground but the yard is much smaller and gulets are very close to the dock edge, so we can't get there. There is a small place between a gulet which is still on the water and a small motor boat and Jens, as a maestro, just parks Maja smoothly along the quay, not like the last time we were here, on November 4, 2015, when I crashed strongly enough into the dock. And our neighbor-gulet is called ... Maya S! Lunch, rest and walk. Everything is closed and the city is quite dead, but we see that it is a chic resort, exclusive restaurants, bars serving cocktails (in summer), clubs ... We dine at the boat.

PS Jens' swimsuit, hanging to a cleat on the mast, was, literally, blown away while sailing.



Our neighbor, Maya S

Kas-Kalkan: 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-Kalkan :  $4\,480 + 17 = 4\,497$  nm (8 095 km)

### **Tuesday, March 8, 2016. Kalkan-Kalkan**

The weather forecast is good, wind S-E, Force 3, so we leave at 8:20 am to the west, towards the town of Fethiye, 35 nm (63 km) approximately and we expect it will take us about seven hours.



Maja is rolling

Leaving the Bay of Kalkan, we have the waves on the side and the wind in the nose, Maja is rolling, but when we turn more to the west, she becomes quieter. We listen to the Turkish weather forecast and it worries us a little: the man says "north gale" to several areas. But listening better, we understand that what he is saying is "no gale"! Everything goes well, good weather and we pass the long sandy beach we had seen coming and then we approach the Seven Caps. We see and hear a helicopter above us and we hear our name on Channel 16 on the VHF radio. This is the helicopter that calls us and tells us that we are in an area of military firing tests and asks us to turn around, they are exercising today!





The helicopter

We had seen on the map many funny little symbols resembling small flames. No, seriously, we knew it was a military area, but normally this does not cause problems. Leaving Milford Haven, the British military had asked us to change course, but here we must turn back. Well, we must obey, we turn and roll the jib, now we are against wind and waves, but it's ok, it could be much worse. It is 10 am. We retrace our steps and return again to Kalkan harbor, there is no port or anchorage before.



We go back to our place, near Maya S

We go back to our old place; the men working on the Maya S come and catch our moorings. One speaks English and Jens told him about our misfortune. Well, here we are again in Kalkan, it is 11:45 am, we go for a walk to the east, lovely beach and fancy large villas. And from there, we see a sailboat that is entering the harbor, this is the first one we have seen since we left Finike. Jens swims at the beach but not me: he forgot my swimsuit, it is he who takes our bathing things. Back to the boat, a man comes to speak and presents himself as the harbor master. He says that until April, it's free to dock here. He shows us that he bought fresh fish from a fishing boat, a kind of mackerel and he recommends us to go to the restaurant driven by his friend who is with him. Ok. Lunch on the boat, and we see the yacht which is leaving

already. They just came in Kalkan to buy a diesel can. Her captain says he is delivering this yacht to Mersin, a port east of Antalya. Rest then walk west on a small path lined with green grass, beautiful views of Kalkan.



Walk. View of Kalkan

Then Jens works a little in the engine, he is checking the valves and I'm doing the blog, then we dine at the Akdeniz restaurant. It's true that it's good, cheap (but more expensive than the one in Kaş) and dessert, a pancake with lemon and sugar is excellent. An old gentleman who is dining at a nearby table tells us that his son lives in Ireland, and his grandchildren don't speak much Turkish but after two months of vacation here, it is much better. He visited his son in Dublin but found that it was really too cold. I had forgotten all about Woman's day but seeing the Turkish president receiving women, it came back to me. Long live the women!

Kalkan-Kalkan : 17 nm (31 km)

Florvåg-Kalkan :  $4\,497 + 17 = 4\,514$  nm (8 125 km)

### **Wednesday, March 9, 2016. Kalkan-Tersane (another Tersane)**

The night has been eventful again. A squall coming down from the mountain, force 8 in the gusts, reached us on the side and was pushing us against the dock. It lasted from 2:30 am to 3:15 am. The neighbor on the gulet Maya S came on his motorbike to see if his boat was OK. It was not dangerous and Maja didn't move much, but it was hard on the fenders. Fortunately we put several and it held well. We go back to sleep and the night is short, we wake up without an alarm clock at 6:30 am. We spoke last night of leaving early; the wind is often lighter in the morning and becomes stronger during the day. The helicopter had told us we could pass tomorrow (i.e. today) but Jens tries to get it confirmed by the coast guards, their office is open 24 hours a day. But the guy doesn't speak English. We leave at 7:10 am and breakfast quickly, just leaving the harbor, before Maja begins to roll. And she rolls, even more than yesterday! The waves are about one meter on the side, so Jens goes somewhat against them, to be protected by the island the sooner the better.



Breakfast under way

And when we turn west, it is much better and I can do the beds. We see by AIS a merchant ship in the fire zone, so we can go too. Good sailing, F 4, from three-quarter back. We pass the long beach and along the Seven Caps.



The Seven Caps

We make a siesta each and eat lunch under way. By early afternoon, the wind dies completely and the sea becomes flat. Jens then proposes not to go to the marina in Fethiye as planned but to go and anchor in a bay, it is so quiet. We look at the map and the guide and find a sheltered bay, Tersane Creek. This is not the same as Tersane on Kekova. The word tersane means shipyard and indicates that they built ships there. The whole area around here is made up of islands, fjords and bays. We're pretty close to Göcek. In many bays, one is not allowed to anchor to respect the ruins and the seabed but in Tersane there is a pontoon.



We are in a fjord

We pass between two islands, it really looks like a Norwegian fjord and arrive at Tersane. Surprise, we see several yachts moored. Here too, a savvy restaurateur built a pontoon and is counting on the visit of mariners moored there.



Maja at the pontoon. Tersane

We get to the pontoon, nobody, and the restaurant is closed, and even seems abandoned. The yachts are empty, they are parked here for the winter, the bay is well sheltered and certainly cheaper than in a marina. But there is life on the island: two men armed with chainsaws cut bushes on the mountain. A farm is active, we see sheep, cows, goats and chickens. Many ruins around the bay, according to the guide they date from the Byzantine era. The bay is pretty, but quite damaged by the jumble of clutter and even trash everywhere. As it has rained, a small green grass has grown and the green will not last long, in two months everything will be brown and dry





Cows and calves



Goats in a boat

We walk a little and I am happy to find blue lupines, we go to see the ruins, an old abandoned chapel is occupied by pigeons.



The chapel ruins are occupied by pigeons

A shelter for sheep smells really bad, poor things. We dine inside and just at that moment a Turkish motorboat comes in, Jens helps them dock. They come from Datça and, according to them, have had three meter waves.

Kalkan-Tersane: 40 nm (72 km)

Florvåg– Tersane:  $4\,497 + 40 = 4\,514$  nm (8 125 km)

#### **Thursday, March 10, 2016. Tersane-Kapi Creek**

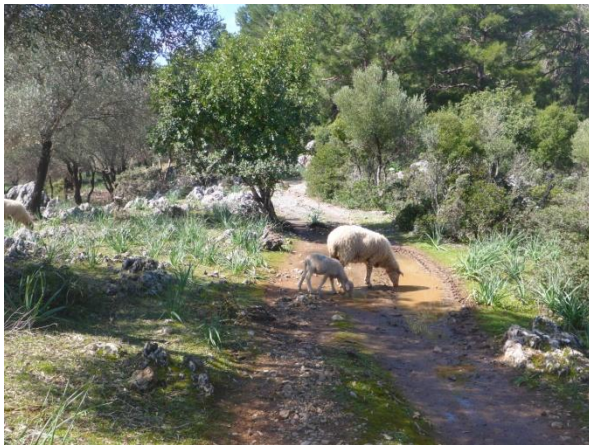
Good news: the sheep are now outside. We leave at 10 am and it starts raining at 10:05 am. The landscape is dark, it's raining, we're on a fjord and it looks like Norway. But here, the rain doesn't last. We make just a short hop today, half hour navigation; we go to another small bay, Kapi Creek. Same kind of bay, protected and with a jetty owned by a restaurant, but here the restaurant is open. A young man and a young woman help us dock. The pontoon is long and there is plenty of space, we can dock along. The bay seems much more orderly and well maintained than at Tersane. It is early, 11 am, so we have time to take a walk.





Maja. Kapi Creek

A beautiful path leads among the olive and pine trees behind the restaurant, the (short) grass is green, sheep and goats come to see us, it's idyllic.



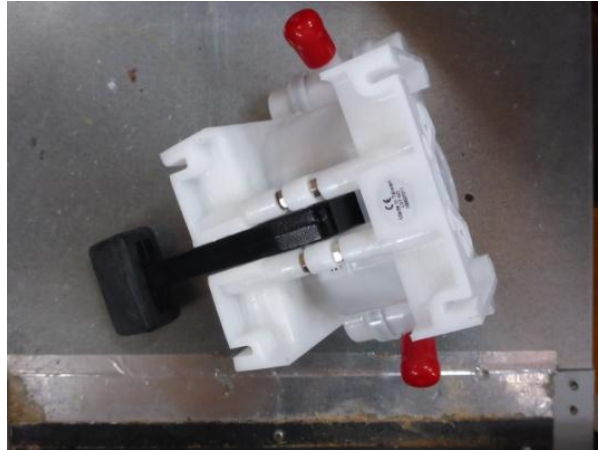
Idyllic

We pass a small village, just a few houses, with its own mosque. We have a beautiful view from the top then we return to the boat to eat lunch, we walked two hours.



View from the top.

We're lucky, it starts to rain just when we get to Maja and it will rain one hour. Jens noticed that the water level in our tank goes down fast and yet we are saving it. He checks the foot pump at the sink, and yes, the pump is defective. No problem, he has, of course, a spare pump, he only need to change it, which he does after lunch



Jens changes the pump

When it stops raining, we take another small walk, to see the ruins of a building with a curved roof which has three “rooms” and a nearby bay.



Ruins of the big building

One note: flipping through the guide today, I recognize a photo on page 3, in the introduction. The author shows how to moor in the Mediterranean, bow or stern to the dock, and the photo is taken in Kapi, but he does not put the name! The name of the restaurant (Göbün), the rattan armchairs, the wooden floor lamp, it's all there. Coincidence.





Kapi, my photo



Photo in the guide

Blog, news on the internet for Jens, then we go to dine at the restaurant. The owner asked us in advance what we wanted, fish, sheep or goat. We choose sheep. We are the only guests who dine but half the village is there. There is a fire in the fireplace, a woman is making bread and everyone is watching television.



Fire in the fireplace



Bread is rising

The owner tells us that 25 people live here, between the restaurant and the village, but he employs forty people in summer. Solar panels produce all its electricity, and summer consumption is high, between refrigerators, freezers, and washing machines for both laundry and dishes. He serves us a very rich and good meal, lamb chops, chips, rice, salad, yogurt and bread. We also buy bread, ours is almost finished. The television news are gloomy, war, bomb, refugees ... But then the mood changes when a football game starts that everyone follows and comments. It is between a Turkish team (they have add for Turkish Airlines on their jerseys) and a foreign team that I identify quickly enough, a player is called Ferreira, another Da Souza, I conclude that it's a Portuguese team, and the referee is French. We don't stay for the whole game, we go back to Maja and Jens puts on the heating, it is 12 ° outside. Soon after, a clamor rises from the restaurant, I presume that Turkey has scored a goal.



The whole village is here, watching TV



Black circles: our stops going east  
Red circles: our stops now

Tersane-Kapi : 3 nm (5 km)

Florvåg-Kapi :  $4\ 514 + 3 = 4\ 517$  nm (8 131 km)

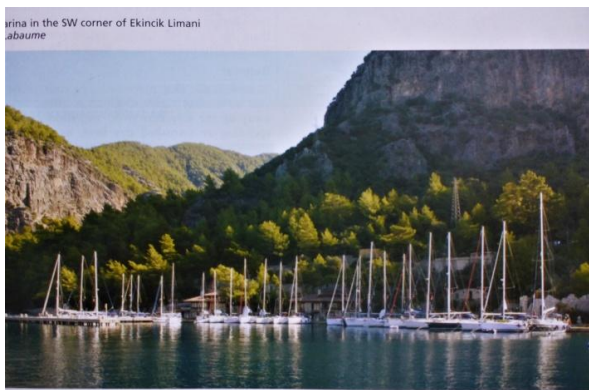
## Friday, March 11, 2016. Kapi-My Marina. Ekincik

Beautiful fresh morning, 10° when we get up. But when the sun appears, the temperature rapidly rises to 20°. We leave at 9:20 am, no wind, very calm, so we are motoring. We follow the coast to the west towards Marmaris, with a scheduled stop en route. We meet a Turkish yacht, maybe he is going to Kapi, the restaurant owner told us that at weekends, he gets visitors.



Blue sea and snowy mountains

We meet too, and it is less funny, a large piece of plastic, floating. We pass Dişibilmez cape and turn into Ekincik bay, a large bay open to the south and where the guide presents a marina called "My Marina", organized by the owner of a restaurant. But it is another standard than the makeshift pontoons that we have seen sometimes. Here it is not a pontoon, but real hard docks surrounded all around by a thick rope that serves as fenders, first class terminals with water and electricity. We recognize well the photo; the only difference is that the marina is full on the guide and completely empty before our eyes, not a single boat.



My Marina in summer ...



and My marina now

First we dock on the outside of the dock but we will be more protected inside, so we move. I made a picture of the welcome committee ... We are going on land and a man says, "Welcome to My Marina", we can stay without problems, free of charge, but without water and electricity. Very well for us, we don't need that. It is 2:40 pm. We put the bikes on land, the village at the bottom of the bay is at 3.5 km.





The welcome committee



Just enough to pass the bikes

The large gate to the marina is closed but a small door can open 40 cm, just enough to pass the bikes. The bay ends at the bottom with a nice beach, a village and a small harbor. We do some shopping at the grocery store and the grocer tells us that we are the first tourists of the year 2016. Coming home, a man driving a car calls us. He offers to take us tomorrow, by boat on the river, to the ruins of Caunos (or Kaunos), a large ancient harbor which, because of the alluvial deposits brought by the river, is now 8 km inland. So tomorrow we we'll go on a "båttur" but not with Maja.

Kapi-Ekincik : 28 nm (50 km)

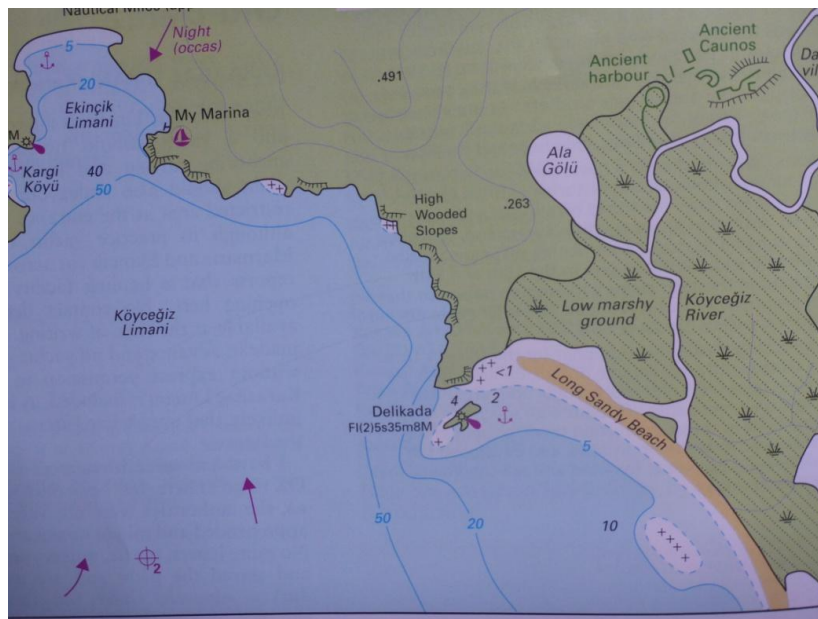
Florvåg -Ekincik :  $4\ 517 + 28 = 4\ 545$  nm (8 181 km)

**Saturday, March 12, 2016. My Marina. Ekincik**



The "Sultanpalas" comes to pick us up

The captain of the "Sultanpalas" picks us up at 9 am. His boat can take 18 people but we are only the two of us. As we are at the bottom of the bay, we must go out at sea, around a cape, enter into the river and go up river (see map).



We start from My Marina (up, left), pass between the cap and the island and go up the river

It's quite long and we have time to be very cold. It is gray and cool today. All around, here, it's mountainous, but when we get to the river, it's another world. It is a broad estuary, all flat and where only reeds grow. To go into the river one must pass a bar, a shoal which almost completely closes the entrance. And although Sultanpalas has only 80 cm draft we touch. But as it is sand, it's not so serious and by accelerating a little we manage to pass. The river is divided into many arms and one must know the place to pick up the right one. At 10:30 am, Akif (our captain) leaves us at a ponton on the west bank of the river and stays on the boat while we'll see Caunos ruins.





The two captains



We are in the river



A fish trap with just a narrow opening for the boats

We walk about 1 km and get there. The site has been occupied since ancient times but it was the Romans who developed the city with baths, circus, temple and harbor. Then the harbor silted up and the population was victim of malaria. By 1500, the city was abandoned.







The river and the city of Dalyan



Large fertile valley



The estuary and the sea

We look at the ruins and then climb to the castle perched on a hill, from the top we have a beautiful view towards the sea, the estuary, the city de Dalyan and the ruins. We return to the boat at twelve thirty and go a little more up river towards the city of Dalyan. We pass by ancient tombs carved into the cliff. What a mystery. Why did they bury their dead so high in a cliff?



The tombs in the cliff

Dalyan takes us back to our time, here tourism is big business, over three hundred boats take the tourists on the river and restaurants are by the dozens. We have lunch together, Hakif and us then buy fruit at the market and start our return by boat.

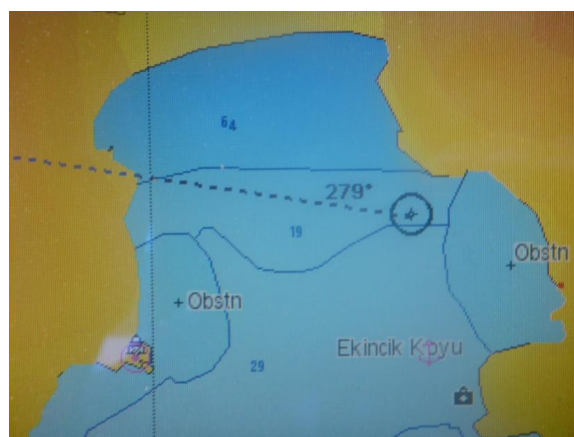


Lunch. Akif, Jeannette and Jens

And here we touch the bar even more, we are stuck on a sandbar. By going forth and back Akif takes us free, but we have to try at another place. We are very happy that we didn't take Maja here. We arrive at My Marina at 3 pm, very tired. Akif has honey and olive oil for sale, we'll see that tomorrow. Rest and a short walk, Jens is sure it will warm us up, I'm not so convinced, then blog and dinner tonight is tea and crackers.

### **Sunday, March 13, 2016. My Marina-Ekincik harbor**

A little more waves this morning, Maja moves a little more. I forgot to say that a few days ago Jens has started to make a good fruit salad for breakfast. The plan this morning is to go by bike to the village to buy honey and olive oil at Akif's place. We put the bikes on land and discover that mine is flat at the back. Jens gets the idea of going to the village by boat. My Marina is fine, but it is isolated. We put our bikes back on the boat and go on Maja.



We cross the bay, from right to left

The crossing is one NM, barely. We enter the small harbor, put the anchor at the back and we put the bow on the dock where we see a place, quite out of the harbor. But the anchor doesn't hold, so we leave Maja rotate and put her along the dock. We ask two men sitting on a bench

if we can stay here for an hour. OK. But a fisherman comes to talk to Jens and shows him a much better place, more inside the harbor, near the jetty, and where there are moorings lines. We move to the new place and the fisherman helps us dock.



Maja, at her new place, well protected by the jetty

We invite the fisherman to drink tea, he speaks some English. Then Akif arrives and takes us by car, first to show us the house he is building on a large plot with garden and chickens. We meet there his wife, Raziye.



The house Akif and his wife are building



The “pansyon”



He brings us all home, he owns in fact a small hotel, a "pansiyon." He and his wife offer us coffee and the old grandmother (95 years) looks in my coffee grounds and sees that I am to receive money soon. Good.



The old lady sees in the coffee grounds that I will receive money soon.

We buy honey and olive oil and they give us more, eggs, olives, salad, parsley and dill. Thanks to them for their kindness. We walk home, eat lunch, stay a little on the boat and go to the beach. It is a long beach, 1.5 km long with gray sand and today a big breaking wave because of the wind. But at the end, it's calmer and we can swim there.



The beach

Back on Maja, Jens secures her with two mooring lines, there is sometimes quite strong gusts. We stay here tonight. In the evening, our neighbor the fisherman goes out fishing.

My Marina- Port Ekincik : 1 nm (1,8 km)

Florvåg-Ekincik:  $4\ 545 + 1 = 4\ 546$  nm (8 183 km)

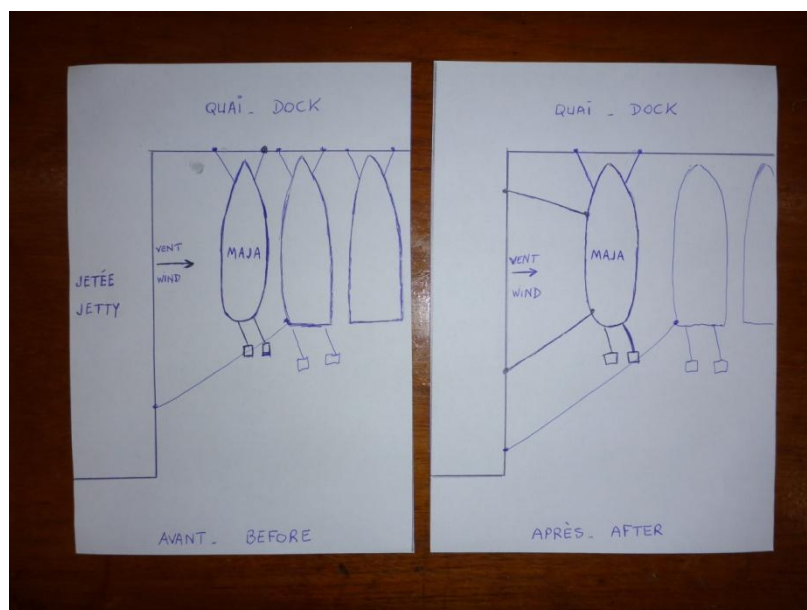
**Monday, March 14, 2016. Ekincik**

Another eventful night. We go to bed but we hear strong wind gusts from the south. We are just behind the pier, protected, but the two moorings that hold us don't prevent us to touch our neighboring boat (a tourist boat, our neighbor fisherman went out fishing). Jens strengthen the lines between us and the dock but Maja is pulling hard and comes too close to the neighbor. At 1:30 am, the fisherman returns. He calls us and tells us to give him a line, he will tie it at the jetty. Jens had the same idea and was going to do it, but with the help of the fisherman he doesn't need to go ashore.



The fisherman helps us to moor Maja with two lines to the jetty

Another man who came by car to check his boat, also helps. And in fact, they put two lines to the jetty. Now Maja is very well moored. All this amid strong winds, lightning and thunder. And when they are finished, it starts to rain very hard.



Before and after

We fall asleep again at 3 am. It was really nice to help us in the middle of the night. I say to Jens we must invite our neighbor fisherman to dinner. This morning, it's quieter, but it's raining. Our neighbor fisherman, Bülent, has already left at sea.



Bülent's boat



It's raining



The village

It is 13 ° and some heating is welcome. We make a small bike tour and some shopping. The village is very small, 200-300 people, but there are two shops. A small one that doesn't sell alcohol and another one that has a funny name (see photo), is even smaller and sells alcohol.





We are lucky, during our half an hour bike ride, it does not rain, but once we get home, it starts raining again and it will rain all day. So DIY for Jens, blog and knitting for me. Jens stores the bikes away in a closed refreshment bar. I put a chicken in the oven, unfortunately an industrial chicken, not very good; too bad, there are happy chickens everywhere here. Bülent, our friendly neighbor-fisherman, comes to dinner and brings a squid salad, with shrimp, potatoes, dill, garlic, olive oil and lemon, excellent.



Bülent's excellent salad

He goes fishing without a map, without GPS, the boat doesn't have a log, it does not know how many liters of diesel his tank contains but he is certainly a very good sailor. He lives on his boat, sleeping and cooking on 2 square meters, his boat is 7 m long and he is always alone. He learned English on his own, with TV and a dictionary. Interesting man. He tells us that the municipality has built the pier and developed the dock with moorings, sockets for water and electricity, for tourists. The people living here have the right to use the pier in winter, but in summer they must move out at an old wooden wharf. They are just three fishermen in the village, all the other boats are tourists boats. We spent a good evening together.



Bülent

**Tuesday, March 15, 2016. Ekincik**

It stopped raining but it is gray. Bülent invite us for tea on his boat. I ask if I can take a picture, he laughs and says that he is hardly presentable, in work clothes. Jens says that it's good, that he looks like a pirate!



Jens says to Bülent that he looks like a pirate!

Then we go by bike and take the only road that arrives at the village of Ekincik. And this road goes up and up in the mountain. From the top we have a beautiful view of the bay to reward us.



Up, up



Nice view over the bay

Seeing a small road on the right, we take it, arrive in a hamlet of a few houses and the road stops here. We can see a little path down and I ask a gentleman if we can use it to go back to Ekincik. No, no, that's impossible. Jens, who was a little in front, comes back and tells the gentleman that with our bikes, we can go (almost) anywhere. The man offers us a glass of tea and as he speaks English, we talk together. He has three hundred hives, each hive produces 30 kilograms of honey per year, so he harvests 9000 kg of honey. But it is a lot of work. At a time of the year, he moves his hives to Anatolia, and not to disturb the bees, they travel at night. His honey is organic, no pesticides are used here. But he is aware of the dangers faced



by bees in Europe because of pesticides. He tells us that it is written in the Koran (and in the Bible too, he says) that when bees disappear, mankind will disappear too. He makes also a lot of olive oil.



The beekeeper

To return to the path, he show us where it starts, it's very steep, between rocks and olive trees. He tells us if it's too hard we should come back. We try and manage to pass, but in places we have to carry our bikes.



The shortcut



Here, it's better

The path improves a bit lower, but we are stopped by a gate; a young man tells us to go and we arrive in a garden. People smile at us, they must take us for old fools. But thanks to this shortcut, we return to Ekincik much faster and we make a loop. We lunch at the boat of the rest of Bülent's good squid salad. Jens then makes lemon jam on the stove with two huge lemons that Akif gave us, the captain of the "Sultanpalas", it smells good in the boat. Another short walk in the afternoon, this time on foot. The village is a blend of rich houses and smaller houses. A group of houses was never finished, and they are not very nice. It's a shame, the place is beautiful. Back on Maja, we try to find an idea to thank Bülent for his kindness. And we find one: we print pictures of him and his boat, we'll give them when we see him, he's gone fishing now. The weather forecast is good, and we think of leaving tomorrow.





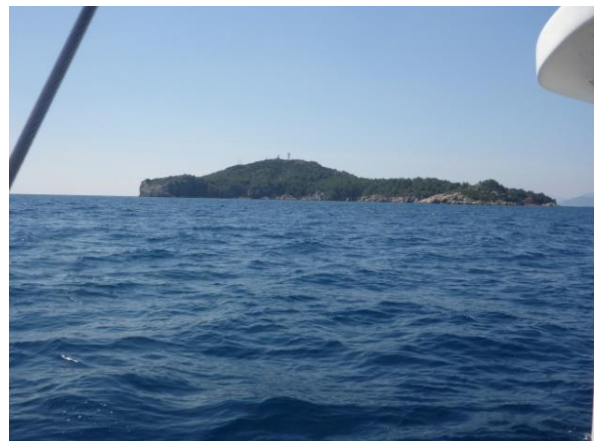
Jens makes lemon jam on the stove

### Wednesday, March 16, 2016. Ekincik-Marmaris

Bülent's boat stayed the whole night close enough to the beach, but when we get up, he is gone. He comes back at around 8:30 am and we invite him to drink a glass of tea. He tells us that he slept in his boat anchored off the beach, he finds that when he is at the dock, he is often disturbed, but at anchor he is quiet. He went to sea this morning at 4 am. I must not forget: this morning I saw a dolphin in the bay, but I have not had time to make a picture. Bülent gives us a nice little tuna fish, I think they are called "bonito". He helps us to rotate Maja and we leave at 10:10 am. We will keep very good memories of Ekincik and of Bülent. Good luck to him. It's nice and calm seas in the bay, we first go south and turn west when we came out of the bay. The wind is westerly and right in our nose, the sea is not too quiet, we sometimes get good waves on board, but it's OK.



We have the wind right in the nose



The military island

We pass near a military island that is surrounded by a zone of fire exercises (again), but no one gets in touch and we pass quietly. We can see Marmaris quite early, above a low isthmus, but we must go around a peninsula to get there. Marmaris is located at the bottom of a large bay, well protected, and we see the town all along the bottom of the bay. Jens calls the marina, two mariners come to meet us on a zodiac and show us our place.



Marmaris

The marina is huge and chic. We moor, it is 2:10 pm, we came here in exactly four hours. Lunch and then Jens goes to the marina office to register us. And stroll in the city, it's sunny but the wind is cold and the people are well dressed, sweater and jacket. A little further on the same pontoon, a sailboat has a large Danish flag. Jens talks with the owner, he has lived on his boat here for 8 years, but the boat, although bought in Turkey, is registered in Denmark, in Vordingborg (where our friends Peter and Kirsten live). Blog for me, Jens works a little bit and good dinner of the fish that Bülent gave us this morning. Few lights on the boats, most are empty.



Maja. Marmaris

Ekincik-Marmaris : 20 nm (36 km)

Florvåg-Marmaris :  $4\ 546 + 20 = 4\ 566$  nm (8 219 km)

## Thursday, March 17, 2016. Marmaris

Beautiful morning but cold, 7 °, no wind first but it starts blowing in the late morning. Great activity today: shower, shampoo (what a delight!), a large laundry (10 kg taken to the laundry) and housecleaning. Jens goes to buy a new pump to always have one as a spare part. It is a small shop for boats, which has everything, where the guy is nice and offers Jens a glass of tea. I try myself, during that time, to repair as best as I can a big stupidity that I made. Here's what happened: In Mykonos in September 2015, a Breton sailor on another boat asked me to post postcards for him. No problem, I had to go to the post office anyway. So I sent the postcards and thought no more about them ... until I pick up the backpack that I used in Mykonos to go with the "Sultanpalas" up the river to the ruins of Caunos on March 12. At the bottom of the backpack, a postcard has been forgotten! I am really sorry. At Ekincik, there was no post office, but in Marmaris, of course, there is one, big and beautiful. I put the postcard in an envelope with a note of apology and send it. I hope it will arrive, with a few months delay.



The promenade



The bazaar

After all this, we mount our bikes and ride along the sea for 7 km on a nice and quiet promenade. In summer, it must be something else. We go back with 14 km in the legs and starving. Lunch at the boat, rest, walk into town in the bazaar. This is actually a network of pedestrian and covered streets. The number of jewelry stores is amazing, even in the marina there is one. The marina is a world apart, with restaurants, supermarket, luxury shops, car rental etc. We dine at a "pots restaurant", as in Kaş. Pots are simmering and we choose by pointing what we want. This is good, plentiful and cheap. These small restaurants don't serve alcohol, we drink water.

## Friday, March 18, 2016. Marmaris-Bozburum

Very nice weather and quiet, we are leaving. Jens goes to pay the marina and we pay 80 € for two nights, it's expensive but we had a long period without paying anything. I ride to buy the newspapers. We leave at 9:50 am and it takes time to get out of the bay. We see the whole beach, it's really long and we did it all by bike yesterday. A huge hotel, unfinished and abandoned, disfigures the landscape. In several bays, gulets are parked for the winter. No wind up to 1 pm, then it rises slightly, Force 2-3, in front, that is to say from the S-O. Jens found statistics: only 35% of the wind are from the south sector in March and 65% from the northern sector.





A huge and unfinished hotel



Jens is fixing a leak in the diesel tank for the stove and I am sewing



Who is back the newspaper?

So sometimes we must navigate against the wind, if it's not too strong, it's okay. We catch another boat, a French one. He is motoring, like us, but his mainsail is up. We call him by radio, but he doesn't answer. We see that he goes in Bozuk Bükü where we stopped on our way down, on October 18, 2015. This is the bay at the foot of a large fortress where a

restaurant has a pontoon, it was the first time we saw that. But we continue, we want to go to Bozburun, a harbor a little further and more inland. We turn a cape and have for a short time the wind on the side, so we roll the jib out, but it does not last, after 20 min, the wind drops.



