

An insert with my flying instructor who lives on the Faroe Islands

Traveling with two 40-year-olds

Hanging out with two 40-plus-year-old guys wasn't a bad gig for a 74-year-old. Being a mother of three sons, three grandsons, a brother, and no sisters, being around guys is never difficult for me, especially when Arngrim and his brother-in-law, Martin, both of Soldarfjord on the Island of Eysturoy in the Faroe Islands, were so kind.

We boarded the Smyril ferry with the car in the capital city of Torshavn after leaving Soldarfjord early in the morning and driving to Torshavn.

The ferry was complete with a cafeteria, television, Wi-Fi, and comfortable chairs. It was a two-hour, smooth ride where we passed the Sandoy Island, the island where Martin's mother came from, and two green rock islands called *dimun*--large *dimun*, which is inhabited, and small *dimun*, which is uninhabited. The one I saw very well through the window reminded me of an emerald stone.

"There are so many rocks and islands, and they all seem to have names," I said.

Martin answered, "All rocks in the Faroe Islands have names."

When we docked on the Suduroy Island, we drove to where Martin had an appointment, while listening to Paul McCartney's music in the car. We ate lunch in the Tvoroyri Hotel, dropped off Martin for his stress test, and then Arngrim and I drove up to the north side of the island.

We drove through the lovely green island and saw a different terrain on the Eysturoy Island from anything I had observed in Iceland. One area had strange-looking rock formations that resembled tall columns. They almost looked human-built.

On the way to the village furthest north on the Suduroy Island, we drove through Hvalba and through many other smaller villages and their harbors. About three hours later, we picked up Martin and got the good news that he passed his stress test. Why not? He's a gold medalist in the free stroke swim meet in Island Games.

Then, there was so much more to see. After all, there was the south side of the island waiting to be discovered by the three of us. Along the way, Arngrim wanted to find a cliff he had discovered on a drive by himself one time, and while we were heading up the mountain, the fog nearly made

it impossible to see in front of us, much less find the cliff he wanted to show us. Arngrim stopped the car at a spot that looked like it might be the place. Martin took off walking up the hill to see if it was the cliff as described by Arngrim.

"It has an extreme drop down to the bottom, and there are many birds you can see," Arngrim had told us earlier. Martin kept walking, and we could barely see that he reached the top.

Arngrim and I decided to follow. Then Martin disappeared.

"Oh, shit," Arngrim stopped still. Martin wasn't to be seen anywhere, and both of us had the worst feeling ever.

"Oh, my God," I said under my breath.