

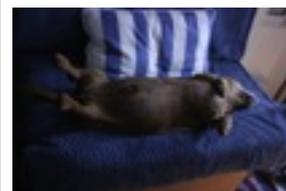
Monte
Madonie
to
Messina



I AM TIRED

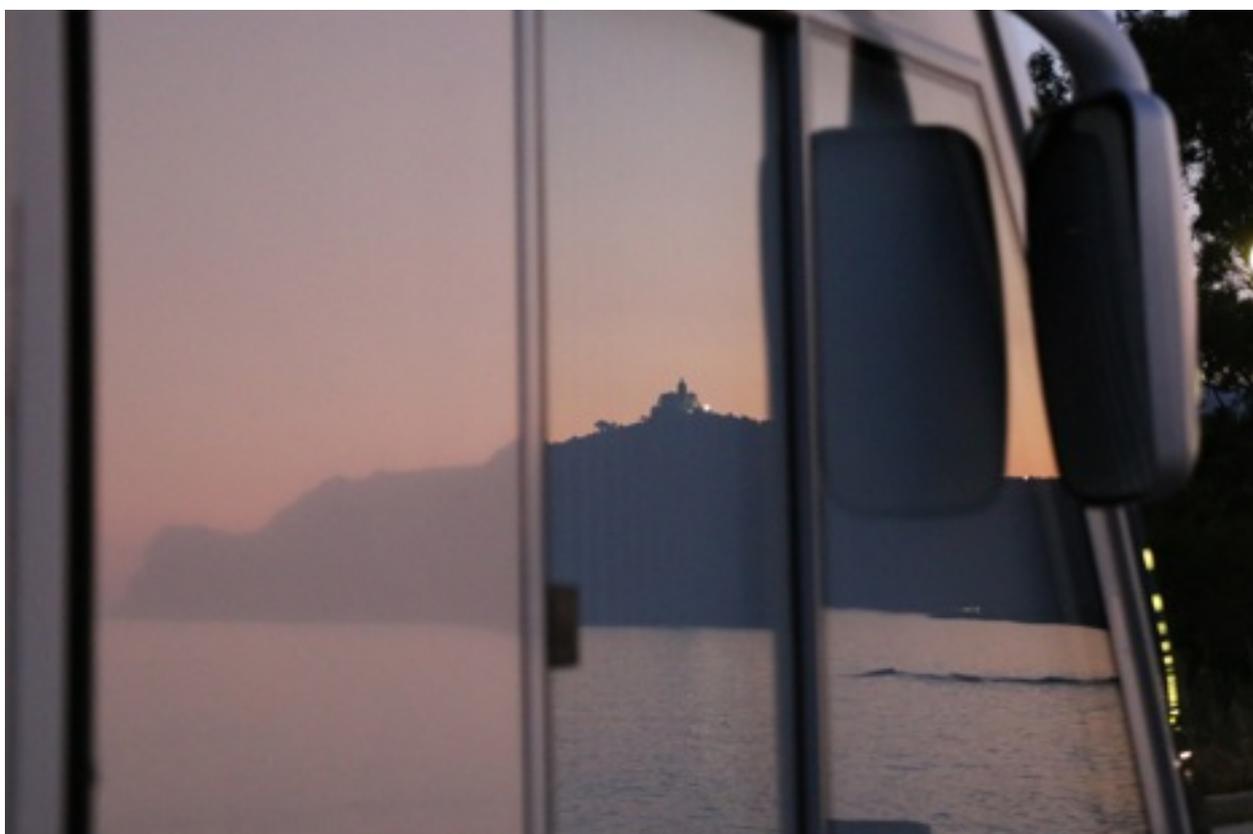


I'M TIRED TOO



I'M POOPED

STIFLING IN SICILY



This week's been a challenge in more ways than one. The temperature and the humidity have been really high, which just zaps your energy levels. It got so hot even Marg (Tom Tom) shut down to prevent heat exhaustion. I think that might have been the day it hit 44. At night you're lucky if the temperature drops below 30, so it not unusual to find 1 if not not all 3 of us pacing around in the middle of the night trying to cool down. With the temperature comes the smells and by gosh everything seems to stink at the moment. No matter what we do everything smells the same...vile. The toilet, well I wont even mention it but as you can imagine, it bloody hums. Strong smells and sweaty bodies attract mosquitos and flies, so we are swarming no matter the time of day. As you can imagine no sleep + loads of mosquito bites + annoying flies = grumpy household. Despite the moans we've pushed through the barriers and seen some remarkable stuff.

