

Rhine Trip – August 2010

Our proposed Scandinavian trip with the Harley boys had to be postponed until next May as Peter was unable to ride his bike in Norway until he was 18. It was quite ironic as we were so prepared. Over the past few months we had been sorting out our camping gear, even spending a few nights trying out the new tent and mattresses in the garden. The day after we heard about the delayed Scandinavian trip Rick spotted a motorhome on Ebay that matched our spec, this is after a about year of looking and almost giving up. That gave us a week to sort everything out. Our first outing before our trip was a four mile journey to a campsite behind the Crossbush pub. It was great fun and the next morning whilst having breakfast we had our first visitors my brother Don, his wife Helen and their 8 week puppy, Poppy. We swapped stories as Don and Helen are seasoned motorhome travellers.

Wednesday 18 August 2010



All ready to set off as soon as I finished my day at the Cab. The ferry from Harwich to Hook of Holland had been booked using our Tesco vouchers for the proposed Harley trip but we had to pay extra to change from car to motorhome. It cost £436 to include an outside cabin each way and a 3 course meal on the return journey. We got to Harwich with 3 hours to spare thinking we could have a leisurely supper but before we knew we were on the boat. It was only 3 months old and all modern and sparkly. After a drink in the bar we were off to our cabin which was much bigger than other cross channel ferries ones we have experienced before.

Thursday 19 August – Sunny intervals with a couple of light showers

First impressions were that there were loads and loads of glasshouses and water everywhere. Then we passed an industrial area full of warehouses and building connected to horticulture. Onto the many laned motorway where we crawled sometimes as little as 5 miles an hour for what seemed liked hours. For a while we followed a blond girl in a small, white Fiat in front of us. She had to be local as she knew the lights and continuously brushed her hair, put on perfume, lipstick and filed her nails. Sometimes when the lights changed she carried on

filing her nails and drove off without holding the steering wheel, it was amazing a real girlie girl in a very girlie car. We stopped halfway to have breakfast in the garage car park. Then the Sat Nav gave Rick a bit of grief as it sent us through a proper little Dutch village where there was only room for one car and lots of dead ends. He was completely stressed out especially when there were signs that seemed to indicate that you could only use these roads during certain times.

We at last arrived at the campsite Utidam right by an amazing lake that used to be the sea. As we turned into the reception area Rick, who was still stressed out by the journey, hit a low brick wall at the entrance. "Oh f*** f*** f***", we could hardly bring ourselves to get out and look at the damage to our lovely new motorhome. It wasn't as bad as it sounded, the bottom of the door and part of the trim was scraped. We both agreed we needed a bit of time to chill out with an early lunch and a glass of red wine.

Once refreshed we set off on our bikes for the village of Marken (about 20 km's north of Amsterdam) that until 1957 was an island and is now connected to the mainland by a dike. Marken is a well known tourist spot with quaint coloured wooden houses that used to be on poles. We then cycled out to a lighthouse "Het Paard van Marken" (Horse of Marken) due to its shape. The lighthouse is still used but you can't visit it as there are people living there. There were lots of horses drinking out the lake and many sea birds. It was a long windy, journey back, you had to be careful of puffing too much as the flies got into your mouth. We were completely exhausted and lazed about for the rest of the day, we must have cycled at least 10 miles. Fiddled with the television but couldn't get anything to work, got a picture but no sound. Gave up and went to bed.



Friday 20 August – hot 27 degrees

Had a slow start before we set off for Vinkel. It was a different motorway to yesterday but still very busy. We just didn't think Holland would have so much traffic. Filled up with diesel, it wasn't quite empty but it took 104 euros of fuel. The Libema campsite (28 euros) wasn't really us as it was geared towards families and it seemed that every family in Holland was on holiday. We couldn't remember why we chose it but it was a lovely, hot day and maybe we

should just try to chill out. Another boozy lunch and time for a swim as this site has both an indoor and outdoor pool. Trouble is the outside one was freezing cold and full of kids and the indoor one even worse. Time for a bike ride into a local town of Berlicum which was 5.9 km away. It was a very pleasant bike ride through the woods and along a level cycle path. Today we have seen baby deer (fawns), Shetland ponies, an ostrich and numerous sea birds. I could sum Holland up by saying it's green, neat and clean with lots and lots of water. Once you get off the dreadful, busy motorway it is very green and rural. Most of the houses and farm buildings appear to be new with neat gardens and vegetable patches alongside. Bikes are everywhere and what a pleasure it is to be able to ride along the many cycle paths away from the traffic. Rick cooked us a great chicken stir-fry but unfortunately somehow he managed to dent the work surface. We can't believe how fragile the fittings are as everything he touches breaks or dents. There don't seem to be any English people about and hardly any signs or information have an English translation.

