

13.9.2015, Melrakkasletta Halbinsel

Since the town of Kopasker welcomed us so warmly, we try to give back to the local economy, which is not an easy task. All we can buy at the local supermarket is a little breakfast of cookies and coffee as well as frozen lamb chops...

Unfortunately, the landscape is covered in thick fog, so we don't get much to see on our way around the peninsula Melrakkasletta. This area is very remote, the few houses and farms here are all empty and deserted... Here is what the Icelandic polar fox calls home, but although we try very hard, we are not able to spot one.



We have a break in Raufarhöfn, a very typical small town, really out in the sticks. We make ourselves a coffee and take it easy, nothing much we can do in this weather. It is a classic Icelandic dilemma: should we stay or should we go? Wait until the bad weather hopefully improves or continue driving to escape?



Our place for the night is at lake Pernuvatn where we find one of our preferred pebble pits.

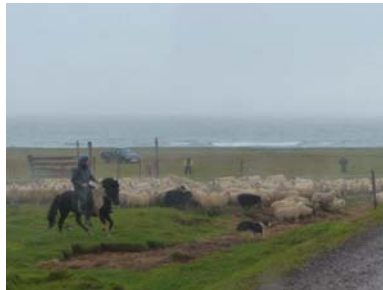
What a pity, today we really couldn't see much.

14.9.2015, Langanes Halbinsel, Fontur



This morning the fog unfortunately is rather thicker than thinner. We have to finish our drive around the Melrakkasletta peninsula without any view.

Today's destination is Langanes, another small peninsula at the very North Eastern corner of Iceland, shaped like a big goose-head; on its tip stands the Fontur light house. As soon as we drive onto Langanes, we see another sheep mustering, this time with the support of a horse. We can confirm that it is not easy to force the sheep in the right direction.



The road follows the coast and suddenly we see some strange back fins sticking out of the water, for sure no dolphins. We stop to watch the animals as they seem to 'park' close to shore. Guess, they are also waiting for better weather... We don't know these animals, but according to our internet research these are porpoises – as their head is very round.



The road continues along stony and barren land, like in the highlands. The road condition worsens until we bump along mean potholes, for a distance of about 50km we need two hours drive... Along the way a lot of drift wood has piled up.



We reach the lighthouse Fontur at the end of the peninsula and this place will be our camping spot for the night. Let's hope that tomorrow the fog is gone.



15.9.2015, Langanes Halbinsel

We are lucky, the sky is clearer than yesterday. As we bump along the same pothole road, we can at least get a view of the landscape we pass through.



In Langanes stands the bird cliff Stora Karl. As the fog yesterday was so thick, we delayed the visit of the bird cliff to the return trip. However, also today we are almost blown off the viewing platform.



It's raining all day today – seems like autumn is coming. We continue to drive until Vopnafjörður and are lucky, that the only cafe is still open. A lot of places have shut for the winter break already, also the local hot pot, which is supposed to be a nice one, is closed already.

Again, in this weather the only choice we have is to look for a place for the night. Behind the gorge Gljufursardalur we spot a sheep pen where we can park. Werner is trying to brave the weather with rain gear, but he is back very quickly...



16.9.2015, Egilsstadir

The fog is really persistent... We continue our way across the Hellisheidi pass (655m, 15% incline) towards Egilsstadir. Nearly exactly three months ago we started our trip around Iceland from Egilsstadir. Now we completed our circle around Iceland.



Back in civilization we stock up our supplies and have a dip. In the pool the cold wind makes us move quicker between the different hot pots...

It is now getting dark around 7pm and we have to get used to look for a camp spot earlier. Tonight we camp at the river on road 953 leading to Mjoifjörður; three months ago we spotted our first reindeers in this valley.



17.9.2015, Neskaupsstadur, Eskifjörður

We are back to the Eastfjords and drive to Neskaupstadur via Reydarfjörður since we gave Neskaupstadur a miss during our first visit. Although it is located at the very end of the fjord and behind a mountain pass, the town is lively. We expected to come to a remote village, but in contrary there is a lot of traffic. At the end of the fjord a few hikes are marked and we walk to Paskahellir, a cave at the sea.



Since the town is busier than we thought we think it will be easier to camp at Eskifjörður and drive back. Werner makes good use of the time before dinner.



18.9.2015, Eskifjörður

The decision is made, as the weather forecast looks promising, Werner seizes the last opportunity to launch his boat. After everything is set up it is still foggy, but it is

also absolutely calm. The sea is as flat as a mirror. This is only the second time since we are in Iceland that we experience such calmness. Cast off!



Werner finds a few good spots and brings home the biggest cod he has caught so far. The deadliest catch: 15 fish! When and how are we going to eat all these fish?



19.9.2015, Pordalsheidi

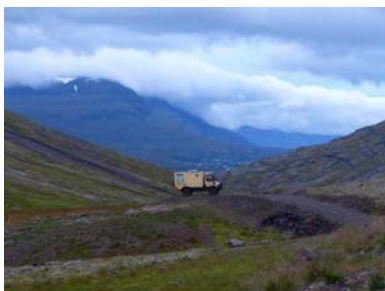
We were indeed lucky with the zero wind yesterday. Today everything is back to normal, the wind is strong and the water choppy. It is not easy to stow away all the equipment, as everything is flying away.

Our very last destination of choice on Iceland is the Snaefell volcano, located in the highland North East of the Vatnajökull glacier. To get there, we have to pass by lake Lagarfljot near Egilsstadir. The weather should be good the next two days, so we take our time today to drive there slowly.

We decide to take a small road across the Pordalsheidi, which is also closest way to the lake.



After a hike along the road in the valley we also stay there for the night.



20.9.2015, Skriduklaustur, Laugarfell

The weather forecast was right. As soon as we get out of Pordalsheidi the sky is clearing up and the sun is fighting its way through the clouds. We continue to drive South around lake Lagarfljot towards Mt Snaefell (1833m).



As we reach Skriduklaustur, we see many people and a lot of cars parked next to the road – another sheep mustering is in progress. We drive by slowly and suddenly see someone waving heavily. Is he waving at us? „It's Pierre!“ And so we meet again... Theresa and Pierre had helped bringing the sheep down to this pen. What a small world!

While watching the sorting we discover a black sheep with four(!) horns.



In Skriduklaustur the ruins of the old monastery Skriduklaustur can be visited.

The monastery was build around 1500. It took ten years to excavate the ruins; in 2002 they started and were only able to work for 8-9 weeks during summer every year.

Finally we continue our way and drive up into the highland with view of the lake Lagarfljot and the sheep yards. This street is the only access to the highland by a tarred road, therefore it is also accessible without 4x4.



With view of Mt. Snaefell we drive until we reach the hut / camp site Laugarfell, where we get to know Ralph and Martina. Their Unimog also belongs to the Procab-family. We chat and have coffee and cake in the Laugarfell hut. Since it is getting late, we decide to stay.



The camping costs 1500ISK per person and night which includes shower and the hot pots, which are located directly behind the house. Everything is new, modern, clean and well maintained and we are happy to pay for such good service. For a change no rip-off. After dinner we meet all other campers in the hot pot...