

2011 - SCOTLAND

23 May 2011

A Day We Won't Forget

This last day in Scotland would rate as the most "memorable" of all our traveling days

STORMY GLASGOW

The day should have gone like this: we left at 10am and drove leisurely down to a 5 star caravan park near Glasgow airport so that we had ample time to give the van and our clothes a clean and get packed and ready to hand back our lovely van to its owners and then, board our plane for a memorable trip to Iceland.

But things occasionally do not go to plan!! In fact today was bloody awful.

Obviously we already alluded to the fact that there were problems in Iceland with a volcanic eruption. We can control what we can do and when we can do it, but we cannot control a volcano. Plan B was something we were intending to spend time on in the afternoon. But then, things really turned nasty.

We left at 10am desperately needing to find a caravan park near the airport - one with good internet reception and a washing machine. We located one on the map and found a write-up in the camping book. Great - but when we eventually got there (no specific address) it only catered for tents - no power. They were helpful and gave us the details of another site just "one hour away" so we drove in the direction of the coast. The weather got progressively worse. We drove through surf spray and around fallen trees. When we arrived it turned out to be a holiday village with no place for camper vans. The



Lots of fallen trees blocked our path many times



Windscreen wiper time



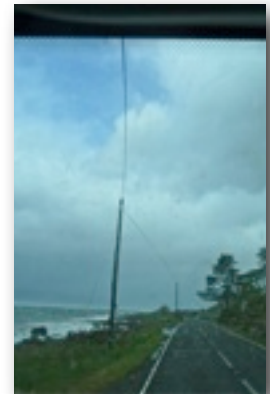
Which way?



We are going to write a missive to the caravan and camping organisations and tell them to include bloody addresses in their books and internet sites!!!!



Holy moly!! A very salty path ahead



Check out the bend in the wires

receptionist kindly gave Heather the name of yet another caravan park, again “nearby”. We drove there only to find that it was disgusting and had no laundry facilities. After much swearing, and research on the internet, we decided to head back in the direction from which we had come. All that way just to wash a few clothes!

And so back we traveled - or tried to travel. We were stopped by a fallen tree on one road, and, despite many wet hands of passing motorists we were not able to move it off the road. Rats! So we had to retrace our path once again and try the sea route once more. The fight against raging seas was horrendous. No joke, it was scary with the very high wind blowing sea water everywhere. When we eventually got inland we noticed water falls flowing off the mountain side only to be blown back up the mountain. Unbelievable.

As we got closer to our destination we heard on the radio that all the high bridges were closed to all tall vehicles like motorhomes - the wind was clocked at 160kmph. Thankfully the Nowak's were snug in their van - buffeted but moving on. Then, as usual today, things changed. The bridge closures caused a huge traffic jam all around the city. At this stage we had been on the road for around 6 hours and had still not found a caravan park. **Shit!!**

We eventually arrived at another suggested location but still no caravan park!! Bugga. More researching on the internet. More reading of camping books. More cursing and stressing. More buffeting by the wind. We finally stopped at a petrol station to ask directions, and, yes there was a caravan park “somewhere” further on. We drove in the general direction and finally, after almost 7 hours on the road, we finally found a 5 star park that did accept camper vans, did have a washing machine AND the showers were hot. This was heaven. The manager was fantastic. He even gave us his iron to use.

I have not yet mentioned, that just before we left this morning we noticed that our internal lights and pump were not working. When we arrived at our final destination and started to clean up, this became a problem. After a few hours and numerous emails to the wonderful owner of the van, we were back in action. Then to top everything off we got the email we dreaded. Our flight to Iceland was cancelled.

And, to top everything off I got our credit card blocked because I forgot the password. Now we can't buy anything till we ring the bank. How many more things can go wrong in a day?

We decided not to wait for a future flight to Iceland but bring forward our trip to Ireland. Heather researched going on a husky expedition and I was keen to go to Malta. Unfortunately at such late notice no flights or husky dogs were available. It's a shame we are not golfers or whisky drinkers.





Waterfalls that flow up the hill



A very daring drive

