

So, last time me and Mads travelled from Malmö on the west coast across Småland to Kalmar on the east coast. This time its all about our visit to Öland, the island just off the east coast of Sweden. Its quite big I suppose, only a few kilometres wide but nearly a hundred long!

Maddy's original plan was for a three day visit but due to the ferry not running on Sunday's that was changed to four days. We caught the early afternoon ferry from Kalmar to Farjestaden and after a short ride found our campsite at Eriksore. It didn't take us long to get the tent up in a pleasant spot only a few metres from the sea.

We needed to get some supplies for the next few days so we returned to Farjestaden to visit the supermarket, our first time in a proper Swedish example. We weren't quite sure what to make of it, some stuff was cheap like a Lidl, other stuff was priced at the premium end of things, for example, bread was very expensive but ice cream was cheap! With bags laden with meatballs, salad and pop we set off back to the campsite but were sidetracked by some old cars by the old ferry landing.

It turns out we'd stumbled on a car club meet, what started with half a dozen old Saabs turned into well over fifty assorted oldtimers, newtimers, from around Europe and across the Atlantic. Mad was taken with the old bangers but the full on bright pink Volvo dragster complete with parachutes and nerf bars was my favourite. I eventually dragged Maddy away, my stomach was rumbling and we returned to the tent to get our meatballs.

I forgot that I sneaked some ice cream into the bag, by the time I remembered the 'Chili Lakrits glass' was a bit, er, soft! Well it was interesting despite that, it topped out our 'classic' Swedish tea nicely. It was such a nice evening I didn't want to go to bed but Mad warned that it would be a long days ride tomorrow so I gave in.

It wasn't quite so bright when we set off next morning but it started to warm up fairly soon as we started a big 100km loop around the southern end of the island. Of course, my pilot wanted to stop at every bit of rock and windmill that we came across – of which there are quite a few, sometimes whole lines of them. That's okay for the first twenty times but it gets a bit tiring after a while.

We stopped for lunch at some place called Parboang, I dug into my sandwiches whilst Maddy ran around the burial mounds and stones – where's Dad when you need him, he'd love all this. Anyhow we were on the homeward run now, I insisted we stop at the beware of Moose sign, and the view out over the sea was nice too. We made one last stop to see a Rune stone which was at least a bit different then back to base for the evening.