### Bozburun

When we get to Bozburun, it is gray. Again, the port is almost empty and we can set along the quay. The port manager welcomes us and helps us tie up. Ankerdram then stroll. Bozburun is a quiet village in the winter but have many tourists in summer. Here we find a “pots-restaurant”, the food is good, the salad is well presented and the bill is 24 TL (75 kr or 7.5 €) for two. The dining room is full, mainly workers and fishermen, I think. People dine early here, at 7 pm, the pots are already almost empty. After dinner, it starts to rain. I'll put a map tomorrow.

Marmaris-Bozburun : 39 nm (70 km)

Florvåg-Bozburun : 4 546, + 39 = 4 605 nm (8 289 km)

### Saturday, March 19, 2016. Bozburun-Datça

Another night with gusts, thunderstorms and rain, but it didn't last. When we wake up this morning, two large fishing boats are behind us.



Two fishing boats are back us. Bozburun



Jens goes to speak with one of the fishermen, he feels a little sorry, it looks like we have taken their place, and they were forced to tie to the dock one over the other. But the fisherman says that it's not a problem at all and welcomes us. It starts raining hard at around 8:30 am, Jens lights the fire in the stove. Making the beds, I notice that my bed cloth is wet, the rain seeps on the side of my bed, another work for Jens. The rain stops at 10:30 am and we go for a short walk before leaving.



Bye, bye Bozburum



Gulets are parked here



It's shallow on the right

We leave at 11:15 am with a changing weather, alternating with clouds and sun. There are two passages out of Bozburun, one wide and deep and one wide but shallow. The guide said that only local fishermen can use the shallow one. But, obviously, this is challenging for Jens. So here we go, slowly and I am at the front to see the depth of water. It is difficult to judge, the water is so clear that I feel we're going to touch anytime, but Jens, one eye on the depth sounder, tells me that we have two meters below us. We pass, and I'm relieved. The sea is calm, it is quite beautiful, the wind is light, against us. We take our lunch outside, our coffee too, all is well. But at around 2 pm, the sky turns black, the sea turns black too and it is not reassuring. It starts to rain hard, but fortunately the wind doesn't increase. We pass near the Greek island of Simi.





It's raining

The weather clears and we see Datca, right in front, we have 25 minutes to go. But the weather changes again, the sky becomes dark, the sea too, it starts to rain and this time it is a true squall, the wind suddenly increases from a light Force 3 to a strong Force 6, in front (from west). But it comes so quickly that the waves don't have time to form, and in addition, the closer we get to the coast, the more we are protected. But we must put on our rain cloths to arrive.



Arrival in Datça under rain

The port of Datça is well protected from the north and west wind and inside it's all calm, no wind at all and not a ripple on the water. We can moor along the dock, all the gulets are gone. The harbor office is closed and here also, mooring is free in winter. Ankerdram (a muscatel from Spain) to recover from our emotions and a walk in town. It is market day today, we buy dry fruits from an old couple. We recognize Datça, we came in October when we met Kuvvet, Jens' Turkish-Norwegian colleague. We dine at a pot-restaurant, good and cheap and take dessert and tea at a teahouse. The dessert costs about the same as the dinner. We go to bed at about 11 pm, but it's Saturday night and a restaurant on the dock just in front of us is popular with young people, the music keeps us awake a while and then we fall asleep.



### Market day

PS The young lady back the young boy is also on my photo taken in Datça, on October 17, 2015!



### Marmaris, Bozburume, Datça

Bozburum-Datça : 22 nm (40 km)

Florvåg-Datça :  $4\ 605 + 22 = 4\ 627$  nm (8 329 km)

### Sunday, March 20, 2016. Datça

We stay in Datça today. It's Sunday and the town is lively, Turkish tourists are quite numerous. This weekend, the Turks celebrate spring arrival, it is called Nevruz. People are walking, some are jogging, cycling, other fish. The impression given by Datça is a city where people have time, no hurry, even cats and dogs are calm. We walk along the north beach and there we feel the wind. Jens decides to swim, but not me, the water is 17 °, during this time I do a good collection of glass pieces.



Maja. Datça



The beach and Jens swimming

We walk to the end, nearly 2 km and back the same way and take tea.



Turkish tea (very good)



Then lunch at the boat, little rest and walk along the beach south. It is shorter and we extend our walk going up a street between some nice houses, then we go down and come back by the beach again.



Datça

Just behind the beach, a large vacant lot is enclosed by a fence. I look, of course, for flowers. There are many, but most are already photographed, but a little further in this large lot, I see a big blue spot, I would like to go nearer but the fence is high. So I make detour, go up a street, down another one, I step over a chain and enter this vacant lot from the back. And I am glad, I discover that this plant is an "anchusa" a large plant (1 m) full of flowers, I have not seen it once during the trip but I have it in our garden in Norway. I put it on the blog on our return to Skogvik in July 2015. When I return to the boat, Jens has visitors, a young Turkish couple, very friendly and interested in Maja.



Our visitors

When they leave, I start to write the blog. We have dinner in a pot-restaurant, but not the same one, and Jens is caught in the act: he is following (or rather tries to follow) a soap opera in Turkish on TV.



The pot-restaurant

**Monday, March 21, 2016. Knidos**

We leave at 9:15 am, good weather, little wind. We go south first, pass the cape Ince, follow the coast which is wild and deserted, pass cape Divan and turn a little northwest to Knidos.



Not many houses here



Arrival at Knidos, the ruins on the right

Calm crossing, motoring, with a very light wind in front of us. We enter the Bay of Knidos and we dock along the jetty. We lunch, it is 2 pm and go ashore. One man tells us that in winter the pontoon is free and the restaurant is closed. He proposes to call for the cook to come, but we thank him, we have what we need to make dinner. We pay 10 TL per person and have these beautiful ruins to ourselves.



Knidos plan. The pontoon in the bay is not a T anymore but a long pontoon



Ruins. Knidos







The small west harbor, much silted

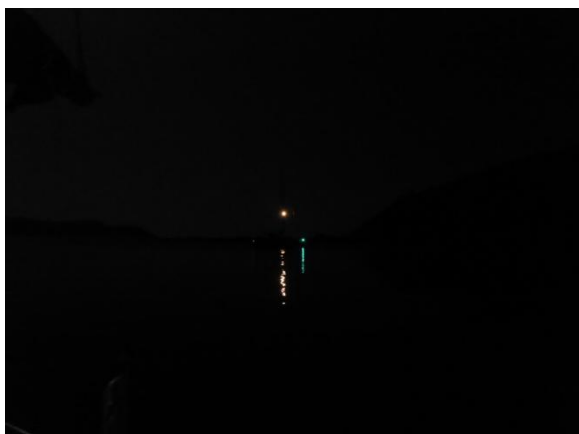


Maja. Knidos

Knidos was a big city and an important harbor in the time of the Greeks and after, from the fourth century before J.C. until the seventh century after J.C. The peninsula we see on the plan was, at that time, an island. The city had two harbors, one was for the military (west) and the other one commercial (east, where we are). Several thousand people lived here, and it's moving to think about the life they led, with the same pleasures and worries that we have, family, children, health ... We spend two hours in the ruins and then go back to Maja. The guide (the book) says that, in summer, the bay is teeming with boats and the ruins with tourists, and we have it all just for us. What a luxury. Blog, DIY and an old Guardian for Jens, then we dine inside, it's a bit chilly. After dinner, we take our little drink on the terrace, sorry, in the cockpit, with a beautiful full moon and at 8:30 pm, we see a sailboat coming and anchoring in the bay.

Datça-Knidos: 21 nm (38 km)

Florvåg-Knidos :  $4\ 627 + 21 = 4\ 648$  nm (8 366 km)



A yacht came in late ... and left early

### **Tuesday, March 22, 2016. Knidos-Bodrum**

Quiet night. The other yacht is Russian and leaves at 8:30 am. I take a photo of the terraces built on the south side of the harbor. They were 34 meters long and 9 meters wide. On each terrace, there was a row of houses, a street behind and stairs at each end. Now the houses are gone but we can see the terraces.



The terraces

We leave at 9:10 am, in calm weather. But the weather forecast is bad for tomorrow, strong wind Force 7, southeast, so we want to get to Bodrum, a good harbor, before. But the wind has not yet turned when we go and we have it in front when we pass the Cape Krio. We charge all our electronic equipment, mobiles, tablet, PC when the engine is running; Jens takes even the opportunity for vacuuming. We see before us the Russian yacht, it follows the same route as us at the beginning but goes westward when we are near Bodrum. We pass close enough to the Greek island of Kos, we have Greece on the left and Turkey on the right.



Kos (Greece) on the left



Maja

The wind turns east and we can put up the jib, then it becomes stronger from the southeast and we are sailing under mainsail and jib.



Bodrum castle



Maja is progressing well and is heeling as a sporty yacht. We are getting near Bodrum and Jens calls the marina, a girl answers and tells him that a pilot boat will wait for us, the pilot boat is actually a Zodiac.



Our pilot boat



Luxury!



High class mall

He escorts us to our site, the bow moored against the wind, a laid mooring at the back and luxury of luxuries, the guy puts a small staircase in front of Maja. It's 2 pm, and the wind is blowing well, we are happy to arrive. Our ankerdram is coffee today. Jens goes to register us at the marina and has a shock: it's even more expensive than in Marmaris, and water and electricity are not included. Then we go into town. Surprise, Bodrum is chic, classy, luxury shopping gallery, high priced restaurants, jewelery with diamonds by the buckets (no, that's a little bit exaggerated) and lively. This is the St. Tropez of Turkey. We walk all around the harbor, which is huge, and take a street perpendicular to the sea, and there also it's chic and expensive. But we find finally a pot-restaurant! We return to the boat, and DIY and blog (usual occupations for Jens and me) and we walk to the restaurant. Good, generous, and cheap, 31 TL (10 kr or 10 €), dessert and tea included, for two. We walked a lot today, at least 10 km! The wind is stronger but Maja doesn't move at all, we feel safe.



Datça-Knidos-Bodrum

Knidos-Bodrum: 22 nm (40 km)

Florvåg-Bodrum:  $4\ 648 + 22 = 4\ 670$  nm (8 406 km)

### Wednesday, March 23, 2016. Bodrum

Stormy night, southeast wind Force 7-8, but we're in a good place well inside the marina and the bow against the wind, so Maja doesn't move much, but the noise is deafening. We sleep well anyway. It's gray and cool this morning because of the wind that will blow hard all day. We are glad to be here, Datça and Knidos, both open to the southeast, must be untenable. We go to visit the underwater archeology museum located in the castle. Very interesting, but several rooms are so dark (and we are not allowed to use the flash) that I can't take many pictures. The oldest wreck date of the Bronze Age, the boat disappeared but the cargo, amphorae, bronze ingots, bronze tools, was found. The wind is violent in the castle and it's hard to move forward. As the immigration office is near the castle, we go there after the museum: we want to know how long we can stay in Turkey. Our visa is 90 days, but we went out and came back. According to our calculations, we have ten days left, but Jens would like a confirmation. The office is closed, it is noon, and a guard told us, anyway, it's not here. He wrote us an address and we go there, but it is also closed, it's lunch time. An Englishman, who passes by and lives in Bodrum, confirms that this is the right office.



The castle entrance



Bronze Age boat (reconstructed)



The wind is strong

So let us lunch too, a kind of Turkish pizza, very thin and very good. We return to the office, nobody speaks English and we have a communication problem.





Our lunch



To think that we sailed there yesterday ...

A leader who speaks English comes and helps us. No, it's not here, we have to go back to the immigration office near the castle. We walk there again and at least it's open; a young man understands a little our problem, takes my passport and leaves with it. We believe he will check on the computer, but no, he counts the in and out stamps, and returns. He announces us that we have forty five days left. Forty five days? Jens tells him we thought we had ten days. "Yes, ten, OK, ten". The forty-five was a translation error ... We leave, but it didn't help much. But what an idea to go into Turkish bureaucracy just to get a confirmation! We return to Maja, it is 2:30 pm and we are tired, we walked, and walked. The wind is still very, very strong, but it's quiet inside the boat. Blog for me, seismology for Jens and dinner at the same restaurant as yesterday. The weather forecast is better for tomorrow, still southeast wind but less strong. We'll see.

#### **Thursday, March 24, 2016. Bodrum-Turkutreis**

Less wind this morning, but still good gusts. I walk on the pontoons to look for boats names with "blue" while Jens goes shopping. I talk with myself and am convinced, when I go back to Maja that I don't want to leave. But Jens wants to leave. Dilemma ... We make a

compromise: we leave and if it's too uncomfortable we stop at a marina only 5 nautical miles away. The problem is that is that the wind is from the south, which we normally wish to go north. But Bodrum is at the bottom of a large bay and we have to go south first, so against the wind, a few miles. OK. We take diesel and leave at 10:15 am. I am not happy, happy and I forget to take my photo bye bye, I do it when we are already quite far. Maja is dancing, the bow up, down, up, down, we can't go fast and sometimes when she hits a wave, the speed drops to 0.



Up



Down

The waves are not high, 60-80 cm, but enough to make us dance and stop. Boom, boom, banging and banging. But after a while we get used to it and we continue. We hope after the southernmost cape when turning more to the north, it will go better, but on the contrary, the wind become stronger, but at least we don't have it in the nose. We roll out the jib, stop the engine and Maja is progressing well, rolling pretty good.



Arrival in Turkutreis

We arrive in Turgutreis by a strong Force 5 at 1:40 pm. Two mariners come to help us, take the mooring, but they have a problem, the rope is broken and too short, Jens must add one of our ropes. So they are both in the back of Maja with Jens and none on the dock to catch our lines as usual. And it is I who am in the front, I have to jump ashore, and it is high, but I manage. I moor Maja in front as they solve the problem in the back. I walk on the dock, looking for boats names with the word "blue" and what do I see, our neighbor 's yacht is called "A Kind of Blue."



Our neighbor is called "Kind of Blue"

This kind of coincidence fills me with joy. We sailed almost 3 hours and a half and did only 11.9 nautical miles, not a very good speed. Ankerdram, lunch and walk in Turgutreis, quite deserted resort. I want to buy a notebook, the one where I take notes is almost finished. A stationery shop where a boy 10-12 years old serves us has at least 30 different models of notebooks and I find exactly what I want.



Choice of notebooks in a small stationery shop

Dinner at a "locanta" I think that's the name for pot-restaurants. When paying, Jens realizes that he has not a lira. He returns to the boat, fortunately it's not far. If it had happened in



Bodrum, it was at least two kilometers to go. The weather forecast is better for tomorrow and we think of making a long leg.



Jens got a new friend

Bodrum-Turgutreis: 12 nm (22 km)

Florvåg-Turgutreis:  $4\,670 + 12 = 4\,682$  nm (8 428 km)

### Friday, March 25, 2016. Turgutreis-Kuşadasi

We leave at 6:15 am by a light west wind and take breakfast on the way, knekkebrød and tea. I rest a little and then Jens. All is well, but I am stupid enough to read, I look in the guide the section on Kuşadasi, the city where we are going, and, wham, I get seasick, and I'll be woozy all day.



Breakfast ... and rest

I lie down, fall asleep, get up a bit and go back to bed. We are advancing well and it's nice, too bad I'm not in shape. At around 2:30 pm, we pass the channel between Samos (Greece) and Turkey. In this channel a small Greek island is one mile from Turkey. The current is strong, two knots, and increases our speed to 7 knots. At the outlet of the channel, we still have two hours to go, at least. I lie down again, and fall asleep. Jens tells me afterward that the sky becomes dark, a gust of wind arrives with thunderstorm and downpour, but I did not hear anything, good for me. The wind turns in the afternoon to the north and we have it, again, in the nose.



A Turkish coastguard

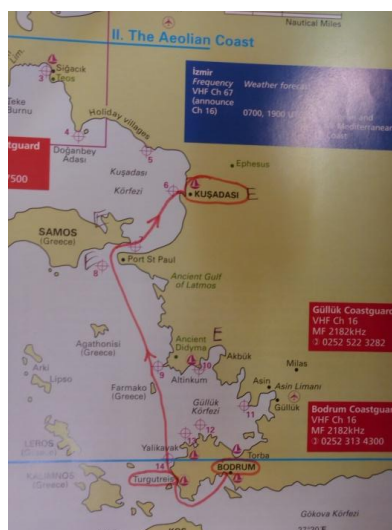


This small island is Greek



Kuşadası. The Viking Star

We reach Kuşadası at 5:45 pm, passing near the castle and a cruise ship called the Viking Star. We sailed 11 hours and 30 minutes, a long day. We go for a walk, but it's cold and it starts to rain so we go home and have dinner on Maja.



Bodrum-Turgutreis-Kuşadası

Turgutreis-Kuşadası : 61 nm (110 km)

Florvåg-Kuşadası : 4 682 + 61 = 4 743 nm (8 537 km)

## Saturday, March 26, 2016. Kuşadası

Not very quiet night, the wind is not strong but the swell enters the harbor and the boats move back and forth, fenders are squeaking, ropes are banging against the masts, all this make noise. Jens gets up at 5 am to put one more fender between the neighbor and us. Several neighboring boats are occupied, some Germans, a Turk. In the morning, everyone complains of the night and it seems that it is rare that it's moving that much. The weather is nice but cold, we walk to the castle, a good walk around the bay, but the castle is closed for works.



The castle



Kuşadası means the birds island

We take tea on a covered terrace to warm us up and return through the bazaar. The rugs are beautiful, but the sellers insist a little too much. Carpets, jewelry and leather are for sale everywhere. We go back and eat lunch on Maja, outside but with sweater and jacket. We walk on the other side of the marina, and I see for the first time in my life, a car registered in Iran, it is in front of a five star hotel, they are not poor Iranians. We walk quickly because it's cold, but we take time to walk on the pontoons and my harvest of "blue" is good. I will put them on a page later. Jens puts on the heating, it's really cold. Blog, DIY and dinner at one locanta (pots-restaurant).





It remind me of “Bergen, the gate to the fjord”



Ha, ha, ha



An Iranian car

It is small and full, but we share a table with a Turkish man who speaks English. We talk a little, he is the manager of a bakery-tearoom, so we'll have dessert there. The dessert selection is incredible, tiramisu, cheesecake, profiteroles, rice pudding, chocolate pudding ... We take a Turkish dessert, very good and he offers us another one to taste. This is a chain that has 190 tea shops throughout Turkey, but the pastries are made in Izmir and sent throughout the country. The Turks are fond of sweets, in 100 m on the street, I counted three tearooms. We were lucky to have met this gentleman, thank you to him. Back to the boat, we look at the thermometer, 12 degrees, heating is appreciated. We plan to go, maybe, by bike tomorrow to visit the ruins of Ephesus, 18 km from here. We'll see.

Big news: Jens puts on socks for the first time since February 27!



Our desserts

### **Sunday, March 27, 2016. Kuşadası**

Happy Easter, except that we don't realize at all here, in a Muslim country, that it is Easter. It's cold, we freeze, fortunately we have a good heating, last night it was only 7°. Jens has looked for a biking itinerary to go to Ephesus and apparently it doesn't rise too much, so we'll go. We start at 10:15 am (in the new time), well dressed.



We ride along the sea



Aqualand

The way out of town is quite steep but we reach the top without walking, then we take a small road along the sea. Little traffic, most cars take a faster highway. We pass along a beautiful beach, going up to a (very small) pass, go down, go past two water parks 'Aqualand' (awful), ride along holiday homes surrounded by fence and where a guard ... guards the entrance and turn right into an alluvial valley, all flat and marshy.



View from the (little) pass



Flat in the valley

Ephesus, like Caudos, was a port which later silted up and is now far inland. And we come to Ephesus at a quarter past twelve, lunch time. We take "gödsleme", a kind of filled crepes, one with cheese and the other with cheese and spinach, then we enter the ruins.



Our lunch



Ha, ha, ha

They are absolutely impressive, for their conservation state and size. I put only four pictures, but for those who are interested, go on the internet to learn (and see) more. The streets are wide and well paved, the amphitheater is huge and a temple with high columns is still standing despite several earthquakes.





Ruins. Ephesus

There are a few people, but nothing compared to the summer, and at least it's not too hot, on the contrary. The owner of the cafe where we have lunch tells us that sometimes it is 50 ° in summer. We stay two hours and then start our return.



Arrival in Kuşadası

We reach Kuşadasi at 5 pm, after 36 km biking and 4 km walking in the ruins. We are a little bit tired. As we reach the boat, we talk with a German couple, older than us, who have a boat a little further on the same pontoon. They have had their boat for 40 years, have sailed a lot in the Mediterranean and depart tomorrow for Samos. Short rest then blog for me, reading for Jens and dinner at the same "locanta" good, nice atmosphere and cheap. The weather forecast announces strong northwest wind tomorrow so we stay here.

**Monday, March 28, 2016. Kuşadasi**



This statue is of a hand holding birds



A jewellery

Cold, 7 ° tonight, and strong northwest wind, just the direction we want to go. The German couple goes southwest and will therefore go downwind, but we would go against the wind, it's not the same. Jens has plenty to do on Maja and I'll walk, I want to go to the post office to

send a postcard. It is very sunny, with a very clear light, I must put on sunglasses, but the wind is cold.



Sea front. Kuşadası

I turn and return, taking side streets, the city is bustling. I go back to Maja at one o'clock and we have lunch. Jens begins to work again and I erase and class my photos and do the blog. Walking to dinner, we see the sun set behind the pier, the sky is red, and, you know, 'Red sky at night, sailor's delight, red sky in the morning, sailor take warning'.



Our locanta

Same locanta, the waitress speaks English and is very friendly. After dinner, Jens makes a page to put my "blue names" and I publish them, but they are not all grouped in a file and I look for them in my 14,000 photos! The photos gallery address for the "blue names" is: [blue.havskov.net](http://blue.havskov.net). You can also find the "blues" on our page, [havskov.net](http://havskov.net), if you go down a little to see Maja's picture, a link will appear on the left. We works well until 11:30 pm and then go to bed. Good weather forecast for tomorrow, we'll leave for Siğacık.



## Tuesday, March 29, 2016. Kuşadasi-Siğacık

That night, we had a visitor, I heard feet walking on the bridge and not knowing if it was a cat or a rat, I closed the windows a little, but I think it's was a cat. This morning it's very calm, nice and clear. Jens goes to pay the marina while I do the last shopping at the supermarket "Migros". Jens gave me the instruction to purchase a tall, narrow glass jar (to put the paint) and I find asparagus, perfect. We leave at 9:25 am, not a breath, I admit that I like it. At times we try the jib, but it hardly gets wind and we remove it. It's so quiet that we can leave the bottle of water, coffee pot, tea pot where they are, no need to put them in the sink, we can walk without holding us, one can read, do a sudoku, for me it's paradise. We hear our name on channel 16, the open radio, but we do not understand what they are saying, it's in Turkish. They repeat the message in English and it's just the Coast Guards asking our nationality, that's all. We pass along the coast which is heavily built, hotels and holiday homes. We lunch at the table outside, luxury under way.



Lunch sitting at the table outside, under way



Jens paints and I do the blog

Jens works on Maja and I do the blog. We arrive at Siğacık at 4:05 pm at the Teos marina and we immediately go for a walk, after our ankerdram.



A hotel



Teos marina



The gifts



The article on blue

When Jens go to register us, the marina manager gives him gifts (a cap, key rings, calendars, a brochure ...) because we are the first visitors of the year and in the brochure there is an article on the color blue. The village is very old and surrounded by ramparts. The walls are beautiful but the village, especially outside the wall, is not well maintained.



The wall. Outside ...



and inside

Here one can see a luxury apartment building, well groomed and with flowers, neighbor to a vacant lot full of trash. We do some shopping and have dinner in the boat. Jens makes dinner while I walk along the pontoons to find "blue" names and I don't see the time passing, I am gone 45 minutes, because it's a large marina ... We leave tomorrow for Çeşme, our last harbor in Turkey.

Kuşadası-Sığacık: 35 nm (63 km)

Florvåg-Sığacık:  $4\,743 + 35 = 4\,778$  nm (8 600 km)

### Wednesday, March 30, 2016. Sığacık-Çeşme

Sunny, calm and cold,  $6.5^{\circ}$  this morning. We leave at 9:25 am along the coast towards Çeşme. If there are beaches, the coast is built, but fortunately the rocky parts remain virgin. We see wind turbines and fish farms, wind turbines are stationary, not enough wind.



Wind mills and fish farm

We hear on the radio a call from a warship to the Turkish coast guards, this is the only sign that we perceive about the problem with emigrants here. We arrive in Çeşme at 4:40 pm; here too a castle guards the harbor.





Fortress and mosque. Çesme

The marina is huge and chic, we begin to be a little tired of these luxury and expensive marinas, it's like being in a golden cage. Here, it's the same architect who designed Port Grimaud in France who made the plans for the marina and its surroundings. Low "old" houses, you can have your yacht moored in front of your house, luxury shops ...



"Old" houses. Çesme Marina

We walk to see the castle and seeing a door open and people leaving it, we go there, but the open part is a mosque, we don't go in. We walk along the sea on a nice promenade and go to the end. As this is our last night in Turkey, we decided to go to a real restaurant, we pass dozens of them, but they are too expensive or too noisy or there is nobody, and finally we arrive at the last restaurant, the Pacific Hotel. It has a classic look, we go in.



Square

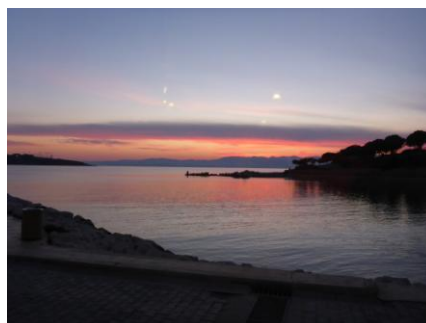


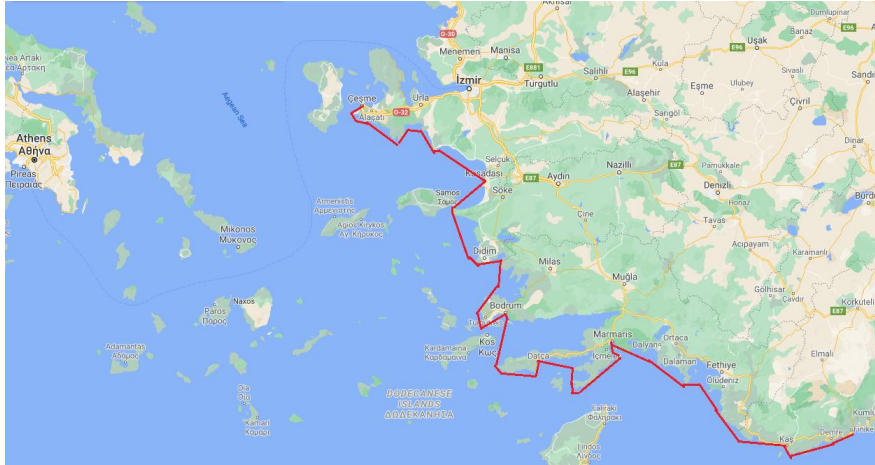
Sea front



Jens in the restaurant. Last evening in Turkey

The server installs us and asks where we come from, Jens says Norway. A few minutes later a lady who heard us, greets us in Norwegian, she is from Oslo and has been visiting Çeşme for 24 years! She is talkative and friendly, for her it is the best resort in Turkey, she and her husband spend several months a year here. We dine well and the server suggests a surprise as dessert: hot semolina with cinnamon, stuffed with vanilla ice cream. We share it, Jens and I already knew this dessert, Mehmet, a seismologist who works with Jens, presented it to us on a previous trip in Turkey. Jens takes a raki and a coffee and I take tea and we are happy with our evening, which coats us 130 liras (390 kr or 39 €). This restaurant, in addition, has the best view of the sunset of all Çeşme. Tomorrow, Jens will arrange all the papers to leave Turkey, an "agent" has already proposed to "help" but Jens wants to try by himself.





### Finike-Çesme

Siğacik-Çesme: 38 nm (68 km)

Florvåg-Çesme:  $4\,778 + 38 = 4\,816$  nm (8 669 km)

### Thursday, March 31, 2016. Çesme (Turkey)-Chios (Greece)

Jens goes to arrange the exit papers for Turkey at 8:45 am and we think it will be long, but pleasant surprise, everything is done in less than one hour from the port office, immigration, customs and it was really not worth taking an "agent". We spend our last liras and buy Turkish wine. We give the key to the marina and recover the deposit, 20 liras, Jens asks if we can get it in Euros, but no, when it's paid in liras, it's given back in liras. We take diesel and leave, it's 10:30 am. It's very beautiful, wind force 3, blue sea and blue sky, and the temperature is rising a little, it feels like spring.



### Bye, bye Turkey

We hear on the radio an exchange between Turkish and Greek coast guards. The Turk, "You're in MY territorial waters, please leave them immediately" and the Greek answers "No, it is you who are in Greek territorial waters, you must leave them." They speak English, and it lasts, it lasts, they call each other several times. And they must cooperate to solve the emigrant's problem ...





A Greek military boat



I hoist the Greek courtesy flag

When we cross the border, I take down the Turkish courtesy flag and hoist the Greek one. We are sailing and it's very nice. We arrive in the harbor of Chios at half past twelve.



We are back in Europe



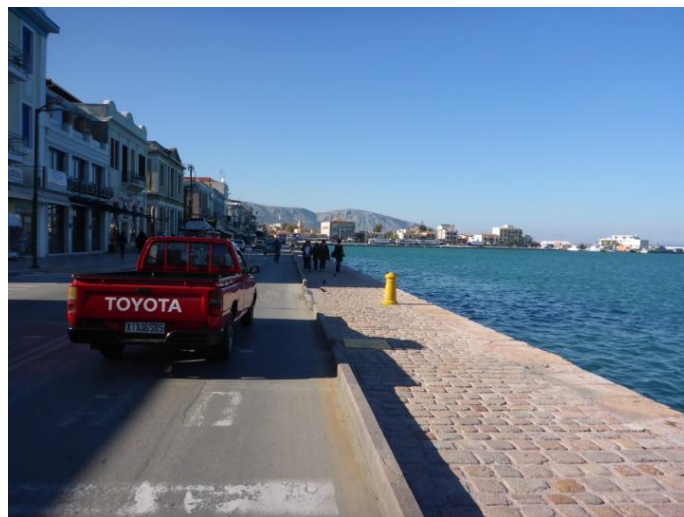
Maja. Chios

The harbor is huge and reminds me of Ermoupolis. We go back to have an anchor back and the nose on the dock. The anchor hangs well and we come slowly to the dock. The harbor master welcomes us and says to Jens he must put an anchor, he hasn't seen that we have

already done it. Jens pays the “big” amount of € 9 for two nights; it seems good after the € 50 a night at the last marina in Turkey. Ankerdram of orange juice and walk into town. Chios town is lively, heavy traffic and busy pedestrian street.



Pedestrian street



Sea front

We take a sandwich, share a beer and celebrate our arrival in Greece with a cappuccino. We are pleased to be back in Europe, the situation in Turkey is not good. Erdogan is increasingly authoritarian, he divides people, relies on some of the conservative population, religious and uneducated. The press is muzzled and in the southeast, it is a real civil war with the Kurds. That said, we found the Turks very kind and hospitable. Jens goes at 2 pm to arrange the entry papers in Greece. Everything is going well at the port office and immigration but he gets stuck in customs for a new transit log for Maja. The guy, who speaks almost no English, wants to give us a transit log only for one month. But we are entitled to 18 months. Jens remains there until 4:45 pm, he will go back tomorrow and talk with a leader. He comes back and has to decompress a few minutes then we start cycling along the sea to the north, we saw on the guide there was an unfinished marina (in 2012) there. It is still unfinished and in the middle of nowhere, it's better where we are. Shopping and dining in the boat, lamb chops, fried sweet potatoes and salad.



Fortress



Jens and Gunther

A guy comes to see Maja and talks with Jens. We invite him to dinner, he is called Gunther, is Austrian and volunteer to help refugees, he is working in a kitchen that feeds 1,500 people a day, and everything comes from donations. Very friendly and interesting and we spend a nice evening together. A funny thing: in Le Monde today, an article said that Obama is ready to reform the tax haven of Delaware, and in Turkey the majority of yachts are registered in Delaware.

Çesme (Turkey)-Chios (Greece): 9 nm (16 km)

Florvåg-Chios:  $4\ 816 + 9 = 4\ 825$  nm (8 685 km)

### Friday, April first, 2016. Chios

Jens goes to arrange the entry papers to Greece at 9 am. I work with the blog, the pictures, read some news on the internet. Gunther comes and gives us a very thin baguette covered with seeds, it's stupid I don't know the name. Its good. At one point, a large Zodiac comes and get



perpendicular to the dock next to us. I go to see what it is and a guy in the dinghy apologizes for awaking me, but it is almost 11 am and I have been awake a long time.



