BULGARIA

Impossible to read - luckily we have pictures

Bye Bye Romania

After nearly three weeks in Romania we drove the 280 remaining kms to the border with Bulgaria. We crossed the Danube twice - once by bridge and once by barge. We took the morning to drive down the coast from the delta, then inland and finally directly south to Silistra. Most of the journey was over flat or gently rolling country that sustains rich agriculture. The fields are large and worked mechanically. That does not mean that there was a dearth of the old horse and carts. The opposite was actually true in that we would have seen well over a dozen of these happy modes of transport taking the locals everywhere. In one case we saw two carts loaded with small milk vats. The houses occupy quarter acre type blocks and, as in all places in Romania, had large gardens and often fruit trees and veggie gardens. We have not mentioned before that it appears as if the towns don't have piped water. Wells are evident either in each property or on the street for collective use.

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SNIP SNIP SNIP? The Bulgarian language is impossible to read but the signs are very pointed.

Heading down to Bulgaria …….

The ride over to Bulgaria by barge was interesting in that the flat bottomed barge was pushed by a boat - have not seen that before. There was no delay at customs but the officer did enter our van to have a look around - maybe he wanted to see if we were hiding anyone in the loo.

Our reading indicates that cash is the major method of payment in this country so after leaving the barge, our priority was to find an auto teller. We used the GPS to locate the nearest one and ended up in a very seedy part of the town. Most of the town was in fact seedy looking but that turned out to be the worst. As an indication the GPS instructed us to go down Block V12 "street". The area sprouts the horrible communist-era monstrosities that looked like they had had no maintenance for half a century. Even worse - the auto teller was not operational. After a bit of effort we finally found one in a better part of the town - but not that much better.

Armed with Lev we headed out of town to a nature reserve - Unesco World Heritage listed - Srebarna. We found the office near the park and tried to enquire about walking around the reserve. We found what we expected - the receptionist only had info in Bulgarian. No other language. Little other than Bulgarian is spoken in this country apparently. It should prove interesting. There are also very few camping sites. We knew that there are no camp sites within cooee of this town, so we just stayed in the car park at the front of the park office.

A short walk along one side of the lake was all that was possible as there is no paths through the reeds. I think we have the best location up here in the car park where we can see the lake from a distance.

Tomorrow we really get into the place - a famous tomb and apparently a picturesque town to see. Heather is in desperate straits. She is running out of English Breakfast tea. Only choice left is herbal tea. Horrible state of affairs.

Countries like Romania are rapidly transitioning over to renewable energy - wind farms for as far as the eye can see in this region

Smoother and silkier …….

We rate camping showers from one to five
Some we've found quite nice, others a real dive.
As soon as we get to a camp the first thing I do
Is to check out the chemical toilet, the shower room and the loo

Sighisoara was a revelation, such opulence
It's camp shower facilities were amazingly excellent
Not having had a shower for the last couple of days
I straight away told Heather I was going to bathe

The shower room was big and the water was hot
Lovely to luxuriate and worry about water - not.
I put on the shampoo and lathered it up
Then washed it off when I thought it enough

Next I used conditioner, for Heather I saw
It had a lovely aroma so I put on even more
My hair felt immediately slipperier and oh so nice
I reflected on how wonderful was Heather's choice

I stood there in the warm shower and waited a bit longer
I believe the more time you allow will make your hair stronger
Eventually I decided that it was enough time
My hair fell simply luxurious crammed full of enzyme

I rinsed and I rinsed and I rinsed it some more
The bloody stuff wouldn't rinse off, expletives galore
What a disaster this was, despite all my care
The full bodied locks I craved for were not really there

I dried myself up and slinked back feeling weird
The texture of my mop top felt horribly smeared
When Heather looked at the bottle she got a huge fright
No wonder my hair did not feel quite right

I'd grabbed the wrong bottle, how stupid of me
The label was in a foreign language, Hungarian, you see
Heather couldn't stop laughing at my silly mistake
I'd put skin cream on my hair instead of my face.