

Adventure before Dementia



The scribbles of an aged couple who are enjoying the best times of their life.

News letter no 63.

20/9/2016

The first week was all about trouble with the camper, but the second week was all trouble with me.

3, mosquito bites

broke a tooth

dropped my specs in the shower and scratched both lenses.

I slipped on some wet tiles, scrapping my elbow, but banging my hip.

On to the Arcachon basin on the French Atlantic coast, Where we virtually had a private swimming pool, I was the only one who used it.



We drove around to Cape Ferret, to look across the entrance to Arcachon bay to the largest sand dunes in Europe. Dune du Pilat. It was a rather blustery day.



In a supermarket we came across a stack of this wine saying new arrival, It is very cloudy and still giving off gas so it had a special cork, you must store it standing up, as we found out when we lay it on the conveyor belt (it did give the shop assistant a laugh) Seemingly it is new wine and this is its first stage of fermentation. When its tasted by an expert they can tell how good that harvest will be. To me it tasted a bit like a rough scrumpy cider.

Dislike of the day. It was 36°C and we had a short shower. That turned the south west of France into a giant sauna.

Into Spain, This is our first trip into Spain in the camper very exciting. Our first stop was San Sebastian which is a very pretty coastal town, with a very nice sea front and old part of town.



The down side was the camp site, set out on terraces with very small sloping pitches.



San Sebastian had many tapas bars in the old part of town.



The most stressed man I have ever seen.

We were parked at a supermarket with a car power wash area. When I suddenly heard this screaming, I looked at the car wash area and this chap was thrashing the ground with the power washer hose. He then threw it into a corner and started thumping his own head and screaming. When I looked closer all the paint had come off the front end of his BMW OOOPPPSSSS.