The Zodiac

He explains that he is teaching the Greek coastguard, he has two students with him; he is English speaking but doesn't say where he comes from. Jens comes back at noon, three hours in the office! First, there was a problem with the computers and then problem of the length of our transit log. Jens is sure we are entitled to 18 months, but they gave us only 6 months. But it's okay, three months now in spring and three months in the fall. Jens “decompresses” (again) and makes us a good Greek salad for lunch. Then we do a nap both of us, it is not often for me. After the nap, we start cycling to the south this time, against the wind. We ride along the sea and take tiny winding roads, up and down.



An abandoned house

Many villas are abandoned, some appear to be Turkish. In 1822, Chios Greeks, who were under the dominance of the Turks, revolted and the repression was fierce, several thousand people here on Chios, were massacred. But they had their independence in the early twentieth century. We arrive at a small resort, Karfas, which has a beautiful beach, but it's too cold to swim.



Going down to Karfas



The beach. Karfas

To come back we take the main road, it runs well and we have the wind with us. We have done 17 km by bike. Jens carries cloths to a laundry and they will be ready tonight. Blog, weather forecast for Jens and dinner at the restaurant on the dock right in front of Maja. Good pizza and salad, and dessert is on the house, apple cake with vanilla ice cream. We go to the laundry together at 8:20 pm, the woman, not young, speaks English very well, she is Greek-Canadian. She guessed that we are on a boat, she said that we have "boating cloths"! She tells us that she married a Greek from Chios and at that time she didn't even know where Chios was, it was just a dot on the map. Good weather forecast, we leave tomorrow for the island of Inousses, north-east of Chios.



This ferry is called “Psara Glory”  
We think of going to Psara Island later



The old mosque is now a museum

### **Saturday, April 2, 2016. Chios-Oinousses**

We go together, by bike, to have Maja’s transit log stamped. The girl, not very friendly, wants a crew list. Jens shows her that both our names are on the transit log and that we are the crew. She accepts, still not smiling, and gives us our stamped transit log. In front of the customs office, we see a group of refugees on a dock and they seem to expect a ferry. I hope they are "before 20" (before March 20) that can go to Athens, but no, the ferry arrives, it bears the Greek flag but also the Turkish courtesy flag, so they are "after 20 "(after March 20) and are returned to Turkey. Poor people. We have coffee and I write a postcard, but we forgot that the post office is closed on Saturday. We lift anchor, literally, at 11 am, it’s a pleasant day, with light south wind. We sail first with jib and mainsail, we reach the speed of 2.5-3 knots, but it is very nice and we have time. Then Jens rolls the jib and hoists the white and blue gennaker. It's pretty, but the wind is still falling and our speed is down to 0.5 knot! All the sails are taken down and the engine is started.



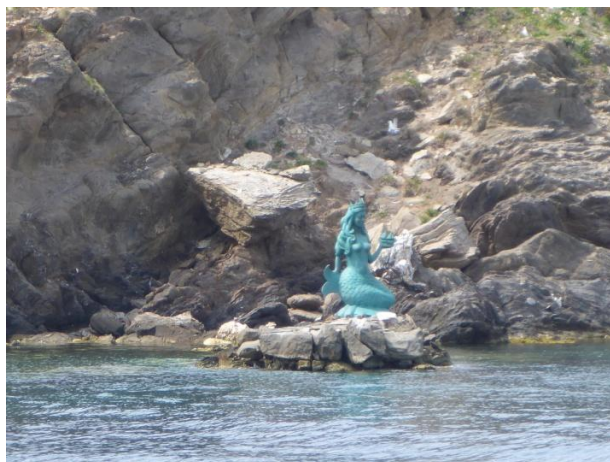


It's pretty, but we don't have much speed

The island of Oinousses (or Inousses) is near Chios, on the north, only one nautical mile separates them (1852 m). The island is not very large but is renowned for producing rich ship owners and captains. We see, arriving, large villas on the waterfront. The harbor is well protected by an island in the south and two piers east.



This island (with three chapels) protects the harbor



A mermaid welcomes sailors at the harbor entrance



Arrival at Oinousses



Maja. Oinousses



Big villa



Abandoned house

It is empty and we go along the quay which is under construction. It is 2 pm, we have lunch of leftover pizza from the restaurant yesterday, we asked for a "doggy bag" and then we'll walk. The village is a mix of large well maintained villas and large abandoned villas; I believe that 700 people live here now. In the village, we pass the bakery, the baker is closing his shop. He opens again for us, we buy a loaf of bread and he also gives us a ring covered in seeds

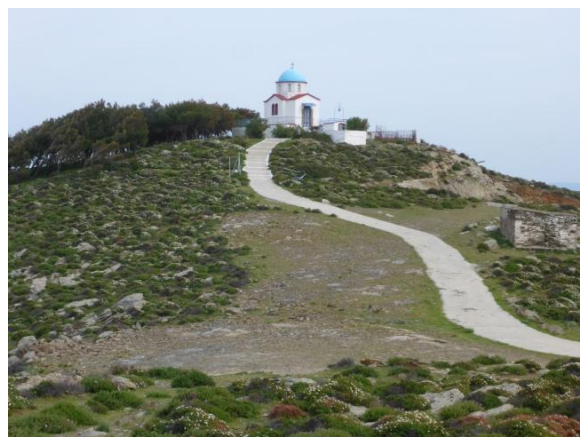
because we are the first visitors this year. This time, I make a photo, but I must say that in Chios, the one that Gunther had given us was square.



The bread



The flowered maquis



The blue and white chapel

We walk up, leave the village and the flowered maquis welcomes us, white rockroses, pink rockroses and lavender are everywhere, and in addition, it smells of thyme. There are no trees, except a small forest in a hollow. We climb up to a white and blue chapel and go down again. A man speaks to us, and says that a big school to train sailors is situated on the island. It's true we saw groups of young men, they must be students of the school. Blog then dinner at the boat, walk along the pier after dinner and we see the maritime school at the end of the pier.

Chios-Oinousses: 9 nm (16 km)

Florvåg-Oinousses:  $4\,825 + 9 = 4\,834$  nm (8 701 km)

### **Sunday, April 3, 2016. Oinousses**

At 8 am, a priest starts intoning and we benefit of it because it is broadcast by loudspeaker. It's not really singing or talking, it's somewhere in between. And it lasts, it lasts for more than one hour. We go by bike to do half the island round and from the first meters, it is steep. A gentleman in his garden greets us and asks where we come from. He knows Norway, he was a captain and went all the way to Murmansk, in Russia via northern Norway. He speaks English very well, as all the people we met on the island, as sailors they had to learn it. The small road goes along the sea and is deserted; we meet a car and a motorcycle in three hours and more sheep and goats than humans. The landscape is beautiful, mountains, valleys and fjord. Stone walls mark the various properties, I think. The small road turns after a few km in a beautiful new and wider road, and it does not serve any village. As I am wicked tongued, I conclude that an entrepreneur knows the brother in law of the cousin of the governor's wife and got permission to build this road.





The little road



Long walls



The new road



Wild coast



We can see from where the wind comes (north)

I begin to feel tired when I recognize the little chapel where we went yesterday, and from there it's just downhill to the harbor. We return at 1:15 pm, just for a good lunch on Maja, then a well deserved rest, we rode 15 km this morning. Jens tinker and I go to take pictures of white iris that migrated from a garden to the nearby vacant lot. Walking in the grass in this vacant lot, I see an orchid that I had never seen before.



White irises which have migrated

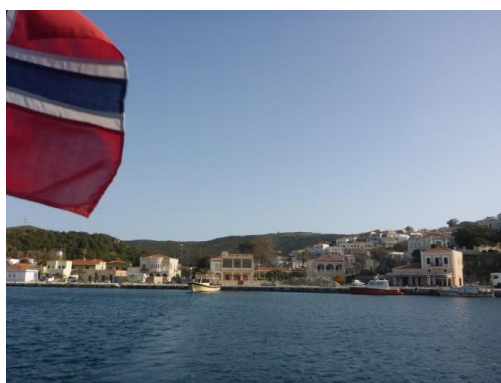
Dinner at the only open restaurant, stuffed peppers and tomatoes, very good but too copious. I therefore give my left over to the many cats who sit around us. But the lady in the restaurant tells me "no, no" sternly. Walk on the harbor after dinner. We leave tomorrow for Psara, an island west of north Chios.



Our bike ride

PS. Yesterday when I said that refugees were waiting for a ferry, I think I was wrong. It was a group that did not want to be in the camp anymore and who were allowed to "camp" on the ferry quay.

**Monday, April 4, 2016. Oinousses-Psara**



Bye,bye Oinnousses

The ferry arrives at 8 am and a group of young people goes down and walk to the marine school. We buy a few things, bread, fruit and leave at 9:15 am. It blows a good wind and when I take up the fenders and store the ropes, the wind whistles and I don't like it much, but in fact it was just a gust and the wind is moderate, north and becomes lighter. The waves are 60-80 cm, on the side and Maja is rolling well. Sometimes I see the top of the mountain, sometimes the bottom of the mountain through the window.



Maja is rolling: we can see the mountain top and then the sea

We pass between Chios and Oinousses and motor along the north of Chios. This northern part of Chios is sparsely populated, but we see old abandoned terraces on the mountain.



Old terraces

The wind gets up when we pass the northwest corner of Chios, up to Force 4 with gusts force 5 and we'll sail the rest of the way. We see the island of Psara in the distance, but we still have two and a half hours (13 nautical miles). I begin to feel a little seasick and lie down. Maja is progressing well and Jens is delighted. We are approaching Psara which seems austere, bare, high steep cliffs and it makes us think of the Faroe Islands!





Psara



Arrival in Psara



Maja. Psara

We enter the harbor at 4:15 pm and we moor along a quay, the nose in the wind (north) and the cockpit in the sun. Ankerdram then walk. The village (250 inhabitants) is pretty and well maintained and two large churches dominate it. The light is very strong and it reminds us of Bulandet (western Norway), especially with the seagull's noise. I write the blog while Jens makes dinner. We dine out, but it's cool, the north wind is cold, fortunately the cockpit is sheltered from the wind. At 7 pm, we have just finished dinner when the ferry "Psara Glory" arrives and we go to see that. Almost the whole village is there, waiting for someone or to pick up purchases they ordered in Chios. Many go into the ferry and come out with their purchases. A truck comes out and there is hardly any room to the left or to the right.



A big truck comes out of the little ferry

Oinousses-Psara: 33 nm (59 km)

Florvåg-Psara:  $4\ 834 + 33 = 4\ 867$  nm (8 761 km)

### Tuesday, April 5, 2016. Psara

Quiet night, we slept very well. This morning it's sunny but the north wind is cool. The ferry had already left when we get up. Breakfast in the sun and sheltered from the wind, nice, and Jens tries to repair my sandal whose sole broke in two and he succeeds. I clean the windows and do a small laundry.



Jens fixes my sandal



Laundry

Jens talks with the neighbor, a fisherman who speaks some English. He fishes between 10 and 20 kg of fish per day that he sells directly here on the island for 10 € per kg. Then we go on foot to the small peninsula which is south of the harbor. A good paved path rises to an old wind mill which is open; we go in and admire the wooden mechanism.



The old mill



Psara harbor

We continue and have a beautiful view of Antipsara, the small neighboring island which is uninhabited. We descend into the village and go to the beach, collecting pieces of glass, we find many of them then a short sunbathing sheltered from the wind and an even shorter swim. It's chilly, 16 °. We go back to Maja, lunch, coffee, rest and then set off again, this time to the south, still walking. We pass near a dog breeding pen and they greet us with a good chorus of barking, they may think we come to feed them. Soon after, a van stops and a man actually feeds them. New beach with nice sand this time and well sheltered from the wind. Same scenario as this morning and then back to the boat. At 5:30 pm, we see a big yacht coming in, they dock behind us and they are French. We chat a bit, they are going south. They don't go on land and will leave tomorrow. We have dinner at the taverna on the harbor.



The island of Psara has a tragic past. It was an active island in fishing and commerce. During the war of independence against the Turks, the city, which had at that time several thousand people and many refugees from others islands, was completely destroyed and the inhabitants killed or sold as slaves, few escaped. It was in July 1824 and the island remained abandoned long after. Now the population is 300 inhabitants.

### **Wednesday, April 6, 2016. Psara**

Maurice and Patricia, our French neighbors, leave at 8:30 am, they go to Chios. We stay here, we like it here in Psara, the people are friendly, the village is pretty, nice beach and we feel on vacation. Well, as Jens says: "Time to get some motion" we must do our daily tour, this time by bike. On the island of Psara (44 km<sup>2</sup>) there are two roads, one to the north, to a monastery (9 km) and one to the east, towards the lighthouse (5 km).



The central plain

Today we are going to the monastery, but it's up in the mountains and we don't believe that we will go that far. Good road but it goes up, and up, the scenery is beautiful and deserted, but here the maquis has not so many flowers as the previous island of Oinousses. We stop in the Archaeological Park, beautiful place by the sea where archaeologists have found tombs and ruins of houses of the Bronze Age (1400-1250 BC).



The archeological park

The lady who welcomes us in the small museum doesn't speak a word of English, she is happy because the entrance is two Euros per person and we give her five Euros. It's pretty far from everything and there is nobody, she doesn't see many visitors. In the tombs archaeologists have found jewelry, vases, and coins. We continue, and it goes up and up!



We shall over there

We pause to eat dried fruits and drink water near a chapel. About chapel, there are 19 of them on the island. We descend by the sea, but it is far away and we decide to start the return. And now it's a piece of cake, a long, long downhill road. Back to Maja at 2 pm, tired, red of sun and wind, and hungry after 16 km. A good lunch, coffee and a nap. Then we go for a swim at the same beach as yesterday afternoon. We see two people that swim far and stay in the water a long time. Then Jens works on Maja and blog for me, dinner at the taverna, walk on the harbor after dinner, after two days here, we have our habits.



View from "our" tavern

## Thursday, April 7, 2016. Psara

Nice weather, warm and quiet, it's a little the calm before the storm, tomorrow southern strong winds are expected. Jens goes to buy fish to the fisherman, our neighbor, two fish, 1.2 kg for € 30, it's expensive but he says it's a good fish.



Jens buys fish from our neighbor

We talk a little about tomorrow, he advises us to put an anchor behind and the nose on the dock, he thinks that to be along the dock is not good, this is going to make boom, boom tomorrow. But it is also that here, it's tradition to be perpendicular to the dock, in Norway it is the opposite, in a harbor all the boats are always along the quay. Then we go on bike to the lighthouse, and you know the story, it goes up, up. At an intersection, a sign indicates, on the left the road to the lighthouse and on the right the road to the lighthouse beach. What's weird is that the lighthouse road goes down and yet the lighthouse is on a cliff, we saw it coming by boat, and the road to the beach, which in principle is at sea level, goes up.



The road to the beach goes up



The road to the lighthouse goes down

We take the left road to the lighthouse, it goes down first and then rises. The lighthouse is well maintained, all painted white. And below, we see the beach, but it's impossible to go down there, it's steep and there is no path.





The lighthouse



The beach is down, but impossible to reach

We're back on the road and after about one km, a creek bed, dry, returns to the beach. Jens proposes to try to walk on the creek bed on foot, OK, we try.



First in the dry creek



Then in the (almost) dry river



There are tadpoles in the water

Off we go bush walking, this is steep at first, then this (dry) creek flows into a “larger” river, almost dry too, only a few hollows in the rock keeps a little water. At one place a puddle slightly larger than the other blocks the path.



We have to “climb” to pass the water



Idyllic beach down from the lighthouse

We have to climb and walk in the water, and then we reach the beach, idyllic, where we can swim, water 17 °, and walking in the river bed we are back on the road where we left our bikes. And return to the port of Psara, still a good ride of 14 km, plus two kilometers walk in the river. Lunch, rest and swim in "our" beach, the water is at 19 °. By late afternoon, we

rotate Maja, as we will have the nose in the wind tomorrow, but we stay along the quay. Dinner at the boat of the good fish and coffee and cake at the taverna, on the house: we gave them a package of washing powder for dishwasher mistakenly purchased in Turkey. Small tour of the harbor, it's still quiet but the ferry is well docked with many ropes.

### Friday, April 8, 2016. Psara

I slept badly, this predicted strong wind worries me, it is announced for the end of the morning, but with my imagination, I expect it before. I get up at 4:30 am, the wind is still light, force 3, but it pushes us against the dock, so I add a fender, and I see a guy walking his dog, at 4:30 am! Still calm when we get up. Jens goes to buy bread and as he spoke yesterday with a couple who has bees, he buys also two large jars of honey. After breakfast, we put the tender onto to water and Jens puts an anchor at 30 m, perpendicular to Maja, it will relieve the pressure against the dock. It holds well and Jens can pull Maja a little away from the dock.



The anchor is perpendicular ...



and pulls Maja from the quay

We take up the tender on board and go for a walk in the village and see the Monastery of Saint Nicolas, in restoration.



Saint Nicolas monastery

At 11:30 am, the wind increases, as expected. We have a drink at the taverna and lunch on the boat. Our neighbor fisherman asks us why we put an anchor on the side, he has turned his boat perpendicular to the dock but has a good mooring that holds his boat well. The ferry has



not left this morning, we believe that it is because of the bad weather, but no, on Friday it leaves in the afternoon, and it leaves at 3 pm. We wanted to see it leave but we were napping at that time.



The waves

Awake, we go to see the waves, they are big and pass over the pier, but it's quiet in the harbor. Maja moves a little, but nothing like in Evdilos or in Ermoupolis last year. But I'm going to do the blog in the taverna, I'm afraid to be seasick if I do it on Maja. At 7 pm, we dine at the taverna, the food is good, nice atmosphere, it is the meeting place of the village, old men spend hours here and Nikos and his wife, the owners, are very nice and speak English. The lady who cooks and serves is also very friendly but doesn't speak a word of English, but she makes it up with smiles. Good fish soup and one dessert that we share, a chocolat éclair. By late evening, the wind calms down a bit.

### **Saturday, April 9, 2016. Psara**

We slept well, Maja was still moving a bit last night and it rocked us. Jens goes to buy bread and the lady baker, not very smiling so far, makes him a smile. While we take our breakfast on Maja, we see a man coming out of a car and distributing paper bags to everyone he meets. We then go on the pier to see the waves, they are still quite large, we stay one more day here, we really like Psara.



Good path

Then we walk, north of the village, where we see three wind mills ruins on a hill. The path is wide and we climb well. On this side of the hill, the maquis has flowers, but only the pink "cistus", not white as Oinousses. From up there, we have a beautiful view of the village and we see even the ferry arriving.



Nice view over the village

To come back, we want to try to make a loop, a good path goes to the wind turbines and we take it. This path quickly becomes a goats path then disappears completely. We must walk in the bushes. A small, very common low bush has many thorns when it is green, like right now, but consolation, it stings even more when it is dry, when it looks like "hønsenetting" the fence which is used to enclose the hens, and it is as effective as a fence.



As effective as a fence

We go down, go down and we reach a fence around a garden of an unoccupied house. We manage to open a gate to enter this garden but on the other side, no opening. We turn back, and I can take a picture of Jens from the front for once, and we go down to a nice beach, the Laka beach, just under the wind turbines. Nobody, beautiful sand, blue sea, it's idyllic. We bathe quickly enough, the water is still cool then back by the road. Another good round walk of 6 km.



Another idyllic beach, and nobody



There are still old ladies in black

On entering the village, we take a drink at the taverna and we see a sailboat coming, a French one again, I go to help them to dock. Their boat is called "Frédome" because the lady is called FRÉdérique and the man is called DOMinique. We lunch on Maja, nap (we are getting accustomed) then a swim at "our" beach, 10 minutes from here. An official comes to present us the port bill, 21 € for seven days, not bad and he says we can stay as long as we want. Last dinner at the taverna, Nikos and his wife offer us an after-dinner liqueur, the "mastica", made with mastic, a kind of a tree resin, I think, this is very good, both sweet but not too much and a little bitter. I ask them why a man was distributing paper bags this morning. It is a religious custom, 40 days after the death of a person, the family offers a bag of cookies and sweets to their friends and acquaintances. And they give us theirs! That's very nice. We will remember fondly Psara and his taverna where we were greeted more as friends more than as customers. We give them a card of Maja and we tell them they are welcome to Norway any time, who knows...

We leave tomorrow for southern Lesbos.





“Our” taverna



Nikos and Jens



The paper bag with sweets

### **Sunday, April 10, 2016. Psara-Plomari. Lesbos Island**

The "Frédom" left at 7 am. Good weather forecast, south wind force 3-4, we leave at 9:15 am. The weather forecast was right, but it will be a bit more complicated than announced. First, little wind, force 2, so motor and jib. Then the wind becomes stronger and we stop the engine and sail, and the wind drops and rises like that several times. The wind is very irregular, but we have constant, relatively high waves, one meter, and Maja rolls, twists, climbs, spins and goes down. We can't do anything, just listen to music. This makes a long journey, in every sense of the word. Jens likes it but me a little less. At one point, while I slept, happily, Jens said the waves were confused, they were coming from all sides, but even so, Maja goes calmly and does not take a drop of water on board. By late afternoon, the winds drops a bit and the waves too, a little. Jens takes a nap and I'm up. Then he joins me and we're both up when we see get three waves much higher than the others. The normal waves are about 60 cm now and those three are at least three times higher, 1.8 m and they are rolling at the top. On a small scale, they are "monsters waves". We hold us with both hands but Maja passes them as

anything, she rolls a bit more but that was it and she doesn't take any water at all. Too bad I didn't have time to make a picture.



The waves, not the “monster” ones, the normal ones

We reach Plomári (or Plomáriorion) at 6:15 pm and I confess that I am very happy to arrive.



Phew! In five minutes we'll be in the harbor. Plomari

We find a place with a mooring and we moor at the dock. Two minutes later, a Coast Guard comes to see us. Jens goes on the dock with all the papers and asks him if we can stay at this place. He answers: "No", not friendly at all. He fills the papers, asks for the passport, takes the transit log and we will get it back when we have paid the harbor fees. I don't know what we will pay for, the electricity and water posts are broken. He asks how long we are going to stay, Jens says two or three days, then he phones at the port office and announces that we can stay in this place, this is the place of a fisherman who is away. Phew, good, we didn't want to move. Maja is rolling here too, the harbor is open to the S-E and waves are coming in.



The coast guard fills up the papers on a trash bin

Ankerdram, well deserved, the day was long and stroll into town. From the sea it seems charming with its colorful houses clinging to the mountain, but at a closer look, it's a little messy and many houses are abandoned. We eat in a restaurant on the harbor and the lady knows right away who we are, she saw us arrive, she even knows the Norwegian flag because she is Greek married to a Dane. And we go to bed early, we're tired.



Plomari

Psara-Plomári: 45 nm (81 km)

Florvåg-Plomári:  $4\ 867 + 45 = 4\ 912$  nm (8 842 km)



## Monday, April 11, 2016. Plomari

It rained a bit to night and it's gray now. Breakfast outside but with a sweater, the temperature is only 17 °. Then “grande premiere”, I wash my hair in the "bath room", we have hot water, heated by the engine yesterday. Jens connects a shower on the tap and by pumping with the foot, the hot water comes. This works fine and I have clean hair now.



I wash my hair

We go into town then to the Barbagiannis pharmacy to say hello to Andreas. There I owe you an explanation. At Psara, Nikos' wife, Athena, gave us a paper with the name of Andreas, the pharmacist she knows, begging us to go and see him and he would open the ouzo museum for us. The Barbagiannis family is best known for its ouzo and the ouzo museum they established, 2 km east of Plomári. Andreas Barbagiannis is not there but his mother receives us very kindly and tells us that the museum is open and we can go whenever we want. It is 11 am, I go back to Maja to catch up the April 9 blog and Jens goes shopping. After lunch, we walk to see the museum.



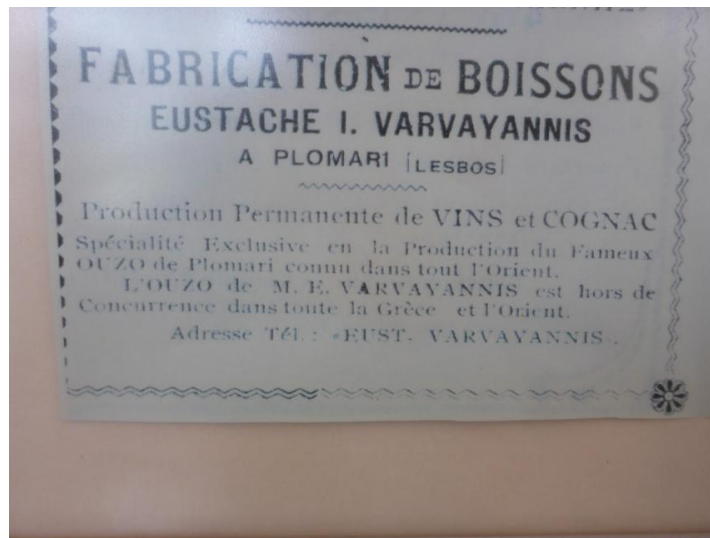
The ouzo museum



distillation apparatus from 1902

The weather is still grey and we take an umbrella. An employee opens the ouzo museum for us to visit. We can see the first boiler and distillery device from 1902 and the technical evolution that follows. The main flavor comes from anise seeds but several other (secret)

plants are added. Then we see the modern production room, have a taste and, of course, buy two bottles of ouzo. Interesting visit, the guy was committed and has worked over twenty years in this factory.



Old poster in French



Jens and the red cat

We are beginning to come back when it starts raining. We find shelter under a roof, and the lady of the house, hearing noise, comes out to see what happens. When we explain that it's just to stay dry, she says "no problem". We remain there about ten minutes, just the time to make friend with a red cat, and then the rain stops and we leave. Back to Maja, second blog for me and Jens cooks. He makes rolled leeks in ham, we dine outside but with sweater and jacket. Then Jens phones Petter, our friend from Bulandet (an island on the west coast of Norway, north of Bergen) to tell him that Psara reminds us of his island. He then phones Bülent, the fisherman from Ekincik in Turkey to tell him that we have finished his honey. Tonight Jens puts on the heating, it is 15 ° outside, and we wish the sun will come back soon.

PS: I found a "blue" here!





Maja. Plomari

**Tuesday, April 12, 2016. Plomari**

It's nicer today, warmer and calm. Jens takes out the bikes and we start, full of energy ... but we don't go very far.



It's steep to go up...



It's steep to go down



We leave our bikes





Sea and mountains

It's so steep, going inland that we quickly decide to leave the bikes and continue on foot. And we do a nice walk between well-kept olive groves. The olive trees seem to have been planted in the time of the Turks, some look very old. All fields are surrounded by wire mesh, everything is closed.



Fences everywhere

And for me this walk is special for the number of flowers that I find. I have so many that I do a page just for them today. We walk well and arrive at a small hamlet. We could make a loop and return by a small road but we return by the same route to get our bikes. We climb into the saddle but not for long, in the city most of the streets begin or end by a staircase. We reach the sea level, and to refresh us we swim at "our" beach. A lady is there and she talks to Jens in Danish. She was in the restaurant the first night and heard that Jens was Danish. Then good lunch at the boat, a little rest and we leave by bike again, to the west, by the road along the sea. It goes up a bit but it's ok. But the descent to the village of Melinda is steep, and we must climb it up again when we'll ride back. Nice beach but more rocky than ours, we don't bathe here, but we take an orangeade in a café with a nice terrace. I think the cafe is closed, the only

people present are the owners and friends. One of them speaks English and is interested in our trip.



Plomari is not ideal for bikes ... but is popular with cats

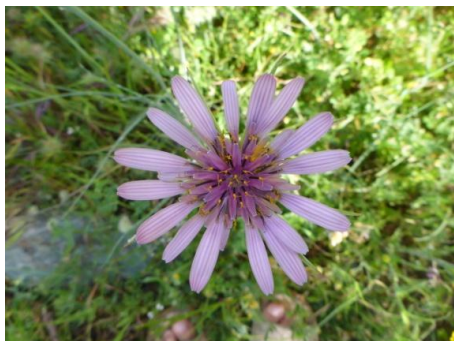
We take our bikes and start our ascent to return. But Jens has the solution: the road is very wide and deserted, so we do zigzags, we're tacking, and it's true that it helps.



We make zigzags to climb back

It makes the way longer but we reach the top without setting one foot down. We stop at "our" beach, nice swimming, the sun heats well and good crop of glass pieces. Return to the boat, thankful for our day. And we do the addition: 8 km in the morning (2 by bike and 6 walking) and 13 km by bike in the afternoon. Not bad for old people!

12.04.2016. Plomari. Here are the flowers found today (and I didn't put them all):











**Wednesday, April 13, 2016. Plomar-Sigri. Lesbos Island**

Sunny, calm, warm and slightly hazy. Jens goes to pay the harbor fees, 8 € for 3 nights and gets back the transit log. I walk in the city during that time, and then we leave at 10:05 am. We motor along the southern coast of Lesbos and redo the same as our yesterday bike trip at the beginning.



Medina beach, where we went yesterday, riding



It's so quiet... that Jens can sew

The coast is green, wooded but gradually becomes drier and the trees disappear. We pass the mouth of the great inland bay "Kólpos Kalloni". The sea is calm and we have lunch at the table in the cockpit, very nice. One can read, do Sudoku or a little sewing (Jens). Before reaching Sigri, our destination, we see the wreck of a boat stranded on an island.

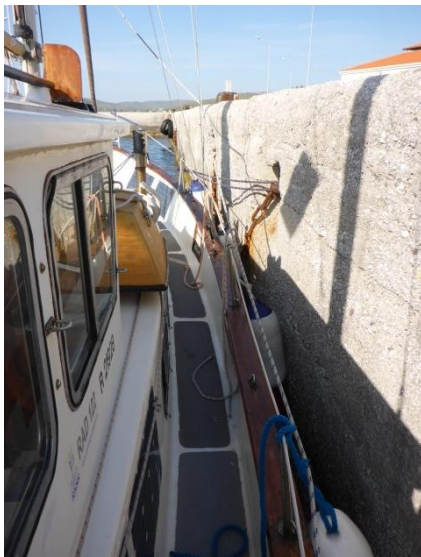


The wreck



Sigri

And we reach Sigri at 4: 20 pm. The guide (the book) recommends going first to the large dock at the village entrance and that's what we do.



The high quay



Jens takes the bikes on land

This platform is very high and I know one who has a little trouble climbing up. Jens asks a guy if we can stay there, but no, it's military and in fact this is not a good place, too exposed. We walk in the village and ask a man. He doesn't speak English, but he calls his son, 13-14 years old, who understands very well and recommends us to go and ask the coastguard. Here we go, the office is closed, we knock and a guy opens the door and we have the impression that we interrupted his nap. Can we dock in the harbor? No, the harbor is reserved for fishermen. And yet there is room ... We must anchor in the bay, but in fact it is a good solution, the wind will get up from the south and the bay is well protected from the south precisely. OK. We go back to Maja and Jens discharges the bikes on the high platform. Then we anchor in the bay, the anchor hold well at the first try. The water is clear, calm and we

swim from the boat, it's nice. Small tour ashore with the tender, we get the bikes and we tie them to a lamppost on the dock, and dine outside on Maja, it's still calm, the wind will get up tonight.



Maja, anchored in Sigrí Bay



Plomari-Sigrí

Plomári-Sigrí: 31 nm (56 km)

Florvåg-Sigrí:  $4\,912 + 31 = 4\,943$  nm (8 897 km)

### Thursday, April 14, 2016. Sigrí

The wind picked up last night, from the south as planned, so Maja rotated and we have now the nose to the beach. There are good bursts but the wind comes from the land, there are no waves and the anchor holds well. We go for a walk through the village of Sigrí, well maintained but calm, and in the evening we see few houses with lights on. The harbor is small



and the dikes that surround it are not high, there are never be big waves here because an island is protecting the bay.



The small harbor

We are tourists now and tour the monuments: the museum (only the entrance) to the Petrified Forest, the Turkish fort and the former mosque converted into a church.



The Petrified Forest Museum



The Turkish Fort



The old mosque, now a church

We buy bread at the bakery and go and greet the white horse that we saw from Maja.



The white horse

Fresh orange juice at the café then back to Maja and lunch. The wind is quite strong but Maja is quiet. After lunch, Jens' rest is interrupted by pump problems, you know, after the toilet. He goes to work and clears a clogged pipe ... Then we head north along the sea, cycling this time. And then, surprise, the landscape seen from the sea is dry and barren, but north of village there is a large green and fertile plain.



The cultivated plain

We arrive at a beach and at a place where the sea leaves a little water when it retires, I see two sea anemones. This is the only sign of life in the puddle, no algae, no shells, no crabs, no critters. When I think of puddles on our west coast of Norway teeming with life. When the girls were small, we spent long periods observing the puddles. Return to the village and short walk to the south, to the largest beach of Sigri. Back to Maja and blog. We dine "in town" of a good fish soup. First, the guy brings a fish stock without anything floating in it, we think it's a bit light, but then he brings a good plate of fish and potatoes. I put the fish and the potatoes in the broth, and we enjoy it.



