

No shouting...

Me.

Every. Sodding. Day.



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Throwback Post: Day 3 – Honeymoon in Iceland

Day 3 of Honeymoon in Iceland: Food glorious food!

Well, day 3 and we wake to find the storm has gone. Hurrah! The VW Polo roller-skate is now completely buried in the snow at the bottom of the hill and all you can see is the roof. Oh well, hopefully the car hire people will arrive today and bring us something a little more suitable.

We still have no food in so we walk up to the hotel for breakfast again. The walk up there is far less eventful than

the previous day thanks to the fact you can see more than a metre in front of your face today and we make it without incident...how unusual!!

We help ourselves to the buffet (again, no puffin or horse for me thanks...) and Chris returns with a bowl of cornflakes with yoghurt on – is it just me or does anyone else think that's weird...? Porridge with yoghurt, yes, but cornflakes?! He informs me it's the 'continental way' of eating cereal. Smart arse. Whatever it is, I don't think I'm joining him and I stick to my toast and jam.

We finish up and walk back to the lodge, again, without falling into any ponds or disappearing waist deep in any snow drifts. We sit outside our lodge on the balcony and take in the view for the first time since we arrived, as our view is now not impeded by darkness nor blizzard. It's utterly beautiful. Snow everywhere, black volcanic mountains and a wonderful fjord (you know, the one you can go under through a safe tunnel rather than round risking life and limb, yes that one).

We dig the snow off the hot tub. Yes it's warm and yes it looks inviting, but we are still not brave enough to take the plunge just yet so we decide to go indoors. Just as we do, a chap arrives at the door in a Toyota 4x4 – from my level it looks like a monster truck! He says hi and explains that it's our new hire car. Woo hoo!!!! We've got wheels! As soon as he's gone we get kitted up and head off for the first time, since the traumatic drive to the lodge, to find a supermarket. We drive to a large shopping centre just outside Reykjavik and it's amazing (but a little bit like being in the Peacock centre in Woking as it has a large debenhams and a number of other shops from back home). Regardless, we are just happy to be out and about and to have found a supermarket.

I head for the fruit and veg, and I find Chris debating what bacon we should get. Very important. As with most foreign

supermarkets you get local 'delicacies' – Chris shows me something and pretends to lick my face with it...it's a cows tongue. Holy crap. I'm hungry but not that hungry! They also have caviar in a squeeze tube. Interesting...maybe they use it instead of toothpaste??

We spend a while pondering what to get in case we get snowed in again (essentials like chocolate and alcohol) but we eventually finish and go to the checkout. Iceland is notoriously expensive as almost all its food has to be imported, and the stuff that isn't imported is questionable like rotting shark and pony. The cashier finishes scanning the food and announces, "that'll be 30,000 krona please"...chuffing hell! We pay and then once we are outside we convert it into £ just out of curiosity. We didn't buy a great deal and for a mini shop, we have just blown about £170 – and no, we didn't buy the cows tongue...

Back home we unpack and revel in the fact we finally have supplies. Chris puts the food away and I do the most important job of putting the bottle of rum out in the snow on the balcony to chill.

I have some more toast for lunch and Chris decides to have an omelette using some local 'blodmor' – which translated is sheeps blood sausage stuffed in a stomach lining. Sounds delightful... He asks if I want some and I swiftly decline. I told you he's going mad...I check he hasn't bought some fava beans and a nice Chianti, purely as a precautionary measure...after his behaviour yesterday I'm keeping a very close eye on him.

We have a quiet, relaxing and uneventful afternoon of planning our next outing and we FaceTime the kids. It seemed like a good idea but Luke didn't want to talk much as he was about to eat his turkey dinosaurs for dinner (priorities) and little Zak spent the whole time crying and kissing and hugging the iPad screen because mummy was 'stuck inside it'. Bless him.

After half an hour of FaceTime, and watching Luke bite various body parts off his turkey dinosaur with glee, we hang up and decide to do some star gazing.

Chris downloads an app for the iPad (star walk or something like that) which allows you to point the iPad at the sky and itll tell you what you're looking at. Chris spends 2 hours messing about with it but as geeky as it sounds, it's great fun and we realised a 'star' we could see really clearly was actually Jupiter (pause for jokes about if we saw any other planets or if Chris saw 'Uranus'...you guys!!)

We try to stay up and see if we can see the northern lights – they often appear about 1am but due to the fact we have small children who have destroyed us, we were asleep by 10:30...maybe we will see them tomorrow. Zzzzzzzzzzz.

