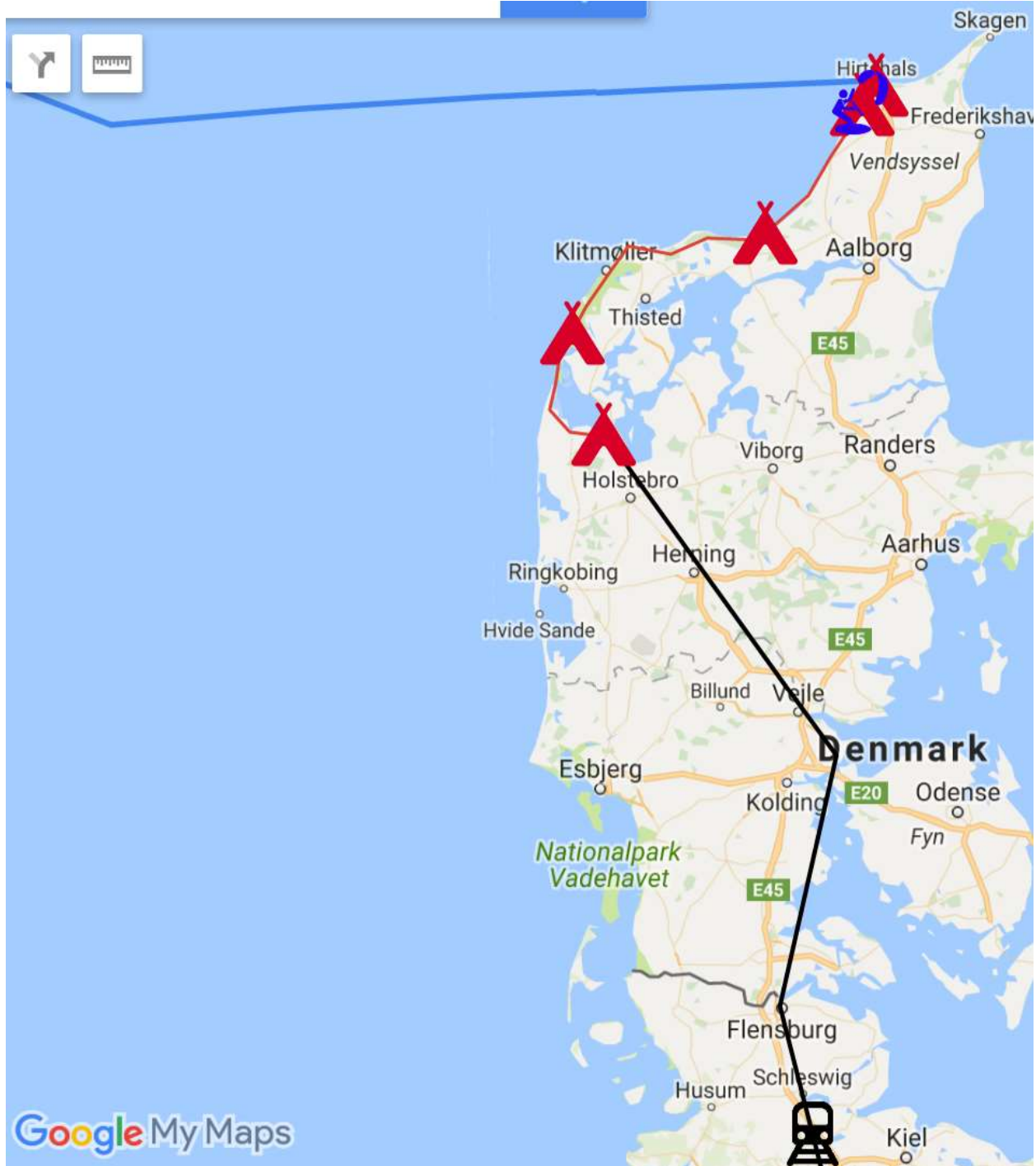


Season 1 – Part 2. Through Denmark to the Faroes.



Tu 21.7.2015, day 9. Real start of biking adventure.

We got up very early, thanks to Siria's fear of being caught doing something "illegal", i.e. camping on the beach. We had a very wet and miserable ride to Lemvig, where we huddled into a diner for some very expensive but utterly horrible coffee and cake. But at least it was dry. The weather improved

significantly and a very nice ride towards the coast to Thyboron followed. We took the ferry across the straight to the national park Thy and found a very nice spot just in between a chemical factory and a wind farm to cook some spaghetti. We had fantastic bike paths and tail wind most of the day and ended up camping on a "Primitiv Lagerplatz". A very beautiful spot, but infested with mosquitoes!













We 22.7.2015, day 10. Thy – Klitmøller – Hanstholm –













Th 23.7.2015, day 11. Beach ride.

What a fantastic day! After a warm up ride in the morning, we found a very nice bakery with good internet close to Blockhus. 2 coffees and 2 cakes later we rode into Blockhus for some shopping. Then – quite unexpectedly- the highlight of the tour so far. Northward of Blockhus the beach is basically a road, open to cars, pedestrians, bicyclists, everyone. The wind was blowing streaks of sand across the beach and us up northwards. Biking on the beach. Fantastic!