Saturday 21 August – started cloudy but got very hot



We cycled into Vinkel but it was a little disappointing. Not a soul about and nothing open, perhaps all of Holland really are on holiday. Once again it was new looking houses with neat gardens. Difference here was the smell, we are not sure if it is pigs or cows but it is bad. Before we left we did all the van maintenance, emptying the waste and filling up with water. Then we set off for Cologne or Koln as it is locally known. The motorways weren't so busy and the traffic got a lot lighter as we went into Germany. The fields are green here too, perhaps they haven't had it so hot as at home. Unfortunately, the pig or cow smell followed us for quite some time. The German's are fond of pork so perhaps it's pig after all. Our plan is to follow the Rhine and we are heading for a campsite that is 5.9 kms from the centre of Cologne. Once we arrive are surprised how busy it is. There is a computer game exhibition on and the campsite is full of computer nerds, 99% boys. It's a bit noisy here with road and river traffic but it's homely and has fantastic views of the river.

We cycled along the river into the centre of Koln and passed people picnicking, barbequing and just enjoying the scenery. It's just fantastic being able to cycle without fear of traffic. What a buzzing place, it was great. Went to the tourist office to plan for tomorrow and then stopped at an Irish pub for cider. Back at

the campsite we had steak and salad, very nice. A couple from Scotland have pitched their tent just behind us and they have been coming here for years on their way to Wurzburg which they say is fantastic. No damage to report today – yet!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Sunday 22 August



We set off along the cycle path back into Koln, the barbecue's and picnics had been replaced by football, tennis, joggers, dog walkers and of course cyclists. Rick also spotted a few nude sunbathers. The plan was to do the city walk starting at the magnificent cathedral, the largest in Germany which needs a clean though. We then made our way to the bookshop in the train station to get a map of Germany as we need to get off the busy motorways and away from the big cities. We came over all tired from the walking and bike riding so made our way to the river for a short cruise. I have to say that it was the most boring river cruise I have ever been on. Although the city has a 2000 year old history there are very few old buildings but lots of museums and modern apartments and office blocks. We are interested in museums but only on bad weather days. I like the way lots of the river bank is undeveloped but this meant there was very little commentary on the boat as there was not much of interest to point out. We opted for an afternoon at the zoo as Rick loves animals. It was much bigger than we initially thought and had a good variety of animals in pleasant surroundings. We took the boat again to the centre of the city and could see the lightning and rain in the distance. The storm hit us just as we got off the boat and we had to shelter in one of the museums. I kept thinking about that 6km ride back to the campsite but Rick was insistent that we went back to the cathedral to see the golden shrine that contains the bones of the three Magi. I went bare footed as there was no grip on my flip flops and I was skidding all over the place, Back at the cathedral we couldn't get to see the shrine as there was a service about to begin. It was starting to dry up so we set off on our bikes once again. I love the cycling but the handlebars are too low and my hands and bottom keep going numb, we are both saddle-sore but feeling fitter. We were going to the restaurant nearby but it was too wet and we still have a fridge full of food. Had pork chops and salad washed down with the last of our wine and almost the last of our gin. Need to hit the shops.

Monday 23 August

Thank god we are not in the tent as it's been tipping it down. The poor, sodden campers took refuge in an on-site utility area; actually they are very well catered for. I don't know where to begin but Rick has had a bad day!!!! Before we set off each day we have a check list but something still goes wrong. Rick started off by reversing off the blocks with the awning still attached, fortunately he realised before any real damage was done. While he was emptying out in the rain I went and paid (38 euros for 2 nights) and noticed that the TV aerial was still up. After sorting that out I then go into panic mode as I have to stand behind the van while Rick reverses. I never seem to stand in the right place and he tries not to get annoyed with me but I know he is. Once we get going all the rattles and bangs start up. Have we remembered to close all the windows, shut all the cupboards, turn the gas and water off, lock the door, kick the bottom of the bathroom door shut, tie up the bikes, switch the fridge over and lock the outside storage etc. Really you need to go on a course before taking a motorhome out; I don't know how we managed so well when we borrowed sister Julie's. Anyway, today we have a new plan and are relying more on a map than on the sat nav. The laser eyes are letting me down a bit as I am struggling to read the map without glasses.



