

Post



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Amorous Frogs - February 28, 2023

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It's the last day of the month and our first full day in Thailand. We're in Krabi (a word for an ancient Siamese sword). Truth be told we're in Au Nang, but everyone calls it Krabi. It's in Krabi Province and is home to the tallest mountain in the province (which isn't that tall). We consult our smart phone and learn our hotel room is at 184' elevation. Given the tsunami tragedy of 2004, we're happy to be up here. Hopefully that won't be an issue, and for sure we do not plan on doing any spelunking.

Up, coffee'd, and washed up we head out for the day. We're going to explore the town. It's about a 30 minute walk into town so we opt instead for the hotel shuttle (a converted flat bed truck) that runs every two hours. While we wait we see a couple having breakfast. She's seated enjoying her meal. He's prone and looks like he wants to die, most likely from eating the beautiful green lettuces at dinner. Let that be a lesson to us.

Our drive down is shared with a foursome of polite young Japanese girls. They're all dolled up, carrying their Gucci and Louis Vitton bags, headed out for a big day at the beach. Down town we're dropped at "The Big Fish". We can't find it on any map, but it's the meeting point for our hotel shuttle, so we make a note of it's location. The metal sculpture is of a huge sword fish being brought in by a couple of strong, young fishermen. Everyone pretends to be a third fisherman hauling in this big catch, posing for an instagram photo.

Coffee at The Coffee Club is divine. We sip and watch the tourist saunter past. On the curb are a couple of small motorbikes, converted to be makeshift taxis. The add on has a third wheel and a suspicious looking metal cage with some bench seats. We're thinking we may have to throw caution to the wind at some point.

Beyond those, and the road and walkway, is the beach and the water, the Strait of Malacca. The strait is a narrow 500-mile long stretch of water connecting the Andaman Sea (i.e. the Indian Ocean) to the South China Sea (i.e. the Pacific). We really are at a cross-road! Out in the water are so-called long-tail boats zipping up and down parallel to the beach.

There are a number of limestone islands off the shore, and tourists are anxious to catch a ride out to explore. The boat's name come from the big car-sized engines high up on a pole at the back of the boat. There's a handle for steering at one end and a propeller at the other, which the captain dips in and out of the water, as needed, to avoid slicing up this or that. As cute as they look, with their pronounced bows, we're sure the motor noise detracts from the romance of being conveyed on such a craft.

Walking along the road we see restaurants, bars, pharmacies, tour companies, and tattoo parlors. The dining establishments include a ton of Thai, seafood, and Indian places, as well as a big "Crazy Gringo" Mexican restaurant. They're empty now but their size and decor suggests that later in the evening they're be quite lively with tourists free with their money and inhibitions.

For lunch we pick the Reeve Beach Club, which we found online. It's on the beach, so we have a good view of both the patrons (good people watching) as well as the surrounding nature and the long-tail boats zipping past. The two Thai beers I try were definitely beer, but I fear I've been spoiled by the good craft beers to which I've become accustomed back in the states. I consume them never the less and dutifully record them in Tapp'd (a smartphone app like Facebook but centered around drinking beer).

After more walking we end up in a convenience mini-market for some grocery shopping. We limit ourselves to only the essentials (beer, chips, water, instant coffee). We do also buy some digestive biscuits, since we can't find prunes. These mini-markets (many of which sport the 7-11 brand) are fairly ubiquitous. We see them but few, if any, true grocery stores. The convenience store closest to our hotel is named the Riski Minimart. The name doesn't instill confidence.

Back at the hotel we skinny dip in our private pool. We're pretty sure our neighbors can't see us. We're wrong. The timing of the maids to clean up the room, relative to us doffing our clothes, is uncanny. We solicit some water and instant coffee and let them off the hook for the day.

At sunset the lilting echoes of the Muslim call to prayer emanates once more from some cheap speakers in the distance. Shortly thereafter every frog in the province joins in, presumably looking for a mate, or at least some green companionship for the night. We do dinner again at the hotel, but are more restrained in our ordering. We get dinner and a show as a ferocious thunderstorm blows through, complete with lots of lightning and rain. We are under a roof (mostly) so we don't care.

We try our best to stay up late, but end up dead to the world by 9:00. Tomorrow's another day (and month!)

Photos



Karen checking out the copious breakfast buffet at our hotel. Maybe another day.



Our transportation into town.



It is so green here, and lots of flowers.
We're guessing the sun and rain have a lot
to do with it.



The Big Fish. Our meeting point
downtown.



Getting the lay of the land.



A motor scooter-cum-taxi. We're intrigued and curious as to how many people one of these can accommodate!



One of the many liquor distribution points (bars) in town.

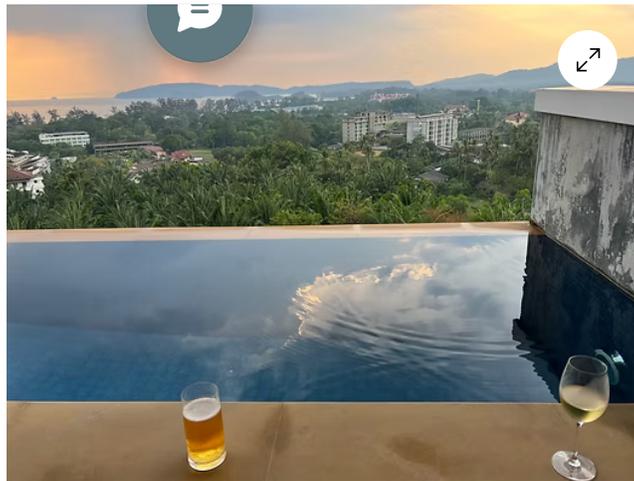


FARNSNIENTE



Someone at a nearby table ordered this chocolate martini for lunch. That's a smoking cinnamon stick on top!





Rain in the distance and beer and wine
closer to home. I vote for the latter.



We learn from our dinner waitress that this
is actually a hotel. Not open. Never open.
After it was built the government said it
looked too much like a temple. Never
open. Thanks for playing.



Dinner. Yum! Chicken satay and pineapple fried rice with shrimp. Where's the fried rice, you ask? Inside the pineapple!

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