

Island life— Ferries

Joel and I love islands and being close to the sea. When an opportunity to go to an island comes up, we try to make it happen. When we do, we never leave our bikes behind. Part of the adventure is to carry them wherever we go.

Ferries are chaotic at best. You have to wait in the sun if you want to get a good spot. Half an hour before departure, the line is deserted, and, five minutes after, the boat is at capacity. Motorcycles always get in first because they go against the sides of the boat, then trucks and cars go last. Depending on the size of the operation, I check for the cost with other locals in line, to ensure I don't get the "tourist tax."

Once you park the bike, you are asked to leave so a couple of guys can secure them so they won't fall from the movement of the boat. They know what they're doing but they never deal with such heavy bikes. If the sea gets real rough, putting the bike on the kickstand might be a bad idea. I know where my bike can be strapped and where it can't, so I will go down to check every time and redo it if necessary, even if I get a dirty look.

