



Terry's Travels

TT6-1 Europe by Euro 10/09/2002

Hello again everyone (Bonjour)

Yes - I,m travelling again after two very busy months in the UK. Business things taken care of and the house almost ready for a roof, Merçie now with the 250cc Kawasaki (on Queensland plates) and a 15" LCD TV and the roof leak fixed.....and NO cockroaches living in my helmet.

The Pride of Rotterdam brought me to Holland without incident - her sister ship had the fire on board! Nothing but rain for 3 days but now sunny in Deauville Normandy Northern France. Fish soup in Honfleur turned out to be brown!! but its nice to be in Europe heading down to S Spain to meet up with pals. I,m even getting used to EUROS - change isn,t a problem - they don't give you any and at 5 EUROS per coffee - ouch.

Its getting quite autumnal here in the North. Must have some mussels before I head South.....

Terry - Deauville Normandy



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TT6-2 Bayeux Tapestry 15/09/2002

Bonjour

Well, it eventually did stop raining and it was good to walk around Fourges, Trouville and stylish Deauville in lovely autumn sunshine. I felt that I had earned the really splendid French cooking in a gourmet restaurant near the campsite. Why did I get a crazy noisy French lady in the next cubicle to me in the MENS shower block?

It was a short drive to Bayeux and remarkably quiet as I gazed at the truly wonderful 70 metre long tapestry. Made by monks in the 11th century it was brilliant and well preserved. As well as depicting war in carefully stitched cartoon like images, the tree of life came into it with naked Adam and Eve – Adam was having a very good day!

Back along the Normandy beaches to look and think about the awful war of 60 years ago – I had already crossed the Somme, calm and peaceful today but my next door neighbour Bob has such sad and tormenting memories of friends that he lost there.

I have headed South past Rochefort where my own father was buried towards the end of the war and found a really rural campsite on a farm – wonderful – all I need for £5 per night. The farmer comes to share a wine whilst I slowly recall my schoolboy French. My neighbours are the farmers hens and I hear distant shotguns popping away but otherwise its really quiet.

I got the Kawasaki Super Sherpa 250cc out for the first time and did over 100km down the lanes to the Isle D'Oleron. Very enjoyable – I don't know if the locals noticed the Queensland (OZ) plates, happily the Gendarmes didn't.....

Terry – near St. Poiclaine, Saintes, FRANCE. Sept 13th 2002.



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TT6-3 Good Guggenheim 18/09/2002

Ulla

I must say that I am eating well – even on my own cooking, first a pork chop with garlic/onions/carrots, potatoes all done in the Remoska Cook Pot in just over an hour and wafting delicious smells all around the farmers field. Next night the new gas Cadac Barbie – this time with a really good burger and similar trimmings – easy too. I recommend both means of cooking for campers.

Having now sampled a couple of bottles of inexpensive wine from the “Franglais” cheap booze shed near Boulogne I wish I had bought more. If you go beware the ‘blue rinse’ brigade (old biddies) with their out of control well overloaded trolleys making the most of their cross channel shopping trips.

More bike riding in lovely country on the coast at Soustances and a night in a Camping Car Park at 6.50 Euros worked out well. Driving South past Hossegor reminded me of my first trip abroad from school when I was 13. I remember drinking red wine with water, catching hornets in glass tumblers and not catching the French girls in the next camp. Some fellow school pals got the trots and had some medication shoved up their bums – what a brave master –funny what you remember.

Mountains ahead and the Spanish border – pleasant driving un til I tackled the centre of Bilbao but I wanted to visit the Guggenheim Museum of Art. It as so worth it. The building is spectacular and spacious but warm and friendly too – an ideal location to display art. In one gallery two large movie screens faced each other, they had wonderful monochrome images of one story: one screen had the female elements and the other the male, with suitable sound and music it was quite astounding to me – you just sat on a side wall and watched – a bit like watching tennis.

The architecture is so special in so many ways but one example is that computer controlled robots cut the varied size curved limestone cappings and marked them for fitting to the curved pilasters like a giant jigsaw.

A bit more driving towards Burgos and I am chancing a night in an Aire (that’s the car park of a motorway service station). There have been reports of the bandits squirting ether into your vehicles before robbing you!

Sleep well.....

Terry – an Aire near Burgos N SPAIN – written there but sent in Marbella Sep 18th



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TT6-4 The Mediterranean 20/09/2002

Ulla

More and higher mountains were in view as I approached Madrid. The M40 ring road was quite easy and I went past a big expanse of tin huts with lots of people living under dreadful conditions - quite as bad as I saw in South Africa. Clearing the built up areas I headed South on mainly excellent roads to Puerto Lappice and past Valdapenas, a name you will have seen on wine bottles, more specifically I passed the Albali winery that makes good inexpensive wine that many restaurants choose as their house wine. The vineyards looked good following the recent rain and the bunches of grapes were getting near to harvest time. I overnighted at a restaurant near Bailen. Light rain was falling next day as I reached Cordoba and I found a parking spot near the station. I had a few hours walking and looking at the mishmash of old architecture. It has the largest and only Mosque with a Cathedral in Europe, a Synagogue and many reminders of an Arabic and Roman past. Another visit I would try the Arab Baths with body oil massage. The muddy river banks had signs of quite bad recent flood damage.

I now used a minor road N331 through more rolling scenery which looked great in late afternoon sunshine. The mown and harvested fields a strong golden colour. I tried a camp site but it was closed - strange but I found a fuente (Water spring) and topped up with good tasting water. I spent the night quietly just behind. Rain in the night was still falling in the morning so I did my domestics, cleaning etc and had a later start. I struggled through narrow streets in Antequera before about 10km from Marbella seeing the Med with sun glinting on the bright blue surface. It had been a fine tour and had felt quite an easy journey with Mercie now having 17,000km on the clock.