Tyndari view from
Homer

Monday 23rd June: Piano Battaglia to Parco Nebrodi



Lovely and peaceful night but then again we are high up and in the middle of nowhere, so hardly going to be kept awake with karaoke. After a bite to eat we put got our walking gear ready and set off. Craig made me laugh with his cut off shorts, white t-shirt and walking boots. He just needed a pair of braces and you'd think we were in Austria. Yesterday we went right, so today we will go left. The walk way wasn't as good and yesterday and after half an hour we were treading long grass. After another 5 minutes we were treading longer grass and dodging cow pats. By this time we were both sweating cobs and every fly in region decided to come and say hello. We were covered in flies and no matter what these guys were not leaving us alone. We had no choice but to turn around and head back to the main road, Craig decided to do a little detour and I followed only to regret it within minutes because the grass was above my head. Where the blinking heck were we and what the hell were we doing. God we do some stupid things at times. Why cant we do normal, stick to the road like everyone else and have a lovely relaxing stroll. Nope, we have to be different and go off the path to get eaten alive by flies and rolled up by dung beetles. An hour later we were back in Homer and ready to kill each other.

After a shower we and a silent lunch we set off to and headed towards Capizzi. We basically travelled from one mountain to the next winding through valleys of pinewood and beech and endless plains of wild flowers. Very pretty. At San Fratello we passed the church high on the hilltop were every Easter the villagers dress up as devils and march from the village to the church to the beat of drums and trumpets. The church is



Massive bunch of grapes for €2



Craig nicked a reflector for Homer



dedicated to 3 brothers - the 1st had his tongue tore out, 2nd burnt alive and 3rd shoved in to a pot of boiling tar. Not sure I fancy staying at this church for long!



We stopped at Caprizzi but struggled to find some where to park, so we headed straight in to Parco Nebrodi. As we moved closure to Mount Soro we could also see Mount Etna in the distance. god she is such a dominant but rather attractive volcano.

Today is a scorcher and you can feel the sun burning you through the windscreen. Homer's screen is so big and even with the zircon switched on you still feel like a boil in the bag . Then just as we came to a fork in the road Marg passed out. The screen flashed "shutting down as device overheating". We had no choice but to put Marg in the fridge and cool her down. We couldn't stay at the junction for two long otherwise we;d end up passing out too. Despite soaking Peanut every 2 minutes he still panted like mad and gasped for air. Poor little chap. Finally Marg came round and we set off again to find shade in the trees. Parco Nebrodi is basically one huge forest with loads of wildlife. Goats, cows and black pigs just roam around in the park, so you need to watch out on roads as the cows have a habit of going to sleep on the road, It is not just the cow you'd hurt but poor Homer would end us a right mess if one of those cow horns pierced his tender skin.



The forest is beautiful and with no villages in sight a good place to sleep for the night. We pulled in to watering space. I say space because it looked quite nice until we realised it was a mud bath. There is a natural watering spot and live stock just wander up to the water for a drink hence the mud. We managed to find a clean spot and bed down for the night to the sound of owls.

What's that noise Craig? I dunno but its rustling like mad at the side of Homer. It sounds rather large and I think its nudging us. Up we get and peer through the blinds. Its a bloody wild pig and its huge. Fancy bacon for breakfast? Nah, but wouldn't mind a munch on a trotter. Back to bed we go dreaming of hog roast and spuds. In this lovely cool and fresh air, much better than being sticky and hot.

Tuesday 24th June: Parco Nebrodi to Acqua Dolci

Woke to the sound of cow horns & bells as a rather large herd strolled by Homer. We watched the cows and they watched us - bet those cows are thinking what the hell is that thing over there. Hope they don't think its a new cow shed and try to mooov in. That's something, why do cows always look so sad and fed up?

We continued to drive through Nebrodi, a lovely windy road sheltered by trees. Not long and we were at the coast, driving through little coastal villages. We drove through a nice little town called Caronie Marina and decided this might be a nice place to stay for the night. We turned down the road towards the beach to find a parking spot when all of a sudden we were faced with a very small tunnel. No way Homer would fit under there and this narrow road on quite a steep incline. Oh dear this is going to be fun. I climbed out of Homer to stop any cars coming through the tunnel, whilst Craig did a 50 point turn. Turning Homer around was the easy bit! When Craig tried to get up the road Homer just slid everywhere. At one point we thought the clutch had gone but no, the road was that hot and shiney Homer just couldn't get any traction. Every time Craig released the clutch Homer just slid from side to side and occasionally slid backwards towards stone wall and tunnel. I really thought we were stuck. By now the traffic was building up and the Italian drama was building. Every man and his dog were telling Craig what to do. Horns honking, men yelling and me telling them to shut up or I would knock their lights out. This was our home and we had no intention of letting Homer crash in to the stone wall. After about half an hour Homer all of a sudden got a little traction and then he was off. Slowly but surely he climbed the sloppy road. Once at the top we paused for a sigh of relief - it was a close shave!

Needless to say we didn't stop at Caronie Marina but instead went to further down coast to a little place called Acque Dolci. This whole stretch of coast is lovely but motorhomes struggle to reach because you need to cross the railway line and the only access is under rather than over. After a bit of a shop and fill on diesel we found a great spot right on the beach. Very clean sand and little pebbled area just made for Homer. We parked up, pulled out the awning and sat in the shade with a wonderful fresh breeze. We had a lazy day just chilling on the beach. 25 years ago today we got engaged and so it prompted many fond memories about our journey over the last 25 years. I took Peanut for a surf and then we had a fantastic beach shower. The best shower ever! Today is another scorcher and it was so hot it started a bush fire just in hills behind us...think that's where we slept last night! For an anniversary desert we made a jelly with a Rowntree sachet from home. Jelly should be nice and help cool us down.



