

# Tour 2009

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**in:** August 2009

**comments/reviews added:** August 2016

*This is a "raw" dump form our blog posts in the summer of 2009 of our<sup>1)</sup> motorcycle tour to Spain and Portugal. The original blog entries were posted here:*

*[http://tour08.blogspot.ie/2009\\_08\\_01\\_archive.html](http://tour08.blogspot.ie/2009_08_01_archive.html) I've re-arranged the posts in sequence and plan to add comments, notes and footnotes for clarification and write the epilogue. It's about time now, seven years later, to reflect on the experience, clean up and arrange the bits in proper sequence and round off the story. After all, it was a great character building experience that should be catalogued here on the wiki. 29 Aug '16 22:15*

## A dream come true

*Friday 14 August 2009 22:52*

We've created our tour blog for a couple of reasons. Firstly to serve as a personal diary for us to capture and remember our experience and secondly to try and share our adventure with all our friends and family and allow all to participate and leave us feedback encouragement and moral and spiritual support for our adventurous journey. This adventure already started when I got my first motorbike when I was sixteen where we spend most of our time finding reasons to go somewhere on our bikes. One school holiday we organised a week long trip 80 km from our hometown, packing our 50's with our gear for the week and hit the road. It's an amazing experience of freedom and adventure when you swarm about in a group of motorcycles.

We read about guys doing long trips through Africa and Namibia in our local biker magazines long before Ewan McGregor made bike adventures famous. Ever since those days I've been dreaming about a serious bike trip, crossing borders, thousands of kilometers from home.

When I moved to Dublin the long forgotten dream was awoken again by my biker buddy Pat Taylor, only problem was, Pat was still getting his bike and every year the money was just not there to actually do the trip. Pat challenged this excuse of mine and said that if we saved just €20/week over the next year that we can afford the trip. I opened a savings account the same week and plans started developing and becoming more and more a reality as time went by and the account grew bigger.

By February this year we booked and paid for the ferries from our savings and all that remained was the costs for petrol, food and accommodation. Now it became a reality and we started planning in detail, and here we are, the last night before we kick off the long awaited trip, bags packed, bikes serviced, routes plotted.

We invite you to share this experience with us, follow us on <http://tour08.blogspot.com>

Jattie and Pat

## Arrived in Rosslare

*Saturday 15 August 2009 06:31*



We arrived safely in Rosslare, had a bit of a drizzle on the road and it started raining now. Pat says: "get me out of this country, hope this is the last of the bad weather for our trip." We're boarding the ferry in 40 minutes. I am so exited!

## The big day arrived.

*Sunday 16 August 2009 09:59*

I've spend the last couple of soldering connectors for headsets, weeksexperiment with building compact portable camping stoves, setting up my PDA with GPS software, headset connections and data roaming to update our blogs and we've spend a whole day meticulously packing our bags to have the weight balanced properly on the bikes and just trying to have everything as close to perfect as you can possibly get it.

I went to bed at 22:00 unable to fall asleep for hours. I honestly think, the last time I was this exited about something was when we went on a holiday to the coast when I was still in primary school. (This is a big deal in South Africa, especially growing up in the desert.)

I eventually fell asleep way past midnight, woke up again at around 02:00 checking my watch to make sure I didn't oversleep, drifting off again till 03:45 waiting 5 minutes longer for my alarmclock to go off at 04:00 and just gave up, got up turn off the alarms and started dressing.

At around 04:40 I had the bike packet and the luggage strapped to it and texed Pat to make sure he's on schedule.

Pat arrived just after 05:00, on schedule and we took the last familiar route down to Rosslare in even more familiar Irish weather. But even rain and dark clouds today, could not affect the great mood I'm in.



Everything went to schedule, boarded the ferry on time and as we crossed the Irish sea leaving the familiar horizons behind one can not help but feel insignificant and small when you're surrounded by the vast ocean with no land in site. Not so long ago explorers risked and lost their lives to make this last crossing to the "end of the world", today this is just another modern day formality taken for granted by thousands a day.

We arranged to meet some mutual friends close to Cardiff and booked into Premier Inn for the night, turned on heaters and started drying out our gear.

## Burning down the uk motorways on the second day

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:21*



Pat taking a nap. Burning down the uk motorways is hard work.

