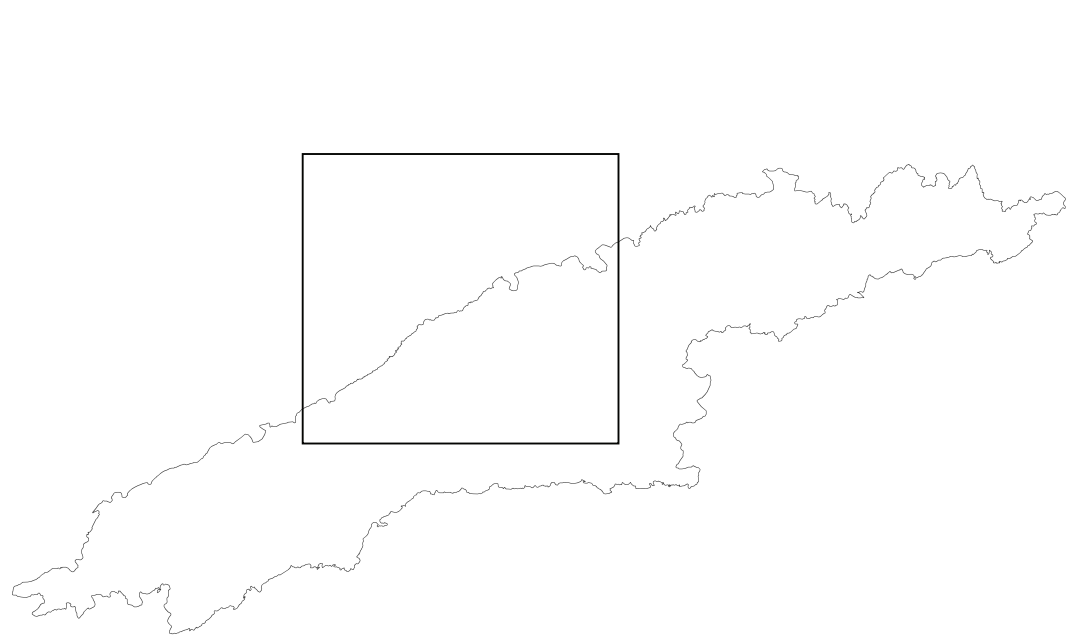


Karnayo Palamidas
A wooden boat-building school and student residence in Hydra, Greece



"Ladies and Gentlemen: Arrival at Hydra. Thank you!"

So, that's it!
He was there, from the ship's windows he could clearly see the city. So far, from away he had seen the island, the bay, the forms. Now he was really there. He could distinguish the true shapes, the original colours. Hydra, an amazing place he had heard so much about, in a reaching distance, finally!

This would be his first time on this island but he felt like going back to a familiar place. Perhaps because he had been quite prepared. When he decided to take some time off from his work and life and give his heart and soul to his real love, the boats, he searched a lot. He had found several schools of wooden boat craftsmanship in the four corners of the world, but this, in Hydra, won him over. There was something special with it, he couldn't tell. Was it its offering program? Was it its unique location?

He was aware of the particularity of Hydra. No cars, no motors, only boats and donkeys. Could it be possible? Can it? His thoughts were interrupted by noises and heated movement. They were tied to the port.

He picked up his belongings and went out. It was early but already hot and the stone pavement that looked so vivid on the pictures, didn't help him with his suitcases. This reminded him a dreadful journey once upon a time in Venice.

This place without looking like Venice, still had something of it. He wished that this time, things would be better!

On his leaflet, they informed him that he would reach his final destination whether by boat or donkey. For his first day, he thought it wiser to prefer the boat and he looked on the leaflet's map to see from where the boats were going to the boatyard Palamidas.

This journey was short. Before he could have some time to tidy up his thoughts and realize where he really was, they had arrived. It was a small bay, defined by two great hillsides and in the middle of it, his future home and school, the boatyard or more precisely the Karnayo.

"Here you are" said the captain "Be prepared" said and disappeared in the blue horizon.

As he was crossing the concrete deck, he was feeling anxious, happy, nauseous. He was there, no joking! In front of him a complex of white stone buildings. It was strange, this place gave him different vibes on the same time. He knew he was there to learn and work but he felt that he could deeply, actually, rest. The imposing structure and the crane were noisy and honest, suggesting him the work that awaited him but the calm presence of the stone, the big windows and the hidden garden were inviting him to more soothing experiences.

He found a place that looked like a reception. It was empty but they had spotted him and a man from the working site was coming towards him. "Welcome to Palamidas" he said cheerfully.

"I hope you are prepared for a great adventure full of work, struggle and pleasure! You're early, so I guess I can show you around". And so, he did. He showed him the boatyard, the machines, the expo of the boat he would learn to construct in the future. Then, he took him to find his house. It was a cosy, small place reminding him of boat cabins, but he later learned that it resembled the island's local architecture.

He was left alone to unpack. He needed this alone-time to think. He went outside, sat on his door's step and enjoying a deep shadow, he contemplated the olive trees in front of him. He had left home, he took the train, the airplane, the metro, the ship, the boat but he had arrived.

A fresh breeze coming from the sea, shivered him. He was ready. He got up and headed to the Karnayo.



Topography of island of Hydra, Greece
1:10'000

