

Post



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Down days lift us up! - September 6, 2023

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SUMMARY

Spent the day exploring Trogir with downtime at our apartment. Drinks on the esplanade people-watching then another great dinner at Franka. - Karen

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DETAIL

Ah, we love these days where we wake up, and plan to go to sleep, in the same city. It's a quiet, down day. Not much planned. We do have dirty clothes and the apartment has a washing machine. A match made in Trogir, where we're staying. Karen and I did laundry last night and hung it out to dry, in the nice air conditioned apartment, overnight. This morning it's Ron and Nancy's turn.

We make coffee, which would normally not be noteworthy, but this is the world's slowest coffee maker. Our desire for coffee is intense, but we have to wait. Later we'll find another maker in the apartment that's older, but thankfully faster.

Later in the morning we head back out to explore Trogir in the light of day. Just down the hill from us, just before the small bridge, is a covered open air market. The merchants look like they only sell here. They set up and they're good to go from 7 am to 9 pm. The tourists know no hours, so you need to be available when those euro dollars are ready to be spent.

They do have fruits and vegetables, and they're beautiful. The colors are intense. Necessarily they only have what's in season, but it's fall so there's quite a bit. I buy four carrots from a cute older lady with white hair. She hands the bag to a bored younger lady sitting lazily, smoking in the next stall, and asks the weight. The smoker hefts the bag and says a number. Not overly precise. A number is thrown out, I don't know what it was. I offer up 2 euros and it's eagerly accepted. You have to support the local economy.

Nancy takes up "talking" to the white haired older lady, even though she speaks almost no English and Nancy's Croatian is limited to things like 'Please', 'Thank you', and 'Have a nice day'. The older white haired lady grabs a small paper sack and starts to scribble numbers. It's the important things in life: how many sons, daughters, and grand children she has. Nancy conveys the same. They have a wonderful time extolling the importance of family.

I continue to inspect the produce and products on offer. The red of the peppers is intense, as is the orange of the carrots and the purple of the plums, etc. They also have olive oil in a myriad of shapes and sizes. Undoubtedly they have first press, virgin, cold press, whatever you want. We're not in the market for olive oil, though we probably should be, there's a ton of olive trees in this part of the world. They're also hawking wine, hats, belts, sunglasses, water shoes, flip flops, and tee-shirts. One booth is a permanent outdoor bar and there are people enjoying their morning vacation beer and other alcoholic beverages.

Eventually we wander off, check out the remaining stalls in the market and trace the waterside down and around the city. There are smaller boats over here. The big, impressive, expensive ones are over on the other side of the peninsula. We snake through town and find Olive restaurant and plop ourselves down for lunch. Our waiter doesn't seem thrilled to be waiting on us, but we do get some good food: chicken salad, tuna carpaccio and tuna tartar. I get a beer with some funny name and am sad when I see the label also says "0.0%". What's the point??

We pay our bill, find an ATM to replenish our cash, and turn our attention to the more important things in life: gelato. Nancy's looked up the area's best and we go there. There are bizarre flavors, in addition to the more classic ones. We each get a cup and savor them, leaning against the sea wall, looking out at the water. We again reflect on the goodness of life.

Back at the room we take care of some necessary evils: laundry, the blog, and accounting. We relax and have some good local beer from the fridge, with a % higher than 0.0. At dinner time we head back down to the quai. We split up with Ron and Nancy for a bit and Karen and I have a drink overlooking the really big boats and have an evening cocktail, watching the world go by. Eventually, for the second night in a row, we head to Franka, where our foursome reconvenes. Once again it's really good and our waiter is fun. We're glad we came back and again see people who would love to have our table.

After nightfall, and much wine, we wind our way back across the bridge and up the hill towards our 'house'. We double check that the local cat has a good parking space and slip inside for the night. Tomorrow we pull up stakes and continue on to Zadar where we'll be linking up with Mike and Liz. As new day and a new city.

Photos



Our home for two nights, in the daylight. We're on the bottom floor, which we're happy about.



Part of being on the ground level is having a cool, breezy, comfortable patio.



The produce is beautiful



Nancy's new best friend, with paper in hand, exchanging notes, with numbers, on how many sons, daughters, grandkids each has. You know... the important things.



Yum. Only bought carrots, but they are delicious. The cherry tomatoes, really all the tomatoes here, are delicious.



Walking off a couple of calories. Bridges are vital in this part of the world. Old structures are inevitable.



Boats we may be able to afford



Fun old farts checking our fun old forts
and the like



Stone being cut on the hillsides in the
distance



It's funny, the city gates used to keep people away. Now it attracts people (the tourists).



Boats we definitely can't afford, but they're fun to look at



Pretty buildings and a wide promenade



On our own for some 'us' time



Back at group favorite: Franka for another great meal



Not beef or tuna carpaccio, but rather zucchini carpaccio. Healthy and very tasty. Will be stealing this recipe!

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