## Pitstop for fuel and break at Sedgemoor

*Sunday 16 August 2009 12:04*



About one hour 40 minutes from our target for the day Plymouth ferry port.

## Our last dinner in UK

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:20*



Dinner in Cardiff with Mark, Paula, Paul and Caroline. Nothing like the company of good friend to lift the spirit.

## The Santander ferry crossing

*Monday 17 August 2009 11:19*

Saturday night was concluded with a lovely dinner in a cosy carvery in Cardiff in Wales. We had a great time with Mark and Paula, previously from our Ireland church family who now live in Wales. As an added bonus we were joined by Paul and Caroline visiting them from Dublin. What a lovely way to close out our first day on the road.

We turned in around 22:00 and slept like logs as soon as our heads hit the pillows. We woke around 08:00 well before the alarms went off, had a warm shower and went for a hearty English breakfast, packed the bikes again and burned down the last for hours down to Plymouth port to the overnight ferry crossing to Santander in Spain.

We arrived in time as they started boarding, driving down the ramps into the huge belly of the ferry where the bikes are strapped down for the 18 hour journey. We were met by a stewardess handing us our boarding cards with cabin numbers and keycards and instructions how to get to the right deck. In typical sailor fashion the compartment covered the bare essentials with bunk beds and a claustrophobic ensuite shower unit, but served it's purpose. We could position ourselves horizontally and recharge for the next day.

We explored all 8 decks and my concept of ferries was altered dramatically. Growing up in South Africa when I read about a ferry, I always visualised this chap pulling a platform on a couple of forty

four gallon drums on a rope across a river. This ferry is more like a luxury cruiser, with shops, dining room and luxury lounges, a cinema, swimming pools and bars and even a lounge with a piano player.

We had a steak dinner and turned in early to get up for 05:30 to catch the sunrise over the ocean.



At 06:00 we jumped out of bed, grabbed the cameras and ran out to deck to be greeted by a cloudcovered gray morning to our disappointment. We were looking forward to some sunny Spanish weather after the last two miserably drizzly gray days on the windy motorways. The outside deck was surprisingly warm thou in spite of the cloud cover.

We settled for a lousy bitter cup of vending machine coffee waiting for the restaurant to open for breakfast.

It's now ninety minutes before docking. Time for a shower, packing the overnight bags and getting ready to put our feet down on Spanish soil, find a campsite and figure out what's we'll do with the day ahead.

## Santander ferry - stern

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:22*



I clocked the ferry using a GPS. It does about 42km/h on the crossing.

## Blogging on the ferry

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:47*





Blogging on my lower bunkbed in our “luxury cabin” during the Santander ferry crossing.

## Catching the sun rise

*Monday 17 August 2009 11:19*



We decided to get up early to catch the sunrise on camera. We ended with some nasty coffee in the bow cafeteria with Pat complaining about me waking him to the non event of sunrise.

## Chilling out on deck

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:48*



chilling out on deck during the crossing

## Getting off the ferry

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:50*



Getting off the ferry in Santander.

## Waiting to get off the ferry at Santander

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:23*



## Day one in Spain

*Tuesday 18 August 2009 04:35*

Day one in Spain started with us waiting for the ferry to clear all top deck before the ramp could be lifted to let us off. There was a bit of a delay and some guys scratching their head for a while before we got off. About 90 minutes after docking we were off the ferry and through customs. As usual, I was the only one in line who had to get my passport stamped.

We followed the main stream of traffic out of the city until we could get to a quiet place to pull off and get the GPS's set up and determining our route. We ended up on another motorway and pulled off again to get the GPS's set up to avoid motorways. This had the desired effect and routed us along secondary roads through small rural coastal villages.

We found the first petrol station, refuelled and headed further west towards Gijón on the north coast. By this time we seem to've lost all the other bikers that came with on the ferry.

We stopped at a very Spanish restaurant where the menu was in Spanish only and tried to translate the menu using google translator until the phone battery was drained. Pat eventually picked a platter off the list and they came back a while later with a huge dish of spices barbecued sausages, chops and bacon and some chips on the side.



By this time with the extra hour lost in time difference it was approaching six and we started looking for a camp site.

We pitched our tents, and rushed to get out of the bike gear. In spite of being overcast it was hot and humid. We had a nice cup of Irish tea and a couple of cold Spanish beers, relaxed as the sun went down and turned in when it went dark.

Tomorrow is another day.