First stop is the sleepy spa town of Konigswinter with quiet little alleys lined with picturesque half-timbered houses. Rick is relying on me to direct him to a big enough parking spot but he doesn't take any notice of what I say and misses the turning. All is not lost as I insist he continues following the river and I find just the place but then I have to go through the reversing bit again when I am sure to stand in the wrong place or not direct him back far enough. We then set off on our bikes to take the cog railway to the magnificent Drachenburg Palace. It's set way up a steep hill and you could walk or ride a donkey up to it and the ruined castle set way above. The Palace was really interesting; it was built for a rich merchant in 1879 and recently restored. We tagged onto a tour, the palace was beautifully furnished and decorated but never lived in by the rich merchant. In the distance we could see the luxury hotel for heads of state called "Petersberg". The reptile zoo was part of the ticket deal but we weren't sure if we had the translation right as we were led into a dome full of gloomy pictures and stirring music. We were then led through a series of creepy tunnels, a secret garden and finally loads of snakes in cages. We were still shaking from the steep climb to the top of the Palace tower. Next stop was to the camp site in

the spa town of Bad Honningen. After a few detours and more frustration we eventually found it and were directed to a pitch just about the size of the van next to a concrete post with no room to put the dreaded awning out. After going through the reversing drama again a kind man took pity on us and put us a bit further down where there was more room. Once we got settled (still raining) Rick started to look for his phone but unfortunately it seems that he must have lost it when we were in the car park in Konigswinter. I passed it to him but then he decided to get the key out of the pannier to raise my handlebars and must have ridden off with it on the top. I have sent a message to his phone asking the person who finds it to send me a text to hopefully meet up – I don't hold out much hope. He's taken it quite well so far. We biked into town to top up with booze as Rick said he definitely needs a drink after today, the good thing is that it was really cheap but we couldn't get any gin. Today was going to be my no drinking day but all that reversing has changed my mind. I keep checking my phone but no luck yet, it's surprising not many people seem to speak English even in the Tourist Office.

Tuesday 24 August



This is our campsite, it's fantastic.

Amazing, my mobile rang and said "Rick Mobe" because I have set it to talk, someone's found it, hope they can speak English. Even more amazing and very fortunate he left it in the tourist office, how lucky is that and it's only half an hour away. We needed to go back to Netto as last night we got so carried away with the cheap drink that we didn't buy any food. Today's visit wasn't much better, more wine at €2.50, Baileys substitute €3.99, Vodka €4.99, Amaretto €3.99, cans of lager €0.39. There wasn't much room on the bikes for food again. Never mind I filled the fridge before we left and we have been eating like Kings. Back to Konigswinter to pick up the phone, thank you, thank you tourist office and me for having the sense to send a text to it. We have been visiting spa towns with the mineral-rich waters that help provide relief for rheumatism etc. There were a few people walking around in dressing gowns on our last site who had obviously taken the baths. If it were not for the call of the cheap booze and lost phone we would have joined them. Anyway, today's plan is to head for the Mosel River for a change of scenery and working our way towards France. We are now in heaven as we are camped on an island right next to the Mosel surrounded by steep hills covered in grape vines. Even better

it's free internet and the afternoon has been spent catching up with email, mainly jokes and lazing about reading my depressing book. I've got to finish it quickly so I can move onto something more exciting. After a rest it's off on the bikes again along the river but my bike has developed a whine which hopefully Rick can fix. We sort of want to eat out but are cooking such fantastic meals in our van that it makes it difficult. All is good with the world tonight, not too much reversing and especially as we now have to work our way through all the cheap booze from Netto. What happened to my alcohol free day!!!!

Wednesday 25 August



Saarburg on the River Saar

Started the day off with the sad news that our friend Martyn in Hong Kong has GIST cancer, they have operated and taken most of his stomach away. I then got carried away sending jokes and skypeing with the unlimited free internet. For the past week we have only seen two Brit couples so my tongue needed letting loose. Before we left the site Rick, who has a thing about churches and cathedrals, insisted we bike up to the yellow church in the distance. We puffed and puffed as it was uphill all the way but it was a very pretty village. Then we followed the Mosel for most of the way to the town of Saarburg. It's wine growing countryside but not as mountainous as Nehren where we stayed yesterday where there was a marker on the wall at the campsite to show how high the water and snow coming from the mountains has reached over the years, sometimes it was over 10 feet. From today's campsite it was only just over 1km into Saarburg but we got the extra exercise biking all around the outskirts of the town trying to find a supermarket to get Rick's beers. It was a strange town as initially we thought there wasn't much to it and then we came across the part that is 1000 years old. There were lots of cafés bordering the river and from the little iron bridge you can watch the water cascade down the rocks. Or you can take the chair-lift to get a wonderful view of the Saar Valley and they also have a 530m Summer toboggan-run that leads you through many turns and 3 jumps – didn't try it though. We are both trying to read the Mandelson autobiography at the same time, it's tricky as each time he puts it down I pick it up. Rick's cooking me a beef stir-fry tonight. I prepare the meals and he usually finishes them off – cooking I mean.