The fish soup

Back on Maja, the wind increases, strong gusts, very irregular in strength and direction, so Maja is rotating a lot. I'm not relaxed and can't sleep. From my porthole, I have two points of reference: a boat in the harbor on one side and the coastguard's office on the other side. In between, Maja goes through an angle of almost  $45^\circ$ , and on one side, and on the other ... and the noise of the wind is not reassuring. Finally, you get used to everything and I fall asleep. In the morning the wind dropped and it is quiet again.

**Friday, April 15, 2016. Sigri**

Beautiful and quiet this morning. The wind, light, is from the north and Maja's nose is seaward now. Jens goes to buy fresh bread in the tender, I can't complain about the service at this cruise.



Jens went to buy bread



We start cycling to the north, a little more inland than yesterday, the small road is good at the beginning but more we advance more it becomes increasingly rocky and the rocks becomes larger and larger.



The sheep gather to sleep the siesta



The little road

We ask in a courtyard of a house in the middle of nowhere if it goes to a village. But without a common language, communication is difficult. But a man motions that we can continue. Well, here we go, but it's getting worse and soon we have to turn back. On returning we take a "highway" to the sea and get to a nice beach where a small chapel is dug into the mountain.



The "highway"



The chapel

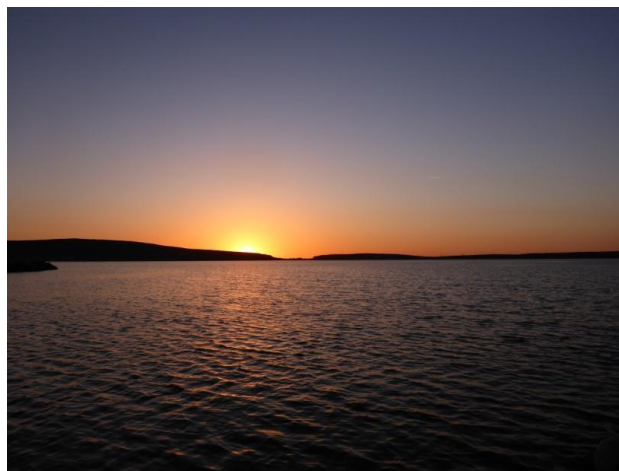
Beautiful large holiday houses, empty, and on huge pieces of land, are settled on the fertile plain. We go back and we bathe from Maja, it's almost summer. Lunch in the sun, and soon it will be too hot, nap and we leave, this time uphill back the village, beautiful view of the harbor and the island behind.



Back to Sigrí



Jens goes to get the bikes



Sunset



Jens cuts his hair and bathing number 2, from the boat, the water is at 19 °. Jens goes with the tender to take the bikes back to Maja, we leave tomorrow for the island of Agios Evstratios, a small island 50 nautical miles from here to the northwest. Good pizza (made by Jens) for dinner and beautiful sunset.

### **Saturday, April 16, 2016. Sigri-Agios Evstratios**

Quiet night, we slept very well. We leave at 8 am and take breakfast on the way. A little bird enters the cockpit through the open door and is struggling to get out, I have to help it go out of the window. We hear many exchanges on the VHF (radio), we are crossing a trafficked “road” going north towards Istanbul. We see several vessels either northbound or southbound. It’s so quiet that we can do a big cleaning operation.



### **Big cleaning**

We can read, do sudoku, go on the internet, and time flies. At 11 am we see on AIS (Automatic Identification System) that we will pass very close to a ship. We slow down a little and she passes before us with a good margin.





On AIS



In real

We lunch of leftover pizza sitting at the table. We approach the island of Agios Evstratios (or Efstratios) at 4:30 pm. We pass its southwest corner and go up north along its west coast. The island appears dry, bare, with big cliffs and caves.

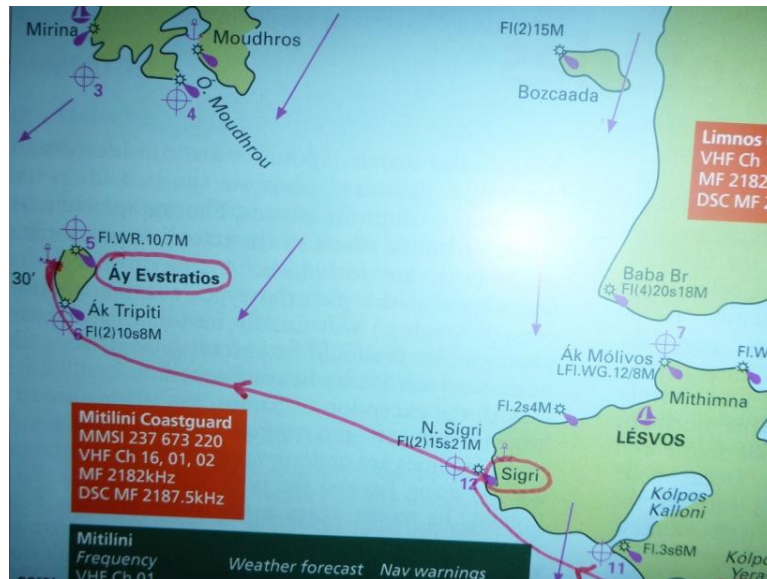


Agios Evstratios

The ferry is arriving just before us in the harbor, we follow it, and we go to the inner harbor, hoping there will be a place for us. And there a fisherman shows us where we can go along the quay and he catches our lines. That's nice. It is 5:20 pm. A large barge carrying a crane occupies most of the outer harbor, the crane is dredging the harbor. We go to stretch our legs and are surprised by the village which is very different from all the visited villages. It's because on 19 February 1968 a strong earthquake destroyed almost all the houses here and prefabricated houses were installed rapidly. This village is made up of low houses and streets intersecting at right angles, but 48 years later, it has aged well, the houses are well kept, with many flowers, the streets well paved, shaded and clean. There are only a few old houses. We go swimming at a beautiful sandy beach, go back to Maja, blog for me then dinner at the taverna where we are observed closely by a dozen interested cats.

Sigri-Agios Evstratios: 46 nm (83 km)

Florvåg-Agios Evstratios: 4 943 + 46 = 4 989 nm (8 980 km)



### Sigri-Agios Evstratios

#### Sunday, April 17, 2016. Agios Evstratios

Beautiful and quiet. The crane also works on Sunday, it takes mud in the bottom of the harbor, rotates and dumps its load into a barge moored parallel to it. When the barge is full, a tug pushes it the sea and the barge can open its bottom to empty the mud into the sea. Then the tug pushes the boat back along the crane.



From the right: the crane, the ferry and Maja

Jens asks a guy on the dock some information about the work of the harbor and he is the right man to ask, he works there. According to him, the new jetty is not well placed, the port is larger but still too open towards southwest. It is the European Union which funded the project. He tells us that his brother studied in Bergen, at a business school. We climb up on the cliff, where the village was before the earthquake, we still see ruins of the houses, the church and a windmill.





The church ruins



Small houses and straight streets

Then we continue on the path which disappears quickly and we come back. We take an orange drink at the café and the owner speaks English. He is from the village and remembers the earthquake. Almost all the houses were destroyed and about twenty people died, it was late at night. He advises us to go up the river and says that we can find wild asparagus.



We walk up river



We eat lunch at the boat and after a little rest, go up the river. There is a trickle, but apparently in winter it can become big. We walk, walk in the bed of the river, through fields and find no wild asparagus. Return to the village and bathing on the beach. We speak with a man accompanied by his son, 7-8 years old. He asks where we are from and makes the connection with Maja which he saw in the harbor. He knows Bergen, he went from Greece to Northern Norway by motorcycle when he was young! Back to the boat, I begin the blog and Jens speaks with the tug master, they have worked three years with the harbor works, but according to him, the river brings alluvium and the port will have to be dredged frequently. He says he saw the river more than a meter deep in winter. Dinner at the taverna, a squid dish with sauce accompanied by potatoes, very good. The barge moved, it left the harbor and at 11 pm we understand why: a large ferry arrives, stays five minutes and leaves, it makes the connection, once a week, Lavrio-Agios Evstratios. We know Lavrio, we were there September 2, 2015 with Knut and Margrethe.



As I admired her flowers, a lady gave me two

### **Monday, April 18, 2016. Agios Evstratios**



The village, before and after the earthquake

Beautiful, warm and calm, we begin to appreciate the shade. I go to the block where there are showers and toilets (but no hot water) to make a small laundry and go to the cafe to make a photo of an old photograph of the village before the earthquake.



It's steep



A farm in a hollow



Grass hoppers

Then we leave to our bicycle expedition. Jens spotted on the map a route that goes up, goes around two hills and down again, that is to say, it makes a big loop. We start at 11 am and we climb, climb, most time walking and pushing our bikes, it's really steep. We find, in places, small grasshoppers by the thousands. When they escape us by jumping all together, it sounds like hail.



To the right or to the left?

The scenery is beautiful, it is not the guarrigue (what I called maquis earlier in the blog is actually a garrigue, maquis is made of bushes and is higher) but grass and trees. It's hot and the sun is strong, we get lost a little, but Jens has a GPS and we find our way at the end. We stop to drink and eat our dried fruit and nuts and continue.



Traffic jam

We stop at a beautiful spot, it's green, trees provide shade and it's hard to start again. And, finally, it is the descent, a loong descent sometimes very rocky, so we have to be careful when braking but it's ok. And everywhere we see terraces, the hills are covered of them, how hard they were working in the old days! We return to the village at 3 pm and go directly to the beach, swimming seems good. Our late lunch is a beer at the café with a variety of Greek “tapas”. Then well-deserved nap, blog for me, shopping and cooking for Jens and dinner on the boat. Jens then stores the bikes, we leave tomorrow for Limnos, to the north.

## **Tuesday, April 19, 2016. Agios Evstratios-Myrina. Limnos Island**

We leave at 9:20 am, in good weather, light south wind. When leaving the harbor we can see the island of Limnos, at about twenty nautical miles. In the northwest, far away, in the clouds, we barely see a high mountain, it must be Mount Athos which is 2000 m.



A piece of cake



Relaxed crossing, jib and engine first, then sail only when the wind becomes stronger, but it does not last and at half past twelve, the wind dies and we must start the engine. On the radio, we hear again the Turks and the Greeks fighting. The Turk: "You are in Turkish territorial waters, leave immediately." The Greek coastguard doesn't answer. But we also hear nice people. A ship warns another one that it will pass on the starboard side, is it ok? And the other answers that it's ok, and wish him a good watch. Limnos is a large island and we go to the capital, Myrina, on the western coast with a good harbor, well protected.



Arrival at Myrina

Inside the harbor there is room and we moor Maja along the pier, it is 2:25 pm. A German from another yacht takes our moorings and we talk a bit, he says that he stay several months here, he likes the city.



Agios Evstratios ferry is here

After our ankerdram we walk a little in the town, but all the shops are closed, it's nap time. Pretty little streets, old houses, many flowers and an imposing fortress on top of the hill. The tourist office is open and we take a city map. It's quite big, 5,000 people here in Myrina and 17 000 on the whole island. Swimming at a beautiful beach, water at 20 °.



Beautiful beach



Maja. Myrina

Back on Maja then Jens goes shopping. During his absence, two young coastguards (a young man and a young woman) come to me and ask me, very kindly if we could push Maja, a tall ship will arrive. And they help me to do it, the three of us, we pull Maja along the quay. For the paper, Jens go there whenever he wants, no problem and they leave me saying welcome to Limnos. How different from Plomári where the coastguard was friendly as a prison gate (French expression). And just after a tall ship arrives, a kind of "gulet" but Greek, takes the place we had before and the captain thanks me for having moved Maja. And, after, a big fishing boat moors at the dock too and now there is not much room. When Jens returns, he goes to see the coastguards who tell him that when we leave, he has to go to them so that they stamp the papers, that's all. Jens speaks with the master of the "gulet" who tells him that the Turks have copied the traditional Greek boat to make their gulets. Dinner at a small taverna, fried small fish, fried calamari and fried zucchini with tzatsiki. It's good, but all that frying is a bit heavy to digest. Coming back we take the long pedestrian street where all the shops are open now, it is 8 pm and we walk to see the other beach on the other side of the castle. Myrina seems a nice town and people are friendly.

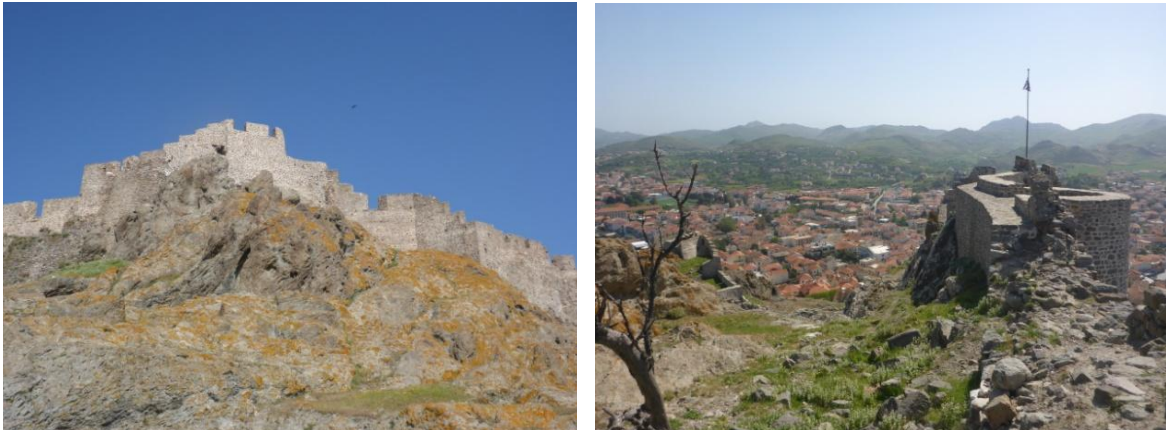


Sigri-Agios Evstratios-Myrina

Agios Evstratios-Myrina (Limnos): 20 nm (36 km)  
 Florvåg-Myrina: 4 989 + 20 = 5 009 nm (9 016 km)

### Wednesday, April 20, 2016. Myrina

A little wind last night, from the south, that pushes us to the dock, but no waves. The weather forecast predicts that the wind will turn north today and be strong, so we stay here several days. We climb to the fortress this morning.



The fortress

It's amazing, the walls are many km long and inside it was a real city. It was begun in 1200 and enlarged and strengthened over the centuries. We walk around freely and our only company is a group of deer.



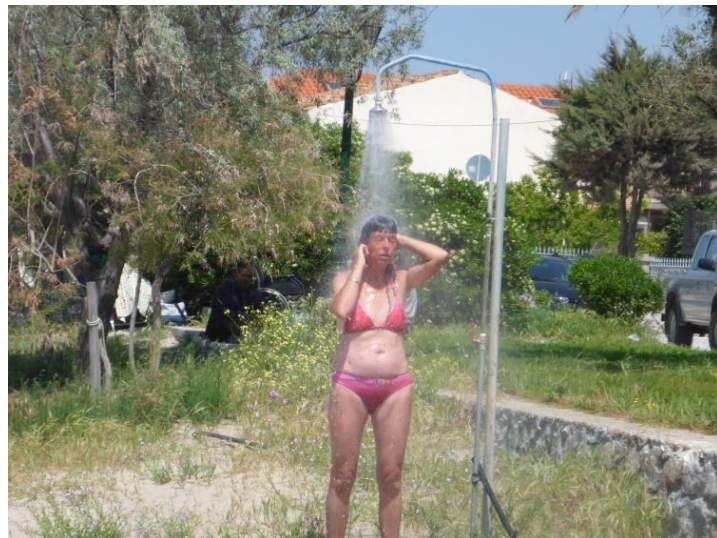
A deer

The harbor of Myrina (or Mirina) is in a bay, then north comes a rocky promontory where the castle is built, then another bay, then a small rocky promontory and a third bay. When walking from the harbor to the second bay we can't go along the sea, we have to go back into town, go behind the castle and out to sea again. We have a beautiful view from the castle on the two bays north. And we also see the harbor with little Maja against her dock. We remain long in the castle, then back to Maja for a juice, go for a swim at "our" beach and I wash my hair there.





The harbor. Little Maja along the pier



I wash my hair

Coming back, we pass by a cafe that is very popular and we stop there. We eat fried small fish and a green vegetable called "horta", a bit like Swiss chard. The waitress is friendly and a gentleman at the next table advises us to stay until Orthodox Easter, not next Sunday but the Sunday after. We ask if there are a lot of tourists in the summer and he said no, only from 15 July to 15 August, and that's enough. Back to Maja, coffee, rest, swimming, dinner at the boat and walk after dinner to the second bay. Jens strengthens the moorings, the wind has turned northeast and will be strong tonight. Already when we go to bed, a strong force 6 is blowing, but well oriented for us, it almost comes from behind, with just a little angle that takes us away from the dock. The two big yachts anchored with the stern to the dock have it on the side, it's worse.

#### **Thursday, April 21, 2016. Myrina**

What a night! A strong wind, force 7 in the gusts, has been blowing almost all the night and I didn't sleep well. Maja moved very little but we could feel the wind pressure from behind and

the noise was deafening. Jens had put five lines, three of which against the wind. Jens told me that everything was fine, but I figured "what if a line breaks ...". Everything went well and I fell asleep at 2:30 am. This morning, less wind but it cooled down the temperature, it is 18 °. We carry all our cloths to the local laundry, 11 kg, then ride to the north, along the sea.



Cultivated plain

Limnos is green, fertile and at the Ottoman time, produced wheat which was sent to Istanbul. Beautiful beaches but the wind is still strong enough and there are waves. Here too, large holiday homes are built in the fertile plain. We bathe at the end of a long beach in a hollow to be sheltered from the wind, and then back to the boat.



In the hollow, to be protected from the wind

Lunch with sweater and jacket, rest and we ride to the south this time. A highway (built with help from the European Union, Euros 9 million) goes out of the city. We ride up a bit and then go back. Sunbathing and swimming at our usual beach, back to the boat, blog for me and work for Jens, first my bike and then on Maja. He goes then to bring back our laundry and buy a pizza that we eat with a green salad. After dinner walk to the other side of the castle, dishes, end of the blog and news, and another day has gone.



New road



Sunset at the second bay, on the other side of the fortress

**Friday, April 22, 2016. Myrina**

Still pretty cool and it's good for us because we go on a bike expedition inland on Limnos. First we drive on the main road and it's not what we prefer, few flowers, more traffic, and many unfinished and empty buildings. The countryside is beautiful, cultivated and green. Then we turn right on a small road, more enjoyable. We arrive at a hamlet, Therma, which as the name suggests has a source and a hotel, closed at this time, announces a spa. We meet a man who works to construct a roundabout around a fountain. Jens shows him the map and he makes us understand that the road stops here, but by returning 200 m on our steps we can take another small road that will take us to the main road. Pretty small road, it's not too hot, everything is perfect.





Main road



Little road



Dead end at Therma



It could be in Western Norway

We reach the main road and pass through a village, Agios Dimitrios. We stop for a drink in a small cafe run by two elderly, smiling and friendly.



Stop for an orange juice



The village. Agios Dimitrios

We leave the village by climbing a small road and from a little higher we have a nice view of the village and the countryside, we can even see Limnos airport. A rabbit crosses just in front of us but I don't have time to take a picture. We come to another village, Sardes, where Jens asks the way to Myrina to a man. He tells us to wait a minute and fetches his wife, who speaks excellent English. She was born in Australia and returned to Greece when she was 12, then, adult, she lived a few years in the United States. Very kindly, she tells us the way and her husband returns with a small bottle of ouzo, home produced, that he offers us. They hold a small shop in their home and also produce wine; we buy a 2-liter bottle of red wine. We mention that we find people in Limnos especially friendly and her theory is that it's because there are not too many tourists, they don't feel invaded and overwhelmed as in Mykonos, for example. We thank them and then continue ... 200 m, a taverna welcomes us and it's lunch time. Meals outside in the shade but we are almost cold. We try to limit us, we often have eyes bigger than our stomach, so we order only four appetizers: a Greek salad, mashed broad

beans, fried eggplant and meatballs. The waiter brings the first three ones and forgets the meatballs, and so much the better, we have more than enough.



Taverna. Sardes

Satiated, we start for the last leg of our trip. We pass near a military base, the army is present in all the islands, and a sign warns "No pictures."



We barely guess Mont Athos over there



Almost back to Myrina



Then came the long descent to the sea, we arrive where we went yesterday morning at the bridge over the small river near a power station, north of Myrina.



Our ride, 27 km

Back to town, the pedestrian street is deserted, it's 3 pm. Jens asks me to guess how many km we did. I say 17 and in fact we did 27 !!! We are tired, not exhausted, but napping is welcome and after the nap Jens goes to swim alone, I feel a little cold. And a big event, I go to buy sandals, almost the same as the old ones. Dinner at the boat, last walk on the dock, we leave tomorrow north east to the island of Samothraki (Samothrace). We meet the German guy who tells us that they like Myrina very much, and that they once had a Force 11 in the harbor! They have both an anchor and a mooring now, but when there was this gale they were along the dock. Their "Seven seas" is big, 20 m and heavy, 60 tonnes. He advises us to go see the waterfalls in Samothrace.

### **Saturday, April 23, 2016. Myrina (Limnos)-Kamariótissa (Samothrace Island)**

A few drops of rain, gray and cool, no wind. We leave at 8:20 am and eat breakfast under way in the doghouse, and then, it's so quiet that I do the dishes, make the beds, delete pictures (I take too many), sew and start the blog. Yesterday's blog is long because I had all the day to do it.

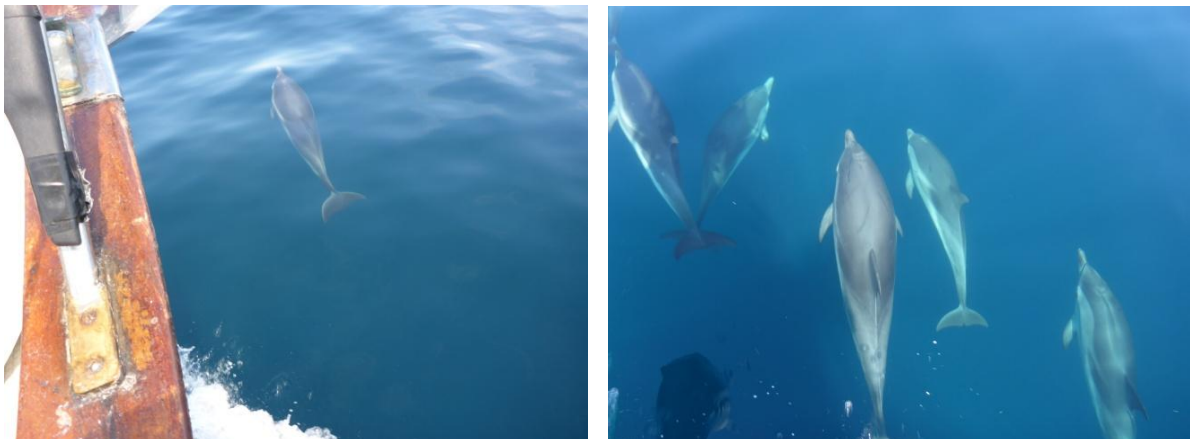


I am fixing the Greek courtesy flag, it needs it



We see Samothrace Island over there

At 10:50 am we hear a "Pan Pan" on the radio: a vessel with seven people on board hit a rock. The coastguard gives his position and tell the other boats to be careful, they will go to help, but it's far from where we are. Lunch at the table outside, then coffee and pastries, good service. Just after a dolphin comes to us and plays with Maja, he comes and goes in front, dives, jumps, it's beautiful. Then, a little later, he comes back with his friends, a whole troop, at least twelve, and they dance for us, it's a beautiful sight, and it lasts long enough.



First one then several

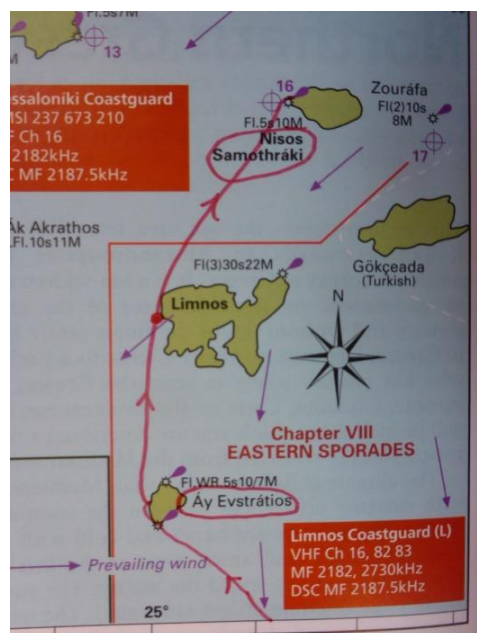
I finish the blog at 3.30 pm, and it's better to stop, the wind picks up, we put the jib and Maja rolls a bit and I don't feel like writing now. Southwest of Samothrace, a long tongue of land is jutting into the sea and we have to go well off to round it and when it's passed, one is protected from the waves and it becomes calmer. The island is beautiful, a 1600 m high mountain and a green plain in front. We enter the harbor at 4:30 pm and moor Maja at a long dock. On land, we ask the coast guard if we can get to a more central pier, but no, it is reserved for fishermen and the ferry. Stroll through the village, and as much the island is beautiful as much the village is messy, the garbage cans overflowing and it doesn't look well maintained. A modern statue evoking "The Winged Victory of Samothrace" decorates the quay since the original is in the Louvre Museum in Paris. We dine at the boat, inside, and I do the cooking, having finished the blog early.



Maja doesn't have three masts, the third one is a lamppost



The (modern) Victory of Samothrace





Myrina-Kamariótissa (Samothrace): 43 nm (77 km)  
Florvåg-Kamariótissa: 5 009 + 43 = 5 052 nm (9 094 km)

### Sunday, April 24, 2016. Kamariótissa. Samothrace Island

Gray and cool, and it's OK because we plan to ride up to the "Chora" today. The Chora is the ancient hilltop village in the mountains where locals once lived when they dared not live near the coast because of pirates. Here, the Chora is at 250 m above sea level and is hidden behind a hill, we can't see it at all from the sea. So we go up but rather gradually and smoothly.



The Chora



He goes home



The Chora is not made for cyclists

The Chora is quite touristy but pretty quiet at this time of the year. We walk a little, see the castle and then start to go down by another road, steep and made of plates that rattle us, we make "bang, bang ..." Fortunately we didn't go up this way. We return by a road along the sea but from a distance. Lunch at the boat, nap and then we leave again to try to go to the end of the strip of land that we saw when we arrived. In fact, this is not earth, neither sand but pebbles, making a lunar landscape, all gray and stony. We can't go all the way, the road stops before. We come back and go to see the sea just west of the strip of land. There is no sandy beach near Kamariótissa, only pebbles.



The long strip of land

Back to Maja, we made a total of 20 km by bike, 15 in the morning and 5 this afternoon. And we dine in town at a taverna on the dock. We each have two pitas filled with meat, tomatoes, cheese and in fact it's much like a burger, especially since it's served with chips. This is so plentiful that we eat only half of it, but the salad is good.

#### **Monday, April 25, 2016. Kamariótissa. Samothrace Island**

Nice weather, windy and cool. We start cycling to the north to see the ruins of Palaiopoli and the harbor of Therma. Very nice road, flat, along the sea and luxury, we have the wind from behind. If Jeannette didn't stop so often to take pictures of flowers, we would have made good average speed.



Pleasant road along the sea

We first arrive at the museum of the archaeological site, closed, and take a small road, pushing our bikes. We seek the ruins, but we see nothing. Fortunately, in the neighboring hamlet, a lady is in her garden, we ask her, and despite not speaking English, she understands and tells us to go back to the museum, the ruins are behind the museum. A fence surrounds them but a door is open and we can visit. It was a great religious center, initiation and pilgrimage between, I think, the 7th and 4th century BC and it's here the statue "Victory of Samothrace" was found. The site is beautiful, green and with a beautiful view of the sea.



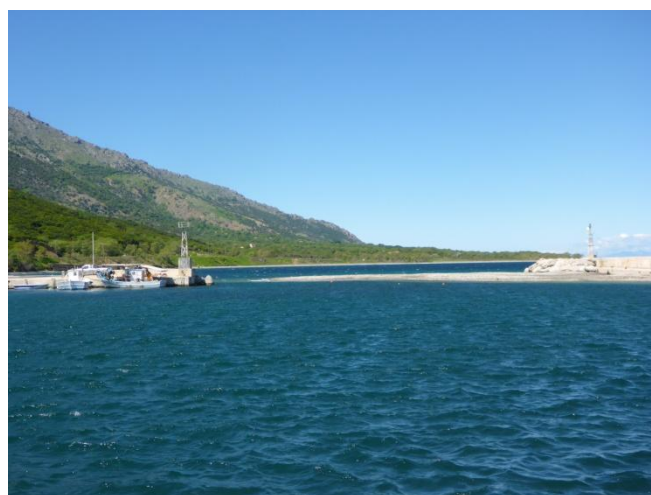


We are looking for the ruins



Ruins

We leave and arrive at Therma where the harbor entrance is almost completely silted and yet the pier seems new, with platform and lampposts.



The entrance of Therma harbor is silted

Only one fishing boat is in the harbor. We climb to the village by a wide street with sidewalks, street lights and bus stops, but not a soul. An orange juice seems good and we ask



the waitress where the waterfalls are. She has problem explaining but gives us a map, and apparently the big waterfalls are too far to go by bike. We walk a little in the forest back the village and meet two Bulgarian hikers. They too were looking for the waterfalls but have not found them. We find just a little one.



On our way back

Then we start the return which, although against the wind is going very well. At one place we are witnessing an almost-drama: a lamb is separated from his mother by the road, it begins to cross but a car comes at high speed and it has just enough time to turn around and go hide in a bush. He cries and his mother is answering him, he approaches the road a second time and this time it's a motorbike which comes. Next, it looks like the lam is listening, no dangerous noise, then he crosses the road and goes to find his mother. We are back at Maja at 1:40 pm, just in time for a good lunch. We have done 32 km, but on a flat road this is done without problems.



The red loop: ride to the Chora yesterday  
The red line: our ride today

## Tuesday, April 26, 2016. Kamariótissa. Samothrace Island

Another crazy night! I'm tired of crazy nights! Until 5 am, it was okay, pretty quiet and we slept well. But at 5 pm, a storm broke with heavy rain, hail, lightning and strong wind. The wind made so much noise we didn't hear the thunder. The wind came from west, so in principle the harbor was protected by the strip of land and the pier. But the wind was so strong that it made waves in the harbor, 50 cm high and rolling, they were all white at the top. They came in front of us, slightly on the side and Maja rolled and bumped against the dock. The small fishing boat behind us was rolling enormously; it had sometimes a side almost all under water.



5 o'clock in the morning. Storm

The wind reached 18 m/s (36 knots), that is to say, force 8 in the gusts. It lasted until 6:30 am then calmed down. Jens went back to sleep but not me. When we get up, it's quiet, gray. We see that a yacht is moored at the dock, closer to the port opening. She bears the French flag and when the captain passes on the dock we exchange a few words. Then I go in the village to buy postcards, but the shop is closed and when I am there, I see the flags flapping in another direction, the wind turned north and a new gust of wind arrives. With this direction, Maja has the wind on the side and is pushed away from the dock. I return to the boat, Jens puts another line, the force that pushes Maja is great.



Reinforced mooring for Maja

The wind reaches now force 7; I'm tired of this, gale during the night and gale in the day, that's a lot. We go on land, walk a little, take a cappuccino in a café where we see Maja, we keep an eye on her. The waves pass over the pier and the French yacht is sprayed.



The French yacht is well sprayed

I don't really want to return to Maja, but Jens decides me and actually he's right. Maja doesn't move that much and the five moorings lines hold well. Then the gale calms down at about 2 pm. Lunch in the boat and bike ride through the countryside to the sea.



Ride in the country side

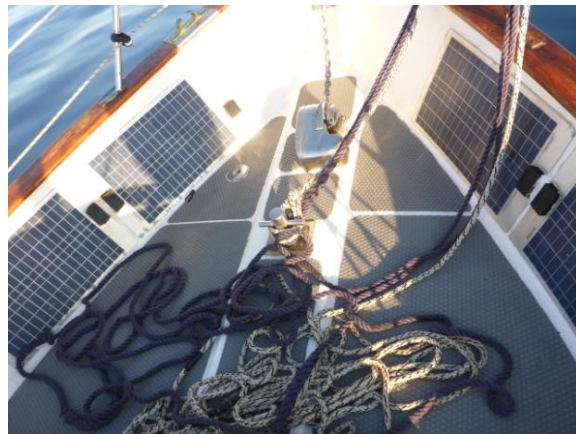
On the way back we find a butcher in the village and we buy lamb chops. In the tavernas, they serve only fish, pork or chicken. Dinner at the boat good lamb chops, peas and wine bought in Sigri, all local products. The weather forecast predicts little wind for tomorrow and we leave, the French also, to the island of Thásos, the northernmost of the Greek Islands.