It ended up being quite a long day. We finally stopped in a cul de sac close to the beach and again camped in the dunes. We went for a walk up the beach and had a very very refreshing wash in the river after 5 days without a shower.



Fr 24.7.2015, day 12. A day on the beach.

We slept late and spent all morning doing nothing much except lying on the beach. In the afternoon the wind eased somewhat and I summoned the courage to rig up the kite stuff and have a go. Just slightly too little wind (again!) to pick up enough speed to go through the waves. With the wind exactly parallel to the coast the conditions were not really with a bit of a risk of being blown out to sea. I was stupid enough to go out with my sunglasses on (what was I thinking??) and of course they got knocked off by the first wave. Bye bye sunglasses! In the evening we decided to ride into Hirtshals and stay on a camping. The weather forecast for the next day was not good and also a camping would give us the chance to wash clothes, dishes and also ourselves before boarding the boat.



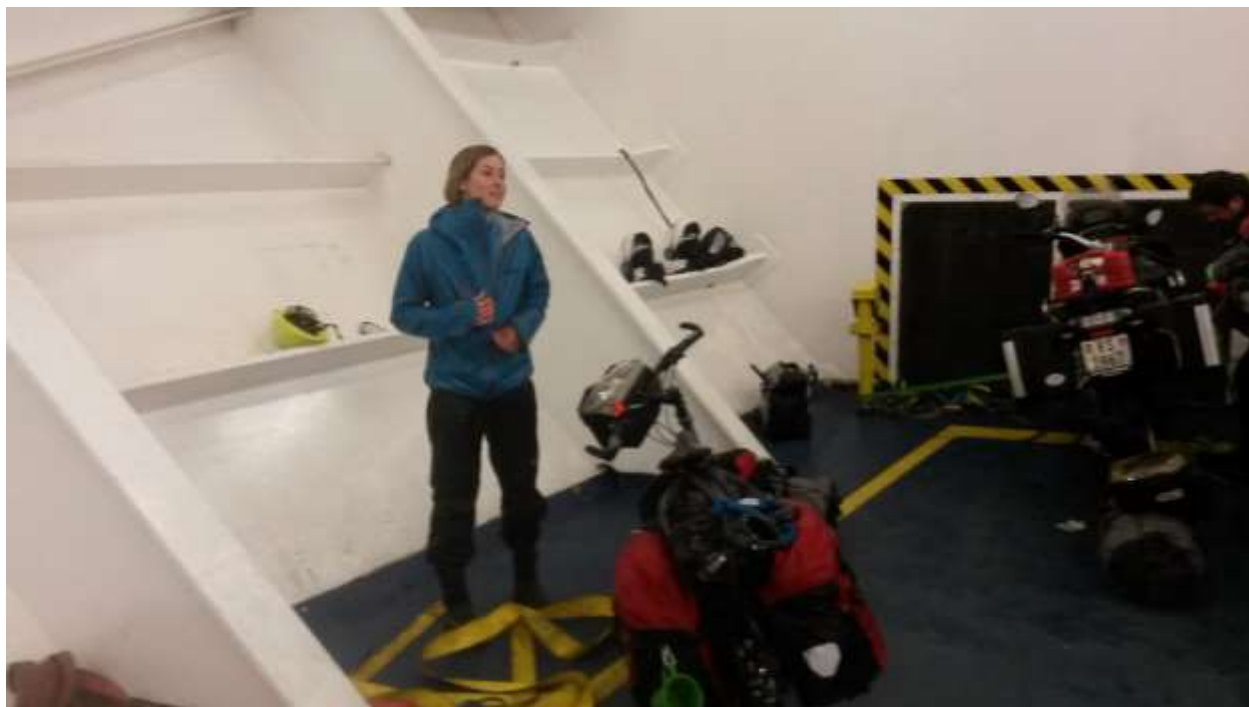
It was a great feeling to finally arrive at the Hirtshals town sign. A first leg of our journey is over!

In the evening after washing clothes and pegging the tent we went into Hirtshals for a nice dinner of Burger for me and Fish for Siria to celebrate.

Sa 25.7.2015, day 13. Hirtshals and onto the Ferry.

It started raining early in the morning. We packed up everything inside the tent, wrapped up the tent in the pouring rain and packed it away soaking wet, rode into Hirtshals for some last shopping in Aldi before going to the ferry terminal. It was a very very wet and windy boarding! The couchettes in the ship are tiny with virtually no space for storing luggage. Luckily we were the first and used up most of the space. The ship sailed out into the stormy sea with us nicely tucked away beneath heat lamps, with a nice beer and some Aldi bread, ham and cheese sandwiches.

We went for a 2h evening nap and got up just in time to see a fantastic sunset. We then went back to bed to sleep for a further 12h. Looks like we needed the sleep!