PS: we took a photo of the platter, but the laptop battery failed before the transfer, will upload tomorrow.

## Firs meal in Spain - Pointing at a menu can work

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:55*





Pointing at a menu can sometimes have surprising but pleasantly positive results. Courtesy of Pat's brave and bold selection process.

## The picture says it all

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:56*



Need I say more?

## Just in case

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:59*



If your in the north of Spain, this is the restuarant, just point to the platter.

## Day two in Spain

*Wednesday 19 August 2009 05:39*

We set out this morning on our same approach to avoid motorways and make our way via more scenic and winding secondary roads to make some progress towards yesterdays objectives. We drove along the river through some really spectacular scenery but make very little progress distance wise. We stopped to mount the helmet cam to capture some of the scenery on the route and discovered that it was missing. It remains a mystery where it has gone. So far we only covered around 224km as the crow flies from Santander where we started.

After spending eight hours on the road we set up camp in Cudillero campsite and turned in early to make an early start tomorrow before the heat kicks in and try to reach Santiago de Compastello.

The villiage of Cudillero is pretts amazing, I'm sure it would feature on Google, check it out, it's surreal.

## Still waiting!

*Thursday 20 August 2009 at 22:23*



## First campsite

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:24*



First campsite where the helmet cam was last seen.

## Beginning of the hilcountry and nice winding biking roads

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:25*



Sent using Visto Mobile

## First pitstop - day 2 Spain

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:24*



## Lunch break - day 2

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:26*



Lunch break next to the road on day 2. There's very little English on the menu, so you mostly point at what you want and hope for the best.

## Day 2 - more winding roads

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:29*



To the left where we came from, to the right where we going.

## Day 2 - are you ready to roll dude?

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:31*



Thumbs up from Pat.

## End of day 2 - Cudillero

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:34*





A surreal little coastal village, Cudillero.

## Day 2 - Cudillero campsite

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:35*



## Day 3 - interesting little church

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:39*



This little church was standing on its own in the middle of nowhere next to the road.

## Day 3 - a desperate lunch

*Thursday 20 August 2009 22:44*



The weather was really hot, we turned away from the coast towards Santiago and couldn't find any food over siesta time. We found a service station selling some dry sandwiches.

## Day three

*Thursday 20 August 2009 23:39*

After day two we've managed to get a grand total of 220km out of Santander along the north coast. We took the motorways along the coast and broke away across the country at Ribadeo via Lugo to Santiago. We made good overall progress to Santiago, picket the nearest of two local campsites and followed our GPS's to it. The temperature was in the 30's, so we signed in drove around and found one suitable site with power point and enough shade for both tents, just to discover that the powebox was dead. We decided to move on and went back to the office for a refund. Just as we finished explaining and got the refund we heard the dreaded sound of breaking glass and bouncing and banging. My bike fell over and knocked over Pat's bike too and his bike falling oven on a green dustbin and all of this on a steep hill.

We picked up my bike, left wing mirror broke off and shattered, Pats's crashbar bent in, green pain marks and scratches on the visor and our spirits damped and moods sullen. We spend a couple of minutes checking everything over and left with a heavy mood for the next site.

After driving up and down trying to turn left where the GPS is guiding me where there is no road we eventually arrive at camp two. At least the chap had excellent English. The camp looked very reasonable, but when we eventually driven all the way to he site we were given it was even worse than the previous one. Right on top of the hill, no trees or shade, dusty and exposed from all sides. Pat wanted to pack up and go home.

It was approaching six p.m. now so we decided to push on 35km more to the coast.

The camp on the coast was better, had good showers and facilities and we decided to sleep for two night, do our washing and fix the bikes and just take a break.

We pitched our tents, took a shower, had another interesting "point to the menu" dinner consisting of a chewy steak, two baked eggs, roasted peppers and chips, and turned in for the night.

## Day four - Santiago

*Saturday 22 August 2009 07:23*



After our day full of setbacks and the hot weather causing us to run fast out of clean clothes we decided to stay over for two nights, sleep in, wash our clothes and get them hanged out to dry and search for a bike shop to get a wing mirror. Also it would be a shameful to be in Santiago de Compostelo and not do the tourists bits. The day started out miserable and wet, overcastted and drizzling, we might as well have been in Ireland. After breakfast we decided to go ahead with washing the clothes and hope for the best. While the machine was washing we consolidated all the photos and picked the ones for the blog, loaded them on the PDA for update later the night.