Dunking Dude to keep him cool



The sunset was amazing as ever and it was so nice to be able to see the shoreline for miles and miles. We set the table for our evening meal and put some candles out, looked lovely. We had a chicken dinner and even Peanut lapped up his dog biscuits soaked in chicken gravy. Then the moment we'd been waiting for, the jelly and ice-cream.

Joanne have you eaten the jelly? No, its in the fridge behind the butter. Well someone's eaten the jelly as there is only quarter left. Sure as hell the clear Tupperware bowl was only a quarter full.

You'd swear blind we'd only filled the bowl to quarter and not topped it off. There were no marks to indicate a spoon or anything, so it didn't look like someone had decided to nick a bit. Craig stood there with bowl in hand staring at the what was the one and only raspberry jelly. I starred with him, in the hope that if we stare long enough it will reappear. Craig scratch his head in disbelief and eventually gave up and sat outside with an ice-cream.

We watched an old couple pull up with their granddaughter and go down to the waters edge. After about twenty minutes of twiddling around they cast a line (not on a rod). It wasn't your ordinary line and they kept pacing up and down winding line in and out. We wondered what they were fishing for but eventually granddad put us out of our misery, squid. As we then scanned the shoreline we could see quite a few people fishing for squid. Nice t-tine snack, a little calamari with salt & pepper.

By 9pm the breeze had dropped and it was stifling. We had every window open and every fan or wafting device on the go. Nah, it was still too hot.

Peanut was nearly passing out, so I kept dousing him in the shower then covering him in cool wet cloth. It was a long, hot and sticky night. Night chuck. Ummmm. What's the matter? Nothing. You sure? Yeah, just wondering where that bloody jelly went. Are you sure you didn't eat some because the jelly didn't just grow legs and walk out of here. Will you shut up about the jelly and no I did not eat it. Just go and have a jelly dream and you'll be OK.



Our own beach shower

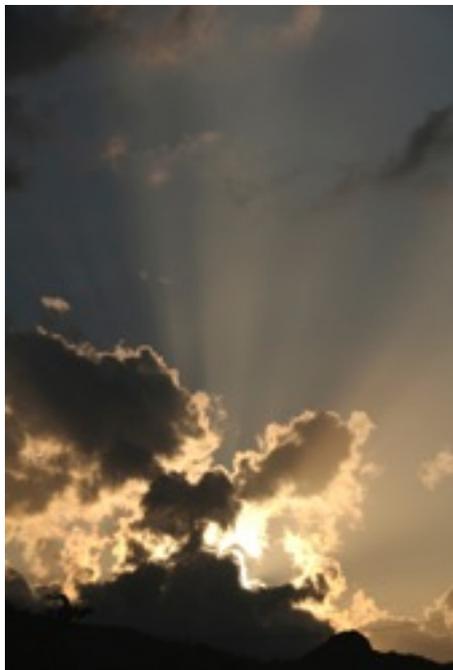


Peanut yapping cause his feet too hot

Wednesday 25th June: Acqua Dolci to Gioiosa Merea

What the hell is that noise? Oh Craig, I don't really give a shit, I am knackered and just want to go to sleep. Me too but that sounds like a bulldozer. I haven't slept a wink all night cause it is too

hot and when I finally close my eyes, some friggin Italian decides to wake me up. Sorry love but I think it is coming closer. It is, its a bulldozer on the beach and it looks like he is cleaning up and we may well be in his path. What time is it? Just gone 5 and think we need to move. We got up, shattered and not really in the mood to celebrate the Italian coastline. Right now, I would love my bed and home. Quiet, cool and safe.



Further down the coast we filled up with water and then went to find a parking spot at Capo D'Orlando. We found loads of perfect spots but everywhere said no motorhomes and if we pulled up for 5 minutes the locals were only too eager to shu you on. Its only 7 am and already 36 degrees, oh no today is going to be another long day. Craig what is that smell? I think it is the loo but I've emptied it. Well whatever it is, it stinks. Has Peanut shit somewhere? We hunted high and low but everywhere just smelt the same, bloody awful. We decided to empty every bit of water and clean anything that contained a water. With the heat the grey water was really starting to smell and its time like this when you realise how unplesant soap really is. We scrubbed and hosed everything down and things started to smell a little fresher. The fact the air outside stunk also didn't help. Once clean we set off further down the coast trying to find a town that permitted motorhomes. Just as we'd lost hope we arrived at Gioiosa Merea. A little town with a great parking space for Homer...flat and in the shade.