Su 26.7.2015, day 14. Lazy day on the ferry.

We spent a lazy day on the boat in very calm sunny conditions. Sailed past Shetland and Foula islands with Fair island just in view to the south. Had the salmon, potatoe and veg meal of the day and spent the afternoon writing up this diary.

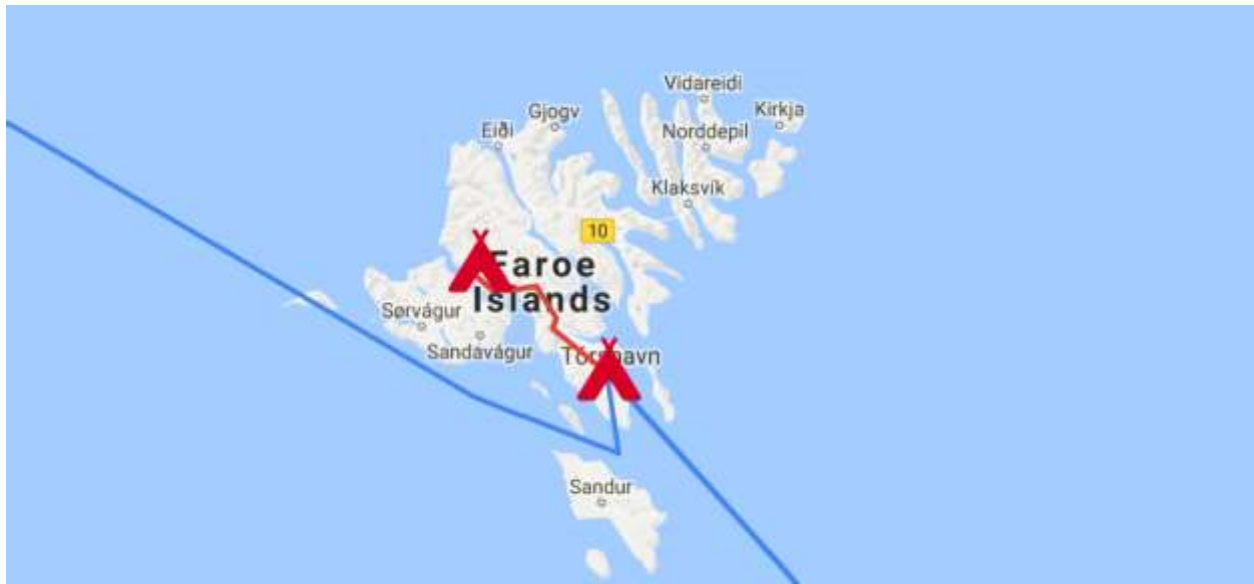
Arrived in Torshavn in the evening with wonderful views of the typical Scandinavian houses on the way into the harbor. Packed up the bikes on the boat and pedaled out straight to the camping.







Mo 27.7.2015, day 15. Bike trip to Vestmanna.



The Faroe Islands are beautiful! We packed up our bikes and rode round Thorshavn to take route 10 up over the mountains northwards. As we climbed the landscape slowly opened up revealing green mountains and black sheer cliffs down into the Fjords. Cycling is certainly tough on the Faroes with strong wind, usually in the wrong direction, frequent drizzle and of course lots and lots of hills and mountains. Had a very nasty snack of sausage, something similar to a pizza, chocolate and a coffee before finally making it to Vestmanna with Siria utterly exhausted. The camping had a tiny lawn tucked away in one corner, big enough for maybe 10 tents. Beside it was a huge parking lot for RVs and caravans. Cooked spaghetti (again!) but Siria wasn't doing too well. Not sure if it was the exertion or the sausage, but she ended up going straight to bed. I went for a little ride through the village...

















Tu 28.7.2015 day 16. Back to Thorshavn and Faroe National Day!

We hung round 'till 14:30, waiting for the bus for Thorshavn, put Siria and her bike on the bus and I rode back to Thorshavn. Biggest excitement was going through the tunnel. Not at all a pleasant experience, quite scary actually.

Back in Thorshaven we went down town. It was packed with people celebrating the national day. Almost all ladies were dressed in traditional Faroe dress and many men as well. We listened to some street music, strolled through the streets watching all the goings on. Funny how Thorshaven actually feels like quite a big and cosmopolitan city in spite of having only 20'000 inhabitants and in spite of being on a tiny island, so remotely located out in the northern Atlantic somewhere. However we did notice that one seems to bump into the same people over and over again...



We 29.7.2015 day 17. Back onto the Ferry.

We packed up, rode down to the harbor and had a small and last walk round Thorshaven. There was far less going on today on the actual National Day compared to the "warm-up" the day before. Had a pancake, beer and fish soup, then went back to the ferry waiting line and finally boarded the boat. It was full of motorbikes, a group of about 10 were from the Wallis in Switzerland and all sorts of huge 4x4 expedition vehicles. Also there were about a dozen bicycles. We'll probably be seeing the bicyclists again and again in Iceland...









