

The Black Sea

DAY 47 - 3057 KM

From the North Sea to the Black Sea. I've reached the end of Europe. It feels like a great accomplishment. The last days through Bulgaria were uneventful and I pushed a little extra so I could take it bit slower going southwards along the coast.

There is something magical in spending the night on an empty beach. When the sun sets, the colors in the sky fade through purple, pink, orange, and green to blue. There is nothing other than the sound of the waves and sand between your toes. Total tranquility. At sunrise I get up, take a swim, and go through my camping ritual with all the care and patience in the world. I put the stove together, make some coffee, write down the distances in my booklet, and read a bit on my Kindle. I have the entire beach to myself and linger till noon, when I get back in the saddle. This is almost too perfect to be true.