By 9 am we were slowly strolling around the little town. We'd decided to bring Peanut and what a mistake. His eye sight is very poor now, so he constantly bumps in to or falls off kerb stones and



his little legs don't last long. On top of that his cushin's belly often means his winkle trail on the floor. Occasionally we took it in turns to carry him but we too were tired and shattered. The 3 of us were tired and grumpy our mojo had gone. Then all of a sudden we spotted a general goods store. Craig dashed in and came out all giddy. He was chuffed to bits with his find - mixture of different size water bottles. After much debate and discussion we ended up with 1 x 3L, 1 x5L

and 3 x 10L tubs. I am sure the guy in the shop thought we were mad, how can someone have a full blown discussion about water bottles. Well I agree with him, we are mad and tired and hot and sticky and now on top of it, hungry!

Back in Homer and Craig spent several hours rearranging Homer to find the optimum storage place for the new water bottles. I sat in Homer and every time I glanced out the window I could see the contents of Homer spread on the kerb. Good job I don't care who sees the colour of my Tupperware or the size of my candles.

Just across the road from us is a restaurant, so for evening meal we decided it would be nice to enjoy a pizza and Perroni. Its one of those days and it continued in the restaurant. We got a right fruit basket for a waiter who clearly was more interested in his quiff and the occasional selfie on his phone than in our food order. When the pizza's arrived they were excellent and so tasty. We both tucked in like we hadn't eaten for months. After a couple of slices Craig was mid chew when all of a sudden he paused. You know one of those pauses when you've found a fish bone or broke a tooth.



Whats the matter? This pizza has fish in it. Are you sure, you only ordered a margarita. I am telling you, its got fish in it and its awful. Craig has the remains of the pizza suspended in his gob and was anxiously looking around to find a place to dump the contents before he chucked up. With no where to dump the contents he quickly swallowed the fish bits and followed with half a pint of cola. Craig then began to inspect the contents of his pizza and found half a dozen large anchovies. Nothing for it, we did a swop and he continued to wolf down my pepperoni pizza like nothing had happened. When the bill arrived we checked the order - the waiter had written down Napoli instead of Margarita.

Back in Homer and it was nice and quiet. It was still rather hot and sticky so we opened every door and window we could. Craig sat by the window and he could see the mosquitos trying with all their might to get through the net. We had a few clothes drying on the window and he could see more mosquitos on the yellow t-shirt, so that was it Craig began his mosquito research. He avidly watched the t-shirts only to find the mosquito's had all gone to bed. I on the other hand began to itch like mad. This time with heat rash. I tried all sorts from showers to cold compresses and tomatoes to yogurt. The yogurt was nice and cooling but it was short lived as I was too hot and the yogurt soon curdled leaving me looking and smelling like an out of date bottle of milk. I didn't look or smell great but at least it scared away the mosquito's and helped clear up Craig's research...mosquitos don't like sour milk.

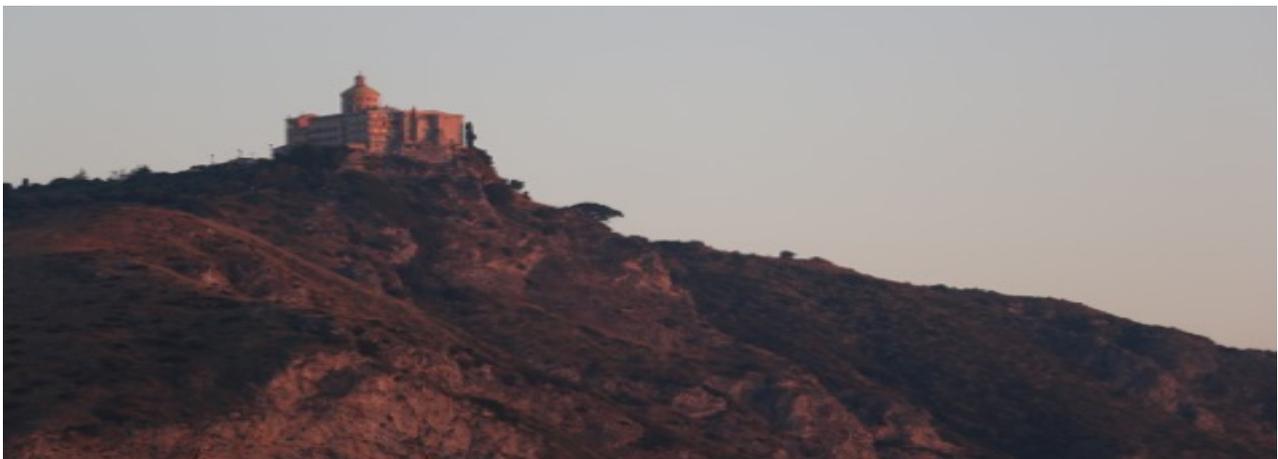
Thursday 26th June: Gioiosa Merea to Oliveri

Another restless night and come 3am I'd given up the goose to try and get some kip. I got dressed and then strolled around the little park at the bottom of the street. I cooled down a little,

which helped the prickly heat calm down but unfortunately not disappear. Craig managed to snore his way through the night without even breaking a sweat, lucky thing.