By the time we were done with that, the laundry was done, and there was a thin blue line of sky towards the west. We set up a laundry line, hung out the washing and drove the 35km's back to Santiago. Pat remembered seeing a bike shop on the way and we stopped there but it was closed for some festival or at least that's what we made from the sign in our limited Spanish.

We retraced our steps of the previous day hoping to come across the other shop Pat saw in Santiago. We ended up at a familiar parking lot of a Lidl and while I was fiddling with the GPS and google trying to locate a Yamaha dealer, a tiny Spanish lady drove up on a big Honda VMax in her denims, jacket and red high heels. I walked across, gave her my best possible "ola" followed by a beaming grin shown her the remains of the broken mirror and pointing to her bikes mirror asked for Yamaha dealer. Using single syllables she explained that our best bet is close to the train station.

I tried Google again to get an address for the train station when another biker drove in on his Yamaha. I went through the same motions from "ola" to pointing to mirrors. He gave up almost immediately and offered to drive us instead. He stopped at the bike ship about five minutes away, went in with us and talked with the shop owner relaying to me in single syllables. Five minutes later I had a new mirror, a new screw in the windshield and I overused as other new Spanish phrase "muchious gracious".

We shook hand with the biker, and drove away looking for the old part of the city were al the action is. Watch this space for some photos once wet get to a camp with power so we can do the transfers.

## Day Five - Porto

*Saturday 22 August 2009 07:24*



The main aim for today was to cross the border into Portugal and make our way into Porto and find a suitable campsite close to the start of the Douro Valley. The day started bright and sunny with the wind picking up seriously as we made our way into Portugal. At times we had the bike at an angle going straight, pushing against the wind. The temperature also dropped by about 12 degrees and we stopped to put our jackets on again. I did not expect to be wearing it again before we're back in the UK again.

We're getting wiser about selecting camp now, it seems that anything within 30km of a city is to be avoided. We skipped the first two at 5km and 14km respectively and settled on the one 34km away.

We selected a site, pitched our tents, made a fire and had some sandwiches. Tomorrow we're heading for the valley and some great winding biking roads with spectacular scenery.

Watch this space for some photos.

I've been up late last night updating the blog and uploading some photos and adding some comments.

## **Day Six - Douro Valley or not?**

*Saturday 22 August 2009 18:24*

Today started like all other days, shower, breakfast, breaking down the camp, strapping the bags on the bikes. We sat down meticulously plotting the route through the Douro valley and set off for our starting point Gondomar. As we approach the off ramp of Gondomar Pat reported some engine noise from the bike. We pulled off at a local schoolyard with a huge outside roof, shielding us from the scorching Portugal sun.

We tried google again, but ended with results in Portuguese and realised that day six also happens to be Saturday. We googled Carole Nash and Pat explained the situation. An hour later we were on the phone with the Portuguese agent and another hour later a tow truck shows up at a local shop trying to load my bike. His English is about as good as my Portuguese and I eventually manage to get him to follow me to where Pat was waiting.

It took about another hours worth of phone calls between local agents, Pat, the tow truck guy, agent again, lots of incomprehensible Portuguese from the tow truck guy and some agreement at last.

The bike was loaded on the truck with all the luggage, taken and kept at the tow truck depot till Monday, when the bikeshop is open. The tow truck office had a taxi waiting, loaded all the luggage and drove Pat to a hotel they arranged for us.

We're waiting for Monday morning now for an official assessment of the situation, we're pretty convinced it's a timing chain tensioner that's broken. I hope and pray that it can be fixed and quickly too. In the meantime we're relaxing and if we can drag ourselves out of the airconditioned room we'll explore a little once it cools down. I'm not used to this type of heat anymore.

## **Fate changed our plans**

*Monday 24 August 2009 14:12*



Fate changed our plans for us. The bike can be repaired, but not in the timeframe that we need it to happen in. The cam chain tensioner failed and in the process seemed to've slid one or more tooth and in order to access the damage, the engine needs to come out. Being the peak holiday season here too, with only one mechanic, the Honda dealers won't be able to repair the bike by tomorrow and we need to be in Santander Wednesday night. We're trying to get a van rented, load the bikes and head for Santander, wheel the bike on, drop the van and repeat the process across the UK. A bit different from the original plan, but in the spirit of "winging it" there's some serious winging ahead.

