

Post



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# A vacation from our vacation - March 25, 2023

Updated: Mar 27, 2023

## ***SUMMARY***

Today we're taking a vacation from our vacation, a mental health day, if you will. No firm plans and plenty of relaxation and pool time! - Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

Today, on our todo list, is nothing. It's a 'down day', but we're thinking it will lift us up. We try to plan these from time to time to recharge our batteries (our bodies, not our cell phones). This normally happens between one long tour, like the recent Bali tour, and the upcoming Mekong River cruise (that we'll join tomorrow).

Today's our first real breakfast at this hotel. Yesterday we left at 4:30 am, so we missed it. We are very impressed with this spread. Lots of fruit and breads and eggs and coffee. The dining room is open and airy with lots of fans.

Our next unplanned plan is to do laundry. We have dirty clothes, laundry soap sheets, water and a big copper sink. Soaking and a few rinse cycles later and we're good to go. Now we just have to lay out our damp, clean clothes, turn down the A/C and turn up the ceiling fan.

Watching paint dry, or in this case, watching clothes dry, isn't very interesting, so we double check that the pool is as refreshing as it was yesterday. Yep, it is!! After laundry we pick another place for lunch (aka a French restaurant) from Trip Advisor, take good notes on it's location (since I still don't have cell phone service in Cambodia) and head out. I'm certain, this time, that I can get us there.

Along the way we pass the stalls of the downtown market. We've passed by here before and Karen has been eyeing some light cotton drawstring pants. Once we indicate any interest we're pounced upon. The sales lady ushers us in (even though there's no real difference between 'in' and 'out' with such an open floorpan). The lady figures out the size that Karen needs and brings out a few different styles and colors of white.

We pick the pair of pants Karen wants and are told it'll be US\$10. We ask if she's be open after lunch... we need to go to lunch but we'll be back. She's not excited at the prospect of losing such a lucrative sale, so she says "\$8!". We hem and haw and eventually I fish out my wallet. I'll be paying in local currency. She calculates the equivalent amount on the big solar digital calculator every shop merchant seems to have. I give her the money and she owes me change. She gives me SOME of the change, but not the full amount. I balk and she "realizes" her mistake and gives me the rest. Both parties feel they played their parts as can be expected.

We spy the restaurant. It's at the other end of this narrow alley where they're doing work. They have scaffolding and are chipping paint. We decide to go around. It is the right place, but it the restaurant has many names, so initially we're sure this is not it. After another 30 minutes walking around in the mid-day heat and we're back and installed for lunch. The jovial old Belgian gentleman who owns the restaurant gives us menus and we have a long conversation in French. He's delighted to be speaking French, as are we.

The crêpe we shared was delicious, as was the pink wine and local beer. Post lunch we hike back 'home' to try on the new pants and check on our drying clothes. I do the day's blog entry and Karen makes an online reservation for dinner. At happy hour we split two divine Negronis between us and then stumble down the main road to dinner.

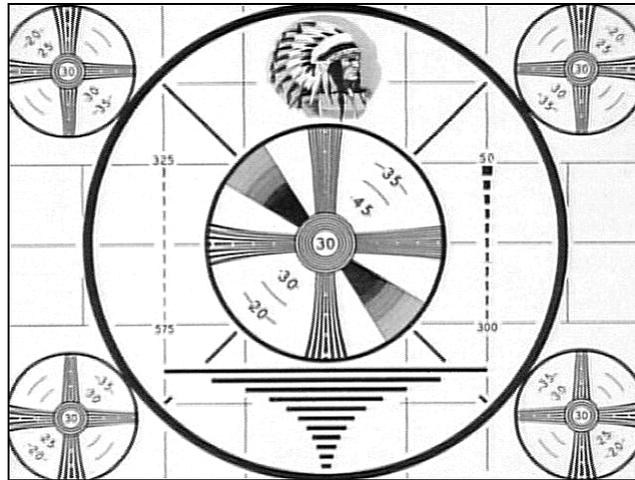
The restaurant is a fancy three story tall affair and we're on the second floor. There are very high ceilings, A/C, and fans. Despite being a quite fancy place, the entrees are like \$10 each. Easy to get used to this. We order salmon and also chicken with basil and long beans and a few side dishes. I get rice with mine (US\$0.30). Dinner is delicious, helped along by a bottle of French wine.

We arrived early so the place was fairly empty at first but filled over time. At one point we hear the young man (from the US) at the next table trying to talk his girlfriend in to doing the Karaoke thing, in place of the hired singers. She says she doesn't have to. We helpfully chime in that "yes, she does". She ends up doing a fairly respectable "Find me somebody to love" by Queen. She was good and really belted it out, but she's no Freddy Mercury. A glass of port kept us in place long enough to enjoy this one song set.

We pay the paltry sum for dinner and stumble back home, forgoing the pool, just this once. Tomorrow we're supposed to pack and check out and get on our cruise ship down the Mekong. We're all tingly.

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## Photos



[Gentle reader, please note that as this is being written we're on the Mekong River about 32 km north of Phnom Penh. As such we have limited internet. So posts may be delayed and/or have limited images.]



Breakfast at the FCC by Avani. The photographer in reflection.



For those of you who thought I would not use the typewriter. HA! We did. Karen needed her sandals superglued. Good, heavy typewriter helped.

FARNSNIENTE 



When tuk-tuk drivers (here called Remorks) don't have a fare (most of the time) they hang up a hammock and take a nap.



Another Wat between our hotel and the downtown. We didn't go.



Where we had dinner, the three story building.

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