In the morning we watched the world go by in Gioiosa Merea and catch up on emails. I made us a sandwich for lunch and when I opened the salad tray I had a big surprise...jelly. Three quarters of a jelly perfectly set in the bottom of the salad tray. A couple of small items were set in the jelly but in the main they were sat on top. This made the jelly saga even more confusing. There was not a trace of jelly any where else in the fridge. How the hell did the jelly get from a sealed bowl to the salad container without leaving a trace? Both of us stood there gawking at the salad tray wondering what happened. Well at least we now know we don't have a phantom jelly smuggler. For Craig that made the problem worse, he now had to work out the logic and science behind the move.

In the afternoon we headed further along the coast this time heading a little inland in order to get round a tricky bit of rocky headland. The inland and rolling hills are just lovely in Italy and I could quite easily sit here for hours looking deep in to the valley wondering who lives in that little house and how do they get their shopping or what's that bird up there or who killed Roger Rabbit and left him in the middle of the road. Then all of a sudden in the distance I could see a pretty huge



building and it looked rather bazaar. Nothing like the Italian buildings we'd seen so far. It looked almost Maharaja in style. The building stood proud and bold on top of the hill and nothing else around for miles. I wonder what it could be. I don't remember anything in the guide books. We were intrigued and so we we drove towards the building.

Homer slowly clambered up the hill towards Tyndaris. At the top we stopped and took a look around. The building we could see is Santuario Della Madonna and it is perched right on the top of Tyndaris, an ancient city overlooking the beautiful bays of Patti and Oliveri. Apparently this is one of the last Greek settlements in Sicily. We were just about to go and have toot around when we noticed it was 1pm and everything closes at 2pm, so instead we went and found a parking slot down in Oliveria. We have to travel via Tyndaris to get back on the main road, so we visit the ruins in a couple of days.

In Oliveria we asked a couple of builders for aqua fontana and they directed us to the best spring water in the world. We filled up Homer and then found a great free car park right on the sea front.



The entrance had a 2m height restrictor, damn but the exit didn't have any barrier, so we just went in the wrong entrance. After all it wasn't a busy car park...just us!. We had a spot of lunch and did a bit of housework before taking a stroll along the front. Oliveria is a small Italian tourist spot and it is certainly stuck in the 60's. Everything is nice just old fashioned and smells of musk. We followed the signs for Marinello, the natural reserve with a series of 7 small lakes under the headland. Some of the lakes are sea water but as you climb higher they become fresh water.

On the way back we called in one of the 5 start camp sites. We asked the lady if we could have a walk around and look at the site. It was large, straight on the beach but very dark under the pine trees and full of insects. It was very quiet with only half a dozen or so campers, so it felt deserted. To be honest the car park had more appeal than the site, so we thanked her and strolled back to Homer. Nice sunset and although it was extremely hot the mild sea breeze helped circulate the air and dry the load of washing strapped to Homer's hidden side.

Friday 27th June: Oliveri to Falcone

After breakfast we had a cycle around Oliveri. There is not much here at all but it is big enough to capture your attention for an hour or so. Craig spotted another 10L water tub to match his other purchases and shot in the shop to buy one. We now have enough water to be classed as a mobile reservoir. As well as the 140L water tank we now have 5 x 10l, 1 x 5l and 1 x 3l tubs, so more than enough to last several days.

Back in Homer and we washed the bedding



and hung out the dry. Whilst drying I fell fast asleep and went out for the count for a couple of hours. Craig on the other hand went for a cycle around the countryside. When he returned he woke me up and before I'd had the chance to stand up and scratch my arse, he was off. We were driving down the coast to a little spot he'd found. It was only 2 km drive and it was perfect. Little stretch of road, tiny beach, shower and flat calm waters. But most of all it had a wall. Craig poured me a glass of wine and decorated it like a cocktail - brolly and straw. I sat on the wall sipping my wine and watching the sunset. I had a wee chat to the wall and it told me mum was doing better than ever, still mad as a box of frogs but loving reading groups with the wonderful Janette. Dad was having a great time with all his friends in Spain, which reminds me, he is home on Sunday, so I will order some food goodies, so he doesn't need to go shopping. Ummm I will do the same for mum plus some flowers to brighten her day. After the chat with wall I felt fresh as a daisy and ready for...my dinner. Craig cooked a marvellous a la carte meal with all the trimmings, fish fingers, chips & mushy peas. Beltin. What a fantastic end to the day.



Saturday 28th June: Falcone

Today we didn't do much apart from spend time on our own little beach. Peanut mainly surfed which Craig lounged around (rare I know) sunbathing and I did my Bay Watch bit (well I can dream) acting as Peanuts life guard and general dog's body.