Kamariótissa. Sunset

**Wednesday, April 27, 2016. Thasos**



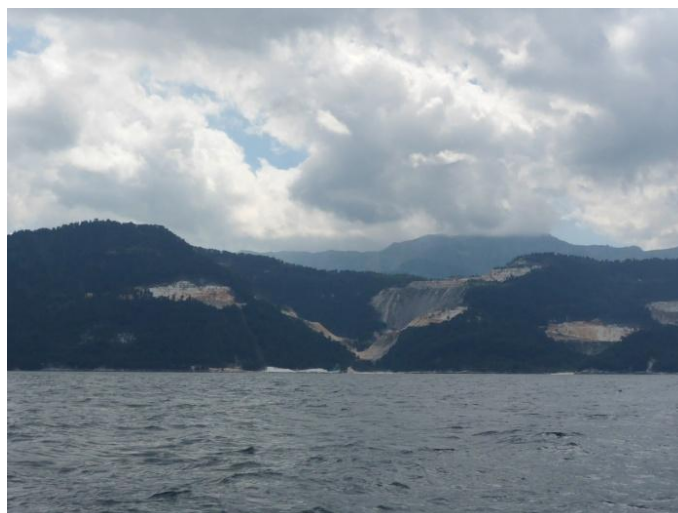
It's my job to put away all the lines

Cool night (10 ° this morning) and quiet, it seems good and we wake up both of us at 6 am, so we leave early, at 7:10 am. The French left just before us. We breakfast under way. The first miles are very calm, no wind and flat seas, but then, still no wind but old waves that come from three-quarter back and it will be like this all day.



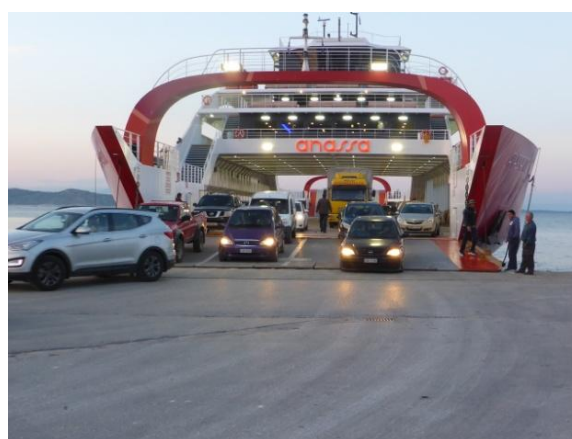
Maja is rolling (known tune!)

Maja is rolling and it moves a lot. We pass the French yacht, they try longer than us with only sail. I don't feel well at about 11 am, go to bed and fall asleep. Light lunch (crackers for me) and warmed up tea from this morning instead of coffee. It's gray all the time we are at sea, sometimes the wind picks up a bit, we try to sail, but it falls again quickly. We motor along the island of Thasos and see the marble mines.



Thasos. Marble mines

Near Thasos, I see several boats with AIS, but in fact they are ferries. Arrival at 3:10 pm, we used exactly 8 hours. Thasos has two harbors, the old one where we can go, but where the edge of the dock are not deep and the new harbor. We go to the new harbor, which is very big and where there is plenty of room. We moor along a long empty dock. While we dock, we see two ferries, one coming and one going and a hydrofoil arriving. Thasos is not far from the mainland and communications are frequent.



Many ferries and they are big

Ankerdram then we walk to explore the city. This is a real city, with a pedestrian street, many restaurants and a nice beach. When we walk to the beach, we see the French yacht arrive, they dock at another pier. The sun is shining now, sunbathing and swimming, water at 19 °. We go say hello to the French and then go back to Maja, blog, dinner, and after dinner we go to see arrival and departure of the ferries.



A truck carrying bee hives is waiting for the ferry

Kamariótissa (Samothrace)-Thasos: 37 nm (67 km)

Florvåg-Thasos:  $5\ 052 + 37 = 5\ 089$  nm (9 160 km)

#### Thursday, April 28, 2016. Thasos

Quiet good night. Jens goes by bike to buy bread for breakfast. We go for a ride in town; this is an active city where many are using bikes. We can see ruins everywhere in a square, behind a wall, in a garden and the old walls of the ancient city enclose a much larger area than the modern city.



The old harbor



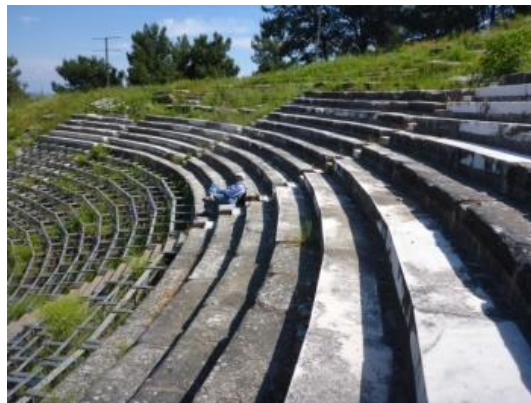
The quay is built on top of a 2000 years old quay

We follow signs "amphitheater", but we must let the bikes, it's too steep. We reach a fence and a locked gate. But we see that the mesh is lowered by people who stepped over and that we can also go under the gate. Jens, more agile, straddles the fence and I pass under the gate. In our guide (book), it is written that performances are given in summer in the theater. But now a stationary crane which has stayed for a while and weedy stands give another impression.





Respectable grand-parents?



Amphitheater

We go down and swim at another beach, further west towards the modern area of the city. Lunch on Maja and shampoo for me with water heated by the engine yesterday, very good. Then new bike trip eastward, where we come to a cul-de-sac at the end of a beach. A cafe owner shows us ... stairways to continue, and we climb the stairs carrying our bikes. I admit that I carry mine five steps and Jens does the rest for me.



It's not a highway ...

Small gravel road that rises and rises. In one swing, on a small meadow, a guy is camping, big tent, car, bike, it looks quite permanent. We stop to talk to him, he is German and spends several months a year here. He spent two months in Germany lately and thinks it's too crowded there. He shows us the way back to town. At one point on a ridge, on the north we have a beautiful view of the sea and on the other side to the south, a beautiful view of the pine-covered mountains and a lush green valley that could be in Switzerland.

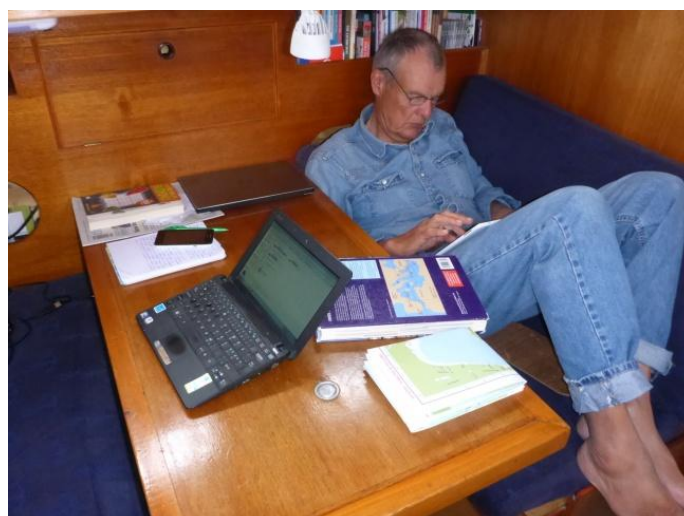


Sea and mountains

Steep descent towards the city and swimming at the beach in town, the prettiest. Blog, dinner at the boat and stroll after dinner. We go to see if the refugees museum (not those of today but those of 1920) is open, the opening hours are from 7 pm to 11 pm, but it is closed. We walk to the French yacht to say goodbye, they leave tomorrow, but the boat is empty.

### **Friday, April 29, 2016. Thasos**

Last night, 3 or 4 kids stayed a long time sitting on the dock, very near Maja. They could touch her with their feet. They talked, laughed. At first I wondered what they wanted, but they were just talking, that's all. Why were they here so close to the boat, the pier is long and empty? Mystery. Then they left about 2:15 am. Jens heard nothing, he was sleeping. This morning it's raining and it's quite fresh, Jens turns on the heating and we will have it all day.



We work at home



We stay “at home” until 11 am and then go out a little. This is Orthodox Easter weekend and the ferries bring many tourists, Greeks of course, but also Bulgarians and Romanians. There are more people in town, too bad it’s raining.

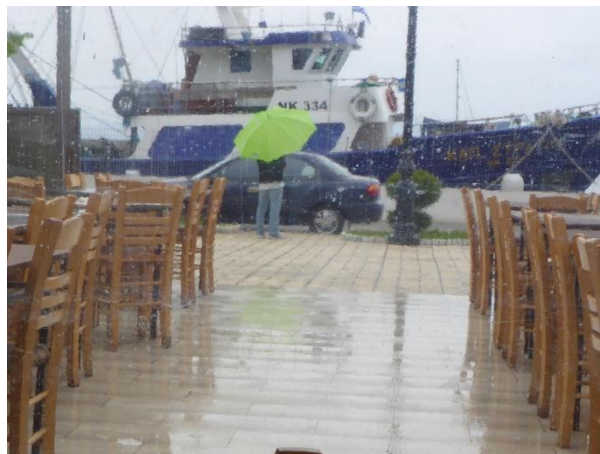


The Greek (and Turkish) fishermen keep their nets under blankets on the quay



There are many bikes her

We walk a little and then on our way back we pass in front of a restaurant, we just want to drink a beer with a few small things. The guy with his umbrella, on the sidewalk of the restaurant greets us, asks where we come from, he has a friend near Oslo ... He does his job with art, he is not pushy, he is friendly and of course, we go to the restaurant.



The guy under the umbrella is good

They even have a menu in Norwegian. We take a small Greek salad and for once, it is small, one grilled eggplant with feta, and shrimps. From our place we observe the guy approaching tourists and doing his job. He is good and it works. We also see a catamaran coming onto the harbor and we go to see them. They are French from Brittany, their boat is called "Léhuiné" and they have been in Greece for three years. I do the blog early and we go shopping together in the supermarket, we buy quite a lot because we leave tomorrow and we'll anchor tomorrow night. From here we start to go south, we can't go much further north. We'll go around the



peninsula of Mount Athos, where Orthodox monks live in monasteries. Boats with only men on board can pass 500 m from monasteries but boats with women on board must pass one nautical mile away (1800 m)...



A funny looking animal in the water

After dinner, we hear music and we go to see what's happening. It is a religious procession passing in the street just at the end of the quay. But they mainly celebrate Easter at midnight on Saturday night.



Religious procession

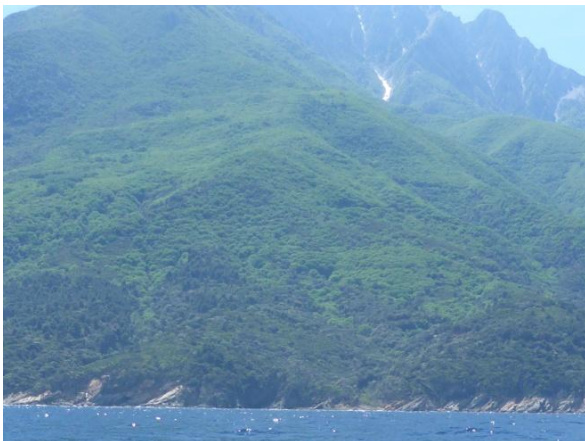
### **Saturday, April 30, 2016. Sikias Bay. Sithonia Peninsula**

We start at 6 am, we have a long leg to do today. We see the sun rise, the sky is clear and the wind is light. We pass the village of Skala Prinou, a small village linked by a good road to Thassos and we see two ferries! It's as if we had to ferries from Askøy, one from Kleppestø and one from Ask! I rest one hour and then it's Jens' turn. We see from a distance Mount Athos coming out of the clouds, it's beautiful.



We see Mount Athos (2033 m)

After the ferry from the village, we don't see a single boat, no fisherman or cargo, or sailboat, nothing all day. Maja is rolling, waves on the side and no wind. We come nearer to the Mount Athos peninsula, Akti, and we see a large monastery.



Mount Athos. The white is snow



A large monastery



A "village"



A hermit house

First, we believe it has a large cross on the side, but a closer look shows that it's a crane, it is under repair. We also notice a road and a car. On the guide, Rod, the author says that the monasteries have no roads or electricity, but these are only some of them. We don't have time to motor along the long peninsula (50 km) if we don't want to arrive at night to the next peninsula, Sythonia. We see only one large monastery but we see a kind of "village" where monks also live, of course without women. One of these "villages" is very steep and it is not clear how they brought the materials to build the houses, there is no path or harbor. At the end of the peninsula, we see houses where hermits live, tiny and clinging to the mountain. We go round the tip of the peninsula, go along a little on the southwest side, see another 'village' and leave for the second peninsula, Sythonia, twenty miles away. There it's calmer and I can start the blog. Dolphins come to us and we appreciate it.



Dophins



The French yacht is here

We arrive in the Sikias bay and a sailboat is already anchored, they are the French we saw on Samothrace and Thasos. We go and say hello and anchor on the other side of the bay. The weather forecast announces northeastern wind and we will be better, we think, in the northeast



corner behind a headland. The bay is beautiful, lined with a large sandy beach and little exploited, some tavernas, a large campsite and that's it. We hope to go ashore tomorrow, now it's too late, it is 7:40 pm when we arrive, a long day today.



The monasteries on Mount Athos Peninsula are numbered from 1 to 10

Thasos-Sikias: 68 nm (122 km)

Florvåg-Sikias:  $5\ 089 + 68 = 5\ 157$  nm (9 283 km)

### **Sunday, May 1 st, 2016. Sikias-Kriftos Bay. Dhiaporos Island**



The waves entering the bay. Sikias

Pretty good night but Maja rolled. A small swell was entering the bay, perhaps 30 cm (!) and that's enough to make our Maja roll. This morning the wind comes from the southeast and waves, not tall but which can become bigger, enter into the bay, so we leave at 9:15 am and take breakfast on the way. It's a shame we didn't go ashore, Sikias Bay looks pretty with a long beach. The French have already left. We go to the north, a small detour to go to Dhiaporos Island, it seems that it's a beautiful island and anchoring there is very safe. Everything is OK, Jens is fishing, we are sailing, not fast but we have time, it is not far, when we hear a funny noise towards the propeller. I'm in the dog house and I immediately put the engine in neutral, so the propeller stops spinning. Jens comes, tries to put it in reverse but the noise is loud and doesn't stop. Leaning, we see something white in the propeller; first I think it's a piece of plastic.



Idyllic but...



We have something in the propeller



Jens goes down

Fortunately, the weather is very quiet and there are no waves right now, there was more waves before. I roll the jib while Jens puts on his wet suit; he'll go down to see what it is. He puts his belt with stones made in Lavrio, September 2, 2015 when we had a rope in the propeller. We stop the engine but leave the mainsail, we're virtually stopped. He sees that this is a large package of nylon ropes and tries to remove them by hand, but it doesn't work, I give him a knife but that didn't work either. He then tries with scissors and there it goes, he removes a large package of nylon ropes and takes it back on Maja. It measures about 50 cm by 40 cm, is heavy because it is full of water and there is even a branch in it.



The rope we had in the propeller

We restart and all is well. Phew! We arrive at the island Dhiaporos and enter the "fjord" Kriftos by the North. At the end of the fjord it is well protected, and we anchor here.



Maja anchored in the "fjord"

A few kayaks and two small motor boats are here and there are two families on the beach, but they leave soon after. We swim from the boat, water 18.2 ° and eat lunch. "Stillestund" (rest, quiet time) and then we go ashore with the tender. This island is not inhabited but large holiday homes are scattered here and there. Trails crisscross the island and it is easy to walk there, no cars but the big houses have buggies. It is covered with cistus scrub pink and white, but we also see a lot of trees and hear many birds. Back to Maja and quiet afternoon. At night we are alone, not a light and it's so dark we don't know if Maja is oriented towards the beach or towards the entrance of the fjord, it's very quiet and in fact it doesn't matter.



Night is falling

PS: the pictures of the monasteries yesterday are not very good because I've had problems with the zoom, too bad.

Sikia-Kriftos ( Dhiaporos): 13 nm (23 km)

Florvåg-Kriftos: 5 157 + 17 = 5 170 nm (9 306 km)



## Monday, May 2, 2016. Kriftos bay. Dhiaporos Island

It rained last night and this morning it's gray. The wind will turn south, so against us, we stay here. We go ashore for a walk, it's nice to walk on these tracks, it would be much harder to walk in the scrubland. The great houses are far apart and some have no fence, so we can walk almost everywhere.



Luxury sommer houses

Between the houses, the island is wild, no sign, no trash ... When we start to go back it starts to rain and then it stops. We swim from Maja, lunch and in the afternoon we stay on the boat, the weather is grey. Jens makes a frame that will prevent the cups from falling when Maja is rolling and I "work" with photos and the blog.



The frame for the cups

At around 5:30 pm, a German yacht arrives, we'll have a neighbor. He asked how much chain we have and anchor a little further. Jens goes to visit him and stays to talk with him on his boat called "Professore", he sails alone. Wolfgang, it's his name, tells Jens that he comes from the west, he rounded the southern end of the second peninsula, and at the corner, the waves were three meters high, it was fortunate that we didn't leave today. Jens comes back and

makes spaghetti and after dinner we invite our neighbor for a coffee or tea, but he refuses, we'll see tomorrow. It rains all evening and Jens puts on the heating.

**Tuesday, May 3, 2016. Kriftos Bay. Dhiaporos Island**



Maja and Professore

The weather is nice enough, but the sun is often hidden by clouds and the wind alternates from calm to gusts, it is still from the south so we stay here, and it's cool. I watch the news on a Greek newspaper in English and one of the titles is the "winter" temperatures in northern Greece. We go for a walk on the island, it is not big, about 5 km long, I think, but there are many paths.



God paths, fire hydrant and water tanks

Along almost all the paths, we see fire hydrants and on hilltops, large water tanks. The owners of the holiday houses protect their beautiful island from fire. Jens directs us using Google map on his phone, otherwise we can get lost among all the paths. We arrive at a nice beach, deserted of course, and we bathe.



The beach



Jens finds an IKEA spoon on the beach

On returning we find the first (and only, I hope) fence that closes a path. But this is to prevent buggies to pass; the sides are open for walkers. There is an idiot who started a horrible house that sits on the top of a hill and apparently did not have the means to finish it. But, mitigating circumstance, it is on his land that I find the beautiful yellow flower of the day. We return for lunch after 6 km, we have invited our neighbor, Wolfgang. Jens fetches him with the tender and we spend a good time together.



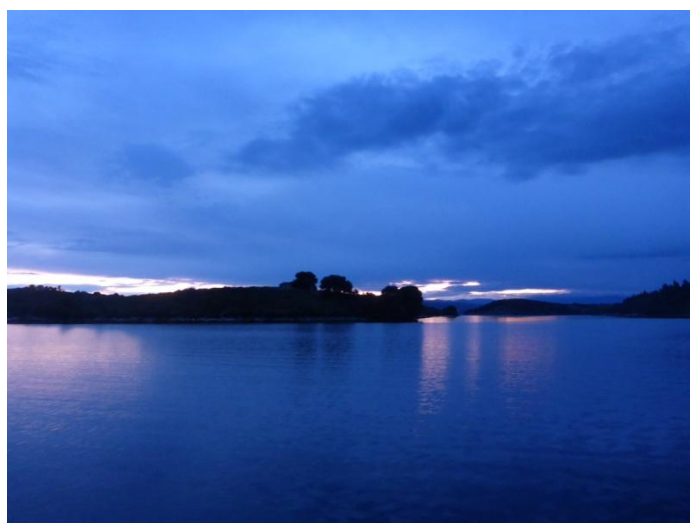
Jens goes to fetch Wolfgang with the tender



He usually sails with his wife, but she is in Germany for health reasons. We stay at the boat in the afternoon. After dinner, we go for a short walk. We arrive at a beautiful property but there a large opening in the hedge of cactus invites us to enter. The owner is there and we ask if we can cross his property, no problem and he wishes us a good walk. I think the owners here practice a kind of "allemannsrett" the right to go anywhere, rare in Greece. There must have been people who lived there before, we pass near an old abandoned house.



The abandoned house



Good night

### **Wednesday, May 4, 2016. Kriftos bay. Dhiaporos Island**

A little wind last night, quite irregular in strength and direction, the two boats are rotating a lot. It's funny, it's the same wind but we don't move parallel. Professore has a short and deep keel, Maja has a long shallow keel, so the boats don't react the same way. Professore turns quickly and Maja follows slowly, but there is plenty of room, no problem. The weather forecast predicts wind from the north, so right direction, but too strong, strength 5-6, so we stay here one more day. Walk on the island, south-east, we see other large houses, most are placed discreetly between trees or in a hollow, but not the unfinished one, we can see it from everywhere. The two largest houses, one north on the island and the other south, each have a

shed with machines, bulldozers, tractors etc. and on a road side, two trailers with pumps are ready to be towed to a possible fire. One has the impression that the owners cooperate well to maintain the island. The south of the island is drier and a part is plowed.



The plowed part

We walk along the field bordered by a fence, it's long, so when we see a hole in the fence, we go.



Again!

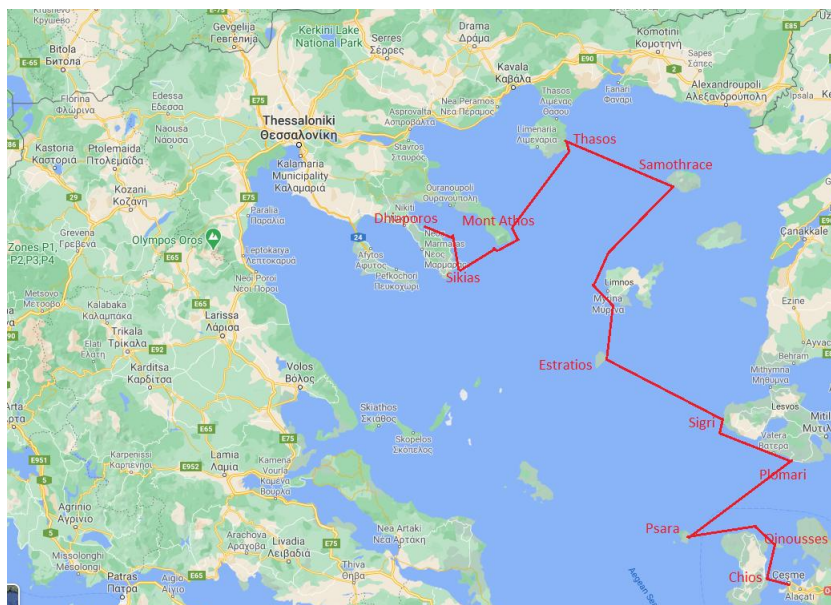
We return via the beach where we had bathed yesterday but it is gray and we don't bathe. Back to Maja, tired, we walked 7 km. quick swim from the boat, it's "fresquicito" 17.8 °, lunch and nap. By late afternoon it starts to rain. This month of May is not normal for here, it's colder, grayer and gets more rain. We dine of our reserves, canned beans, but we still have leftover salad. Then at 8 pm, we are invited by Wolfgang for a drink. Jens rows and I hold the umbrella. Pleasant evening, Wolfgang and Jens are both technicians so they have a lot to talk about, and we talk about our trips too. He would like cross the Atlantic later but his wife would join him by plane and I understand her very well. We leave tomorrow early for the Sporades, the group of islands further south and I hope we'll find the sun there.



The ugly unfinished house



On Professore. Wolfgang



Chios-Dhiaporos



## Thursday, May 5, 2016. Dhiaporos Island-Kira Panaya Island

The weather is calm and gray when we leave at 6 am. Too bad we woke up Wolfgang who comes out to say goodbye and then go back to bed. We go south and go along the second peninsula, Synthonia. We breakfast en route, "knekkebrød" that is to say Wasa dry bread (the bread is finished) and tea made with water from the tank, we save bottled water, we have only four bottles left. As long as we are between the two peninsulas, 20 miles or four hours, it's pretty quiet but when we go in the open sea, Maja starts dancing. Old waves of yesterday arrive from the northeast, on the left side and from a little behind, they are large enough, 1 m or 1.2 m and there is no wind at all to stabilize us, so we are rolling a lot. It lasts about three hours until about 1 pm. Then the wind rises, and, surprise, it comes from the southwest, while northern wind was expected. So we are in a bizarre situation, the old large waves arrive from our left and wind (and new small waves) arrive from the right. The old waves begin to decrease and after one hour, the wind forcing a little, the new waves dominate. We go with jib and mainsail, but we keep the engine. The wind is force 3 and doesn't give us enough speed, we want to arrive before dark. The last hours are nice, it is going well, the sun is out of the clouds, but it's cool, we are the whole day in sweater and pants and even nicer, dolphins accompany us for a while.



Dophins

We see the Sporades from a distance. I see a kind of black mast and first think it's a sailboat, but it's actually a lighthouse on the smallest of the Sporades, the one further west, Psathoura.



The bay entrance

We are approaching Kira Panayia where we go. The entrance to the bay is narrow and we can't see it until the last moment. The guide says that by strong north wind, you can't enter, the waves arrive right in the bay but no problem today, the wind is from the southwest and is not that strong. This bay is shaped like an upside down heart. This is wild and beautiful, it's like Sognefjord (the large fjord north of Bergen). We anchor in the southwest corner, it is 6:10 pm, it took us twelve hours to come and we are alone in the bay, there is room. First, we anchor with the front anchor and, for more security, because the wind will turn north tonight, Jens goes with the tender to put the second anchor back. There is no internet here, so no blog and I phone Nina, our eldest daughter, with the satellite phone to tell her and ask her to warn her sisters, so they don't worry.



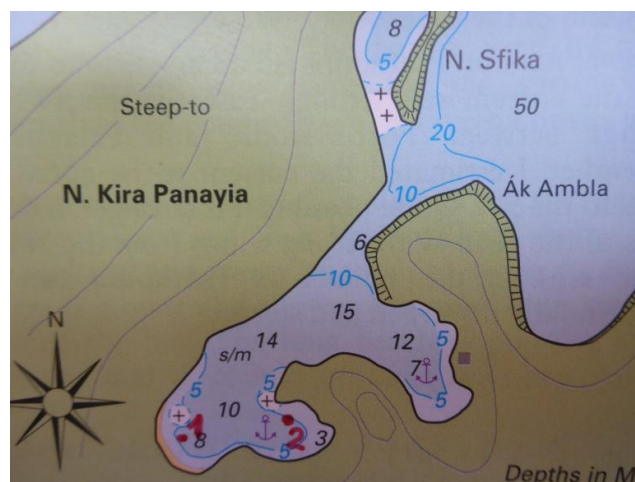
It's cool

We dine out, but well dressed, sweaters, jackets and for me, even a blanket, it's really like in Sognefjord, even the temperature. And there, sitting in the cockpit, we see a seal. These islands form a nature reserve, especially to protect monk seals, they are few and endangered, and we see one, what a chance but it is too far away to take a picture.

Dhiaporos-Kira Panayia: 65 nm (117 km)

Florvåg-Kira Panayia:  $5\ 170 + 65 = 5\ 235$  nm (9 423 km)

**Friday, May 6, 2016. Kira Panaya Island**



We move from 1 to 2

The wind shifted last night and is now from the north, it's the back anchor that holds us and we are just opposite the bay entrance so we decide to move, to go more inside. Jens goes with the tender to recover the anchor back, pulls it up a little and I, with the winch, pull everything back, the tender, Jens and the anchor. Then we pull up the front anchor and we re-anchor in the bay but even more to the east. We are well anchored in the middle of the bay so we can rotate in all directions if the wind turns again. Then we row, actually Jens rows in the other part of the bay where we had seen a small white house when we arrived.



The little white house



The enclosure for the goats



The water basin alimented by solar panel

We also see a large construction like a large square closed by walls and in fact it is a park to gather the goats. We arrive there and we can see that it was built in 1956, the date is marked in the cement. Along one of the walls a basin is fed by a pump which receives its energy from a solar panel. A float turns the pump on when the water basin is almost empty. Jens tests the system and it works, that's fine, the goats have water. We walk on a small path, more for goats than for humans. The vegetation is quite poor, but there are many small flowers. This reminds me of an island in Sognefjord (again) that we called the flowers island. Seen from the sea, it looked naked, but we found, with Laila, 13 different kinds of small flowers, I think. Here it is not the cold and wind, but drought and heat that are hard for the plants but the result is the same, the plants are small. Then I row to come back.





Jens makes bread

On Maja, Jens makes bread, good fresh bread for lunch. Extra fast swimming, for me anyway, I go down the ladder and up again. After lunch we row again to the beach, close enough.



On the beach



We have a neighbor

While we're ashore, we see four yachts coming in the bay together. The charter season is starting. One of them anchors near us and the other three in the other part of the bay. One passes by us and one man speaks Norwegian. After dinner, we admire the goats, they are big and have nice horns, high and undulated. I was hoping to see the seal again but it didn't come back.

### **Saturday, May 7, 2016. Kira Panaya-Patitiri. Alonnisos Island**

Nice weather and very quiet, we start at 9 am, we're not going very far today, but we want to go to a monastery on the island of Panagia Kira, the island where we are, but in another bay east of the island. So we tow the tender, we will need it there.

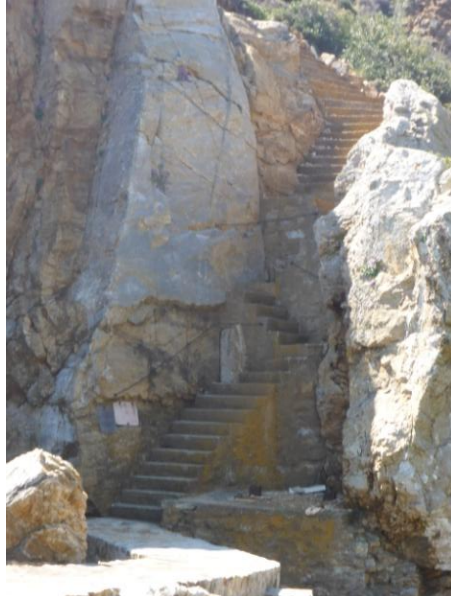


For once, we tow the tender



The monastery over there

The monastery bay is quite open and you can go there only in good weather, we are lucky it's so quiet today. We anchor and go ashore with the tender. First we have to climb stairs carved into the rock and then a steep path, the monks were supplied by donkeys.



The stairs



The monastery

The monastery was founded in 993, so it is over a thousand years old but was recently restored. It is a large square building with the chapel in the middle and a large garden around. It is closed and we don't see anybody, the only living beings we see are two turkeys and two geese. The monks have a beautiful view of the sea. We leave and seek a bay on the island of Peristeri to anchor to eat lunch. The first bay is quite windy and the wind changes all the time so we leave. The second is more sheltered, we anchor, swim quickly, it's cold and lunch. We take the tender up on Maja and start again. It's quiet and I work down to catch my late blogs when I hear a cry: Jens' cap fell into the sea! Everybody on deck. Jens rolls the jib and I am in control, I return to the place of the disappearance and approach slowly, we see the cap, floating. Jens catches it with the boathook, and voila.





Operation cap rescue

We see several yachts, it's Saturday and the charter season starts again. We arrive in Patitiri on Alonnisos Island at 6 pm, pretty harbor but open to the east. Two docks are reserved for ferries, but at a dock a man working on his boat says that we can dock in front of him. We go there, the waves are entering a bit in the harbor and comes in Maja's nose, she moves a lot, but doesn't bump against the dock and it's OK. Short walk in town, very flowery and nice, and shopping at the supermarket, it will be closed tomorrow Sunday. Diner, banal, at a taverna and quiet evening on the boat ... that's moving.



Maja. Patitiri

## Sunday, May 8, 2016. Patitiri

When we wake up, we see a catamaran-ferry at the dock near us, we didn't hear it coming last night. When we came in the harbor, we were thinking of going to this dock, fortunately we didn't, we would have had to move in the middle of the night. Jens goes to the gas station and asks if the guy can deliver diesel, no problem, the guys closes the service station, takes Jens in his truck and comes on the dock. When the tank is full, he goes back to the station with Jens, reopens it, and Jens pays. Then Jens buys an electronic card that can open the water on the quay. Jens doesn't do it with a hose, he uses a 20 plastic container. He fills it three times and the tank is full, we used 60 liters in a week, it's not much.



Diesel



Water



Main street. Patitiri

Then we go on foot to Chora, the old village in the mountains. Here it's written Hora, not Chora.