My pal Capt Dennis was onboard his boat Paradiddle and we were soon chatting and preparing to hit the night spots of Marbella.....

Terry - Marbella SPAIN Sep 20th



Terry's Travels

TT6-5 The three likely lads... 26/09/2002

Ulla

I got the navigation right and came out of the hills to the Med at Marbella Marina and was quickly onboard my pal Capt Dennis's yacht Paradiddle. It was great to see him again - and even better to meet his visiting neighbour Angie and her mum. Angie is best described as a page 3 girl plus 10 years.

She is VERY voluptuous (thank you doctor). It was so funny to hear Dennis talking to her about blocked toilets when she was dressed just in a G string!

Dennis cooked roast chicken very well and then we were into Marbella finding funny drunks to laugh with. Next day time slipped by sitting onboard in the hot sun and fiddling with his batteries and rusting chargers that looked to have come from Graham Bell's museum. A new battery helped but I couldn't believe it when I saw Dennis's ideas on mending fuses using an old bread knife and a pipe wrench with Roman numerals on it.

Our other pal Dave was coming into Malaga so I drove Mercie, picked him up and then we all went to Fuengirola for some night life. Dinner was around 11pm and then into the Dutch bar for some good music. The pair of musicians were getting a noisy bunch from Birmingham dancing. They must have looked better after a couple of J & B's because I was up dancing. Dave (poor bugger still works) left early to get his head down but Capt Dennis and I were there until throwing out time at 3am. YES - we could still be likely lads even with our more mature years.....

Marbella is a great place with a beautifully scented (Mimosa) central square where we spoiled ourselves with dinner. A sea bass baked in salt - yummy, of course watching the stylish people and model like females in their summery dresses looking like stars - perhaps they were. Spain at its best. The Dennis took us to Ruby's restaurant that is owned by friendly lesbians Stella and Alice, again we were meeting people interesting to have a drink with. I can remember visiting a Harley bar and several others and sleeping well.

Puerto Banus is the marina for the parading of opulence and wealth and during lunch we saw the many Mercs, Porches, Ferraris, Jags and Astons - even a Maserati of the big spenders before we looked at the massive boats of the even bigger spenders.

We met a guy called Gordon on our campsite who has ridden a 250 Honda on the Silk Road trip - since we swapped EMail addresses you should expect more future details..... What with talking, laughing, barbies and bottles time just flew and suddenly it's Dave's last night. He must have "supped some stuff" because back at Ruby's he is chatting up Stella - as very much a hetero he must have been trying to convert her - it didn't work

Terry - Marvellous Marbella SPAIN but back in the UK for 8 days tomorrow.



Terry's Travels

TT6-6 The three likely lads - The Sequel... 23/10/2002

Hola

The mention of the page 3 G string only woman has produced more response Emails than usual - I hope we meet up with "Angel" (a misnomer to be sure) again so we can wind Capt Dennis of "F" pontoon up again.

There was another amazing co-incidence in the short time I was back in England. Dave lived three doors from me whilst we were teenagers. He had a signalling system with his bedroom curtains for when the coast was clear for Julie (not the real name!) to visit. Well, unbelievably I met Julie and talked about past times - it's a small world.

The first thing I was met with as I arrived back in Mojacar ,where I spend most time in Spain was "do you know about the funeral?". Another Dave (a.k.a. Twentybellies) had fatally crashed into a rock face in his van after an afternoons drinking. I knew him but not well - what a waste. It's scary and perhaps the main reason that I couldn't live here all the time, but then, perhaps I couldn't live anywhere all the time anymore.....

My neighbour on the next site has an interesting life - his pal drives a Subaru in the world rally championships, so he gets passes. His wife shoots for England and I have an invite to visit them on Bodmin moor Cornwall - all I did was to lend him my bikes - he was a mechanic for a speedway rider!

I'm well into reading "A Parrot in the Pepper Tree" a sequel to "Driving Over Lemons" a pleasant read of life in the Alpujarra mountains just a little south and inland from here. When I start reading I know that I have left behind all the stuff in England.....

The whole of the Spanish coast is a massive building site, but nowhere more than just East of Puerto Rey - this is where the nude beach is. It's very odd to see nude jogging...

From a lucky Terry (now with a bright red bum after time on the nude beach!)
Los Gallardos, SPAIN.



Terry's Travels

TT6-7 A Cautionary Tale 04/11/2002

Hola everyone

As you know I use internet cafes all the time on my travels - I have just had an unpleasant happening with one!

I used a coin operated one, 1 Euro for 20 minutes, the problem was on my final short message - the money ran out without any warning. I did not have another coin and so walked away thinking I would rewrite the last unsent message on my next session. Someone must have put a coin into the computer I used and entered that last message. They changed it and added obscene remarks, the message went to my pal in the States! Be warned

The family had a week with me in glorious weather and my grandsons now insist on having motorbike rides, it was all lovely.

I have just been to the final motorcycle Grand Prix of the year in Valencia. I got a campsite in Cheste near friends and the little Kawasaki was ideal to get to the circuit. The campsite was walking distance of the town so I got to see all the crazies doing stunts. One pair of idiots went backwards whilst wheeling two up!! - OUCH.

Now its back to the UK for a few days - at last the roof is going on the house. My next message will be from the round the world trip.

Terry - Cullera S SPAIN