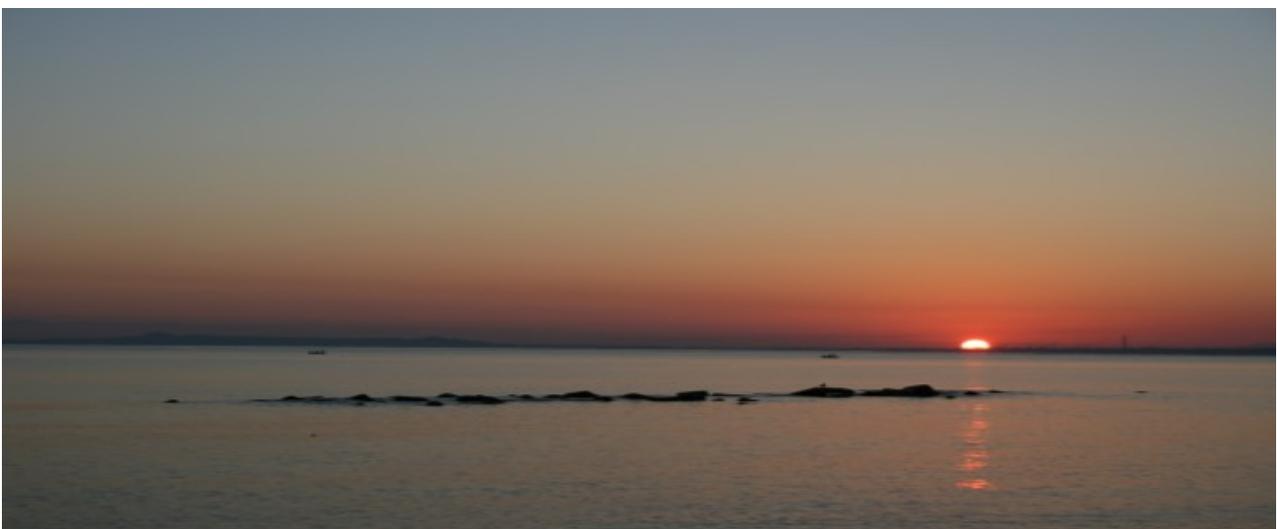




Late afternoon we drove another km down the coast to another little stretch of beach. This coastline is great, lot of little coves and hardly anyone around. We had a cycle in to Falcone, which is just a small town and on the way back I frantically licked a melon & pistachio ice-cream. It was so hot, it was melting quicker than I could eat.

Oh I nearly forgot, we went in to a Conad store and we saw some weird looking fruit amongst the apples and oranges. We both looked at the fruit in wicker baskets and wondered what it could be. They were small round things and quite pale in colour. Then it dawned on us, they were peeled hazelnuts. Craig told me to try one but I didn't have the courage so instead I squashed it between my fingers. To my horror the thing shattered and all this slim shot over my hands. It was a damn snail and a live one at that. I did the usual female thing and shrieked whilst Craig grinned like a cheshire cat and walk off like he wasn't with me. Cheeky bugger, I needed his t-shirt to wipe my hands. I couldn't walk around the store with half a dead snail dripping form my hand. What could I do. I looked for paper towels but nothing. I ended up using a plastic bag but to be honest, it was gross. The snail was still wriggling but it wasn't in one piece and using a plastic bag made it feel all the more snotty. Why can't the Italians just have brown snails like the rest of Europe! I would know then not to squash it.

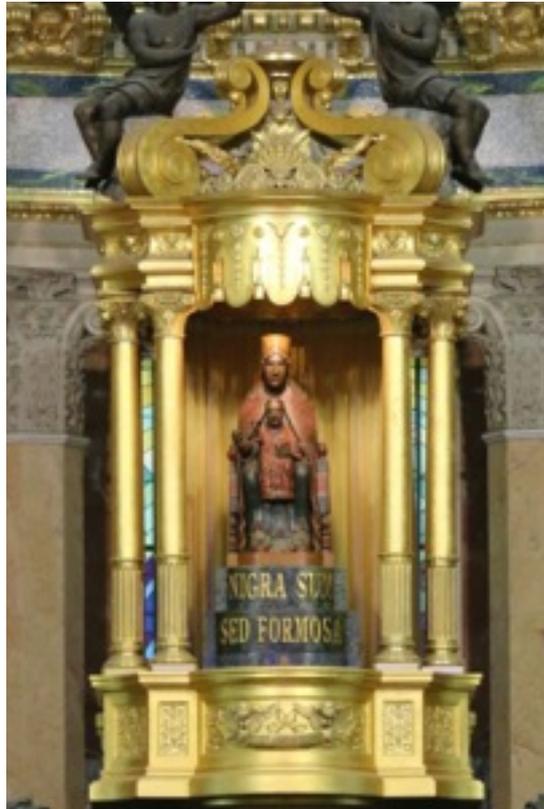
Not much else to report today folks apart from its damn hot & sticky.