An old well paved path goes up there. La Hora here is partly old and relatively new because, in 1965, a violent earthquake destroyed many houses but it has since been restored. Pretty village and beautiful view, but everything is closed, only one cafe is open, and we take an orange juice and admire the view.



Chora or Hora or Xora



View from the top

Descent, a few minutes of rest, it was only 5.7 km but steep, then sunbathing and swimming at the beach. The water is 20 ° and this is the first time we can stay a little longer in the water and, in addition, there are plenty of pieces of glass. Lunch on Maja, Jens proposes a Greek salad but I, as a good assimilated Scandinavian, want my “smørbrød”.



The Flying Dolphin (smoking a lot)



The Flying Cat



And the ferry



The hydrofoil, "Flying Dolphin" leaves at 3:30 pm, getting the whole village full of smoke, and shortly after, the "Flying Cat 5" catamaran leaves too and a few minutes after a big ferry arrives. Good communications to an island inhabited by 2600 people.



Jens on his way to throw the big bundle of rope we had in the propeller

A British yacht comes in and goes at the hydrofoil dock, I'll tell them but they say "we'll see" and moors there. Jens talks with them, they are nice and we invite them to have a drink. While we're all together on Maja, a policeman from the port tells them to move, the Flying Dolphin will come back. So we propose to move Maja back, nearer to the large motor yacht and so they can get ahead of us. We help them move their boat, everything goes well, they are now in front of us and the Flying Dolphin arrives at 9:15 pm.



Eileen and Tony  
(Jens convinces him to change side on the Brexit issue!)

### **Monday, May 9, 2016. Patitiri**

Quiet night until 6 am when the "Flying Cat 5" leaves, but we fall asleep again. We go shopping, especially fruits and vegetables that are not sold in the supermarket but in a fruit store. Going down the street, we see a door ajar and an exposition. We go in and it is a center that presents the natural park, what they do to protect the seals, the situation of the seals etc. Apparently the children of the local school are quite involved with drawings, texts and

handicrafts. But, as everywhere in Greece at the moment, subsidies are scarce. The guy says they have boats to patrol the park but no money for having them on the water.



Patitiri



The Natural Park Center

Then we set off again to Votsi, the next small harbor (under work) north of Patitiri. Good walk along the sea, we could imagine being on the Riviera, pine forest, hotels overlooking the sea and flowers everywhere, for example Bougainvillea, there were none in the north.



Bougainvillea



Votsi

We see the work of the harbor which is not finished, but the harbor will be more protected, jetties have been lengthened and a good dock will allow access to more boats. Returning, we meet Tony and Eileen. They usually have their boat here in Votsi at a permanent mooring. We go home and have lunch. The walk was short but steep with many stairs so we deserve a little rest. The Flying Cat leaves smoking right in our direction and on the dock, a bus waiting for tourists leaves its engine running, no much fresh air here. A boat arrives with a group of English tourists, they come from the next island, Skopelos. The bus takes them to the Chora, I suppose. We go to the beach and there they come back, there are at least 25 people on the beach, but no one swims, yet the water is 19.5 ° and it's nice. Then they leave with their boat. We climb up to the museum to see an exhibition on photography, the pirates of the Aegean Sea and the war of independence.

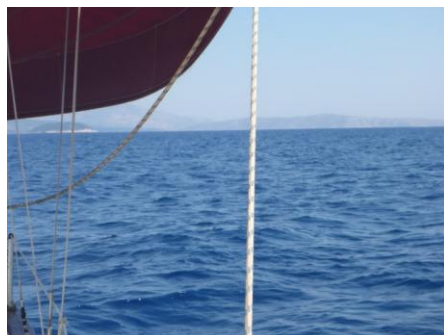


At the museum

Old maps are displayed and it's funny, but some antic maps are more accurate than maps of the eighteenth century. We put a chicken in the oven and invite Tony and Eileen for dinner, but they have had a good lunch in Votsi and refuse, but they invite us for a drink at 6:30 pm. We go and Tony serves us a gin and tonic, it's really good. We spend a good time together, Tony and Jens talk about politics, Brexit or no Brexit, and we talk about the boat and the islands here, they like a lot. It's true that Alonnisos is charming, woody, green, quiet and the people are nice. We go back on Maja and eat our chicken which is good, and we go to bed not too late, we leave tomorrow for Skyros.

### **Tuesday, May 10, 2016. Patitiri (Alonnisos)-Linaria (Skyros)**

The Flying Cat leaves at 6:40 am but starts its engine at 6:15 am, the Flying Dolphin and the ferry leave at 6:30 am, so we wake early today. Very beautiful and quiet this morning, a lovely day. We breakfast, say goodbye to Tony and Eileen, and leave at 9 am.





Light wind, so jib and engine, we can read, knit (me), do sudoku. A fisherman who has AIS, is in collision course with us, but we accelerate a bit and we pass ahead of him; except him we don't see anybody. Time flies and it's a pleasant crossing. In the afternoon, the wind becomes a bit stronger and we only sail. To get to Skyros (or Skiros, we see both), we have to go through a narrow passage between two islands, but now with this beautiful weather, no problem. Just after, in a large bay, we are witnessing a "regatta": two fishermen returning to the harbor, Linaria, where we go too, are racing.



A "regatta"

Arrived in the port, a pleasant surprise awaits us. Two mariners in a dinghy show us where to go, help us tie up the nose on the dock and with a mooring back.



Luxury

They wish us welcome, announce that there are showers, a washing machine, a library where we can exchange books, and water, electricity and internet are included in the price. When we thank them for all this, the port chief said, smiling: "Yes, but wait until you see the price." We think it will be a little expensive, maybe 15 or 20 €. Jens then goes to the office to register us and to pay. The price ? € 5.5 per day! We tell them they should increase their price, it's too cheap. On the quai, it is flowery, many posters provide information about the flora, animals of the island, we feel welcome. We are three yachts in the harbor, a charter and an English yacht which increases my collection of "blue", she is called "Blue Velvet of Sark." The harbor master moves on a sort of electric three-wheeled platform.



Linaria. Skyros

We do our traditional recognition walk. The village is very small, just a row of houses around the harbor, the capital, Skyros, is on the other side of the island, but the ferry comes here. It arrives at 7:45 pm, and is not announced by a siren but the first notes of a symphony! The whole village is here, us too. When night falls, under water blue spotlights along the dock light the harbor water. Fish must likethat, we see many, even large ones.



The water is blue at night

Patitiri-Linaria (Skyros): 38 nm (68 km)

Florvåf-Linaria:  $5\,258 + 38 = 5\,296$  nm (9 533 km)

### **Wednesday, May 11, 2016. Linaria**

Woken early by fishermen and by the ferry leaving, it's not warm, gray and a little windy. Jens goes to buy bread at the bakery, it's amazing that there is a bakery in such a small village. I take a shower, they are simple but spotless and we can even hear the radio; when I'm almost finished, I recognize a familiar tune, "La Mer" (The Sea) by Charles Trenet, but in English.

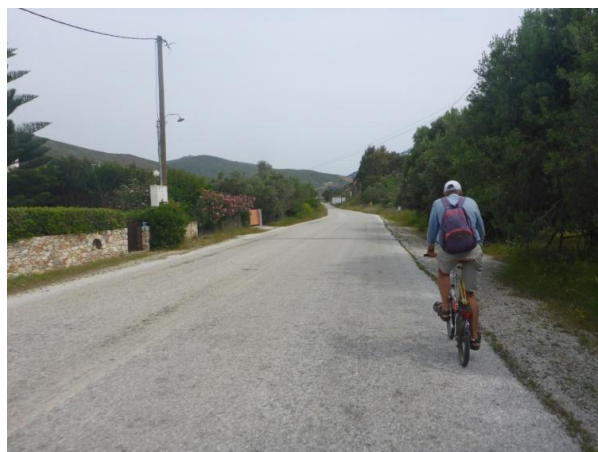


The quay with the library

Back to the boat, I hear a man chanting something from a car passing slowly. First I think it is religious, he recites the words on a monotone tone. We had already heard the same thing in Sigri on Lesbos. But in fact, it is a guy selling plants and flowers announcing his wares. I recognize a few words, gardenia, petunia ...



The man selling plants



Our bike ride



Jens talks a bit with the couple on Blue Velvet, and as they leave today, they give us a map of Skyros. We cross the island on bike, and fortunately the road follows a valley and doesn't rise too much. We come to the other side and go to the tip of the beach.



The beach and the Chora



At the end of the beach, a chapel dug in the rock

It's not easy to go to the beach, holiday houses with walls and fences prevent access. We leave the bikes and walk down a path that ends in the bed of a dry river. Beautiful beach, sun and swimming, we have this huge beach to ourselves.

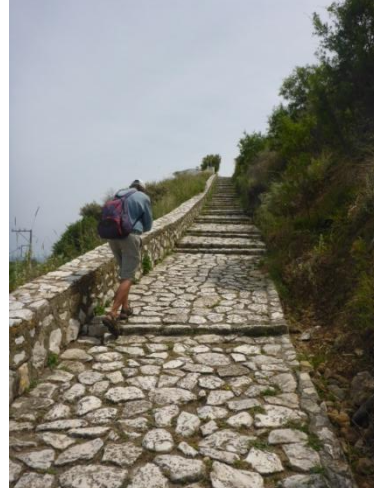


The group of children

Then a group of 7-8 kids comes but they are 100 m from us, there is plenty of room. They swim to an island, swim back, play ball, swim again, they seem to get along well and have fun. We lunch of a sandwich for me and a salad for Jens at the only open cafe. Then we go back on our dry river, get our bikes, we use them a few minutes and leave them again. We climb stairs to the Chora, perched on a peak.



In the dry river



Going up to the Chora



The Chora

Here too people were afraid of pirates and lived on a mountain a little inland. The Chora is very steep, steep narrow streets and stairs. From the top we have a beautiful view of the beach and the new city at the foot of the Chora. The houses here are like we imagine Greek houses, white, flat roof, and blue doors and windows. It was not like that further north.



The unfinished marina

Down, we take our bikes and return by making a detour to see an unfinished marina in a bay. The biggest work is done, a large basin was dug and dikes were built, then the work stopped. Such a waste. We ride back to Maja, we were out six hours and did 32 km in all, cycling and walking, we are a little tired and at the end it was hot. To refresh himself, Jens swims in the harbor. We stay here a few more days, it's going to be windy tomorrow.

### **12.05.2016 Linaria, Skyros**

It's gray, windy and cool, not yet the Greek summer weather. We wash our cloths, the port has a professional machine that takes 10 kg, and we dry it on the boat, watching the clouds. Jens discussed at length last night with the port manager. He told him that the inhabitants of the island of Skyros get along and do a lot of things in common. For example, they are the owners of the ferry that operates without subsidies. The port is also communal and he explained to Jens that he does not want to become a marina, they could charge more but the rules are complicated. This morning, we walk on the port and meet the assistant harbor master. He has had this job for two weeks, this is all new to him. Before, he lived in Thessaloniki and had a windows and doors company that went bankrupt with the crisis. He got the job here and, in agreement with his wife, they came to live on Skyros. He thinks it's better here for their 8 year old daughter, simpler and safer life. He tells us that the port and its facilities are in fact the work of the port manager, with the agreement of the community, he has been here for 10 years. We take a Greek coffee (with the coffee grounds in the cup) at the bakery then ride to the beach, 1.5 km away.



“Our” beach

It's not far, but it goes up steeply and down the same way. A small ray of sunshine but the water is good, almost 20 °. A man remains in the water a long time, his dog, which doesn't like water, comes to see us, very friendly. Jens talks with this guy who is the fire chief of the island. He tells Jens that he swims all the year. He also spoke highly of the harbor master. Return to the boat, a French boat arrives, lunch and it starts to rain, fortunately the laundry is dry. Jens stays out ... with an umbrella. The rain stops soon, we're going for a ride, it is gray, we see another beach but it's not as nice as ours. We make a longer loop to return but less steep and go to swim at our beach where we finally get sunshine. Nice dinner at the nearest taverna. We have fish served with grilled vegetables, onions, two kinds of peppers and zucchini, it's good and light. Dessert is a raw apple with syrup. We are in a good position to see the ferry arrive, accompanied by the symphony which is actually played by a restaurant ashore. Jens likes the wine at the taverna and buys a kilo and a half of it ! The wine is measured in kilo here.





Jens under his umbrella



1,5 kg wine

### Friday, May 13, 2016. Linaria. Skyros

Very nice weather, sunny and hot, first day of really sommer weather. I'm a little tired and we decide to make a quite short ride today and to leave early. We take the road out of Linaria as to cross the island and turn left to go to a bay. It starts quite flat but soon becomes very steep, it is hot and there is no shade. I know one who is not very happy. But the scenery is beautiful and oleanders grow everywhere, down in the valleys and along the road, it's beautiful.



Even Jens goes with his head down ...



... so imagine Jeannette

After going up a lot, it goes down of course, steep, steep and it means that we'll have to climb it again, coming back. We arrive at a beautiful bay with a small harbor and a beach, but we don't swim. Stop to eat our dried fruits, nuts and drink water. Jens speaks with a man and shows him a shortcut on the map, yes, yes we can take it. So here we go, it's even steeper and soon becomes a narrow dirt road and even the GPS loses its way, so we go back on the road and return by the same route. This detour does not improve madam's mood, but finally we must go back. We stop at our beach before arriving in Linaria and there we make our GA (Good Action) we pick up trash and do a pile. Then we swim and it feels good, the water is nice.



We made our GA (Good Action), we picked up garbage

Back to the boat, we put the bimini for shade, first time this year. Good lunch, well deserved, the "small" ride was in fact 15 km, and nap. The port manager then asks Jens to move a little Maja, other boats arrive. By late afternoon, we are nine boats, three French, one Italian, three British and two Norwegian, the dock is full. We go again to swim in the late afternoon and take with us a large garbage bag to finish our GA. Near the beach, Jens picks up good plums (mirabelles). Then dinner at another taverna, we take a sea risotto, a kind of paella, it's good, but we have to wait very long. We have news of Longway and our friends Fritz and Margret. They are in Kios and will go to Psara and we too, we make a small detour to visit again this island that we liked so much. We'll probably meet them there and we are very happy about it.



Eight high masts and two small ones (ours)

### **Saturday, May 14, 2016. Linaria. Skyros**

Still nice and warm, but a little windy. We ride again north to see the new Chora, the "capital" of the island, but this time taking a small road, which, surprise, is rising, rising, but it is nice and quiet, we don't see a car. We see a dam under construction, and it is active, trucks are coming and going.



A dam under construction



The new Chora

Then we come to the city that is in fact an extension of the Chora on its peak. Pretty little white, busy city. We go shopping at a supermarket and then go down to the sea and take the direct route to come back. Good ride of 23 km, steep on a way and against the wind the other way, it's good for the heart. On returning, we bathe, it becomes really enjoyable and Jens "steals" again plums.



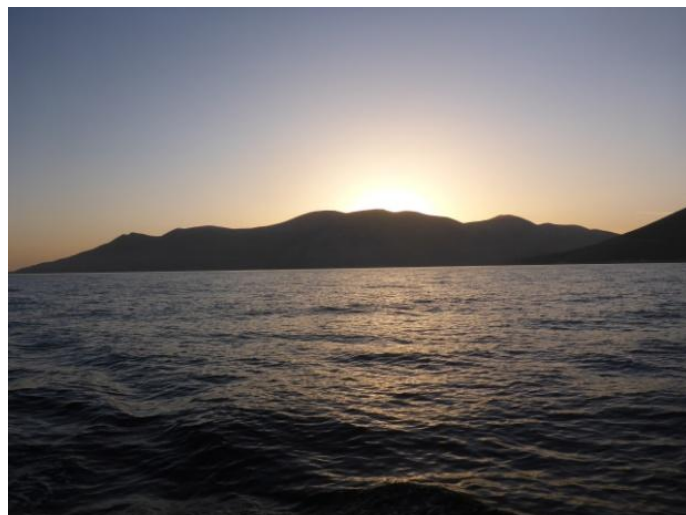




The ferry which leaves (and arrives) accompanied by music

Lunch, nap, blog for me and oil change for Jens. Dinner at the boat of lamb chops, green beans and stewed plums. After dinner Jens goes to invite our fellow Norwegians, who also wanted to invite us. Knut and Mette are from Asker, near Oslo, and have sailed a year more than us, they left in 2013. They went to the Canaries first before returning to the Mediterranean. We spend a nice evening together and hope to see each other again. We leave tomorrow morning early to Psara, our favorite small island.

**Sunday, May 15, 2016. Linaria-Psara**



Sunrise

We leave at 6 am trying not to make too much noise and we see the sun rise behind the island. It's very quiet between the islands but out we find "old" waves, not large, 60-70 cm and no wind at all. They come from  $\frac{3}{4}$  in the front and this is fine but Maja moves a lot and we can't do much. I took a pill against seasickness to be on the safe side and we take turns napping. Around noon dolphins come to us and stay with us long enough, what beautiful and friendly animals. The wind picks up in the afternoon, from southeast, so we are close to the wind. We put the jib and with a little engine we are making good speed, heeling a bit.



The white means that it is very deep.  
I think it looks like an elephant but Jens sees a duck



Dophins



Good speed

We go round Antipsara, the uninhabited island west of Psara and see the village of Psara with its large church on a cliff.



Psara with the two churches  
One on the left and the other one on the right



Maja. Psara

We enter the port and see that there is room, only one large sailboat is perpendicular to the dock. Niko, the taverna owner, is on the dock, he takes our moorings and welcomes us. We are moored along the dock so we have the wind in the nose. We have a drink at the taverna and Athena, Niko's wife wishes us welcome too, then a quick swim. Meanwhile two British yachts arrive from Linaria and anchor perpendicular to the dock. All these people dine at Niko's taverna and Jenny the cook (who kissed us when we came in) has a lot to do. When we enter the cafe, people recognize us and greet us. The crew of the big yacht, eight persons, is Russian and asks for lobster. We take the daily special, a pasta gratin. As a starter, Niko offers us a fish dish: he won a big fish at a lottery and he offers a little bit of it to all his customers. A little local story: we see the Orthodox priest, with his long black dress, walking to the end of the jetty. There, he takes out his black dress and, in shirt and pants, starts fishing.

Linaria (Skyros)-Psara: 58 nm (104 km)

Florvåg-Psara:  $5\,296 + 58 = 5\,354$  nm (9 637 km)

### **Monday, May 16, 2016. Psara**

The Russians leave at 6:15 am quietly. It's sunny, hot but not too much, 26 °, very nice. I catch up with Saturday's blog then we ride to the beautiful beach of Laka, 2.5 km from here, close to the wind turbines. There are seven of them but only four are working. We take a sun



bath, ten minutes on each side and we swim a long time. And here too we do a GA (good action) of garbage.



Lakka beach



We pick up garbage

Once back, we see that the two English yachts have left. We are waiting for Longway, Margret sent an email yesterday announcing their arrival today. We see the top of a mast behind the pier, we jump on our bikes and go to see, but it's a white sailboat with a single mast, it's not Longway. Niko and us welcome them, it's a couple from New Zealand. We have lunch, coffee, blog and Jens rides a little tour. He comes back quickly, he saw them!



They are coming!

We jump again on our bikes and go on the pier. We made great hand signs and go to the dock. What a joy to see each others, we have not seen them since November 2015, when we went to see them by car, we were in Datça in Turkey and they were in Urla. They are three, their son Ernst is with them. We'll have a drink at the taverna and then, Knut and Mette, the Norwegians arrive too. They join us and we spend some time together. Longway is along the quay, just ahead of Maja. The harbor master told Jens that if other boats arrive we will have to

put Maja perpendicular to the dock. Yes, yes Jens said ... In the afternoon, we swim at the beach near here. Good surprise, it's clean, no seaweed, the water is warmer than at Lakka beach and in addition there is a shower. We decide to dine all together at 8 pm. The New Zealanders will not come. We are seven, three Swiss and four Norwegians. Good food and good evening. Apart Ernst, we are all retired and not so young and all we philosophize that time has passed quickly and as Knut said: "Those were the days, my friend."



Jens, Mette, Knut, Ernst, Jeannette, Margrte, Ftitz

**Tuesday, May 17, 2016. Psara**



Hurra for 17. Mai!

Today is the national day in Norway. We congratulate Knut and Mette and they congratulate us, then they leave. We ride to the Lakka and as the wind blows from the north, there are waves. But we go to the end of the beach and there it's quieter. We swim but it's a little bit cold.



Lakka. Goats are in the shadow



A man is up there to fix the turbin



Jens painted tha anchor white, it's easier to see under water



A young woman is walking on the beach, she is Ukrainian and her husband works to repair the wind turbines. Fritz and Margret went walking to the old mills on the hill. We return to the boat, lunch, nap and blog. By late afternoon, we swim at the beach near here, the water is cold today because of the wind. I wash my hair at the shower on the beach. We drink an aperitif on Longway then we dine all together at the taverna: three Swiss, two New Zealanders and two Norwegians. We all agree to eat lighter than yesterday. We take salads and vegetables, it's enough and it allows us to take a good dessert. Fritz, Margret and Ernst leave tomorrow morning. We stay here another day. Psara is much drier than Skyros, here there are no trees, the vegetation is low and a lot of flowers have already wilted. But the light is very strong here.



Nikos and Athena. Psara



Rodt, hvit og blått

**Wednesday, May 18, 2016. Psara**



Fritz, Margret and Ernst leave at 8 am with a good wind, force 4. They will anchor in a bay at Chios, but we will meet again soon. Later we visit Dave and Lyn's boat, the New Zealanders.



We are now only two boats

They have another boat in New Zealand and tell us about crossings there, long and quite eventful. Then we go up on the promontory above the harbor. The village of Psara is built on a flat part at the beginning of a steep peninsula. A beautiful path first goes to an old mill, and to a chapel and a monument in memory of the 1824 massacre. The population took refuge in the fort there, and when the fort was conquered by the Turks, a Greek officer blew the fort, Psara's motto was: "freedom or death". The Turks then massacred all the survivors or took them as slaves. The island remained deserted for a long time and never regained its former prosperity. We go down, looking for pieces of glass on the beach under the big church on a cliff and then we'll swim at the beach near the port. The water is not as warm as yesterday, the wind cooled it. Returning, we talk a little with the Ukrainian couple who is having lunch at the taverna. The young woman was looking for shells on the Laka beach yesterday and I explained that I was looking for pieces of glass, but she didn't understand, so I show her my harvest of today. Her husband hopes to repair all the turbines except one that they use for spare parts.



The ferry "Psara Glory"

These turbines are Danish, Vestas, but are part of the first generation, they are not young. We lunch in the cockpit but it is not warm, 20 ° and windy, I think of Longway on the sea. Quiet afternoon in the boat, super-quick swim and dinner with Dave and Lyn at the taverna, they are also leaving tomorrow early, and will go to Linaria on Skyros, we go to Andros. We bid farewell to Nikos, a very friendly host and ask him to convey our goodbye to Athena who is not here tonight. Thank you and good luck to them.

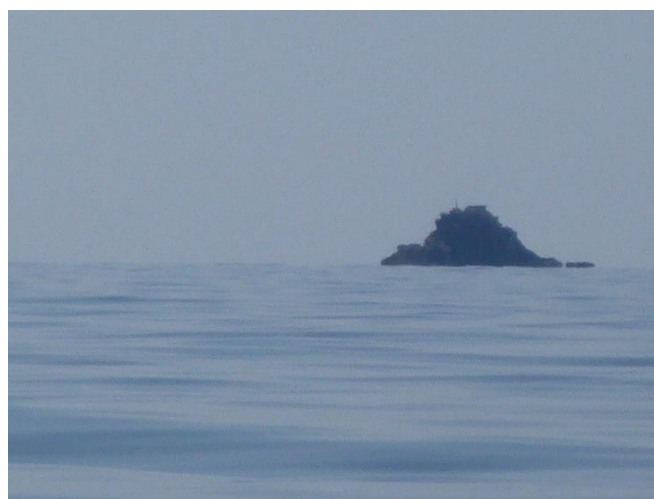
#### **Thursday, May 19, 2016. Psara- Fellos bay (Andros)**

Dave and Lyn leave at 5:30 am and we leave at 6 am. It's very quiet, not a breath and we see the sun rise. We take breakfast outside and then can read, rest, do sudoku, la belle vie.



Relax, max

We go to the island of Andros, southwest, to Kastro the capital. We see dolphins but they do not stay long with us. Exactly in the middle between Psara and Andros, we pass a small islet, fortunately it is marked on the charts.



A tiny islet in the middle of nowhere

Jens looks at the weather forecast and as he wants to anchor and the weather is good, we change our plans. We will not go to Kastro, on Andros east coast, but in a small bay, Ormos Fellos on the west coast, which was recommended to us by Fritz. So we pass the straits between Evia and Andros which, although wide, can be tumultuous. But today, although the



wind is stronger now, there are no problems. We have the wind in the nose and even after we turn more south, we have it still in the nose.



A fishboat and a chapel

We come to the Fellos bay, beautiful beach, few houses. We anchor in the middle but are still close to the opening and a small swell is coming in, so, you know the story, Maja is rolling. Jens swims to see the anchor which is well buried in the sand. Dinner at the boat and quiet evening, but occasionally some bigger waves come in and everything must be tidy and tied or falls down. We go to bed and Maja is still rolling.



Maja, anchored in Fellos Bay

Psara- Fellos Bay (Andros) : 61 nm (110 km)  
Florvåg-Fellos Bay:  $5\,354 + 61 = 5\,415$  nm (9 747 km)

### **Friday, May 20, 2016. Fellos bay-Batsi (Andros)**

Maja rolled a lot and we didn't sleep very well. Jens even dreamed about it, I'd enrolled him in a course to learn to live with the rolling of a yacht, but he wouldn't go. This morning I would like to leave but we swim, we eat breakfast and it's a bit quieter. So we go ashore with the tender and walk. The bay is still wild, a few houses, that's all, and the beach is beautiful. We go in a little valley that was well cultivated before but where many fields are fallow now. We return to the beach and are about to embark when a young woman speaks to us. She asks

if we are Norwegian, she is Swedish. Her husband arrives, carrying their nine months old baby and invites us for a drink at home, they are in one of the houses that line the beach. We sympathize with Alma and Aidan and get lots of smiles from Eleonora, the baby. Aidan's father had built this house in 1972 and Aidan has been coming here every year since childhood.



Nice bay but open



It was cultivated before but not now



Aidan, Eleonora, Alma and Jens

After the drink, they invite us to lunch, Aidan harpooned a big fish he wants to share. Jens and Aidan are cooking and we remain together Alma and me, Eleonora is sleeping. We're talking like old friends, it's very nice. After lunch, Jens takes them all three on Maja, I remain on the beach and look for pieces of glass and found a beautiful one, blue-turquoise. Jens then picks me up and we drink coffee and tea on Maja. Jens takes them back and we are surprised and happy of this nice encounter. The weather forecast, our boss, predicts strong winds tomorrow so it's best we leave, the bay is too open for that. We're not going very far, to Batsi, a small harbor just 6 miles from here. Short crossing but gray, a little windy, it will be good to be in a harbor.



Batsi



Maja (her nose). Batsi

We get there at 7 pm and the harbor master makes signs that I misinterpret. I think he wants us to get perpendicular to the dock with the anchor behind, so we drop the anchor but when we arrive to the dock, it made us turn and moor along the dock. We are moored in a hybrid way, along the dock but with an anchor that doesn't help us, not yet anyway. We dine of a pizza on the quay, walk a little along the seafront, many tavernas, cafes and restaurants. But it's not warm with the wind and we go home early. At 9:30 pm, it starts to rain and we have a leak in the doghouse, a drop is falling regularly from the roof and we have to put a bowl underneath.



Leak

Fellos Bay (Andros)-Batsi (Andros) : 6 nm (11 km)  
 Florvåg-Batsi:  $5\ 415 + 6 = 5\ 421$  nm (9 578 km)



## Saturday, May 21, 2016. Batsi (Andros)

Yesterday evening, the wind was pushing us away from the dock. I wake up at 5:30 am and the wind has turned, now it presses us against the dock and is very strong. I get up and put more fenders between Maja and the dock. The wind is very irregular, strong gusts, force 7 then down then up and it makes a lot of noise! It lasts two hours or so and calms down a bit. Then in the morning, the wind turns again and becomes E-S-E, that is to say, that we have it almost in the nose, and again, strong gusts. It's a crazy wind! But we are well moored and protected by the dike, but outside the harbor, the waves are forming and become quite large. Jens is seeking the source of the leak, dismantles a part of the ceiling and finds it's coming from a hole where a cable passes, he fixes it.



It's here the water is coming, under the solar panel



The harbor. Batsi

We go for a walk along the coast, it's a rugged coast where small hotels and apartments are built. On returning, we talk with our German neighbors, a young couple with a baby, who rented a sailboat for two weeks. Lunch at the boat and quiet afternoon, the weather is not very nice and very windy. By late afternoon, a little ray of sun appears and we ride to a beach north of Batsi, lovely beach and a little sheltered from the wind. Jens speaks again with the young Germans, they think of leaving tomorrow morning, but we stay here one more day. Light dinner on the boat and walk in the village of Batsi. As soon as we leave the waterfront with cafes and restaurants, it's another world. Narrow streets, many stairs, running water and old houses with large gardens. A large property is for sale, 340 m<sup>2</sup> and 8000 m<sup>2</sup> of land. I can't take pictures because it is dark, we will come back tomorrow. A man who is doing wood

working says hello and we begin to discuss. He explains the reasons for the Greek crisis and according to him, it would be necessary to change the whole economic system to give a chance to Greece. He is talkative and we stay at least one hour to listen to him, it is 10 pm when we go home. The wind is still strong and gusty, Jens falls asleep but I have more trouble doing so.



The waves go over the jetty



The beach

### **Sunday, May 22, 2016. Batsi (Andros)**

Gusts until 2:30 am with lightning and sometimes the street lights on the dock go out. The Germans tried to leave early this morning but came back the waves were too big. In the morning it is calmer, but the wind turns north again and starts blowing strongly. Jens pulls on the anchor to keep Maja away from the dock and to relieve the pressure on the fenders. We leave for Gavrio on bike, it's a little north, on the same side of the island, and it's where the ferries come. It's about 8 km and it's not too steep, nice trip but cool with the wind. It's against the wind to go but few hills and with the wind to come back when it's a little bit more hilly. At Gavrio we meet Alma and a friend. We are happy to meet again and have coffee together.



Jens, Alma and a friend. Gavrio



It's green



Street, stairs and running water. Batsi

Then we come back, go shopping on the road, and 5 minutes after our return it starts to rain, we were lucky. It blows a strong wind and it's pouring, where is the beautiful Greek weather? The anemometer shows 16 m / s (32 knots) and even 18 m / s (36 knots) in the gusts, the beginning of force 8. We remain, of course, in the boat with this kind of weather. It stops raining in the late afternoon and we go for a walk in the village of Batsi, take photos of the small streets and stairs, then dinner at the same pizzeria than the other day. The room is full of men watching a basketball game on TV.





Everybody is watching a basket game on TV



The anchor keeps us from the dock

### **Monday, May 23, 2016. Batsi (Andros)-Ermoupolis (Syros)**

The wind has been strong last night. Jens looks at several weather forecasts and all agree that the wind will drop and the waves too. I have trouble believing it, there are still strong gusts in the harbor and I don't want to leave. We make a compromise, we will wait a bit before leaving, so we go for a walk on the pier. It's funny, everywhere you feel less wind, but in our corner, where the Germans and we are, it blows hard. Before leaving, Jens goes to see the "harbor master", in fact he is an unofficial harbor master but he helped us to dock when we came and Jens gives him € 10 and he is happy. He's in his car at the end of the pier, asleep, it's his wife sitting next to him who sees when a boat arrives. Leaving isn't so easy, the wind pushes us against the dock. We untie all the ropes but leave one in the front that will allow Maja to rotate and Jens pulls on the anchor and puts a little engine, but it doesn't go as we had planned, Maja doesn't rotate enough and comes close to the German yacht. So we come back to our place and start again, this time without the engine (it's in neutral), Jens pulls on the anchor and Maja rotates as she should, and we leave. On leaving the harbor, good surprise, the waves are not big, especially if we follow along the coast, and that's what we do. In fact it's an enjoyable crossing, we have only the jib and we progress well. We see the opening between Andros and Tinos and we continue towards Syros.



The strait between Andros and Tinos

The wind becomes light and we start the engine. We pass between Syros and the island of Gaidharos and its lighthouse, where we anchored in a small bay on September 11, 2015. We recognize the arrival at Ermoupolis well and are happy to come back here. Some boats are already at the dock, but there is room for more.



Arrival at Ermoupolis

The harbor master (and a real one, this time) shows us a place, we drop the anchor at the back and move forward slowly to the dock and he catches our ropes. He remembers us. Other boats arrive, mostly charters and in the evening we are 14. We go to swim at the platform, it's very nice, and in addition there is a shower, walk into town and good dinner on Maja.

