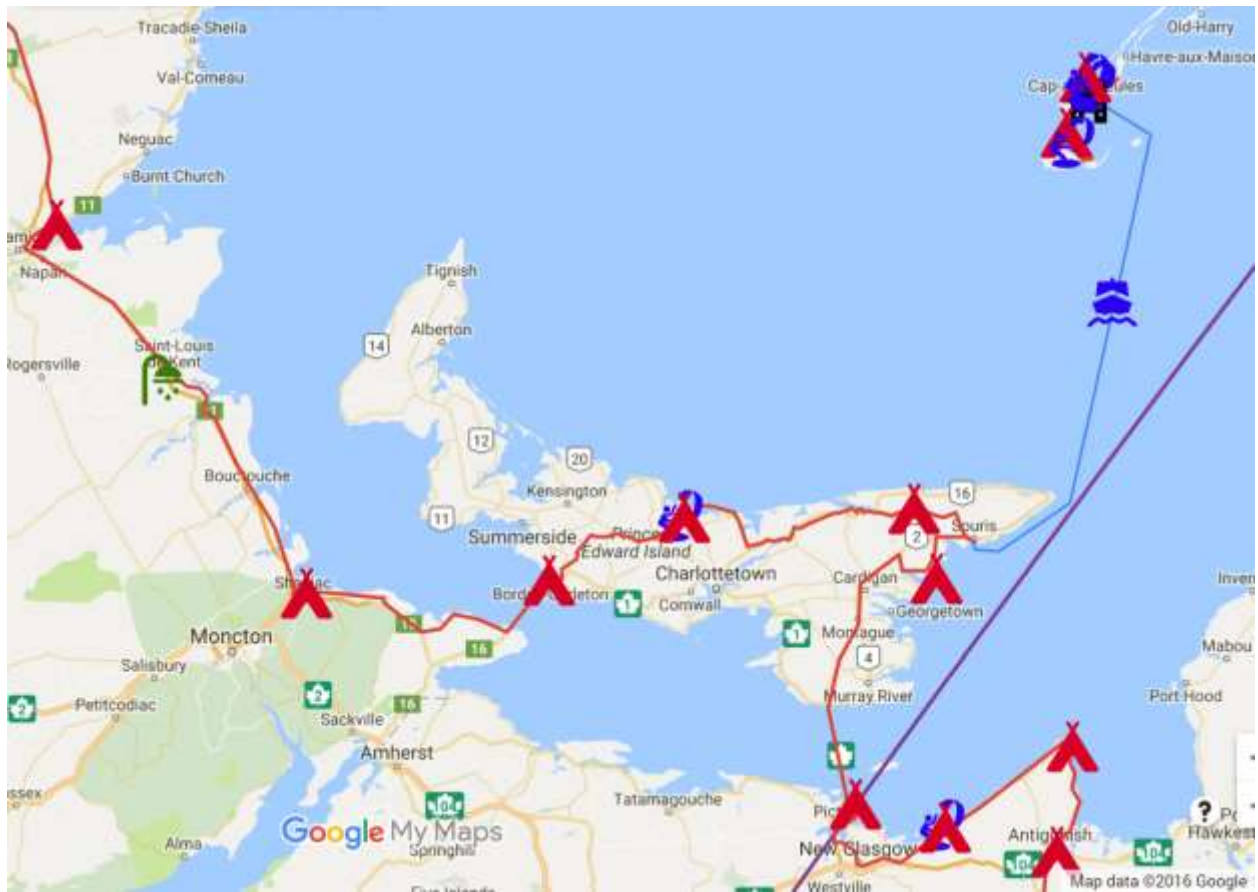


Season 2 – Part 2. P. E. I and Les Isles de la Madeleine.



Su 6.9.2105, day 56. Ferry to P.E.I.

We got up very early, 6:30, and got to the beach just in time to see the sun rise and walked round the peninsula. Then we packed up and biked the short distance to the P.E.I. ferry. We now had all but decided to go to the Isles de la Madeleine, so we would have to bike quite a distance to make Souris and the ferry out by the next day. On the ferry to P.E.I. we got talking to an Ontario couple, who seem to spend all their time on holidays. They just came back from sailing in Newfoundland, where they have a boat. They have another one in the Caribbean and right now were just on their way to Utah, but might spend some days on P.E.I. first. They even said they'll also come over to do some kite surfing on Isle de la Madeleine. What a life! But I wonder if we will see them tomorrow.