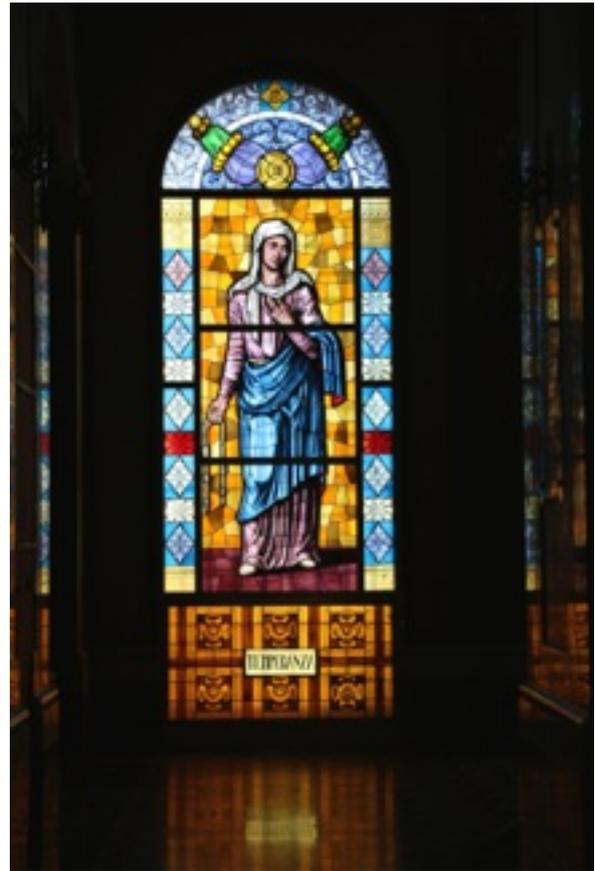




Sunday 29th June: Falcone to Milazzo

Both of us really struggled to sleep with the heat. A tin box is not ideal in the heat but not sure what we can do other than go in to the hills. By sunrise we were heading out of Falcone and climbing the hill to Tyndaris. What better time to visit the ruins and sanctuary. Craig didn't park at the normal car park, he headed further up the hill that said no entry and parked right outside the sanctuary. We expected it to be quiet but no, it was early morning mass, we forgot it was Sunday. Fortunately mass didn't start for another half an hour, so we were able to look around the church. The church attracts a lot of pilgrims who come to admire the Black Madonna who has performed several miracles in her time. We are not quite sure what those miracles are but everyone says she performs some good ones. Wonder if she'll ask god to turn down the sun rays





a notch or two then we can get some sleep. Anyway inside the church was beautiful especially the mosaic images underneath the church arches. A plaque situated near the madonna stated “Negra Sum, sed Hermosa” which means I am black but beautiful. Such a simple but powerful statement. Outside the church the local street vendors were setting up their stalls in readiness for the wave of sunday tourists. We wandered around the archaeological site and streets before hitting the road towards Milazzo.

As we came down the hill we took a wrong turn and ended up driving 10km in the wrong direction on a toll road. We have no idea how it happened but hey ho. We took the first turn off but unfortunately we

had no ticket. The ticket man was not too happy in fact he was a grumpy bugger and demanded a ticket. No matter how many times he demanded we couldn't produce something we didn't have - who did he think we were, the black madonna?. We apologised endlessly and offered a boiled sweet as a peace offering but he didn't want one. Maybe he prefers chewy caramels? Nah he prefers sour grapes. Eventually he logged our registration on the computer and asked us for €0.70. All that fuss for 50p.



We noticed a Lidl on Marg, so why not take a tour round the supermarket and indulge in some treats. Always a good remedy for lack of sleep. We both wandered around Lidl like two zombies filling the basket with all sorts of stuff. It was like auto pilot in slow motion. We could have placed tripe in vanilla custard in the trolley, we were that tired. Whatever we put in cost us €70!



For the next hour or two we tried to get back to the coastal road but no joy. The bridges and tunnels all too small for Homer, so no choice but to back track another 10km on to the toll road. Today has certainly tested our patience and then some when it comes to roads.

For Sale but in great
condition





We finally got to Milazzo with its lively fishing marina, the odd modern shop, a ferry terminal and a castle. We parked up on Craig's favourite street "Garibaldi", as every town in Sicily has a street named after him and every town we stop at we seem to stop at this street. It haunts Craig and winds him up, so funny. I recon Marg (Tom Tom) has a sick sense of humour. After we filled Homer up with the best spring water in Sicily according to a Milazzo chap, we parked up just off the main road. We were both tired, hungry and hot. We tried our best to be patient with each other but we're human and couldn't help but snap. Craig went for a beach shower whilst I went and sat on a rock with my feet in the sea.

Once we'd cooled down and had a bite to eat, we had a cycle in to Milazzo. Peanut was thankful for the ride as the cool sea air flapped around his ears. Normally he stops panting when his ears flap but tonight he continued to pant like he was running a marathon. We stopped on the front pavement right near a fountain, so he could have a drink. There were loads of people around, all smiling at him and pointing to say how cute he looked. Until he decided to do a massive turd right in front of them. How embarrassing. What's even more embarrassing is everyone watching me bend down and pick it up in a poop bag. Clearly our pooch was desperate for the loo. With turd in bag we quick cycled off down the road and in to our hiding hole, Homer.

Monday 30th June: Milazzo to Capo Milazzo

With no one around, Craig emptied the loo in the local drain and ditched the grey water. In this heat everything starts to ferment and smell very quickly. He'd just finished when a motorbike with two chaps pulled up. The chap called Franco was from Milazzo but lived in the UK and he recognised the number GB number plate. He had a good chat with Craig.

