

MEDITERRANEAN

SIGGY AND HEATHER | TRIP AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN | SUNDAY, 5 MAY 2013

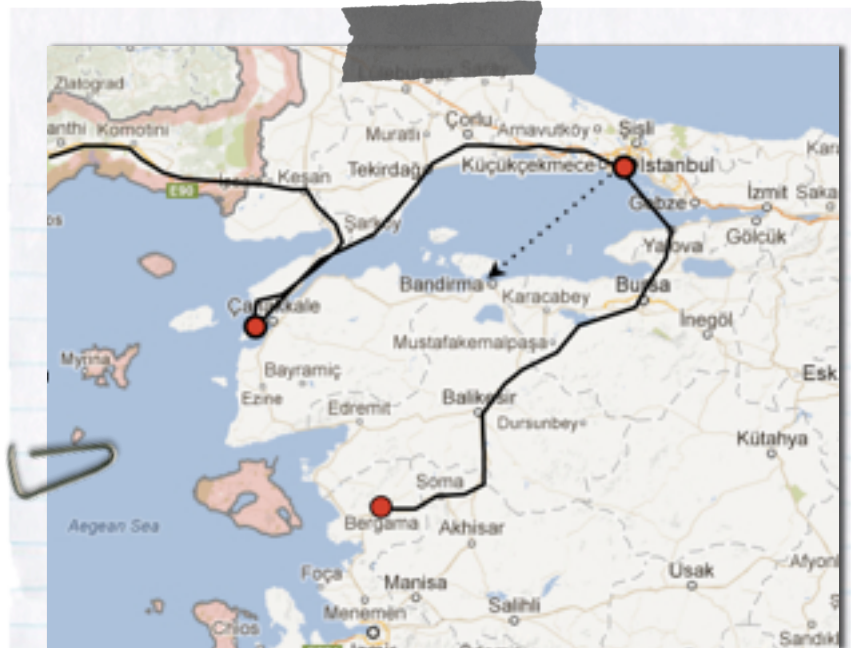
Moving On

After a dreadfully raucous night (full on Saturday night drunken revelry on the waterfront), we were again woken at 5 am by the incredibly loud wailing from the mosques. We did need to get up and prepare to board our ferry at 7 am. It was to take us to the other side of the Marmara Sea (it flows out into the Aegean). We choose that route to save us a lot of driving and to avoid having to drive through Istanbul again. Once was enough.

However, as we have found out, things don't always go to plan. We lined up early enough. It was only a short distance down our street to the ferry terminal. However after lots of confused gesticulating, and help from a fellow Turkish passenger who took it upon herself to explain to us what the staff were saying, we learned that our ferry had been cancelled. The ire of local travelers matched our unhappiness. Because we were not prepared to stay in Istanbul another day the only real option we then had was to wait 2 hours and take a much shorter trip. This left us to do a lot more driving.

So, instead of a few hours drive and a Turkish acropolis to view, we drove for about six hours. It really was rather boring. The big highlight every 2 or 3 kms was to check the price of fuel at the ubiquitous petrol stations. Seriously, there is an over supply of them. Apart from them we saw untidy (read dirty a lot of the time) towns and rubbish everywhere. The speed of the vehicles passing us was, at times, quite scary.

When we arrived we could not find the caravan park we were aiming for, so just decided to head on to the next likely spot. By accident we came upon a place. It made our day. It looked as if it was originally an olive orchard. It was behind a restaurant with grassy sites - quite a haven. We also found the dutch couple we met in Gallipoli. A good gossip tonight. We managed to clean everything up and make ourselves feel whole again, ready for a look at some ancient ruins tomorrow.



Fuel Service Stations

There must be over a dozen fuel companies in Turkey. We have had trouble finding large Turkish supermarkets but never a service station. They are all very modern and many have attached restaurants, car washing facilities and "shopping markets". The Turks obviously love their cars and travel widely.

Every service station has at least one national flag flying plus the company flag. A large number have up to a dozen flags flying high. The signage is very large too.

The price of petrol, unlike food, is quite high - over A\$2 per litre.

Being so expensive could explain why the security at a service station is high. The first time I drove in to refill I was confronted by an attendant who took my keys, typed in his security code to unlock the bowser and then proceeded to fill my tank (and wash my window). When finished he printed out a docket which I gave to the cashier. How long will this practice last I thought. It might explain the high cost of fuel - double labour costs.



SWEET TOOTH Finding fruit cordial in Greece or Turkey has been impossible - until today!!! We even bought 2 bottles. When I opened it in the van it certainly looked and poured like cordial but when mixed with water balsamic vinegar tastes bloody awful. Yuk.



BEN HUR WHEELS You remember them? The spikes sticking out of the chariot wheels designed to cut. Well they are the "in thing" in Istanbul - buses big and small wear them. It means "keep away" from me - this even applies to pedestrians!! Ouch.