Batsi-Ermoupolis: 27 nm (49 km)

Florvåg-Ermoupolis:  $5\,421 + 27 = 5\,448$  nm (9 806 km)



City Hall. Ermoupolis

**Tuesday, May 24, 2016. Ermoupolis (Syros)**



Ermoupolis at 6 am



Maja. Jeannette, Jens



We slept well, Jens goes to buy good bread and we have breakfast in the sun on Maja. We remembered Ermoupolis as a harbor where sailboats move a lot, especially when a ferry arrives, it is always true, but I have the impression that the ferries come more slowly than before. Like the first time, in September, we have space on both sides, so it's OK. We carry all our dirty clothes to a laundry and it will be finished tonight, the laundry closes at 9 pm. Then Jens rides to the chandler, we have to replace the Greek courtesy flag, it's tattered.



The old courtesy flag and the new one

I stay on the boat to work. The wind is south now and will become stronger this afternoon and it is the anchor that holds us. Jens comes back and we go to swim at the platform. Ermoupolis is a big beautiful old town (16,500 inhabitants), marble-paved streets, large houses, tall doors and windows, balconies and wrought iron railings, it was a rich city and it is still the capital of the Cyclades. After lunch, we stay on the boat, we monitor our Maja, the wind is a good force 5 and now she moves a lot. But the anchor holds well and the wind turns a little on the side, so Jens puts a rope between the dock and the side of Maja and it helps.



Pedestrian street. Ermoupolis

We're going for a walk in the small streets behind and then go to swim. We talk a bit with two Swedish ladies attending a conference here. Jens fetches the clothes, I don't much like to be alone when it is windy like this, but he comes back quickly.



The platform where we swim



We have seen “Maya of Sweden” several times. It’s a charter boat

The wind goes down a little bit and we go to dine at the restaurant where we went in September, a restaurant with good home-made food. In addition, the young woman makes jams and we buy three jars, green tomatoes, oranges and roses (yes, the flower). I make the beds and Jens again gets the brown dyne (quilt) and me the pink one; the last time, I got it wrong, and it upset me deeply, I was not sleeping anymore!



Ermoupolis



Cats garden



The good little restaurant





At least, order is back in our life: Jens has the brown one and me the pink

### **Wednesday, May 25, 2016. Ermoupolis**

The south wind is still blowing but the anchor holds well. We swim at 8 am and we meet again the two Swedish women and one of their colleagues, a Japanese girl. It's nice in the morning, beautiful light, quiet.



View from the platform in the morning

From the boat, we follow the maneuvering of a ship that enters the dock in the shipyard with the assistance of three tugs. After breakfast, we work face to face, down and then I have to do some shopping, alone. When I go ashore, a man talks to me in Norwegian. We chat a bit and I ask him where he comes from. He is Serbian, learned Norwegian in Serbia and visited Norway several times. I thought he was a tourist on land, but Jens told me after that he's on a yacht. I buy a few things and at shop I pay with what I believe to be 50 €, but the lady refuses to take my note. And I understand why when I look at this note a little more closely, it is a 5 Turkish lira note! The lady doesn't look happy, she probably thinks I tried to cheat her, but of course it's only a mistake. I go back to the boat, take some Euros and return by bike to the shop. The lady is relieved to see me. Lunch at the boat, rest and ride to see the marina and see the other side of the harbor. It's hot and the shade is appreciated when there is some.



On the way to the marina



Ermoupolis harbor is very big

We return by the main road, leave the bikes and go to swim. Then dinner at the same restaurant last night, our table neighbors are Norwegians. Tonight, we are twenty boats at the quay.



A Danish truck in an empty lot

#### Thursday, May 26, 2016. Ermoupolis

Quiet night, beautiful weather. We go to swim at 8 am and buy bread on the way back, we have our habits now. The two charters on each side of us wash their boat with fresh water, while water is a problem here. One of them said: "We have paid for it, we can use it as we want." We walk in town, beautiful houses but some are abandoned.



We eat our lunch at the little cafe where we went with Hans and Ragnhild in September, when it rained. The lady recognizes us. We ask for a plate of meatballs and she offers us a plate of chicken and rice in addition. These are small portions, such as tapas, but it's enough. We have that plus half a liter of beer and two coffees, and we pay 7.50 €. The harbor master is wearing different a different color every day.



Today he is yellow

In the afternoon all the charters leave, Saturday is the crew changing day, they go back to their base, Lavrio I think, and change. There are only three boats left, two large motor yachts and us.



The Greek family

A Greek family eating at a restaurant in front of Maja invites us to a drink. He is passionate about sailing and hopes to buy a yacht next year. The young woman is nice and the girl of



almost 5 years cute. She even goes on Maja with her dad and likes this little house on the water. Then other boats arrive and our new neighbors are Romanians. I make a picture of a red cat on the gangway to their charter yacht and they want me to take a photo of them. Nice people, but they'll keep us awake all night!



The red cat



The Romanians are nice ... during the day

We dine at our usual restaurant and our neighbors are the same Norwegians as yesterday. We take coffee on the quai and see a ferry arriving and turning in the harbor with a good speed, and making a big wave. Maja and the other boats dance a lot, Maja is rolling from side to side like a drunkard. And when we go home we find a broken bowl, I left the dish drain, I shouldn't have done that. And a noisy night starts, the Romanians put on loud music, they sing, dance and drink. They have fun but we would like to sleep.





At our favorite restaurant

### Friday, May 27, 2016. Ermoupolis

The saraband lasted until 3 am. Jens fell asleep around 1 am but not me. Then at 4 am, a ferry makes a big wave that makes Maja roll like crazy then I fall asleep but Jens is now awake. This morning, the party people leave at 8 am, but then they have a crew of two men who makes the maneuver, all the others are asleep. We swim to wake us up, it's pleasant and efficient. We have the platform for ourselves, but when we leave a little old lady comes, we don't think she'll swim, but yes, and far and long.



Jens

After breakfast Jens goes to pay two extra days, we stay until tomorrow and he tells the harbor master that he should increase its prices (4 € per day), it's too cheap. The harbor master looks at Jens with big eyes, laughs and kisses him, he does not often have visitors who want to pay more. We go shopping, both of us, by bike, at a Lidl, we buy quite a lot to have a little reserve and return, each one with a full backpack. We pass the newspaper seller who has many foreign newspapers, she was on the quai last year but moved to another location. We buy the International N-Y time and the Canard enchainé. Lunch at the boat and quiet afternoon. Jens fills up the water tank and stores the bikes, then we go swimming, aperitif and

dinner on Maja, it is so nice weather that we like to sit in the cockpit and look at the beautiful view of the harbor. I hope we will sleep better tonight. We leave tomorrow for Sifnos.



Jens takes the bikes on board



Aperitif

### **Saturday, May 28, 2016. Ermoupolis (Syros)-Kamareas (Sifnos)**

Swimming at 8 am, breakfast and shower for me. The harbor master has the keys for the showers, and he is sorry because he finds that 4 € for a shower is expensive. He tells me that Jens can take a free shower but Jens doesn't want to, then he says he'll keep a free shower for us next time we come to Ermoupolis. And every time someone takes a shower, he gives a receipt that we must sign.



Bye, bye Ermoupolis

We leave at 10 am, light wind, nice, but in the channel between the island of Gaidharos and Ermoupolis there are short waves. But it was much worse in September 2015, when we came from Gaidharos, we used 40 minutes against wind (force 6) and waves for 1.5 mile. The rest of the passage is quiet. We reach Kamareas, the ferry port of Sifnos at 5 pm.





Another islet in the middle of nowhere



Kamares is at the bottom of a bay



Kamares. Sifnos

A fast ferry arrives a little before us, and when leaving makes a detour so as not to make too many waves for us, nice. In the port of Kamares, we have to have an anchor back and the nose on the dock, a man shows us where to go. He is quite bossy with only a few words of English,

especially good and no good. We swim at the lovely beach, go to a travel agency that sells everything about the island gathered in a "package": plan, map, hiking trails, bus timetable, tlf numbers of taxis .. it is well organized, the village is pretty and the beach beautiful and even better, Sifnos says no to plastic bags. Jens buys honey and wine to a seller who would sell snow to an Eskimo. We dine on Maja and the harbor master comes and visit us, he just comes on board and sits with us, we invite him to share our dinner but he refuses, he only accepts a glass of wine and a piece of (good ) bread from Ermoupolis. After dinner, we go on the jetty to see a super-yacht arriving and then another one, even bigger which go to the ferry dock, so he will have to leave tomorrow morning before the arrival of the ferry at 9 am.



The super-yacht

Ermoupolis (Syros)-Kamares (Sifnos): 34 nm (61 km)

Florvåg-Kamares:  $5\,448 + 34 = 5\,482$  nm (9 868 km)

### **Sunday, May 29, 2016. Kamares (Sifnos)-Vathi (Sifnos)**

Quiet night, we slept well. We go for a swim at the beach at 8 am and hear the church bells ringing, they sound joyful, not at all serious and solemn. The speed ferry arrives from Pyraeus a little after 9 am, he maneuvers calmly and doesn't make waves. Many people go ashore; it stays a short time and leaves. Jens gets water and pay 5 € to the harbor master, who, in fact, is the second harbor master and he gives them to his chef. We leave at 11:05 am, no wind, flat seas and it is a little hazy.



It's a little hazy

It takes us one hour to go to the Bay of Vathi where we came in September with Knut and Margrethe. An Italian yacht arrives just before us and goes, too, at the dock of the church, but there is room and, surprise, the "Italians" speak French. It is a French group of friends who rented a boat from an Italian owner. Vathi is as we remembered it, beautiful bay, quiet hamlet and safe beach. We will stay in Vathi two weeks because we await the arrival of family and friends to celebrate Jens' seventieth birthday (a little in advance). Our "job" is to test the restaurants (that's hard!), try the hiking trails and see that the rented studios and apartments are ready. The first guests arrive next Friday, and then a large group on Saturday. We are very, very happy to see our children and grandchildren soon. Swimming from Maja, very nice and lunch. A big "gin palace" goes between the "Italians" and us, three crew members (professionals) do the work and four or five people are watching.



Maja and her big neighbor, the "gin-palace"

It's a charter and we talk a bit with one of the sailors. He is from Bangladesh, is working 6 months in Greece and spends six months at home, but he misses his family and he is a little tired of this life. Blog, walk to see the opening of the bay and "test" in a taverna. The evening is calm, starry and mild.



Vathi. Sifnos

Kamares-Vathi (Sifnos): 5 nm (9 km)

Florvåg-Vathi: 5 482 + 5 = 5 487 nm (9 877 km)



## Monday, May 30, 2016. Vathi (Sifnos)

We get up at 7:15 am, swimming at 7:30 am, breakfast then we leave to hike to Apollonia, the capital, almost on the other side of the island, distance 9 km, estimated time 3 hours and 50 minutes. It's quite steep at the beginning but we are rewarded by the beautiful view, the trail is well marked and is an old path between the old villages.



Hiking

Many terraces and walls reflect the work of the elders. A farm is still active, accessible only on foot. By mistake, we pass very close to this farm and a young man comes to see us. He does not speak English, but understands that we want to go to Apollonia and show us the way, pointing with his arm. Then he puts his hand on his chest and says: "Pakistan"! He also says the name of the restaurant in Vathi where we had dinner yesterday; it's the farm that produces the meat for the restaurant. We pass near a monastery where the church is open and I write a note in the visitor's book.



We continue, the landscape is varied, the path in good condition and, reconstituted after a stop with drink and a little food, we arrive in Apollonia. There a strong wind is blowing, we think of Maja alone at the quay (the neighbors left) and dragging on her anchor, so we take a taxi to come back quickly. But here in Vathi, it's quiet and Maja has not moved.



Vathi Bay seen from the monastery



Terraces

The hike is very doable and we'll recommend it to our visitors. After a glass of juice, long and nice swim, the water is 22 °. Lunch and quiet afternoon. Third swim at about 5 pm, the water is now at 23 °. Diner-test again, and the plan begins to take shape for the party meal. To be continued.

**Tuesday, May 31, 2016. Vathi (Sifnos)**



Early bathing it's becoming more and more pleasant, then we'll try another hike, shorter and starting from the beach. We find a beautiful path, we take it, we don't see the marks but the path is so beautiful, it's surely here. Error. This beautiful path reaches a small house and ends there. We go down to the beach again, keep walking a little and find the beginning of the path, well marked.



Unexpected encounter

We climb, arrive on a road that must be followed for a hundred meters and then turn right on a new path. We arrive at a ruined tower and that's it. Short hike, 5 km, but not as beautiful as the one Vathi-Apollonia yesterday. We come back, go swimming and have lunch under the bimini, this blue canvas that makes shadow on the cockpit. Jens buys fins and swims to see the anchor.



Jens checks the anchor

A German yacht is near us and his anchor chain crosses ours. The German guy swims and sees it, no problem for now, but it will be better if he leaves before us tomorrow, we are going to see a bay to prepare a "båttur" with our visitors, and then come back here. Another dinner-test, the appetizers in this taverna are really good ...



**Wednesday, June 1 st, 2016. Vathi (Sifnos)**

Swimming, breakfast and our German neighbor pulls up his anchor (which crosses ours) without problems and anchors a little further into the bay, the time to take their breakfast, they will leave a little later. We leave at 10:30 am to go for recognition of the area by boat. At a very deep place, Jens let the back anchor go down, he has seen that the plumbed rope which is attached to it is twisted and he hopes that the rope will become straight, but no change, the rope stays twisted. The first bay Fikiadha is pretty and deserted, and then we pass the south-west corner of Sifnos and motor to the harbor of Plati Yialos (or Gialos). A marinero comes on the dock and shows us to put Maja's nose on the dock. I tell him that it's just a short visit and we can go along the quay.



Maja. Plati Yalos



Work on the beach

We walk to the village which is quite touristy, many vacation rentals, but a big minus is that the beach is under construction work with bulldozers and trucks bringing sand. We take a sandwich and leave again towards Faros, pretty small harbor but where there is little room for us, and then we come back to Vathi and put Maja along the side of the dock, there is just a small place for us and so it will be easier for our visitors to go up on the boat (and down).



Maja is now along the dock

Swimming, the water is now at 24 ° and near the beach, it's even warmer. And we swim one more time in the evening. We dine in the boat, we are finished with our tavernas testing. Our neighbors speak an unknown language and I ask them where they come from: Hungary.

Båttur Sifnos : 14 nm (25 km)

Florvåg-Vathi :  $5\,487 + 14 = 5\,501$  nm (9 902 km)

#### Thursday, June 2 nd, 2016. Vathi (Sifnos)

All the neighbors leave, we are alone at the dock and only two boats are anchored in the bay. We'll see Virginia, the lady who will accommodate ten of our visitors, Nikos, who accommodates five and talk with the taverna owner who will prepare the birthday meal on Tuesday. Everything is fine. Then, I try to swim with a mask, it's nice to see under water and afterwards I wash my hair with a jerry can of water on Maja.



I wash my hair



Jens fixes the ladder



Longway is here

Lunch at the boat and while we have lunch, we see Longway coming in and dock outside Maja. We are very happy to be with Fritz, Margret and their friend Jürg, we know him from Mallorca.



The striped lady sailors



Jürg and Fritz



Jens and Jürg

They swim and then come to drink coffee with us. We take contact again and talk of our latest adventures. The wind, calm so far, rises suddenly and a good gust of wind comes, up to force 5 in a few minutes and Jens puts a rope more.



Fondue on Longway

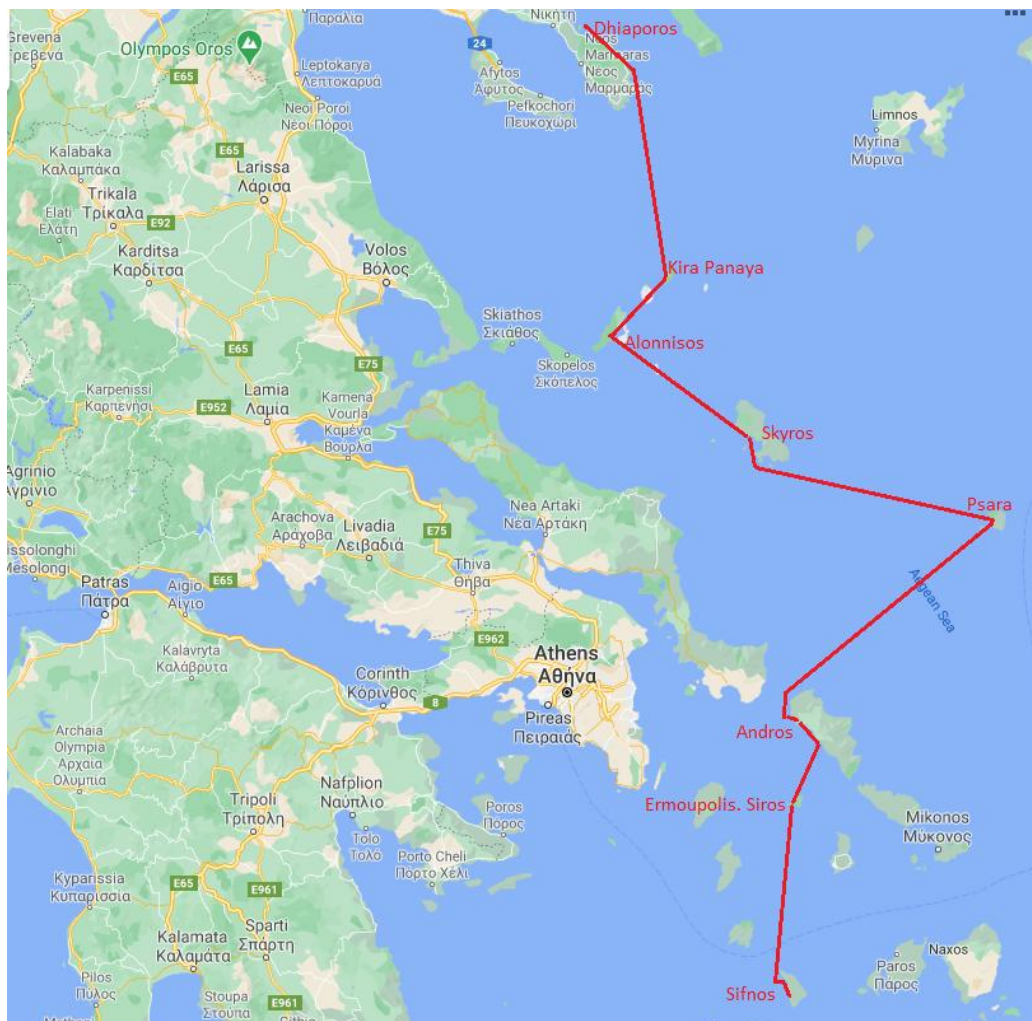


This lasts one hour and then subsides. Swimming, blog and we are invited to a fondue on Longway, nice meal and we drink coffee all together ashore. Tomorrow we pick up, by boat, Knut and Margrethe, our Norwegian friends, who arrive by the speed boat from Piraeus at 9:10 am in Kamares.

Friday, June 3 rd, 2016. Vathy (Sifnos)

Family and friends are arriving, happiness to be together. We'll celebrate Jens' seventieth birthday on Tuesday. The blog takes a break during this party time and will start again Sunday 12 th of June

See you soon.



Dhiaporos-Sifnos



“Båttur” with family and friends on Longway and Maja



Båttur with everybody: 4 nm  
Florvåg-Vathi:  $5\,501 + 4 = 5\,505$  nm (9 909 km)

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**Saturday, June 11, 2016. Vathi (Sifnos)-Diakofti (Kithera/Kythera)**

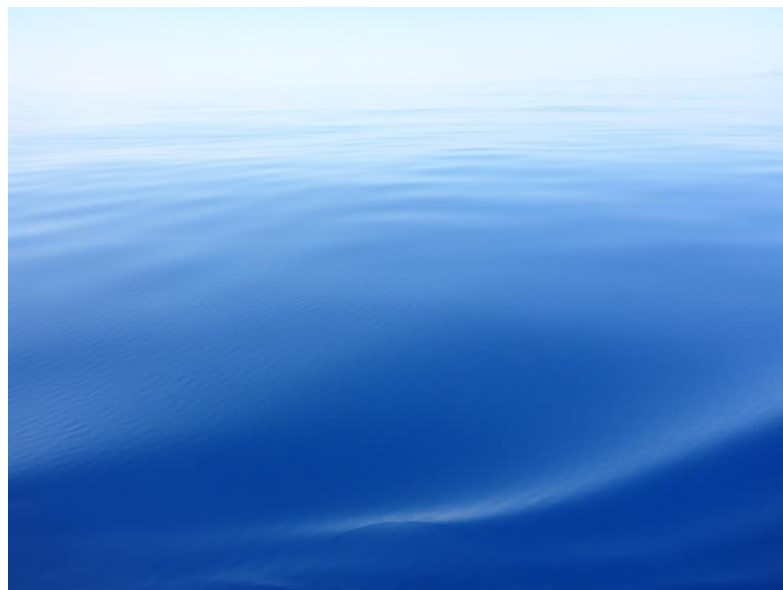
Well, the party is over in Vathi. We spent a great week together, family and friends, the happiness of being together, to see the small ones (our two grandchildren, Theo, 5 years and Kian, 21 months) and the big ones; our visitors left or leave today. The weather forecast

deciding for us, we left this morning at 6 am in calm weather and we took advantage of this window to make a long leg, the wind will blow again, and strong, tomorrow.



Bye, bye Vathi

Thanks to everybody who helped to make this party a big success:  
Virginia, Dina, Anna, Anastasia and Dimitri



Calm

We made Sifnos-Kithera, an island southeast of the Peloponnese, 91 nautical miles (164 km) and arrived at midnight, in the dark at Diakofti, the port of the island. The sea was quiet most of the day, just small waves when we passed Cap Maleas, a cap with a bad reputation, but we passed it with a respectful distance. We read, I wrote an account of the party and began to select the photos which will go with it. On arrival in the dark, two flashing marks are visible from a distance and with the electronic chart, we always know where we are.





The sun goes down back Cap maleas



We are near Diakofti

The only problem is that once in the harbor, I could not jump ashore, the dock is too high, so we changed roles, I took the wheel (yes!) and Jens went ashore. A big yacht is at the dock and there's just a place for us behind it. An ice tea and in bed.

Vathi (Sifnos)-Diakofti (Kithera/Kythera): 92 nm (165 km)

Florvåg-Diakofti:  $5\,505 + 92 = 5\,597$  nm (10 075 km)

### **Sunday, June 12, 2016. Diakofti (Kithera)**

Good night and this morning we discover Diakofti, a small village of about thirty houses at the foot of a barren mountain. The port is on an island in front of Diakofti and this island is connected to the village by a bridge. To get to the village from here, we have to go around the bay, at least two km. The big yacht in front of us has left early and we didn't hear it. A yacht with the Belgian flag arrives and takes its place in the morning, the captain is French and his wife Belgian. They often moor their yacht "Farfelu" here, they have a house in the village. We go by bike and it rises, rises, you will see the road on a photo and then it goes down, down to Avlenomas, pretty village in another bay.



We climb this loooong road



We are at the dock on the left on the island



Avlemonas

We bathe, I find many of pieces of glass and we eat a Greek salad at a restaurant where the view is magnificent. Then we come back by the same route, 17 km in all.



On our way back

During the return the wind increases and arriving in Diakofti we see that it's really blowing. The wind comes down from the mountain, just behind us and has time, in 800 m perhaps, to form waves. And it becomes stronger and the waves increase. Maja is tossed by the waves and we can't go in the cockpit that is sprinkled copiously. Jens will put more ropes and he has to go out through the front window, where we sleep.



Jens goes out through the window in our "bedroom"



The wind, in the evening is more than force 7, I will no longer see the force of the wind. Jens would like go to a restaurant but not me, I don't want to leave Maja and, in addition, with these waves it is difficult to go ashore. So we stay on the boat, have dinner, then read. At 10 pm, the ferry arrives. One of the employees of the ferry, in the office, comes to us and says that if we need help, he is in his office and says to Jens to put one more rope. We have 4 behind and two in front, it must be enough. But I confess that the idea that I had in Evdilos on Ikaria to go to sleep in a hotel comes to my mind. Poor Maja is dancing like a crazy camel (and poor Jens and Jeannette too) but she is well moored and can hardly escape. When we go to bed, it calms down a bit.



Waves in the harbor



The ferry comes

**Monday, June 13, 2016. Diakofti (Kythera)-Yithion (Peloponnese)**

The wind calmed down last night but strong gusts started again at 6 am. Jens gets up early and looks at several weather forecasts. The wind will drop, the problem is the waves, but it seems OK, they will be, on average, about one meter. So he tells me that we'll go, if possible before 9 am. I'm not very enthusiastic, the wind is still force 6 in the harbor. I take two pills against sea-sickness, one never knows. The wind pushes us against the dock, so Jens unties all the ropes but one, I put in reverse, he pushes Maja and jumps at the last moment on the boat. Fortunately he is agile.



Bye, bye Kithera

And, pleasant surprise, it's actually less windy when we leave the harbor. We follow the island of Kythera to its north point and we are protected by it. But even after, in the open sea, the wind is force 4 and small waves. We wanted to go to Kalamata, but we would have the wind in the nose. So we're going to Githion, to the north. Good journey, but it's gray all day. The wind becomes stronger, force 5, but Maja is progressing well, only under sail.



Maja is progressing well



I can work down, staking me well

She is heeling and is moving a little but I can work down wedging me with the leg not to fall, probably thanks to my pills. We come to Githio (or Yithion) at 5:15 pm. The pier is under

construction and is much longer than on the map, so we have to go around it. In the port, many yachts and there is just a small place, perpendicular to the dock.



The jetty is under work

Jens tells me to drop anchor and we slowly move into the dock but we are at 52 m from the dock and the anchor rope is only 50 m! Maja stops at 2 m from the quay and refuses to advance further. Two people on the dock are ready to take our ropes, we throw them (and we have to try several times, it's far) and the poor people, they have to pull very strongly, Maja comes a little nearer and Jens, always acrobat, jumps ashore, to the admiration of all. He ties Maja but she is still a bit away from the dock and I cannot go ashore. What to do? Do we have to take up the anchor and start again? We don't feel like it. So Jens ties another rope to the end of the anchor rope, and now, we hope that it will hold. The Coast Guards come to ask the papers, everything is in order. We thank the neighbors, they are friendly. Our nearest neighbors are French and invite us to drink an aperitif on their boat "Zig-Zag". Dany and Didier are from Pau and have sailed a lot, they even crossed the Atlantic some years ago. And they tell me that the island of Kythera where we were yesterday is the island of Cythère in French, I didn't know.



The lengthened anchor rope



Then we share, Jens and me, a fish soup at the nearest restaurant. The city, Yithion in the nautical guide but Githion on the roadmap, seems attractive, protected by an island, lively and really Greek, few foreign tourists.

Diakofti (Kythera)-Yithion (Peloponnese): 37 nm (67 km)

Florvåg-Yithion:  $5\,597 + 37 = 5\,634$  nm (10 141 km)

**Tuesday, June 14, 2016. Yithion (Peloponnese)**



Yithion

The good weather is back. Early, I take a picture of a boat name with "blue" (cf. [blue.havskov.net](http://blue.havskov.net)) and then start to work after breakfast with the photo album of the party. I have many technical problems and fortunately Jens is there to help me. Jens in the morning will try to pay the berth. He goes in three offices away from each other, and finally found the right one after extensive research. All this to pay 11 euros for three days. At 11:30 am, Jens wants me to get fresh air and take me, by bike, to a beach south of the city, but in fact this is not the best time. It is very hot, I'm tired and hungry, the road climbs steeply and at the beach, I can't swim because the waves are too big but Jens bathes. I am not happy.



The beach

Then we come back and eat lunch under the bimini, it gets better. But the wind rises, reaches force 7 with gusts and we remove the bimini, it works as a sail and we don't need that. The gusts are from  $\frac{3}{4}$  rear and the anchor holds, even with its extension, but I am not very relax with the situation. I go inside and write the blog, and there it's quieter. An English neighbor on a Nauticat 33, a motor-sailer, comes to visit us. He speaks Norwegian! At first we are so surprised that if we don't understand him. His name is Jan, he was born in Norway, emigrated with his parents to England when he was 7 years old but maintained contact with Norway.



Jan, Jens



Dany, Didier, Jens on Maja



and on their yacht

Then we go to see his boat which is much larger than Maja. The wind calms down in the late afternoon. Our French neighbors, Didier and Dany, come to drink an aperitif and we decided to dine together on their boat, taking our dinner with us. Nice evening, in French, and we even enjoy a good pâté brought from France. A curious detail: Dany's mother was called Henriette

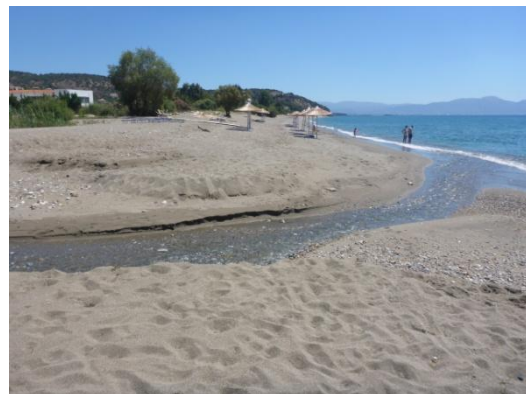
and in our family we have a Dany, daughter of Henriette. We go home late and I have not finished the blog, I'll finish it tomorrow.

**Wednesday, June 15, 2016. Yithion (Peloponnese)**

Little discussion between Jens and me: I want to stay to catch up my blog and finish the album photos from the party, and Jens wants to go for a ride. We agree on a compromise, we stay on the boat to work until 10 am and we'll go after.



A bougainvillea which climbs on a poplar



Maja

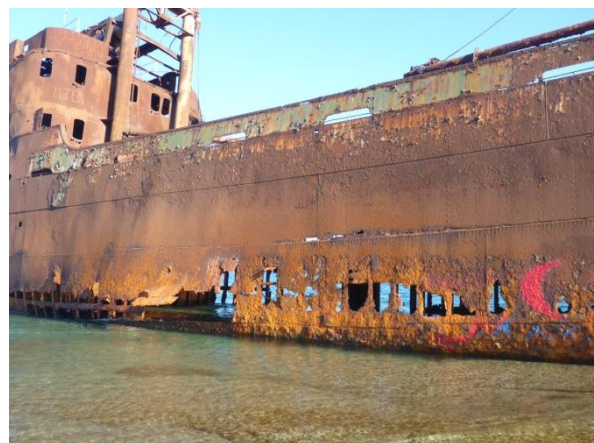


I finish the blog and work on the photo album. Jens delivers our cloths to a laundry. We start cycling to the north, the road is flat, much nicer than the one south yesterday, the beach is 3 km, large, pretty and deserted. We swim and walk a bit on the beach. A small river flows into the sea on the beach, it flows well and the water is cold. Back in town, and we fetch the clean cloths, it will dry well on Maja. There are still gusts but much less strong than yesterday. After lunch, we go down in the shadows in the boat, it's really hot outside, maybe 27-28 °. I finish the photo album, with the help of Jens. We hear cars pass on the dock and whistles. I go and see and this is the ferry arriving.



The ferry

As the dock is under work, several police officers are directing the traffic, there is hardly room to pass. It's funny, the guys from the police whistle in every direction, contradict each other, shout, it doesn't look very efficient. We admire a large truck that drives on the ferry, it has little room to turn toward the opening and its rear wheels are a few cm from the edge of the ramp. This ferry goes to Kythera, Antikythera and Creta. We'll ride later, around 6 pm, when it starts to get cooler. We leave to the north and ride 6 km to see a wreck on a beach.



The wreck, "Dimitrios"

This boat, the "Dimitrios" grounded in the 80s and the sea is eating it away slowly. Beautiful beach, good bath and back in town, on the road now in the shade. Dinner of leftovers from yesterday and strawberries. We dine late and remain in the cockpit until 10:30 pm, enjoying the view of the city. Everybody is leaving tomorrow, the weather forecast is good.

