

The following morning we set off to see Sweden's biggest castle forty odd kilometres to the north at Borgholm. Of course there were more saily things and lumps of rock on the way but even I was impressed when we got to Borgholms Slotruin, its huge. We spent quite a bit of time there, ate our lunch and mused over the curios Game of Thrones-esque thrones in various locations.

It was early afternoon when we left, making a short stop in the town below before continuing on our sort of northern loop. It was too far to go right up to the top so we crossed the island to return down the eastern, Baltic coast. We made a side trip to see some old church, found another Rune stone not on Mads map and of course saw another bunch of windmills and archaeology stuff.

Sunday, our last day on the island turned out to be not just the shortest ride but the most interesting. It was another warm sunny day and we made a loop so we could visit the Ölandsmuseem. On the way though we diverted a bit as Mad wanted to see some ancient Viking fort place on the way.

Ismantorpsborg is pretty big, nearly as big as the castle yesterday but not as grand. To be honest, there isn't much to see, the wall is a bit collapsed and inside is fairly overgrown, even so, it is quite impressive. We returned to Foxy and rode the last couple of kilometres to the museum.

Its not one of those places with dusty displays or loads of 'local' interest stuff like the Heimat museums back home in Germany but instead it's a 'fossilised' farmstead, you can go into all the buildings and the café was offering some excellent food – got to be extra points for that! I've seen murals, wall paintings in big castles and palaces but one of the farm houses here has rooms so decorated – no doubt the height of fashion in 18<sup>th</sup> century Sweden.

We finished with a 'lakrits glass' then set off for a gentle meander back. Well that was the plan, instead we ended up going out to the coast where we stopped for a drink at the tiny fishing port of Blasinge Hamn. It was only a short ride back from there, I indulged Mad with a couple more windmill stops but all too soon we were back at Eriksore Camping for our last night. We had a bit of a party meal, Mad didn't want to carry all the bits of food we had left next day so it was bits of this and that and even some beer.

Our last morning needed an early start, our ferry was at 9.30 so it was a quick breakfast and then a steady effort to get everything packed up and loaded. It has been a good few days, much more relaxing than the fraught cross country journey. We ended up with a bit of time to spare so it was a slow ride to the ferry as we both contemplated the rest of the day back on the mainland.

