Keep us in your prayers, we're both a bit down in spirit.

## **Back in Santander**

*Wednesday 26 August 2009 19:18*





We're back in Santander after one very long and demanding day, not to mention the stress and uncertainty of running into dead ends for all our plans trying to escape out of Portugal. After the initial assessment that the bike can be repaired, but that it would definitely take beyond the time of our ferry departing halfway across the continent, not to mention exceeding the 11 days I have on my Schengen Visa, we started exploring alternatives of renting a van or something. We were initially delighted at the brainwave of getting a rental van only to run into another brick wall at every possible rental agency. They all had a policy where rental vans cannot be taken out of Portugal, never mind a drop off destination outside Portugal.

We eventually went back to the Honda Agency and asked them if they do not have a contact with a van we can rent and they introduced us to a friend of one of the chaps at the agency, Angelo. We bargained and negotiated for some time and after lots of discussions and Angelo even coming clear and saying out straight: "You're strangers in my country, I do not trust you." We had no choice but to agree to their terms, hand over €600 to the friend at the bike shop the next morning before the trip, meet with Angelo the next morning at our hotel, pick up the luggage, drive to the bike shop, load the bike and hit the road, 650km to Santander. Unlike what we're used to in South Africa, 650km does not mean 6.5 hours on winding European roads through lots of little villages. We left Porto just after 10:00 with me following on the bike after them and Angelo had to turn around and head back to Porto, so we made our way with minimal stops for fuel only. I refuelled four times during the trip and never spent 11 hours in the seat before in one go. We arrive in Santander around 21:00 and had Angelo back on the road just before 22:00. We booked in right across the ferry port in a hotel with secure overnight parking for the bikes and made sure we can push the bike loaded with luggage across onto the ferry the next day.

On top of all the biking problems on checking out of the hotel in Porto, my credit card was declined even trying a manual authorisation by phone. I went online, fearing credit card fraud somewhere to find everything in order, even trying to use it at an ATM was declined. On phoning my bank in Ireland I'm eventually informed that VISA has an issue all over Europe and that I will be able to use the MasterCard issued on the same account, only problem is my master card is safely back in my safe in Ireland. With all my cash tied up in my Visa, Pat's cash drained on the van's hire and paying Angelo, we're stuck in a fancy hotel, for sake of getting the bike on the ferry without propulsions or more van rentals and overnight storage costs, praying that we'll find some means of getting cash somehow. We snacked on what we had left from our backpacks and waited for breakfast the next morning to fill our grumbling tummies. I phoned the bank again the next morning using the VoIP setup from the laptop on the hotel broadband, and was assured they're working on the problem.

We went down for breakfast, ate as much as we could from the buffet, spoke to reception that graciously extended our checkout time to 15:00, and allowing us to leave the bikes with luggage in the secure parking till 19:00. Everything else is working out fabulously, we walked across to the ferry

port to make sure we can roll the bike on and was reassured that it's not a problem either. Now only waiting to boarding time and hoping VISA is online at check out time. We went around the corner to the nearest ATM and managed to withdraw €120 each from our personal bank accounts, at least we have a backup plan in place encase VISA fails us.

Every so often talking to diffirent people before our trip, the documentary, video or books from Ewan McGregor and Charlie Borman, "The long way down" or "The long way round", would come up. I just need to make this statement once, and will hold my peace hereafter. They might've covered more miles over a longer period than we did, but they had it all arranged for them with support teams covering all the bases with virtually limitless budgets and sponsorships. Whenever they faced any adversity it was sorted out for them, bikes fixed and even replaced. With us facing adversity and working through it over the last couple of days, was a true test of our characters. I was not easy, facing the disappointment of not being able to complete the trip, changing the plans, running into dead ends for solutions, not being able to access your finances and not offered any alternatives or options by banks and on top of that having to deal with the language barriers and like Angelo put it bluntly to us: "You are a stranger in my country, how can I trust you."

At night when you put your head down on the pillow it's not only from physical exhaustion, the emotional strain wears you down to a point of hopeless despair that you can not imagine or describe. When we were kids, this would've been the moment where you threw down to toys and went home. Put it to you this way, I have a much different sense of what the Tom Hanks character must've gone through in Cast Away. Stranded away from you loved ones, unable to get back home. Putting yourself in that position for a minute would get you close to our feelings of despair at times.