Thursday 26 August



Our site in Charmes, France

Our morning tea wasn't too good, the milk had gone off and there was just a curdled ball at the bottom of the cup – ughhh. We have decided that the German's are very nice but we don't speak a single word of their language and also we need some sun. As we left the site I noticed there was water dripping out of the van, apparently it had been doing that since yesterday as Rick forgot to shut the waste valve off. It does not matter how many checks you do we still somehow forget something. By 11.30am this morning we had driven through Germany, Luxembourg and then into France. We aim to do about 200 kms a day at the most and found ourselves at in Charmes in Eastern France. The only reason we arrived here was that there were a lot of sites in the area and we picked one right on the canal beside La Moselle River. We had been picking up the river on and off all the way here. It's only 6 euros a day including electricity and it's very French as there are people passing by in canoe's and barges, fishing and playing Boules. There are even some boys swimming in the canal. The sun was hot, swans were swimming by and everyone was enjoying themselves so we slobbered out too. Cycled along the canal pass a couple of locks to the next village and then chilled out with fillet steak and salad. Rick said he thinks he should get a fishing rod and I asked him if he would also need an apron like the chap in the next van – ha, ha – how old do you have to be not to worry about being cool !!!

Friday 27 August – Heavy showers on and off all day.



There was a storm in the night but as it was humid Rick had opened all the windows. The van maintenance was a little more complicated today as there

wasn't a hose on the water tap and Rick had to fill the portable water container, take it to the van while I positioned the funnel and hose so to he could pour it in. As it was very heavy to lift we only half filled it and had to make lots of journeys. Emptying out the water waste took no time at all as Rick had once again forgotten to shut the valve off. You see all the men trotting off each morning with the toilet container. We have a no poo rule but I did slip one in after the Netto cheap wine. As we left the alarm went off, very embarrassing and when eventually we sorted that out all the rattles and bangs started up. I was sure I had closed all the windows although they are a bit tricky, anyway the bedroom one was the culprit. We headed off in the Dijon direction but have been completely spoilt by yesterday and kept rejecting site after site. We are now in the Burgundy district and drove through Gevrey Chambertin and Nuit St Georges ending up at a site in Beaune. Must have hit the tourist spot good and proper now as there was a queue to get into the site. Cycled into the town which was very nice with lots of expensive shops and restaurants. We had a glass of wine in one café which cost us 6 euros 70 each and was a pile of crap. Rick got them to change his but they were reluctant and I think we will be moving on tomorrow. Got back to the motorhome and Rick had left a window open so it's a little damp to sit on but he made us a brilliant omelette.

Saturday 28 August – Cloudy but no rain



Had to do a machine wash because the smell may not be pigs! Set off down the motorway to Fleurie with a Supermarket stop on the way. At the beer isle we met a Brit who was on a canal trip from the South of France to Holland – 350 miles of canals and rivers. The boats engine has given up and they are stuck 3 miles up canal until Monday. He has had to take his dingy the 3 miles to a campsite then walk 2 kms to supermarket. His father-in-law lives on the boat and tragically his wife 3 years ago fell in the river and drowned. We gave him a lift back to the campsite, it was funny his shopping trolley was full of beer and boxes of wines, very little food, just like ours. Our motorhome was smelling of clean washing but one of his beer cans leaked all over the mat. We then cycled to the Tourist Office to ask if they had a cycling tour, yes but it was 15 to 45 kms, much too much for us as Rick hadn't taken his ventalin and was struggling for breath. We settled for the 4kms walking tour, but what a struggle as it was nearly all uphill. See that chapel in the picture above, well we cycled above it. Funny thing was that we were at the peak of whatever mountain/hill and Rick