Sleeping proved to be a bit of a problem. It was "my" day to decide where to stay. The only possible place I saw was Sally's Beach Provincial Park. The park was very nice indeed, but of course "No Camping!". Still we cooked (or actually over-cooked, I left them on far too long!) some spaghetti, then put up the tent after 8pm in the dark some way up the beach. Siria was very uncomfortable, but she put on a brave face. On the dot at 9pm we saw the park warden arrive and lock up all the service buildings. However, he didn't check the beach and soon drove off again. So we slept to the sound of the breaking waves.









Mo 7.9.2015, day 57. Ferry to Isles de la Madeleine.

Again we got up very early and again in perfect time to watch the sun rise. Just as we were packing up a man came walking down the board walk towards us. Siria feared the worst, however he just beamed at us and said that we seem to have booked the best room in town and isn't it a wonderful sunset!

We then set off towards Souris. For me it was really hard going, I was really really hungry and the last of Fred's cucumbers that we had for breakfast didn't really fill me. In Souris we found a wonderful warm shower at the beach, bought breakfast (Müsli of course!) and spent some time in Tim Horton's for internet. Then we got on the ferry. It seems the Ontario couple didn't come after all.

The crossing was spent on deck in delicious sunshine. Funny how you somehow feel the cultural difference when arriving in Quebec. The Boulangeries, Epiceries and Cafés somehow definitely feel different. And people we talk to don't even try to speak English. It's French or nothing at all.

We spent the night in a nice little hotel, just off the dock and watched the B-splatter movie Grizzly Park while downing a six pack. The hotel room was big enough to pitch the tent. So we did just that, to get everything aired and dried.













Tu 8.9.2015, day 58. Kite and bike on Les Isles de la Madeleine

Got off to quite a slow start as it took a while to pack everything away again that was taken out the previous day to air. Had some delicious croissants and pains au chocolate for breakers and then spent most of the rest of the morning in the laundromat for a big washing session.

Then we headed off south down the islands. They are actually quite a lot bigger than I thought, maybe 50 km end to end and also have quite a bit of hills. But most of the islands are just sandy beaches and lagoons.

We got to the kite shop and found they had closed for the season. So much for that! We biked to one end of the island, cooked a huge amount of spaghetti. There were two guys kiting on the sea, but with quite big 14m kites and surf boards. Still I was hopeful that I might manage to get some kiting in. Even if it was just to fly the kite for some photos. So we went back to the Aerosport Kite spot, where we thought would be a good place to camp. As the wind was off-shore in the lagoon the only option was to kite out at sea, so this is what I did. After some problems with the waves, I got some fantastic runs in. But kiting in the waves is certainly a whole different story than on a calm lake or lagoon, but much much more fun!! Crawled off to bed before 10pm and fell straight asleep (but of course only after finishing off almost a whole pack of cookies).







We 9.9.2015, day 59. Coffee, coffee and more coffee and then some kiting at the limit...

Got up quite early made a huge pot of Müsli down at some tables by the beach and cycled back up to Cap-Aux-Meules. Weather was cool and drizzly, so we first went and sat in Tim Hortons for coffee and Timbits, then went straight to the next café for some more coffee and a pain au chocolate. Thank God we are doing enough exercise!

We then headed off to Fatima to find a kite spot. After a bit of a wrong turning and getting stuck in a soft sandy road we finally found the spot. The wind was really very strong. Much too strong for a 12m² kite. After much fussing and pondering and worrying I finally packed out everything and gave it a go. It was fantastic, but very much at the limit of what is safe and controllable. I had to completely depower the kite and even completely let go of the bar and even then it was hardly controllable. But got one more day of kiting in!

The plan was to camp in the dunes. The question was how to get there, as we knew the road along the beach was deep soft sand. There was a boardwalk and we tried this to see if it would lead to the dunes. After a while we had to give up as progress was just too slow. So we went back and all the way round to the sandy road along the beach and for most of the part had to push the bikes through soft sand. An excellent workout! Siria found a wonderful camping spot just under a high dune close by the sea where it was almost wind still. We cooked a nice pot of spaghetti and crawled off to bed. During the night the wind turned and we were no longer in the wind shadow of the dune. The tent started flapping around in the wind making an awful noise. We both didn't sleep much that night.









Th 10.9.2015, day 60. Siria's first kite run!