Having said all of that, we're in Santander now, the road smoothed as far as we can tell, we'll have a van waiting in Plymouth in the UK, roll the bike off on that side and drive across to Fishgaurd for the next day's boarding and another tow truck waiting in Roslaire to get the bike back to Dublin. We'll be recovery experts after this.

Oh and just in case you think that we're going through all of this because of a lack of planning and pre empting issues like this, we had to do all of this in spite of having breakdown insurance. The insurance company weighs up the cost of the recovery to the value of the bike, in spite of what you spend on it accessorising, i.e. adding the luggage, GPS etc etc. and basically left us with the choice of flying Pat out, hiring him a rental car and leave the bike in Portugal, or wait until the bike can be repaired. In reality, insurance means nothing unless you're travelling on a €20k bike with a much bigger budget for the whole experience in any case. Everybody is ready to take your money to buy the insurance, but come problems they try to get out of the arrangement as economically as possible. Ok, I've said my bit on Ewan McGregor and insurance, I'll step off to more positive subjects.

We're getting ready now to board in Santander. Will update again on the Ferry.

## Landed in Plymouth

*Thursday 27 August 2009 18:58*



We're back in the UK, pushed the bike up the ramp, cleared customs found the van and about to load the bikes and head for Tornton. Lifting the bike is a bit harder than anticipated thou. Pat's out looking for a plank.

## So close and yet so far

*Friday 28 August 2009 19:12*

We've explored all the public areas on the ferry on our crossing between UK and Spain, so we had about 18 hour to pass between getting on board and sleeping as much as we could. We watched a movie, reflected on our experiences, and over analysed cultural differences, annoyances and things and family we started missing. Disembarking from the ferry went as planned, I was blowing like an ox running the bike up the ramp, but it went smooth without problems, even clearing border control went without a glitch, passport stamped without delays.

We had to wait till all the other vehicles cleared before we could push the bike through a side gate, unload the luggage, grabbing the Varadero on the forks and handlebars on both sides trying to lift in onto the transit van. It was quickly apparent that we overestimated our own strength or underestimated the weight of the Varadero.

We started routing around and Pat followed a security official to the dockers yard to try and find a plank that can serve as a ramp. That went much easier and at around 20:30 we finally had the bikes strapped down and finding a service station to refuel the Transit van. By the time we were on the road it was dark and the GPS indicated we would be in Taunton just after 23:00.

After finding some food late at night we literally fell into bed just before midnight, set the alarm again for 08:00, chucked our bags back in the van, had our breakfasts and made our way to Fishgaud for the final water crossing at 18:00. We arrived just after 14:10, minutes to late to make it onto the earlier Ferry for the 14:30 departure.

The next blow is the news that the 18:00 departure is cancelled and that we have to wait for the 02:45 sailing.

Is there really more that can go wrong? So close and yet so far. The difference between pinning out a route out on a map on the wall and actually executing on it is so much different. It just occurred to me thou, back when we did our first trip on our 50cc's, I drove on a dirt road till the back tire was in bits and a friend went ahead phoned my dad from the next town and dad bailed me out arriving with his truck and not saying much at all. I actually blocked the negatives from that adventure.

In the meantime, twelve more hour waiting ahead for us, too short really to justify the expense of yet another unplanned hotel and getting there well in advance to offload bikes, loading luggage and rolling bikes on ferry again.

Trying to pass another 12 hours, not really tired enough to sleep, only 2.5 hours possible sleep during the crossing and 2 hours more to cover the distance to Dublin at 06:30 in the morning with almost no sleep.

We drove 25km from Fishgaurd to a tiny little Welsh village, Cardigan, looking really suspicious, two grown men with foreign accents in a rental van, staking out the local theater/cinema, waiting for the only adult movie to start at 20:40. We're almost there, only one more hour to go.

## The last leg to Dublin

*Saturday 29 August 2009 05:46*



1)

myself and my friend Pat Taylor's

From:

<http://www.vanderlindes.net/> - **van der Linde family**

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[http://www.vanderlindes.net/writing/essays/motorcyle\\_tour\\_to\\_spain](http://www.vanderlindes.net/writing/essays/motorcyle_tour_to_spain)

Last update: **22/03/2019 18:32**

