

MEDITERRANEAN

SIGGY AND HEATHER | TRIP AROUND THE MEDITERRANEAN | FRIDAY, 31 MAY 2013

Corsica

Today, our last morning on Sardinian soil, was spent casually ambling along the north western corner of this island. We were keen to catch the ferry to Corsica that was leaving at 3 pm and we did not want a hurried trip. We had not pre booked however, and therefore could not afford to dawdle too much.

The road from Alghero to the port of Santa Teresa di Gallura was, in some parts, visually appealing, while in others, it was nondescript. After an hour of uninspiring driving we rounded a corner and waallllaaa, there was a great scene, Castelsardo, sitting high on a rocky outcrop. Below the hilltop fortification the town itself was hemmed in by the heavy battering sea. It looked great and genuinely surprised us. Why did this place not rate in our guide books? Unlike the Lonely Planet writer we were determined not to miss it, but trying to find a park was impossible. Sadly, the delights of Castelsardo will have to be experienced by others with bambino cars and more time up their sleeves.

We reached Santa Teresa with lots of time to spare and acquired the ferry tickets for 3 o'clock. Heather got a map of Corsica and we stocked up on food. We even got to mooch around an Italian "Bunnings". Very interesting.



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Jobs to do

When people ask us if we are on a holiday we usually tell them that we are doing a "road trip" around parts of the Mediterranean. Our trip could not really be called a holiday. Living life "on the road" is not always as care free as we would make out. It is, on the whole, fantastically great fun most of the time but there are times that we could do without. We each have jobs to do and need to work out a daily travel plan beforehand based

on research either from travel guides or what other travelers have told us.

As the driver I am responsible for "all things vehicle" while Heather spends her time on navigation. She also acts as backing camera since our unit fell off.

We take turns in cooking and cleaning and back each other up ticking off our list of things to do prior to our daily departure.



WATCH TOWERS We have seen many of these dotting the landscape. Some are derelict and some beautifully restored. They were built by the Genoese who obviously liked to "watch" things from a height.



BREAD Chefs wax lyrical about Italian food but would someone please show Italians how to make decent bread! Most loaves have a hard crust with practically nothing inside. After a day they simply turn to rock - useless for toast.



HOLIDAY UNITS? We spied these space age unit designs from the ferry as we were leaving Sardinia. The angles of the walls are as crazy as they look in the photo. Nevertheless it was very interesting.

We long for some better French bread in Corsica!!

With two hours to spare we headed out of town to Capo Testa. It was one of those “white roads” and got a bit narrow for our liking. We stopped in a great spot with pounding ocean on either side of us and had lunch. A nearby walking path led us up the incline and gave us a great view of the sea beyond. Local plants of red, yellow and pink dotted the hillside.

The 50 minute trip across the strait to Corsica was actually quite enjoyable. The ferry was lurching in the heavy seas but we took pleasure in the passing parade.

The southern cliffs of Corsica are quite spectacular. They appear to be sandstone and are almost vertical.

The light houses came into focus first. Then the citadel of Bonifacio, and the associated town that perches precariously on top of the eroding cliffs, became visible. We have to wonder how much longer some of these buildings will remain standing.

A harbour finally opened up to us and we gawked at the cliffs as we passed through. For once our ferry trip has also doubled as a sight seeing tour!

Once on the dock, we had to ascend a road that had to be at least a 20 percent gradient. We tried to park to take in the views. This, once again, proved impossible so we

decided to head for our caravan park and ride into town later.

By the time that we had viewed the road that we would have to ride down (and back up!!!) we decided to wait till tomorrow.

We are now safely ensconced on French soil. Heather said she thought that the only thing that would be different (compared to Sardinia) was the language and better bread.

Gauging by the road in I think all the roads will be even narrower!





PHOTOS