Got up slowly slowly, pushed our bikes back through the deep sand and onto the main road, biked through Fatima without finding anything at all open, so decided to go back to Cap-Aux-Meules. There we got some croissants, a baguette, yoghurt and a coffee from Tim Hortons and sat down on a bench overlooking the cliffs and the sea for one feast of a breakfast. As weather forecast was bad for the night we decided to lash out and spend the night in the hotel Pas Perdus. We left most of our bags in the hotel room and headed off to find a kite spot. The spot we had chosen didn't look like much. It was on the lagoon just beside the road close to an oyster farm. But the wind seemed just about right. It turned out to be a divine kiting day. Absolutely perfect conditions with no waves and just the right amount of wind. After I had a first session we got Siria hitched up. I was a bit nervous as I was not sure if the wind was not a bit too strong. Siria was quite nervous as well. However after a bit of playing around with the kite she tried with the board and quite soon managed to get on the board just a little bit. After some more tries off she went, elegantly gliding over the water. It was absolutely great to see, and she was really proud of herself. What a great occasion, another first!

After a long and close to perfect kite session we crossed the street and cooked pasta salad on the beach. Then we headed back to Cap-Aux-Meules, bought a 6-pack and various cookies and slouched into bed to watch a movie (Feuchtgebiete. I really can't understand what the hype about this film is all about. For me it is very mediocre. A cheap attempt to attract attention by explicit language and taboo topics.)















Fr 11.9.2015, day 61. Ferry back to P.E.I. and a very wet night.

After a huge breakfast of croissants, baguette and pain au chocolate, we spent most of the remaining trip back to P.E.I. sleeping on the ferry. Apparently I was even snoring loudly. After the arrival in Souris we went shopping and then down to the lobster shack for some delicious lobster rolls. After that we got on the bike trails that go all the way through P.E.I. following abandoned rail way tracks. These rail-trails are really excellent. Almost perfectly flat, excellently maintained and very scenic. Weather was not so bad with a bit of rain and tail winds. However lots of rain was forecast for the night. So we stopped at one of the many covered pick-nick tables on the trail, eat a delicious barley, pea and lentil soup while doing our best not be eaten ourselves by the swarms of mosquitoes. We then carried the pick-nick table out from under the roof and pitched our tent in there instead. This was certainly a good move as indeed, during the night it started pouring with rain. This way the tent and all our stuff stayed more or less dry.





Sa 12.9.2015, day 62. Too much coffee and cakes!

The weather stayed unpleasant. Gray, drizzly and wind from the wrong direction. We got up quite early and headed off without a proper breakfast, however we downed almost a whole pack of cookies while breaking camp. We arrived in Morrel and made a Müsli under a pagoda just beside the bank. I had a coffee from a near by "Wicked Fries" place and then another one in the tourist information once it opened at 10. We stayed there for quite a while surfing the internet, hoping the weather would improve. It didn't really, nevertheless we biked on eventually, but only to the next information center, that had an excellent bakery. So I had another coffee and some more cookies and also there we hung round for a while looking out at wafts of drizzly nastiness being blown along by a nasty wind.

Finally we also managed to leave this honey trap and made our way on up towards the P.E.I. national park on the north coast. Progress was really slow as the wind was against us and also I was feeling very weak after my blood sugar level dropped sharply after all that sweet stuff. The beach up north was wonderful, but the camping we were hoping to stay at, turned out to be very much closed for the season, as was everything else. So we pushed on. Finally we arrived at a very nice camping at Bayside, unfortunately away from the beach. The adjacent bay was a perfect kite spot, so we cooked spaghetti as quickly as possible and then I went over to rig up my kite stuff. Unfortunately the wind had dropped so much, that kiting was no longer really possible. Why did we waste so much time on all those coffees and cookies?!?









Su 13.9.2015, day 63. Rail trail to the confederation bridge.

After breakfast and nice skype session with Sara and Fabienne and then with the whole Grippo Clan we headed off, taking a bee's line towards Borden-Carleton and the Confederation Bridge. We stopped for sandwich and really really nasty pies and reached Borden-Carleton early in the evening. We checked out the place. It was absolutely dead with everything closed. However there are very nice grassy parks close to the bridge. We decided to rough it in one of the parks. We had some wonderful pasta with carrots under a most incredibly red sky. Then settled down in Tim Hortens for coffee and donuts following Roger Federer, who unfortunately lost the final of the US Open to Djoko. The camping spot was excellent, behind some bushes, but quite noisy with the trucks and also some flags fluttering in the wind.







