



I had promised Mick we would have a real vacation on the island the next day. I spent the remainder of the day doing some minor fixes on the boat and when evening came, we walked around the town. One thing that hadn't changed in 40 years was that everybody would go out and walk around the town seeing each other and "window" shop. Now of course there were a lot more "windows" to shop from and the main pedestrian street was shoulder to shoulder with people, kids and the occasional frenetic dog.

Mick, the motor scooter, & Onasis' island in the background

The next day we rented a motor scooter and decided to explore the island. Nick, my son, spent many weeks in Lefkas and talked often of a town called Nidri and a nearby waterfall. So that was our destination for the day. You had to have a driver's license, so Mick couldn't get his own scooter; instead we doubled up on a 125 cc Honda scooter. It was plenty peppy and after getting used to the traffic, we drove very defensively down the east coast of the island taking in the beautiful views with our eyes and the many insects with our mouths.

We then decided to take in the waterfalls and after getting some directions (they were only 3 km



away) we found the first sign a few kilometers away "Kataraktes 3 km" we followed the sign. After 2 km we came upon the next sign "Kataraktes 3 km". Another 2 or 3 km we came upon the next very optimistic sign, "Kataraktes 3 km". I guess it was just easier to make the same sign 4 times instead of 4 different distances on the signs.

Optimistic Greek sign, 400m is about ½ mile in Greece

Eventually we did make it to a small restaurant where we left the scooter and followed the signs



“Kataraktes 400 m”. I think we passed a couple of those signs as we wound our way into a very narrow gorge. We rock hopped over a narrow stream full of tadpoles and bright green bull frogs. Eventually we reached the falls; it was so neat to see fresh water just spilling down the side of a cliff in this hot land. The water was cold and clear and cooled the whole gorge. Compared to the waterfalls here in the Pacific Northwest it wouldn't be counted as much but in that setting it was beautiful.

Now my son Nick had visited here and had some cool pictures of him jumping off a big rock into the shallow water. I made the mistake of telling my fearless nephew who promptly climbed up onto a large rock. There were a number of people who were aghast as Mick launched himself off the rock and into a rather shallow section of the pool.

Up he popped and with a great grin on his face he acknowledges the applause of

onlookers. He then came over to me and said through a grimace of a smile “I really bruised my butt, but I'm not going to let them know that”.

We met several interesting people, a couple from Sweden, though the guy was originally from Turkey, but his father had to flee Turkey for being a political activist. On the hike down, we met a young Greek geologist, an oddity as most Greeks end up being engineers or lawyers. So we were treated to a full and very interesting tour of the geology of the gorge and an explanation of the geology of the island.



Mick after his 2nd successful jump off the rocks