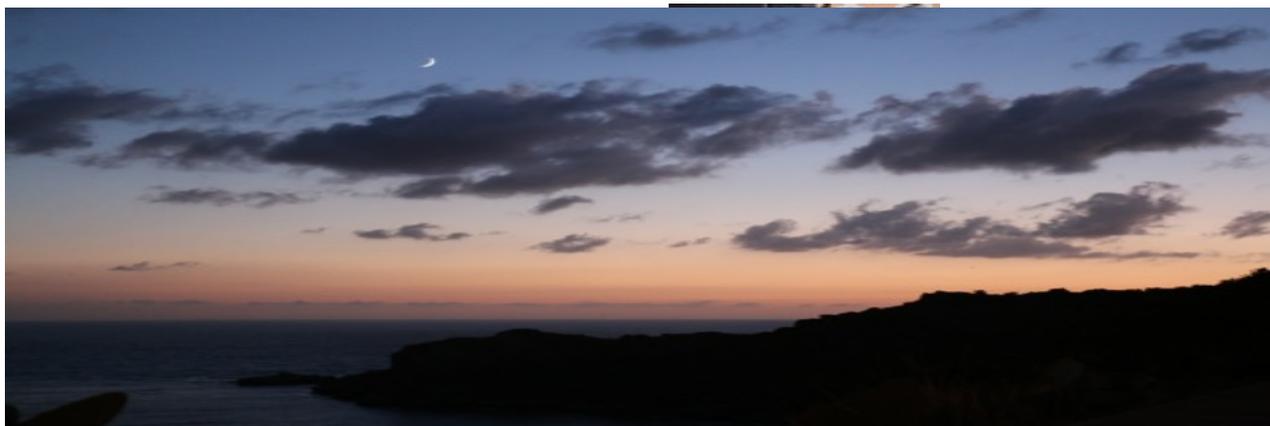


We drove a few kilometres down the road to the cape or as some say, the end of Sicily. It was a lovely drive with sheer cliff drops to the turquoise waters below. We spotted the odd house but not many but then again, I bet this stretch of coastline is pretty expensive. It's like a big finger pointing straight out to the island of Stromboli. It is so narrow you can see the sea and coastline on both sides, its beautiful. We drove right to the end and parked up on the road. As usual it was dead with not a soul in sight. It is reasonably high up, so the breeze up here is just amazing. Its is so cool and constant unlike on the beach where there is no breeze at all. In front is the lighthouse and to the right and left views of the coastline. To the left is a small walk way, which leads to a cave church.

Typical free parking spot



I lied on the wall and let the cool breeze wrap around my body. It was heaven. If only it would rain for a few minutes then it would be perfect. Craig went for a quick cycle whilst I stayed on the wall. We had little walks around the headland but in the main we stayed in Homer. It was cool and a welcomed break from the blazing sun. Mid afternoon and Franco turned up again. Craig had a chat with Franco for a couple of hours. He was a great character. I would say he was around 65 years of age and he had throat cancer. He had an operation to remove part of his throat, so he talked with a rattle. Craig had a good chat and chuckle with him and it certainly



made his day. In the evening we watch a film, 12 years a slave. Pretty good film if you've not seen it.

Sunset & new moon

Tuesday 1st July: Capo Milazzo to Messina

Really good morning after a great nights sleep. We just sat and chatted about all sorts of stuff. We had a laugh and giggle which put us both in good moods. It felt great to be back to normal -

no itching, no heat rash, no smells, bellies full and loads of energy. I did a bit of tidying up whilst Craig darned the net! Yep he stitched the little hole in our mosquito screen before it got any bigger. The holiday tunes were in full swing and Homer was rocking to the beat.



We drove back to Milazzo town and filled up with fresh water before heading over to the beach. Today we're going snorkelling on the cape and can't wait. But wait a minute Huston, we have a problem. The water is not working. It's spluttering all over the show, what's happened. We tried a number of problem solving techniques but Homer was not playing ball. Unfortunately when you have a water problem it tends to spill everywhere and in order to keep testing you need plenty of it. Trying to fix a water problem in the middle of the street isn't ideal. We headed to a nearby campsite and asked if we could use their service area. The gentleman could see we had a problem, so he let us use it for free. We tried all sorts of stuff but the air would not come out the system. We

both got wet through and the problem when you get wet, you get bit. The great day turned out to be a nightmare. Wet, chewed to death and no water, nothing for it head to Messina. If the drive doesn't sort the trapped air then at least we can find a service centre. Once in Messina we had a bite to eat then checked out the water. After about half an hour we had the whole system working back to normal. We have no idea what happened or why but at least it is now fixed.



We found a spot just outside Messina, Craig chinned a few glasses of red and I chinned a few glass of water. As the sunset we looked across the water to Italy. Tomorrow is another day and probably a good time to head in to the Italian hills for some cooler weather.



Peanut crashed out
on the couch



Craig fast a sleep on
the loo