said that chapel must be here, we will cycle along this track to get to it. Well it turned out we were way above it. As we were in the middle of sort of nowhere I thought I would have a wee and I was thinking “this is wonderful we could lay here all afternoon”. We were a bit reluctant to pick a grape as we thought they might be alarmed. They are growing on very short, gnarled vines. It was a bit of an Adam & Eve situation, we picked the grape and woe and behold a tractor came out of nowhere – hey Don doesn’t that you remind you of something!! Rick had stood on the highest peak a moment before and there was no sign of him. Anyway our reward was a fantastic coasting all the way down to the campsite, kms of it. Part way down we went to the chapel, it was lovely and I felt quite serene for a while. Back at the campsite there was wine tasting and Rick went away clutching his box of Fleurie, we now have wine on tap. We’ve eaten out tonight for the first time, it was lovely.



At the very top by the chapel. We keep laughing at this as I breathed in and my boobs shot out – it all looks a bit out of proportion.

Sunday August 29



Didn’t sleep well, it was all that rich food. As we had unlimited internet we decided to make use of it and plan our route home. Today is the furthest south we can go and we are now in the Rhone Alps (lots of pine trees) staying at a municipal site in Saint Didier En Velay. There is what they called the Ancient City surrounded by the new town which has swimming pools, jogging circuits, gymnasium, football pitches, fishing and loads more. There is a chilly wind though so we put out the awning but the wind got up and blew it over the top of the van and I am afraid to say damaged it a little. Rick also broke off a support

clip on the table (not a big issue he says). The windbreak protected us enough to have a lazy afternoon reading. I made sure Rick took his puffer before venturing out on the bikes again as there was a lot of uphill biking. Bit of a chilling out day before we start our route back. We must make sure we avoid Lyon as it was a nightmare. Rick is having to do a bit of saddle maintenance as it has pushed upwards and is affecting his personal tackle.

Monday 30 August



Woke up feeling chilly enough for us to put the heating on, maybe it's because we are high up in the Rhone Alps. Made our way towards the Swiss border to a town called Aix-les-Bains next to Lac du Bourget. We cycled in and around the town but it was quite cold, tomorrow it's back to jeans and fleeces. We can't understand why there is such a big marina here when it appears to be land locked. The old part of the town has some grand buildings whereas the houses are looking a little Swiss. Moving on each day means you don't get a chance to get to know anyone and I am missing a good old chat. No internet means no skype either, also we have only eaten out once so I have not had much chance to people watch. I wish it was warmer then I could just laze about in the sun with a good book. However, it's great having the opportunity to see so many places and different scenery; you wouldn't think we are in the same country. By the time we arrive at a site it is usually in time for a late lunch and a rest before we set off on our bikes to explore. Supper is about 8.30pm then I write up my diary, plan the next day and read. I'm on my fourth book plus sharing the Mandelson one, there's no time for television. Poor Rick is suffering from the after effects of his steak tartar the other evening, what with that and his saddle he is a bit uncomfortable.

Tuesday August 31



It was motorway all the way to “Camping Le Petit Bois” in Morges, beside Lake Geneva. On the way we passed lots of orchards and vineyards. The terraced vineyards in Lavaux are a UNESCO World Heritage Site and are a work of architecture in their own right. I didn’t know Switzerland produced any wine. It was lovely cycle ride along the edge of the lake and being fresh water there were many different waterfowl, ducks and swans. There were also some rather grand houses and gardens and numerous beds of exhibition dahlias. Morges Castle is on the lakeside opposite Mont Blanc (picture above), it took us some time to work out which mountain it actually was. The town was very chic and we sat in a café and people watched (he’s has been reading my blog). Rick reckons this would have been quite a cheap holiday if we don’t take into account the cost of putting right all his little accidents. He confessed to another one today, he shut one end of the wind break in the drivers door and ripped it, good job we can laugh about it! Despite the big Netto shop we have only just finished our first litre bottle of 47th Gordon’s Gin and are about to start on the cheap stuff. The best wine we have had so far is the house “Macon Blanc” in the restaurant in Fluerie. Rick is being philosophical (very difficult to spell) and is thinking we are so lucky to be able to see all these places, it’s a bit like the world tour. You can’t really appreciate what we have seen until we have been back home a while. We’ll be back in Germany tomorrow so look out Netto here we come!!!

