

Post



Scott Farnsworth

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# Off the boat, on to Dubrovnik - September 1, 2023

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## ***SUMMARY***

Up early for breakfast and off the ship to our awaiting taxi by 7:30. Rainy drive to London Gatwick then flight to Dubrovnik. Airport pick-up by the charming Niko. He dropped us at the Buža Gate and, with one small misstep, we schlepped to our rental room. Dubrovnik is impossibly charming and beautiful but it is also a medieval stair-master made of polished beige stones. We took off exploring, had a cocktail then dinner and called it a day. - Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

Rabbit, Rabbit. It's the first of the month!  
Up early, breakfast and we tip (and say  
goodbye to) some of our regular servers.  
We do final packing and leave our cabin.  
Sniff.

It's 7 am. We're ushered to the Cabaret  
Lounge and briefly meet with UK  
immigration. We get off the ship...  
parting is such sweet sorrow. We walk  
past the officers and then all of the bags,  
queued by color and departure code, for  
guests going on excursions on the way to  
the airport. Carrying and wheeling our  
luggage we are happy not to be  
dependent on that goat rodeo.

Off the ship and out to the taxi/pickup  
stand we find Rob our driver. I don't know  
if we're being robbed, but Rob is driving  
us.

It's sprinkling as we pull away and for  
much of the high speed drive to Gatwick  
it's a torrential downpour. I'm so happy  
that we paid for this ride and that I'm not  
driving in this (and on the wrong side of  
the road).

At the airport we get printed boarding passes and head for security. Each of us gets one bag flagged for unpacking and closer inspection. Nothing worrisome there.

Purchased an inexpensive bottle of Tangeray Gin in duty free and then wait for our gate to be announced. It's like waiting at a train station, waiting to hear what track your train will be on. First we're not on the board, then we are, but no gate. It does say when they'll tell us a gate. Then that gets pushed out 10 minutes. Finally we get our gate assignment. It's quite a walk.

The flight is uneventful but we do get a good view of the Croatian coastline. It's sunny and looks great. Niko is holding a sign with our name on it and drives us to one of the three old city gates. He suggests a good seafood restaurant. We carry our bags to the room. Figuring out which room is ours, and how to get in, is like an escape room puzzle. Our room turns out to be 39 steps up from the building entrance. We misread the code at first and try it on a number of rooms. There's no one here to help. They're all in ? England?

The room is very big and spacious with a sitting area for entertaining. Yay. We do a bit of unpacking.

We're so excited to be here, where much of the Game of Thrones was filmed, we're anxious to walk around.

We find a well reviewed, good looking place for dinner, Proto. No good times tonight or tomorrow but two day's hence, when Ron and Nancy are in town, we get 7:30 up on the open air terrace.

Back on the main street (wide walk-only promenade) we get a beer and a wine and watch the people strolling past. There are ladies so stylish and made up. There are groups of dressed up giggly high-school girls, oblivious to the people around them. And there are grey haired cruise passengers in for the day.

As we watch the people walk down the narrow side walking street, we see many who have the same, annoying method of exploration. They walk to an intersection (of two pedestrian walkways). The route they're on is flat and the cross-path is steps going up on one side and down on the other. They stop and look at both of their new potential paths. By stopping they invariably block traffic in all directions. Eventually they move along to the next intersection and repeat. Argh.

We look up a restaurant for dinner and wind up at a place just down the stairs from where we're staying. It turns out that our host also highly recommends this place.

We sit between two pairs of girls. The girls on my right came from Perth. We admire what they are having and end up ordering the same starters and entree. It is really good: Sushi grade Tuna tartar, Buratta Salad, and then more tuna (seared) as our entrée. We split everything.

Back to the room, off to bed.

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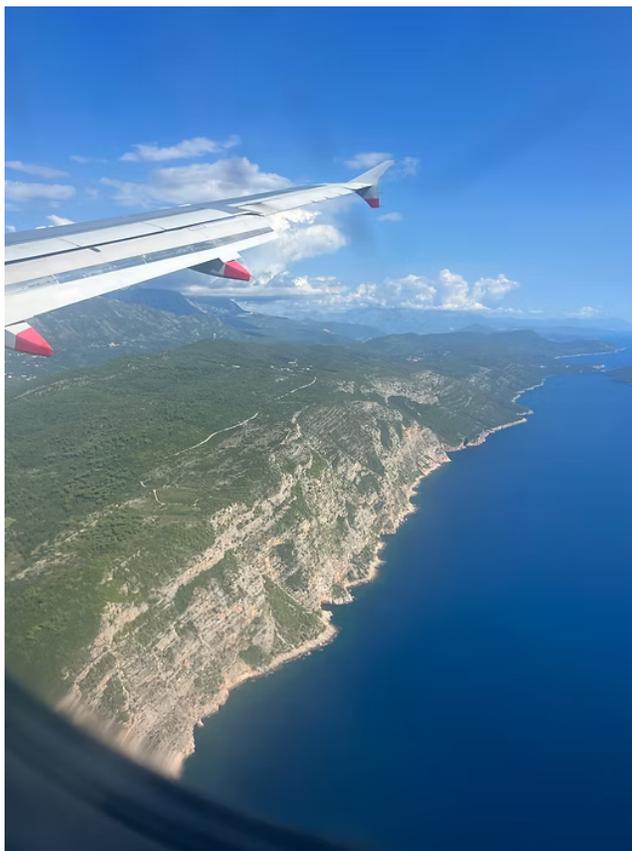
## Photos



Torrential rain in the UK in the taxi from Southampton to Gatwick. I guess that's some of what Great Britain is known for. We were happy to have someone else driving!



While waiting for our plane, information on the big board reminds us of why we couldn't take the train. A strike! Well, as they'd put it, "an industrial action" and that (of course) results in "amended services". Jeez, just speak English!



From the plane our first view of the Croatian coast near Dubrovnik. The water is so blue!



It seems like most of the (old) city is stairs. Karen counted 100 from the main street up to our apartment. Pretty much everything in the old city is walking streets, which is wonderful fun.



# FARNSNIENTE =

now, but when rainy it's reportedly quite slick!



So many beautiful buildings



At golden hour, the sun provided beautiful illumination of the facades. The shadows on the right show a bit of what you're missing on the left.



Yummy dinner, neighboring tables very close.



Didn't have dessert, but if we had it might have been creme brûlée, brûléed at table side.

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