For those of you who are interested, here is the name of the party photo album:  
sifnos.havskov.net



Back to the city

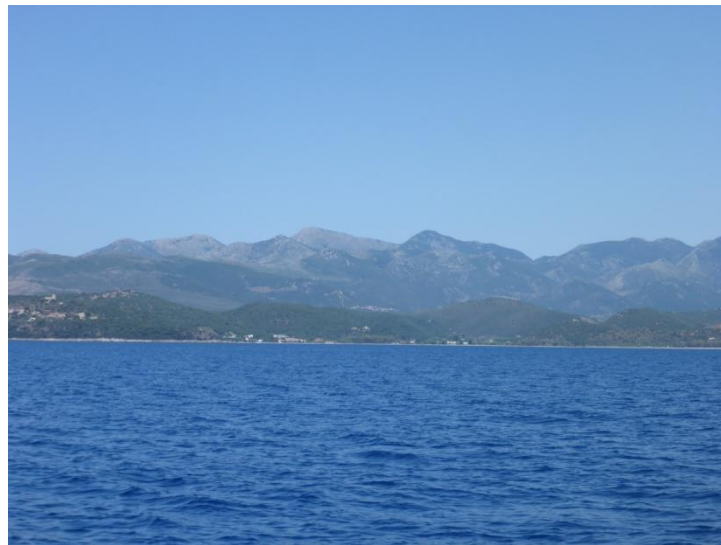
**Thursday, June 16, 2016. Yithion-Porto Kagio**



Yithion. The old city

Two yachts leave at 6 am, Zig-Zag (Didier and Dany) and Astra of Southampton (Jan and his wife) and a German one leaves at 8:30 am. They all go towards east, to the Cyclades, there are not many people going west like us. We go for a walk in the old city and leave at 10:30 am. We liked Yithion (Gidion), people are friendly and the city is active and well maintained. Jens takes a long rope, double, to the dock and removes all the others ones, then he takes up the anchor by first removing the "extension" he had made, then pulls the double rope, everything

goes well. The anchor was really deep in the mud, it is the best soil to anchor. We're not going far, only about twenty miles, Puerto Kagio, almost at the south end of the second Peloponnese peninsula.



Mountains

Good weather, warm and calm, I can start the blog under way. We follow along the peninsula, very mountainous, and come to the bay of Porto Kagio at 3 pm. It's a good bay, much like Vathi, but less pretty. Two yachts are already anchored. Our first attempt is not successful, the anchor doesn't catch, so we start again and it works, but we're a bit near a Dutch yacht. It is so quiet, that there is no risk and the Dutch couple says "no problem". Jens swims to see the anchor, it looks like well down into the sand. I finish the blog and we go for a walk, late and in the shade, it was hot today, 29 °.



Porto Kagio Bay

Porto Kagio (or Cagio) means the quail port, it seems that quails were numerous and people here exported them. Just a few years ago there were only two families here but tourism has



revived the village. There are three tavernas and a small hotel. We walk on the road up and have a nice view of the bay and two small villages perched on the mountain. Dinner at a taverna and in bed.



Two ladies are dancing



At the tavern

Yithion-Porto Kagio: 22 nm (40 km)

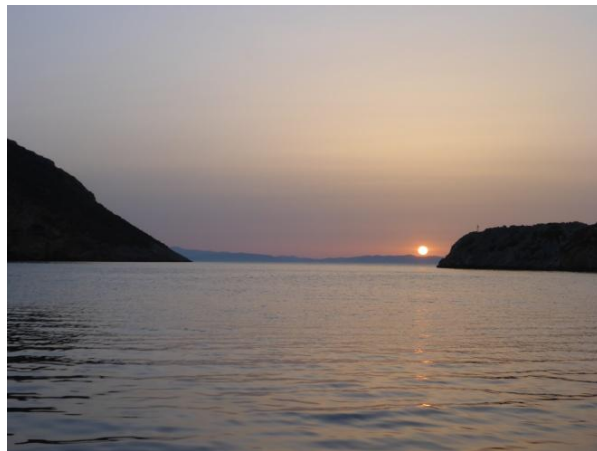
Florvåg-Porto Kagio:  $5\,634 + 22 = 5\,656$  nm (10 181 km)

### **Friday, June 17, 2016. Porto kagio-Kalamata**

Funny night! I can't sleep, I think the cafe last night, at the taverna, was strong. The wind, very light, turned and the two boats, the Dutch and us, have rotated. I go up and I see that we are very close. As I cannot sleep, I stay in the cockpit, in my nightgown, and monitor the two boats. I enjoy the situation, it is cooler than in the boat, it's quiet, it's beautiful. When we rotate we are about ten meters from her, it's not much, but it's ok. I see the first yacht leaving a little before 6 am and I see the sun rise.

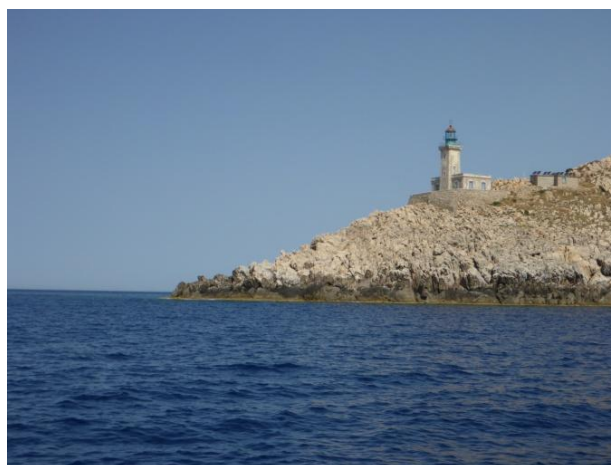


We are a little bit too close, so I keep watch



The sun is rising

Jens gets up, we swim and he dives to see the anchors, ours and that of the Dutch yacht. In fact, there is so little wind that the boats don't even tighten their chain. Maja is above hers that meanders in the sand, and so is the other boat. We walk half an hour ashore and leave at 10 am. We say goodbye to the Dutch couple, they seemed very nice.



Lighthouse south of the second peninsula



Jens cools down

The crossing is calm, hot and uneventful. I take a good nap in the afternoon. We are in bathing suit, it's 30 ° and Jens pours buckets of water on his head to refresh himself. We arrive at 7 pm at Kalamata marina, I am delighted to be in a marina, I'm going to shower and wash my hair.



We arrive at Kalamata

We walk a little, it is still very hot and we find a large shaded and pleasant park in the city. It is the old disused railway station that has been converted into a park. Diner in a small taverna ... without coffee this time.

Porto Kagio-Kalamata: 45 nm (81 km)

Florvåg-Kalamata:  $5\,656 + 45 = 5\,701$  nm (10 262 km)



## Saturday, June 18, 2016. Kalamata

It is very hot, over 30 °. I take a shower and wash my hair. We ride into town. Kalamata is a new city, it was much destroyed by an earthquake in 1986.



Bike path

A long bike path goes through the town to the north. We take it and pretty quickly notice people returning from a market, first cyclists (there are many here) then pedestrians, so we get closer. We see a great market hall but the market is not inside it but in a kind of corridor along the outside wall. That means that the market is long and fairly narrow. A part is also in the street.



The long and narrow market



The old train station, now a café

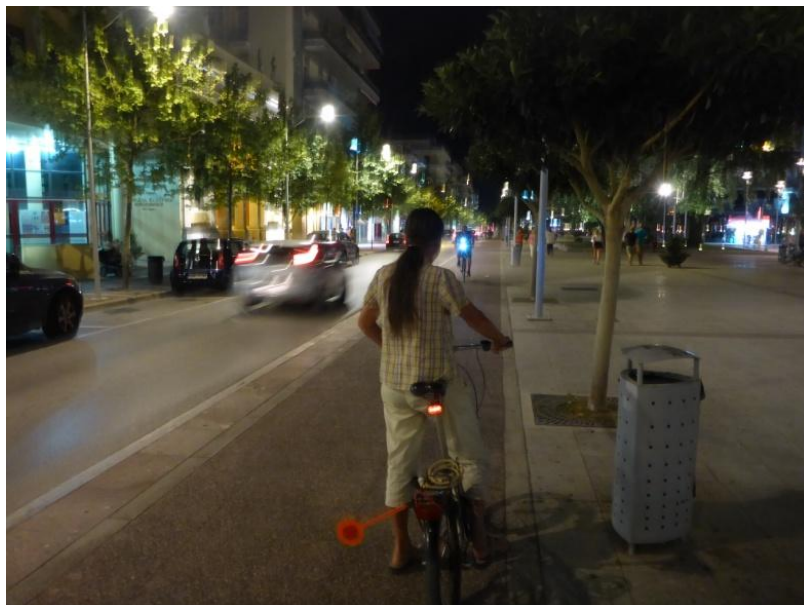
We buy fruits (peaches, apricots, cherries), tomatoes and melons. We return towards the sea, take an orange juice at the cafe of the old station. An English couple sits at the next table and Jens recognizes them, they have the yacht "Victoria Rose" at the marina. We talk with them, their boat is as small as Maja, so we have something in common. We talk about boat then of "Brexit", they are for staying in Europe. Then we go to the beach. It's Saturday, it's very hot and it is full of people but especially where you can rent a parasol. The parasol free section is less crowded. The water is 24 °. A bike path also runs along the sea. Lunch at the boat and rest

/ nap / blog / and internet for Jens. He installs a new program, zyGrib to get Grib files. It's "only" 32 ° in the boat, we are in swimsuit. At 6 pm, we emerge, ride again along the beach until the end (4 km at least) and we stay in the water a long time.



The beach

The beach is huge, with many parasols, deck chairs etc. but also free parts with showers. Return to the boat and we dine at 9 pm at a taverna we spotted this morning, near the market. Greek salad, a pork dish with spinach, bottled water and a carafe of wine for € 16. The town is very lively, it's finally a little less hot, 26 °. Many bikes, most of them with lights, but the many, many motor bikers have not yet learned to wear a helmet. Cakes, coffee for Jens and tea for me and from the terrace of the bakery we watch families with very tired children go home and the young people going out.



We ride home

## Sunday, June 19, 2016. Kalamata

It's hot! 35 ° and a little heavy, the sky is not blue but white and no wind at all. We go for a bike ride, in fact it gives us a little air. The city of Kalamata is not a beautiful city, it's a bit too messy, a mixture of beautiful buildings and vacant lots, weeds growing everywhere, but it is a very nice city, vibrant and young. The beach is beautiful and huge and what saves it, for me, are the flowers. It is a tropical vegetation, jacaranda, oleanders everywhere, hibiscus, trees in bloom. We pass by the main train station (the other one, in the park, was a small station) which has been converted into a bus station by a private bus company.



The old train station, now a bus station



Kalamata

We ride a little to chance in town, we stop to drink a lemonade and set off again. After 5 minutes Jens realizes he forgot the backpack at the cafe. Going back by another street we pass a large open bookstore which is selling foreign newspapers. What a luck. We buy the International New York Times, it has a section on Greece and the Canard Enchaîné. Beach, it's only in the water that we feel well, then lunch at the boat. Between 1 pm and 6 pm, we "hibernate", it is 35 ° also in the boat but at least we are in the shade. The newspaper speaks of a heat wave in Greece with 40 ° in Athens, poor people, in the city. Jens looks at the weather



forecast, we start thinking of the big crossing to Sicily or Malta. At 6 pm, we ride to the beach again, always full of people, and it makes a noise! Some children stay in the water all the time that we are there, one hour and a half. The water is 26 °. It's funny, we return to the same spot than yesterday afternoon and recognize four families who were there yesterday too. Dinner at the cafe where we had a lemonade this morning, meals, beer and dessert for € 15 for two. At the marina, I am quite happy to see a boat come back. She has a name with blue, I saw it Saturday morning but had not dared to make a picture because there were people on board. When I returned later, she was gone. And now, one more picture of a name with blue.

**Monday, June 20, 2016. Kalamata-?**



Boats for sale

Here it is the Orthodox Pentecost Monday, many shops are closed. Jens goes shopping in an open supermarket and I go to the "China Mall", a huge clothing store. I buy a pair of shorts and a T-shirt.



The China Mall is huge

Then Jens asks for a diesel delivery by a truck and we leave at noon. En route, Jens looks, again at the weather forecast which is good, force 4-5 from the north, so we decide to leave

for the long crossing, 360 nautical miles. We'll see under way if we go to Sicily or Malta. So no blog until Friday. It is 5:30 pm now, everything is fine.

**From Monday, June 20 to Thursday, June 23, 2016. Kalamata-Malta**



Me too, I cool myself

We left Kalamata at noon on Monday. Monday evening we dine at 6 pm of vegetable and fruit for dessert. I took a pill against seasickness. The sea is beautiful, all is well. At 7:30 pm, we pass the southernmost cape of the peninsula and see the silhouette of the Turkish tower and the walls of Methoni.



Methoni walls

At 9 pm we start our watches, I lie down and Jens is steering until 11 pm and then we change. And already at that time the wind starts to increase and the waves too. The force 4-5 announced is a good force 5 rather quickly and the waves go up to 2 m. Maja is fine, but not

us. For the first time since we sail together, we both get seasick. The movement is brutal, different from our long waves of the North Sea, perhaps that is what makes Jens sick.



The waves are 2 m



Jens



Jeannette

At around midnight, we have already sailed 12 hours and we wonder if we continue or not, but we decide to continue. I am seasick but not so strongly that during certain crossings between Bergen and the Shetland where I was completely knocked out. I can function one hour and Jens too so we change every hour. We can't eat but we try to drink regularly. Jens can drink more than me; I swallow two mouthfuls every hour. I didn't take notes and made very few photos from Monday evening to Wednesday afternoon, it was moving too much and I was in too bad shape. The wind still increases in the night, always from the north so on the side of Maja that goes straight to the west, it will stay force 6 until Wednesday afternoon and the waves are two meters fifty, sometimes 3 m. A wave raises Maja which leans to the left, then goes down the wave by leaning to the right, but not too much because the wind pushes her to the left. We get seas sometimes even on the roof of the cockpit. And some windows are leaking, despite the plates that Jens has added. I do not want to complain, but from Monday evening until Wednesday afternoon, it was the worst crossing we ever made. The combination



of strong wind, waves and especially seasickness for both of us makes the time pass slowly and it's actually 40 hours, is a long time. Tuesday, here is my menu: a peppermint candy, a very small one, a kind of Tic-Tac, two prunes and half an orange. We are like zombies, we meet without speaking, one going up to steer and the other one going down to sleep. We do not sleep well the first night but after that we fall asleep as soon as one's head is on the pillow. We change every hour day and night. We know that the wind will eventually calm down so we have to hold until then. I bump twice, once in the cockpit and make a blue mark on my knee and the other time in the toilet and make me a bump in my eyebrow. My hole becomes the common hole, Jens appreciates it as much as me, this is where we are best, and in fact, one feels less Maja's movements there. Many times I thought the wind was calming a little when I was lying to be disappointed when I went back up, and the same for Jens. A positive fact is that the nights were clear, we had beautiful moonlight. But everything passes and as long as Maja goes well, we keep going. Sometimes black thoughts went through my head: if something breaks down, if we catch a rope in the propeller, if we hits something ... But fortunately none of this happened.



Waves



Sunrise. Wednesday morning

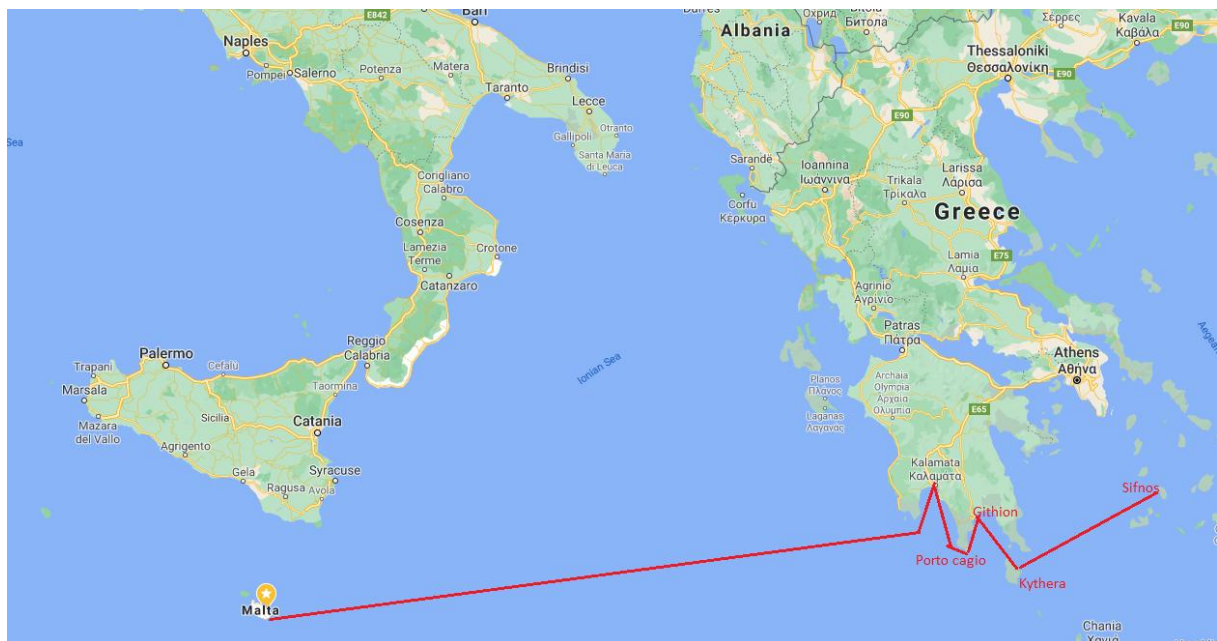


We arrive in Valetta on Thursday evening at around 8 pm, impressive city of fortresses, walls, monuments and churches. We go to the Grand Harbour Marina, downtown, Jens phoned and they have a berth. Short walk on the city docks. And here we are, after a crossing of 382 nautical miles (687 km) and 80 hours.



We arrive at Malta

Kalamata-Malta: 382 nm (687 km)  
Florvåg-Malta:  $5\,701 + 382 = 6\,083$  nm (10 949 km)



Sifnos-Malta



**Friday, June 24, 2016. Valletta (Malta)**



Maltese courtesy flag

That seems so good to be moored in a marina. We slept well and wake up at 7 am local time but 8 am Greek time. We go to the harbor master's office housed, please, in a palace of the 18th century, even showers are under a vaulted roof. This is an expensive marina but it's so well located that we stay there, at least the first few days.



Valletta plan  
Grand harbor marina with a red circle



View from Maja's cockpit

For me, my ideal today, would be to do nothing or do something slowly, I would like a slow day. But fate (or Jens) decides otherwise. We'll leave Maja at a boat yard here in Malta in a few days and Jens would like to see it. So we start cycling, on the left side of the road, to this yard which is on Manoel Island. But it's further than expected and we leave too late to get there before their midday break, so we come back. Lunch at the boat inside, it's too hot outside and then we take, with our bikes, a ferry that takes us to Valletta.



Maja seen from the ferry

Here, where we are it's called Vittoriosa. The ferry passes near Maja. We cross Valletta and take a second ferry to Sliema. But big clouds are coming and it starts to rain very hard. We take shelter under an awning together with a group of foreign teenagers (Italian and French) who discuss, in English, their heart problem. The rain slows down and we ride to the boat yard. And there, a downpour starts accompanied by lightning and thunder. We are invited in the guard's room and wait. At one point, lightning and thunder are almost at the same time and it seems that the sky will fall on our heads. Blackout and the guard can't open the gate (electric, of course) that allows access to the shipyard. The person we were supposed to see

has already left, so after a long waiting and seeing that it does not calm down, the guard calls us a taxi.



The yard. It's raining very hard



Jens puts the bikes in the taxi trunk

Jens folds the bikes, put them in the trunk and we go. The streets are flooded, some turned into torrent and the traffic a big jam. The lady taxi driver takes side streets and we arrive at the marina. On Maja, the windows were open ... but it's ok, the beds are a little wet, and the kitchen and the bathroom too. Blog then dinner on a square a few hundred meters from here. At 9 pm, it is, finally, a little cooler, 24 °.

### **Saturday, June 25, 2016. Valletta. Malta**

It's our wedding anniversary today, 39 years. It's still warm, 35 ° so we operate a little slowly. I have my slow day and walk gently along the harbor and the in old town. Jens takes the ferry to Valletta to go to the tourist office. What a history than that of Malta! This is a small island (300 km<sup>2</sup>) populated by 400 000 inhabitants, they are Catholics, speak Arabic and drive on the left. Those interested must go and see on the internet, it's very interesting. They suffered two large sieges one in 1565 attacked by the Ottomans and in 1942 attacked by the Italians and the Germans. And the presence during several centuries of the Order of the Temple ...



Fort Saint Ange

As can be seen on the map, Valletta is limited to a peninsula, we are on Vittoriosa, every little peninsula is a different municipality. It's so hot, that between 1 am and 6 pm, we stay in the shade in the boat. Then we go by bike, on the next small peninsula, Senglea, by a footbridge



at the bottom of the "fjord". We have dinner, not very good, at the seaside watching the boat traffic then return when it's dark. I find two "blue".



Maltese language



Walls

### **Sunday, June 26, 2016. Valletta. Malta**

Still hot, 35 °. We are moving today, Grand Harbour Marina is luxurious, expensive and in the center, but we feel a bit in a museum, like being anchored in the heart of Versailles. There is little life, no shops, only cafes and restaurants. We leave at 11 am and go out of the harbor. We are not alone, it's Sunday, the weather is nice and people here also go on *bàttur* on Sunday. We go around Valletta and enter a "fjord" to Msida, and the marina is called Msida Marina and we have a berth just behind the pier, near the old sail boat "Black Pearl" converted into a restaurant. Lunch outside in the shade, but coffee and rest after inside. It's

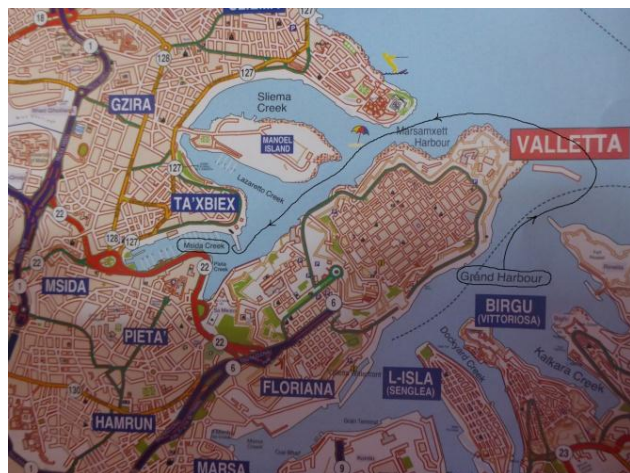
hot! But bonus for the new marina, at 100 m we can swim, this is not a beach, but gently sloping rocks and ladders to descend into the water. We are going to use it.



We change marina



View over the modern part of the city



From Grand Harbour marina to Msida Marina



The place where we swim, closed to Msida Marina

And after swimming, we rinse the salt by pouring water on our head on Maja's deck. In the evening we take a bike ride along the waterfront. We pass the bridge that goes to Manoel Island where we came Friday in the pouring rain. We come back and have dinner on the boat. We hear fireworks, but it is still light so we see nothing.

Grand Harbour-Msida Marina : 3 nm (5,4 km)

Florvåg-Msida Marina:  $6\ 083 + 3 = 6\ 086$  nm (10 955 km)

### **Monday, June 27, 2016. Valletta. Malta**

Still very hot, 35 °. We go by bike to see the boatyard where we'll leave Maja in a few days, we are much closer to it now. It seems well organized and we have an appointment for Thursday at 10:15 am to take Maja out of the water. We visit a little the neighborhood of Sliema, exclusive shopping area. We find a laundry in the underground car park of a supermarket where we will wash all before leaving. Then we continue towards the sea and we swim at another platform.



Another platform to swim



The attraction there is a mother duck with 12 ducklings splashing in a pond where fresh water arrives.



We are looking at ...



the mother duck with her ducklings

We go back to Maja, we pour water on our heads and have lunch. We don't know where to go, it's really hot. We swim again, and then at about 7 pm, we ride our bikes and go, bypassing the bottom of the Msida "fjord" then by climbing a very steep street in Valletta.



Sea front



View over Grand Harbour and Senglea

A concert is being prepared and loud music assaults us ... From a public garden, we have a beautiful view of Grand Harbour and Senglea. We dine in town and have a good meal of fish on a large square, we celebrate, a little late, our 39 years of marriage. The TV broadcasts the England-Iceland football match and Iceland wins! Jens takes the opportunity to call our friend Krishna in Mexico, great lover of football. And his commentary is clear: they want to get out of Europe, they go out, in football too. Pleasant ride back, down the steep hill and along Msida seafront to the marina.

## Tuesday, June 28, 2016. Valletta. Malta

It is cooler, 27 ° and windy, so we take the opportunity to take a ride in the countryside. Since we're here, we have only seen the city side of Malta, buildings, skyscrapers, streets, cars (an invasion of cars, they are everywhere) and people, people. This reminds me of Shanghai or Hong-Kong (where I have never been) ! We'll try to find the countryside. We leave early, before 8 am and ride along the sea, the built waterfront extends over many kilometers.



Baluta Bay



Pembroke

We arrive at the neighborhood of Pembroke, good English name, and there, a large non-built land is between the houses and the sea, it is a former military field.



It's steep



Sign

Then we climb, steep, towards the inside of the island to the village of GHARGHUR, the Maltese language has a few more letters, including this H or h. This doesn't look really like a village, the houses look like the city houses of Valletta, it's more a small town, no gardens but streets, cars and small buildings. We get a beautiful view of the countryside and seen

cultivated fields, but few, Malta imports virtually all fruits and vegetables. We drink an orange juice and descend by a main road, more direct. Return to the boat at around noon, swimming and lunch, we did 20 km.



Country side

Then our usual rhythm of the afternoon: newspaper (Times of Malta and The Independent of Malta), nap, blog and work in the engine for Jens, oil change and filter change. Swimming in the late afternoon and dinner of a hamburger at a fast food truck with terrace, 5 minutes from here. Walk along the pier and I see two blue! I'll come back tomorrow, it's too dark now.

**Wednesday, June 29, 2016. Valleta. Malta**



Large villas

It's holiday here, St. Peter and St. Paul, so many boats go out. But they are not early, most leave at around 11 am or noon. Jens removes the jib, it is mandatory to get the boat out of the water and we realize after that a rope remained tied up the mast, we will see that tomorrow. I'll go to take pictures of the blue I saw last night. The first two pontoons, usually locked, are open, no problem, but the third one is closed. An owner opens the gate and I sneak behind him, take a photo of a blue and want to go out, but you need a key to get out too. I thought it



would be enough to press a button. Fortunately, a man on the first boat near the gate of the pontoon agrees to open when I ask and I can go out.



Malta in summary: Cars, boats and monuments

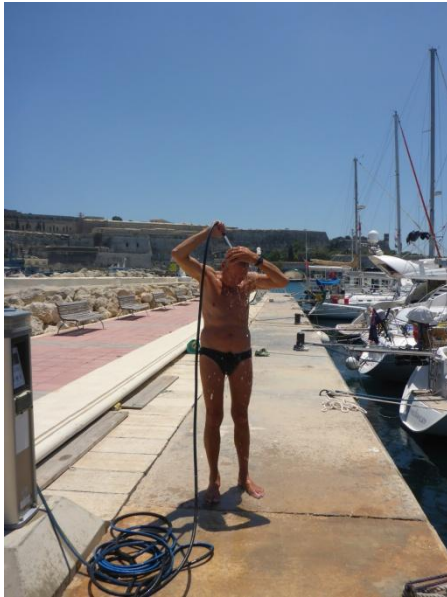


“Beach” at Sliema



Jens and Jeannette in the water

We bike to swim in Sliema, on the open sea, it's cleaner than in the harbor. There is a little bit of waves, but it's ok. We return, about 4 km, and we take a shower with fresh water with the water hose. Lunch, rest, blog, newspaper. Swim number 2 at 6:30 pm, near the marina and last dinner on the boat on the water, tomorrow Maja will be put on land.



“Shower”

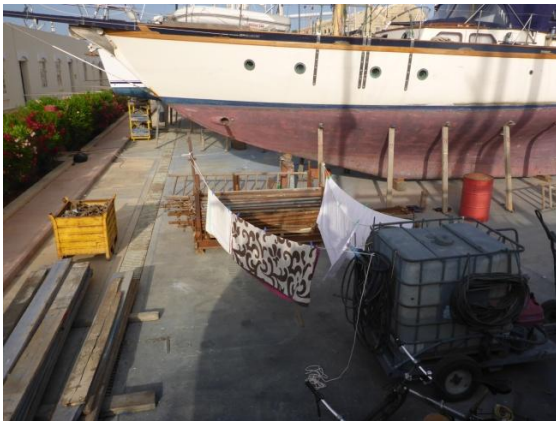
**Thursday, June 30, 2016. Malta**

We wake up early and go to swim at 7:30 am and returning we let ourselves be tempted by a street vendor of fruits and vegetables that sells us some tomatoes and some apricots, plus 6 bottles of water for a very high price. We leave at 9:45 am, go out to sea to flush the toilet and then round Manoel Island to go to the yard.



Maja is lifted out of the water

At 10:15 am, Maja is lifted by the crane and taken on land. Two men put seven "legs" on each side and she is firmly secured. Jens carries a large bag of laundry to the laundromat and I go to the post office to send our exit papers to the Greek authorities and a postcard. I can't find the post office, people send me to the right, to the left, I turn, but finally I get there. Lunch in the boat, it's hot then swim at the "beach" with the mother duck and her 12 ducklings and coffee in town. During that time, a man is washing Maja with a high-pressure hose and the ground becomes blue. On returning I'll walk to the marina on Manoel Island where the pontoons are open and find two more blue, two in Italian, we see many Italian yachts here, Sicily is a hundred km from Malta. Jens fetches the laundry that I put to dry, the little things on Maja and the sheets on a line that I tie between metal structures, next to the boat. We thought of going for a swim, but it's too late, so a shower replaces bathing and dinner at the boat.



The laundry is drying

Msida Marina- Boatyard Manoel Island: 2 nm (3,6 km)

Florvåg-Boatyard Manoel Island:  $6086 + 2 = 6088$  nm (10 958 km)

**Saturday 1, July 2016. Valletta. Malta**



Jens takes down the Norwegian flag

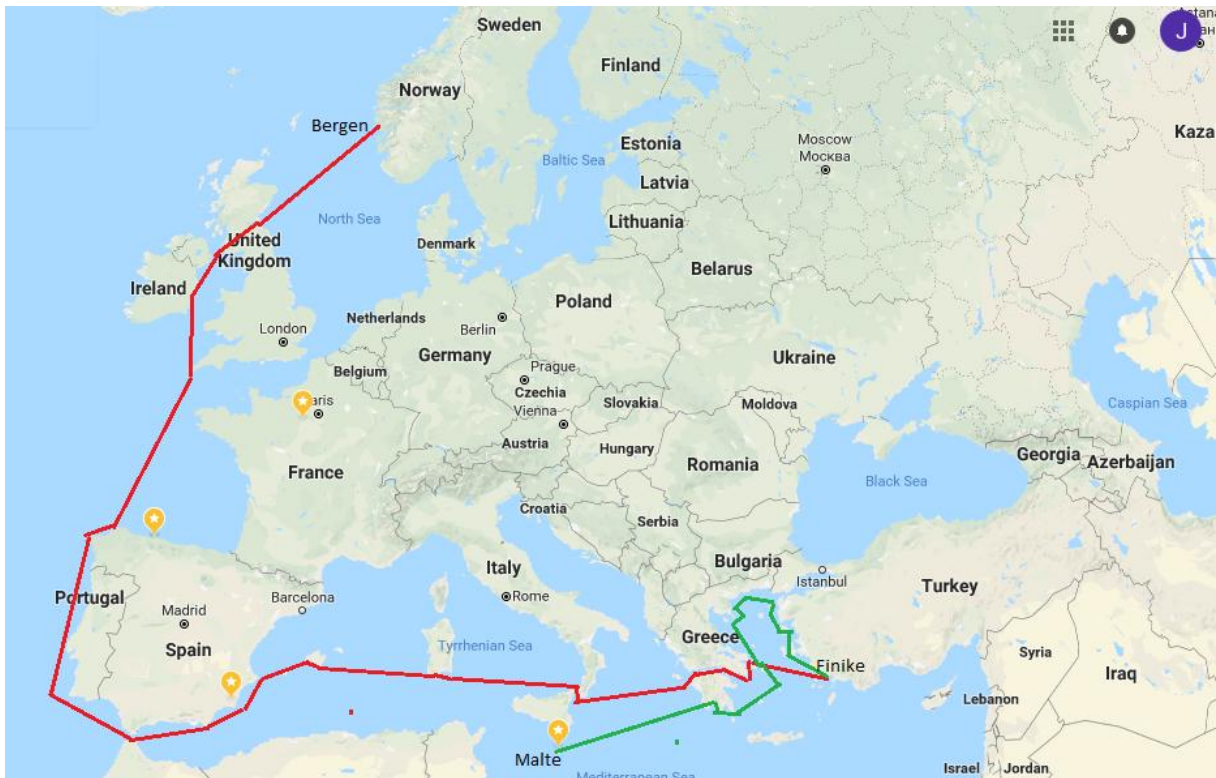


Last day here, we clean, tidy everything, go swimming, we are leaving tomorrow morning to go back to Norway.

The blog takes a break and will start again in the beginning of September.

I wish you a good summer.

See you soon.



Florvåg-Malta (going in red and back in green)



