

### 30.7.2015, Latrabarg, Patreksfjörður, Talknafjörður



This morning we left Raudarsandur early without breakfast to not further disturb the farmer's family.

However, even without breakfast we were soon wide awake, because a big coach came our way on one of the steep slopes and we had to give way on the outer edge of the cliff. The farmer's lady had mentioned that just yesterday a truck had problems with his brakes on the way down and the driver had to crash his truck against the mountain. Nothing serious happened but he had to be towed away and we still saw some debris from yesterday's accident on the street.



We stopped at the museum of Egill Olafsson in Hnjotour and had our breakfast there. Afterwards we went to see the exhibition. Egill was a diligent collector of all items about the livelihood in Iceland and he also was the founder of the first Aviation Museum of Iceland. Unfortunately the latter was closed.



The museum had lots of exhibits about the daily life sorted by different themes, i.e. farming, fishing, clothing... The story of the man with the clutches is especially interesting. The farmer had bought boots which were too small and he could only put them on with great efforts. So he decided not to take them off anymore – for the whole winter. As a result he lost one leg...



On the 3rd photo you can see Puffin eggs. In the past they were an important staple to survive, now they are a delicacy. Puffin eggs are very hard to harvest as the birds preferably live at very steep cliffs above the sea.



Having learned enough about the region we drive to the Westernmost point of Iceland to Latrabjarg. This is at the same time the Westernmost point of Europe (if you would exclude the Azores).

Luckily, they did not eat all the Puffin eggs in the past, as Latrabjarg still has a big colony of these funny birds. It seems that Puffins are not afraid of cameras, in contrary it looks like if they love to pose for the camera turning their head left and right, up and down like a professional model. When they fly it looks like they are wearing a wingsuit, really fun to watch.

It is very hard for us to pull ourselves away from the Puffins, but at least we have hundreds of Puffing pictures to take home. Would love to share them all...







We then arrive in Patreksfjörður for a late coffee at the Stukuhusid, which has an amazing terrace. It feels like being on a boat.



But we still have to move on and drive a last leg to Talknafjörður at the next fjord. 3km behind Talknafjörður is the Hot Pot Pollurinn which we of course wanted to see. This Hot Pot was a bit run down and surrounded by a lovely construction site, but the water was clear and almost too hot.



To ensure we could have a bath the next morning, we just stayed on the parking lot of the Hot Pot.

All night a lot of visitors came by the latest arrived even at 0:30 a.m. for a midnight dip. Well, it is getting dark only very late and nothing much else to do...

### 31.7.2015, Dynjandi, Pingeyri

Today we want to visit the Dynjandi waterfall, which falls down the cliff like a fan.







We have to cross a few passes, the last one being the Dynjandisheidi Pass at 500m altitude. Incredible, there is still so much snow at only 430m elevation.







The highest pass we cross today is the Hrafnseyrarheidi-Pass at 552m altitude. The landscape and temperature at 500m in Iceland is like being on a Mid-European mountain at 2000m.



After warming up at the Kaffihusid Simbahöllin in Pingeyri it's time to look for a night spot again and we find a gravel pit directly at the fjord. This gravel pits and storages are everywhere. Seems one just has to dig a bit and finds perfect gravel immediately useable for road construction and the like. For us, we always find some wind protection behind the hill.

Despite the weather Werner tried to fish for a while, but looks like even for the fish the weather was too bad.





## 1.8.2015, Skrudur, Flateyri

Once more unfortunately the weather forecast is correct and it was raining the whole day. Nonetheless we visit the garden Skrudur, which was started in 1909 by a local priest called Gudlaugsson. He envisioned a lush garden full of different plant species and created the most Northerly botanical garden in Iceland. At the same time it was used for educational purposes and served as an example for gardening under extreme climate conditions just short of the polar circle. This place is the only one in Iceland, which won the International Landscape Award Carlo Scarpa 2013.



Today we want to drive to Flateyri, a nice little village where it is supposedly good fishing. A huge avalanche has destroyed part of the village 1995 and 20 people lost their lives. With only 200 inhabitants quite a percentage... After this disaster a huge wall was built to protect the village from any other potential avalanche.





