

Marzememi – May 2008



The annual excursion to Marzememi this year proved to be the most popular to date with some 53 yachts and over 500 sailors making the trip to Sicily. While some yachts entered the race, “*Tia Buena*” and her crew chose the more relaxed option and use the weekend to socialise and relax with the more energetic members of the crew assisting with the actual sailing!



The trip started bright and early on Thursday.....too early for some of the crew who only appeared once all the lines had been released! With moderate winds coming down from Italy, *Tia Buena* was soon able to demonstrate her capabilities and how she could easily cut through the 10 metre swell and waves that often cascaded over her bow to

drench anyone bold enough to venture into the cockpit. Although we started early, we were accompanied by several other insomniacs as we made our way steadily across the wild seas...we even had some time to feed the fish during the crossing.



Marzememi itself is a small village with a quaint piazza which is surrounded by several small quite bars and restaurants where you can ponder on how well the crossing went or simply

indulge on some of the local wine and beer. The harbour is noted for a pretty house only accessible by boat while around the harbour there are many small restaurants that offered excellent seafood and pizzas for the less adventurous. One popular evening spot for our crew was the local Karaoke bar.



After a healthy breakfast, many people decide to go on an organised trip to **Buscemi** which is a small village set high on the Iblean Plateau. Guides took small groups around many of the old restored houses and workshops which now make up a “Rural Museum”. Lunch followed at a Agro Turismo farm close by, with food and wine to satisfy even the most voracious appetite of Tom (aka Hollow Legs), live entertainment was also provided! The tour continued on to **Noto**. Generally listed as



one of the 'must-see' tourist attractions of this part of Sicily, Noto is a pleasant and attractive little town, with a historic centre that is composed almost entirely of crumbling Baroque palaces, churches and houses.



Other members of the crew chose to hire a car and travel up to Siracusa less than 90 minutes away where they shopped and dined until early evening when we reconvened for dinner.

Blah blah blah!!!!

The skipper was often in awe at the skills (or lack of them) demonstrated by his crew, many were eager to assist while others simply had to recover from the exertions of the previous evening.

