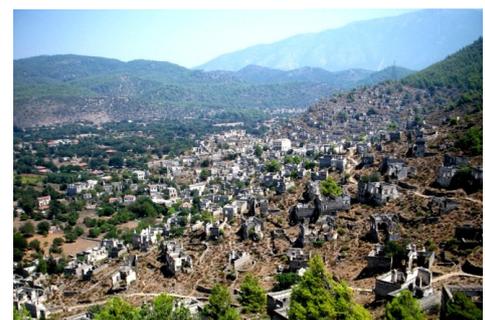




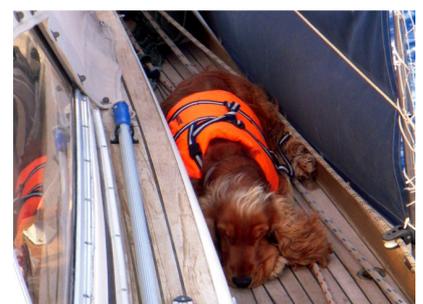
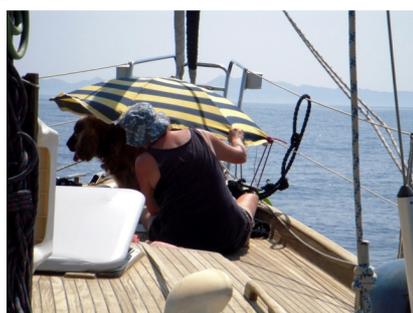
Through the **Turkish** Archipelago- from Fethiye to Kekova...
(with a little touch of Greece!)



Another hard day at the office...at anchor in Cold Water Bay, named for the refreshing underwater spring that flows into it. One lovely restaurant, turquoise water, supplies brought in by a donkey named "Mayor".

A fantastic hike alone in the mountains led to an abandoned Greek Village from the 1920's when Greek inhabitants were forcibly repatriated to Greece even though they had lived here all their lives. 200 homes still stand empty today- a moving and haunting sight. The views were spectacular. Totally wild and empty. So empty, in fact, that I (CC) lost my way and emerged eventually 5 hours later high above Havana on the wrong side of the bay and had to scramble down the steep cliff sides clinging to olive branches and rocks. (At this point you remember newspaper articles about tourists who disappeared and were never found again) and finally had to swim back to the boat! (and here you remember your mother always telling you to wear clean knickers in case you get hit by a bus...or, in my case, have to swim back to the boat...) Bemused fishermen watched in amusement as this bedraggled, middle-aged woman emerged from the bushes, puffing and scratched, but swimming in a dignified fashion past them in her underwear..... it was worth it!

From here we sailed east, stopping at Kalkan and Kas- two beautiful small towns with lovely old traditional wooden homes, centres for arts and handicrafts (silver and semi-precious stone jewellery, bright cotton clothes), full of life every evening, yet more peaceful. Leaving Kas at 06:00, our anchor gets caught on an old mooring chain and we have to wake a local diver to free us.



Keeping the crew happy.....