## TRAVEL

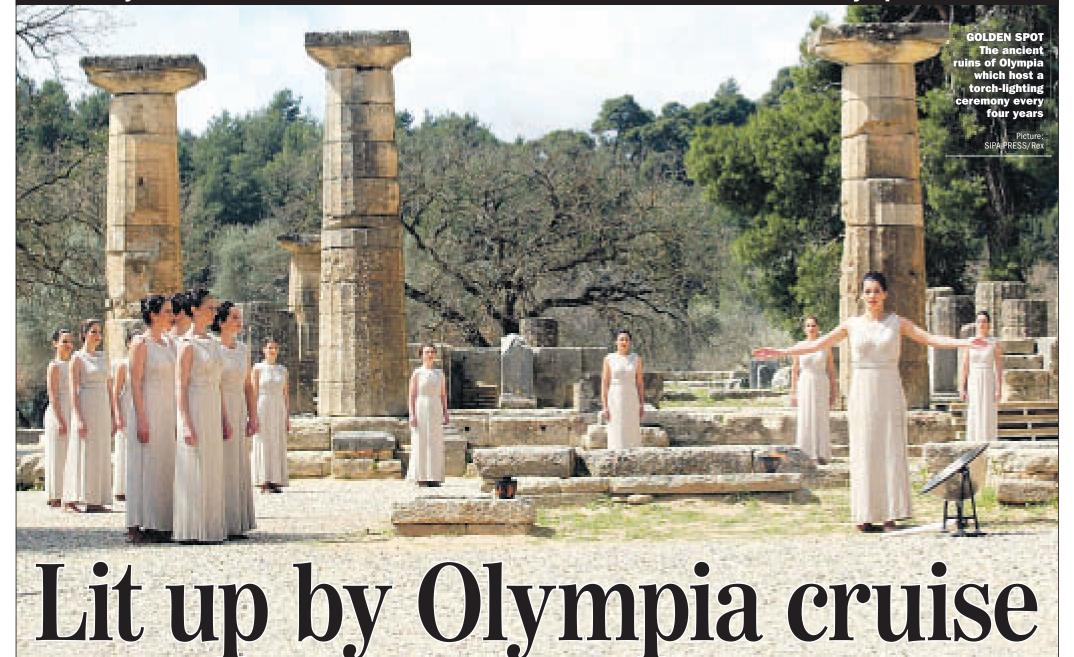
72 SHARK TANK ENCOUNTERS

The watery attraction where you will find yourself in deep water in the shallows



**Edited by JANE MEMMLER** 

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OT A GLIMMER of interest. That's what my five-year-old daughter had shown in this summer's Olympics in London. That was until the day she wandered through the ruins of the very first games held more than 2,700 years ago in Olympia, south-west Greece.

Marina was transfixed as we led her through the rocky remains of the running track, the podium for prize winners and the spot that held the Olympic flame.

It was all built, my wife Lucy and I

It was all built, my wife Lucy and I explained, in dedication to the Greek god Zeus. She was vexed to hear that women were forbidden to watch (probably because the athletes competed naked).

Even ignoring this point, today's Olympic Games are very different from the original. The first day was reserved for gifts being made to the gods, then came the fun: wrestling, long jump and javelin followed by a running race where the contestants covered their modesty with armour.

The winners were treated as stars with invitations to louche parties where girls would feed them grapes and coo over the size of their pectorals. However, the only prize the victors received was an olive wreath, although some of the luckier ones were told they would no longer pay taxes.

After our visit to Olympia's ruins we strolled through olive groves and trees laden with oranges to the village of the same name It's all fun and games with the weather, but a few diversions fail to dampen the spirits of ADAM HELLIKER and family on an Adriatic and Aegean voyage



HIGHLIGHT: The city wall walk in Dubrovnik is not for the faint-hearted

which consists of barely one street, with the inevitable knick-knack shops selling facsimiles of goddesses and olive oil.

Our visit was part of a day trip from Katakolon during our seven-night cruise on board MSC's 2,500-passenger Magnifica. The itinerary also included stops in Italy, Turkey and Croatia.

On reflection Marina was perhaps a little young to drink in the glory of the cruise's starting point, Venice, although Lucy did her best to enthuse her with a vivid account of how we had spent our honeymoon there. That just led to a pouting enquiry about why she hadn't been on our honeymoon too.

Our first stop was the Adriatic resort of Bari where we wandered along a warren of cobbled streets lined with tiny shops selling piles of sun-dried tomatoes and huge blocks of Parmesan. The bell tower of the church of St Sabino dominates Bari but far more impressive is the nearby Basilica of St Nicholas with its divine frescoed ceilings.

We walked straight into the middle of a communion service where we were becalmed by the beautiful choral music and watched three priests shepherding a huge congregation to the gilded altar. The next dose of culture was intended to

The next dose of culture was intended to be a stop in the Turkish resort of Izmir and a ramble around the ancient Roman town of Ephesus (or what remains of it) but a Force 10 gale in the Aegean Sea caused a

TURN TO NEXT PAGE



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