

# Tranquility- Our Turkish Oasis

This is what draws cruisers to Turkey ...and sailors to cruising. The Gulf of Fethiye – with its 12 islands and tiny, sheltered coves where the pine covered mountains come right down to the water's edge. 22 Fathom Cove, Seagull Bay, Ruin Bay, Cleopatra's Bay, Kapi Creek...and here, Wall Bay.

38C – hot and humid. It saps your energy. You tie your line to the shore, and do nothing more than read, swim, and watch the gulets come and go. The water is 29C and crystal clear.

In the morning you are woken by the tinkling sound of the goats drinking at the water's edge, a few metres away...and the chorus of cicadas. It is one of our best times.



Actually, it has not been without excitement...while in the process of anchoring with our stern anchor on a webbing line, a gulet backed across us severing our line with his propeller...goodbye anchor, chain and line in 14 m. of water. We are unable to retrieve it. Our only loss in 5 years. I row back (not one of my talents) and we move and bring out the big Rocna anchor on 10 mm. stainless steel chain. No problems here.

There are underwater ruins, a rickety jetty with restaurant and chewy fresh bread from the wood-fired oven. The ice-cream boat passes by twice a day.

Peace & quiet. Tuck loves it, too. It's a race to get to the dinghy first.

We both (Tuck & I) sleep on deck in the cool breezes.



The picture right above shows sunrise this morning. In the second picture, the captain taking the dog for a walk. The Turks watch in astonishment- we don't think they've ever seen a dog on board before. Tuck bombards them with charm and cheekiness. We decide to stay for a few days before we return to Fethiye while I go home for a week to visit Dad on 08 August. After this, we will continue south.