Wednesday 1 September



We can’t believe it’s hot, hot, hot but we need to be back in Holland for Saturday so we must push on. Last night’s campsite was the most expensive

€35, all the others have ranged from €6 to €26 with Germany being about €10 more expensive. It was once again all motorway through Switzerland and into the Black Forest. Just spectacular scenery with perhaps the best saved until last when the sat nav once again let us down and took us into a tiny but pretty village in absolutely fantastic surroundings. Fortunately the site wasn't far away, it's very modern with lots of facilities that we won't use. When we next go to France we want to go "France Passion" where you pay an annual subscription and stay with farming, wine growing or motorhome families. You don't have to pay anything; they do not provide any facilities although some will offer dinner which of course you would have to pay for. Today's site fee includes a 15 minute journey on a double decker train to Freiburg. It a town full of cafes and restaurants with streams running through the cobbled streets. Back at Kirchzarten there is no Netto but there is an Aldi where we were done out of €3 but managed to top up with beer and cider. It's veal again tonight but we are both craving red meat or perhaps a good curry. Rick's panicking a bit as usually he only has to cook the meat but tonight I have introduced rice with vegetables so there is timing issue. It was funny this morning as he flatly refuses to walk around with the toilet container like the other men; we have to drive up to the dumping point, he does have certain standards to live up to. I'm not going to interrupt him now as he is on the last chapter of Mandelson's book the "bigotgate bit" he's grinning and I can't wait to read it after him.

Thursday 2 September



The shower block at yesterday's 5 star site really was something else. It was recently purpose built, lovely and warm, spotless with music playing in the background. After rinsing my muddy flip flops in the sink they made footprints all over the clean floor so I took them off and spent about 5 minutes on my hands and knees cleaning the floor with the toilet roll hoping that no-one would come in. Lots of road works on way to Trippstadt which is south of Kaiserlautern. The last 20kms was a nightmare as we were directed through a mountainous forest on a single lane windy road. Rick's confidence in driving the van has grown enormously but we were both scared something would come towards us as there were no pull-ins. We were feeling quite giddy after 20 kms of sharp bends with deep drops either side. It was a much more challenging cycle ride today, lots of uphill, forest paths and across fields. We came across the Eco house above completely covered in solar panels and some well cared for goats with bells around their necks. We've been reading the motorhome

manual and here's a tip on what to do if you need a poo when you are wild camping or have an emergency. Flush a small amount of water in the pan and carefully place toilet paper on the water in the shape of flower petals. Once your performance is complete you find that when the emptying blade is swung open the solids drop unhindered into the tank and the paper encloses them completely with gift wrapping panache. No stains on the pan, the blade or its sealing rubber ring. Ed, I'm sure this also applies to boat loos. Back at the site (in a forest, by a lake) we declined their offer to join in the over 50's afternoon dancing. No dancing, no tv, no internet and no Netto, we even managed to come out of the local supermarket with no alcohol! It's back to the manual for some other useful tips for you motorhomers.

Friday 3 September

I expect you are all getting fed up with this trip by now so you will be pleased to know this is the final entry. Just after 7am this morning all the indicators and doors locks started going berserk, it's like we have been possessed by some gremlin. I promise I did not touch anything!!!! From then on until 4pm we couldn't leave the van as it would start flashing and sounding off the alarms. This morning, despite the alarm situation, I actually practiced asking in German where to dump the toilet waste. The chap looked a bit bemused and it turned out he was English – what a waste of all that practice. Had to call out the rescue service and the alarm is now temporarily sorted, thank goodness. Our legs are a bit stiff making the bike riding hard. Decided to splash out and have a meal in proper restaurant. By the way we are now in Belgium. Didn't realise the restaurant was Asian/posh Chinese, just about the most difficult type of food for me. Fortunately, they did a splendid job and hopefully I will be alright in the morning. We are so exhausted that we haven't even bothered to see if the van is level. Tomorrow it's Holland to see the windmills we missed when we arrived and to get ready for our return journey home Sunday afternoon. Oh, another good thing about today is that the garage was right next to the Formula One Racetrack, see below. Thank you for joining us in our trip, I am off with Jen to Lake Como on Saturday while Rick enjoys organising and playing in his industry Golf Day.



Saturday 4 September



The sav nav sent us on a narrow road edged with ditches and just as we decided there was no way to turn back we had to cross a stream. Panic, panic, I was sure we were going to slide in. Motorway nearly all the way but once again the sat nav lead us to a field in the middle of nowhere. We were welcomed with a cup of coffee when got to the site 5kms away and persuaded to join something similar to Passion France for €10 where you can stay on farms etc in Europe. Cycled about 15 kms to both villages, it feels like nothing when you are on the flat.