

Informationen zur Umwelt und für Naturreisende auf Kreta:
Information about Environment and for travellers at Crete:



Aliko Almirida – a special bay away from known tourist paths

If there is a reference at the roadside, which refers to a way, which is missing on my map, this wakes my adventure desire. It provokes me to seek out news and I give way to the temptation, whenever time and circumstances permit it. Once in a while I appear in front of a locked sheep corral, or I err on dusty dirt roads with mature-deep impact holes around, without knowing how to get back to a regular road.

However occasionally I discover completely special places, calm, separated places, which are impressing in their wild beauty. A piece of Crete, as it can hardly be more magnificently. Here I would like to present such a place.



Coming from *Iraklion*, on the motorway West (*Rethymnon*), right behind *Sisses* (*Sisses* is the next village behind *Fodele*) you can see a sign which can be surveyed easily, reading *Aliko Almirida*. Follow it. A slender tarmac route will lead you through a lovely valley with Orange- and Olive groves.





When the small Byzantine chapel of *Agio Nikolaos* emerges on the right hand side of the road, the sea is already in the range of vision (see picture on Front-page). You can park your car by the power pole. There is a well recognised and established pathway passing a water filling station down to the chapel. The mural paintings within the building are in bad condition; nevertheless the holy *Nikolaos* is still gladly visited and asked for assistance as you can see by the new attached votive-panels (left picture). There are only few meters up to the coast from here, where the ruins of a mill plant rise up intractably into the sky.

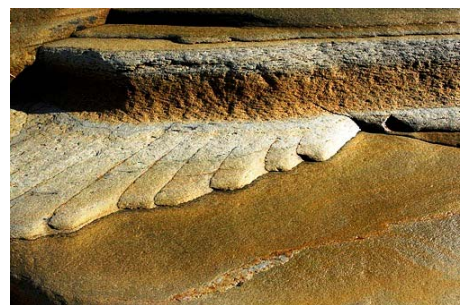
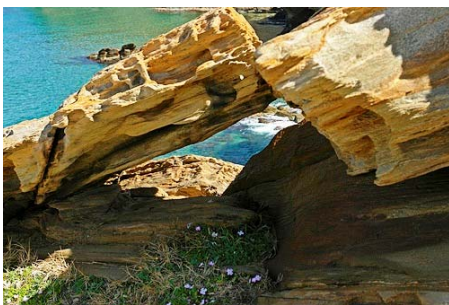


A bar over a small splashing brook leads to a small tavern and to the beach. There is a young Greek who, like me, enjoyed the silence and prettiness of the moment. While smoking a cigarette, *Stavros* gives friendly answers to my interested questions concerning the cave entrances, which I discovered in the east.



With serious face the Cretan reports that senseless swimmers, mostly tourists, often also Greek, drown in the surge caves each year. Maelstroms and dangerous riptides arise within the water of the cavern, which pulls thoughtless ones into death again and again. I would not intend to make photos there also?

When I assure him that during February the sea is much too cold in order to bathe, and I am always very careful, he calms down and goes on his way. I watch him ascend, how he climbs the narrow path to the road, and I am once again alone with my camera and the fascinating rock formations, from which you see here some pictures.



*This bulletin has been provided by Maria Eleftheria for the NLUK eV.
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