Today is again one of these days where one can only stay in, drink coffee and hope for the weather to improve. So we are looking for a coffee shop in downtown Flateyri but everything closes at 5p.m. The lady in the handicraft café was so friendly to still serve us coffee and close a bit later than usual. The café looked like being in the 70ies.



In Flateyri it is possible to catch sole directly from the pier and Werner of course wanted to try his luck, despite the awful weather. Indeed the first sole of his life was hooked after less than a minute. Flateyri seems to be indeed a good fishing village.



Having had no previous experience with filetizing a sole we had to find out about the right technique. Thanks to Youtube it worked out and we had sole fillets for dinner.



We stayed for the night at the free camp site of the village. The wind was blowing strong, it was raining and 8C cold. How frustrating for Icelanders to call this weather summer.





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## 2.8.2015, Flateyri

Some participants in our travel group were requesting a break in Flateyri and so we did. Werner launched his boat and went fishing. After about two hours in the fjord his catch of the day were four cod fish, two haddocks and one makarel. The guy from the canoo rental next to where we were standing was quite surprised to see that a makarel got lost into the fjord.





For the night we just leave the boat with motor lying outside next to the rental canoos. We would most likely not do this in any other country, but in Iceland it is no problem – as the canoo rental guy ensured us.

So far most houses are still left unlocked in Iceland. When we chatted with the canoo guy, he told us what kind of different groups where in town for fishing tours, some British, some German groups and they were staying at the fishing huts. The locals know exactly who is in town and who belongs where – maybe this is also why it is so safe.

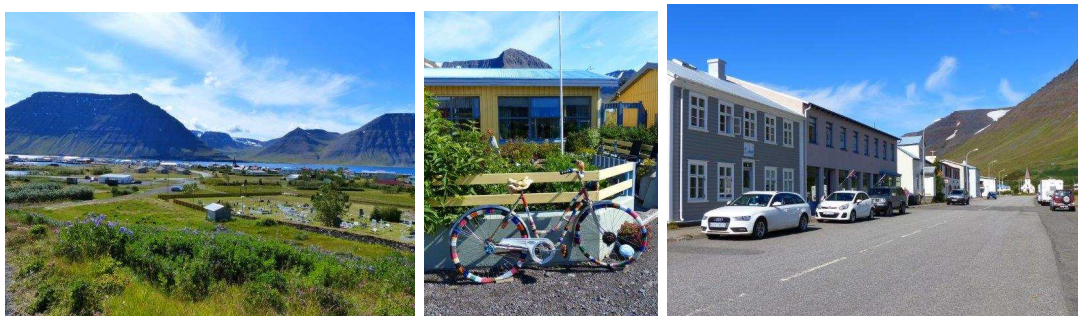
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### 3.8.2015, Flateyri

Perfect blue sky, calm sea and boat with motor where also still at the same spot the next morning. What more can you ask for?

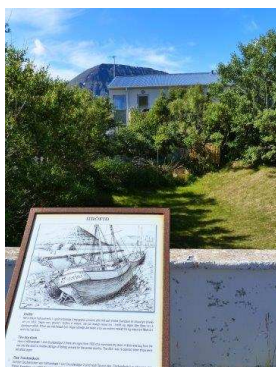


While Werner is fishing at sea, Dewi is exploring the town in this beautiful weather. There was much more going on in downtown Flateyri even two tourist coaches arrived.



The whole town has signs in front of historic buildings or special landmarks and it is interesting to learn a few more details about the place. For example, below is a dry dock. During autumn a channel was built from the sea directly to this dry dock. When a flash flood happened, the boat was heaved into the dry dock and the channel was closed again. And for summer it had to be done the other way around. What hard work to do every year!





After about 2.5 hours the fishing fleet was back to harbour. Catch of the day are two cod fish and one haddock.



After such hard work we had to relax at the pool. In the outdoor Hot Pot we are greeted warmly and are very surprised (especially without glasses). Turns out, that the canoe guy is sitting with his whole family including grandchildren in the Hot Pot. In this pool they not only offer free toys for kids, but also free coffee!

However, for dinner today it is not fish! We have a fish break and a lamb burger instead with 'Oil' at the Vagninn. Mountain pass = heidi, beer = oil, Icelandic is quite logic after all...

