

Some time ago I offered to treat Dick to a day's tuition with Nikos in his workshop during our holiday in Crete. I must admit that I didn't give much thought as to what I would do whilst he was turning and learning.

However, when the much anticipated day arrived I found that I was spoilt for choice as to what to do. Should I explore Rethymno? After all there was plenty to see - the marina, the harbour and the old fort for a start. Then there was the old town with its' narrow streets and little shops selling everything from tourist tat to amazing, beautiful high class jewellery. Or should I do some serious shopping, or even just window shopping in the new part of the town?

I could, of course, just spend the whole day on the beach, sunbathing on one of the huge number of sunbeds, swimming or taking part in water sports.

Well, I began my day on the beach road from where there was a choice of excursions to take.

There was the "Little Train" offering a tour of the town or Cretan villages, or there was the open top Hop On, Hop Off bus, making a tour of twelve places of interest in and around Rethymno, The open top bus was to be my choice!

I caught the 12.00 bus and enjoyed the bird's eye view as we travelled through the town towards the countryside. At Milo Gorge, I hopped off, well stepped off as elegantly as I could. The first thing I noticed was the quietness (once the bus was out of earshot!). It was so peaceful, I could hear birds singing! The other thing I noticed as I followed the path down into the gorge was how green it was, the steepness of the surrounding gorge sheltering the plants from the sun. I sat for a while on a bench in a cool, little clearing and then followed the well-defined path a little further and came upon a small taverna. Here I treated myself to a vanilla milkshake as I sat admiring the beautiful scenery. All too soon it was time to make my way back to the bus stop and hop on the bus again. I continued on the journey to the final stop, at the War Museum, where there were tanks and military vehicles, a helicopter and a plane on show. Finally the bus made its' way back to the town by a different route, squeezing through the narrow streets of Roussospiti, a hillside village and passing the Agia Irini monastery.

Arriving back at the seafront there was just time for an ice - cold freshly squeezed orange juice and then it was time to go and see what Dick had been doing in Nikos's workshop.

I know that should Dick ever come woodturning in Crete again, I will also have a very enjoyable day. Though next time if I go hop on hop off, I will try to get an earlier bus so as to be able to spend more time at the places of interest. So instead of whatever am I going to do for a whole day, I think I'm saying a day wasn't long enough! (I'm sure Dick would have liked more time too!).