

Goats, Gods, Greeks and Swedes

CLIMBING MT. OLYMPUS...

*in true Greek Fashion!**

**Very haphazardly and amateurishly*





Dagen Randas. One beautiful day, brazen adventures struck out from the sleepy little village of *Agios Dimitrios* to conquer the home of the Gods, Mt Olympus (no disrespect, please don't smite me, its just for a BTOR). These brazen adventurers said they would leave at 8am, but ended up leaving at 9:30am as we needed time to pack the food!



So, three greeks, five swedes climb into the back of a truck, to go hiking, right... No, its not the beginning of a new joke. The most advanced conveyance that could be found in that sleepy little village was this pick-up truck ("Ute" for you Aussies, or *Νταλικά*).

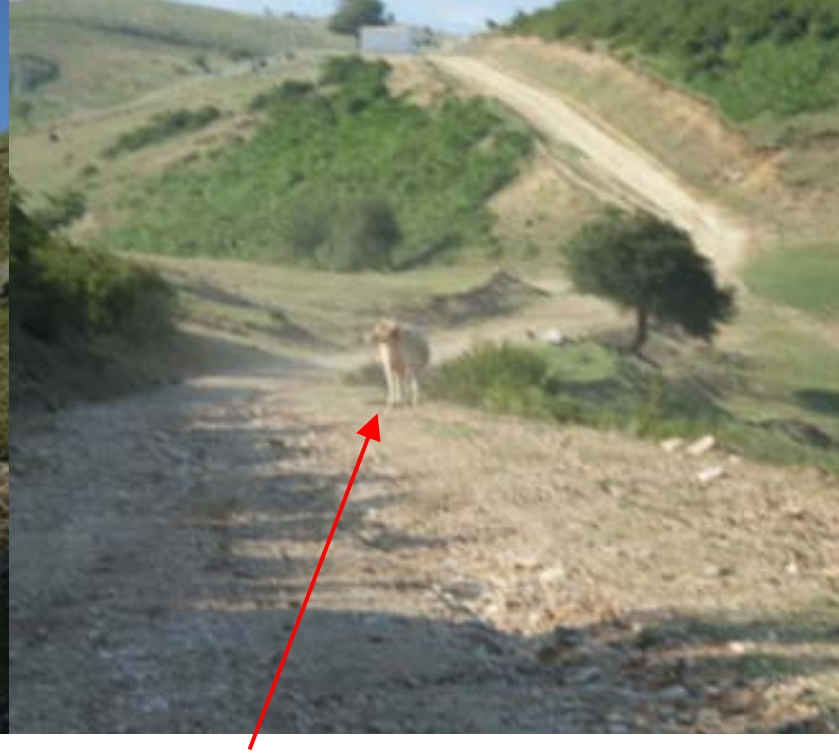
En får, två får, tre får..

Don't leave home without it. Piles of Food, Greek-style. Although it was only a full day's march, the Greek needs to be prepared for any eventuality. Like mass starvation.





The heavens opened, angels sang, Gods beamed. No smiting today.



Obstacle Course. We passed a cow on the udder side of the road...

Riding, Hard. The road up the mountain was steep, treacherous and unforgiving on the buttocks, particularly for those unfortunate enough to have selected a seat right above the rear wheels...me.



I hope I
remember how to
get up the
mountain!

I hope he
remembers how
to get up the
mountain!



Our quaint Base Camp.

Three Greeks and five Swedes go hiking, right... What, have I told this one already??





Hope springs eternal in these mountains. Flowers broke through the otherwise barren stone, while a decent patch of snow survived full summer. Enough for a decent snow-ball fight between the Swedish kids and an Australian...ah...kid.





Jo, jo, jag
komm...

Intrep-id or stup-id? Heading out, but not knowing if we were going to make it up the mountain...

Mt Olympus (below, below left)
Swirling Mists and volcanic chasms...





Måltid mitt på dagen! (Lunch!)

Of course, Dean gets the heavy lunch back pack with all the canned food (boohoo!). Fortunately, we left the Watermelon in the truck.

Avbrotten. The stylish ladies on one of our (many) stops to change their *καπελακια* (hats).





Mordor. Tower of Doom (left).
Actually the peak of Mt Olympus
(known as “*Mittika*”) at 2917m and
cloaked in mists isn’t very
accessible and looks scary as hell.

Into the depths. The rocky path to
Mittika looked scary as hell too.
Sadly, two weeks back an experienced
climber was killed by falling stone
loosened by inexperienced climbers
above him. This is a shot looking
‘down’ the path to *Mittika*...





Next best thing ...which is why we headed for the second highest peak (*To Skolio*) at 2912m according to the Greek geological authorities, 2911m according to my GPS, or 9550ft. We left our messages from far and wide in a diary kept in a weather-proof box.



It's all downhill from here. The descent was a little rocky, a little tricky, but a toboggan would have been fun!

Finally, we make it down from Mt Olympus and we all get what we were waiting for all day. Food! And Watermelon! Which later exploded...(Konstantin!)



Last Words...

Ordalagen...

Τα τελευταία...

Jag väntar ivrigt på att sommaren skall komma tillbaka i Grekland!!!

- “Konstantin, put the Watermelon down!” – Dean, before it exploded.
- “Κεφτε?...Κεφτε?...Κεφτε?” (Meatball?...Meatball?...Meatball?) – Eva
- “Don’t worry about me. Go ahead. I’ll just rest here.” – Soula, exhausted.
- “Konstantin, försiktig!!!” – Uncle George, many, many times...

...and remember...mjölken står sig fyra dagar i kylskåp!!