

Post



Scott Farnsworth

Sep 6, 2023 · 6 min read

# You're at the wrong building! - September 7, 2023

## ***SUMMARY***

The plan was to go to Krka Waterfalls National Park but we were thwarted by our navigation system that took us to the park administration building many miles out of our way. We got to the right place eventually but decided we didn't have enough time to make the 40 euro (each) entry fee worthwhile. Headed up the coast for Zadar where we were to meet up with Mike and Liz. Stopped in the not too interesting town of Šibenik for lunch and a bit of walking on the way. Mike and Liz were already at the rooftop pool at our awesome rental when we got there so we spent some time catching up with them. They went to meet some of Mike's relatives for a drink then the 6 of us had a

really nice dinner in Old Town Zadar. Followed by a walk along the sea wall to the Sea Organ (an architectural sound art object and an experimental musical instrument, which plays music by way of sea waves and tubes located underneath a set of large marble steps) and Sun Salutation (this stirring monument consists of 300 multi-layered glass plates that absorb solar energy during the day and create a spectacular waterfront light show just after sunset.) - Karen

[Photos](#) | [Previous](#) | [Index](#)

### ***DETAIL***

Well, after two lovely days in Trogir it's time to move on. We started as just the two of us. Then Ron and Nancy joined us. And if all goes according to plan we'll be sharing a roof (albeit one that has a pool) with Mike and Liz. Mike was born in Canada but his parents are from Croatia, having fled this area in World War II. It seemed the German's we're overly friendly when they took over a country back then. Mike still has family here and they're mostly in Zadar, where we should be sleeping tonight.

But the day is long and we have things planned before we land in Zadar. We pack up and get all our luggage and food together. We'll be leaving the key in the apartment, so once we let the door close, there's no going back for one more thing. We're very careful. First stop, though, is another waterfall, or series of waterfalls, I'm not sure. The falls are called the Krka Falls, and they're in the Krka National Forest.

I plug that into my iPhone's GPS and we're on our way. It's pleasant enough and the surroundings are pretty, pastoral and frequently hilly. As we get closer and closer to our destination it becomes more apparent these aren't the falls we're looking for. These aren't falls at all and we're not in a forest, national or otherwise. It's more like we're in the 14th Arrondissement of Paris. We're in a city. We've come to the administrative headquarters of the Krka National Park and the GPS has brought us precisely here. Well crap.

We reset and have multiple people use multiple types of smart phones and apps to try to ensure we're going to the right place this time. Even that doesn't help. We stop a few times and try cursing a bunch, but it's of little help. We do finally get to the parking area of the falls. The area is massive and jam packed with cars. The place is apparently already very full. And it's 40 Euros per person to get in. And you're absolutely not allowed to swim. "Screw that", we think, and settle just for some cappuccino in small paper cups sipped as we sit around a table in the shade.

When Karen thinks we're done and it's time to go she stacks the cups to throw them away. Whoops! Scott's only 1/2 done and now there's lots of coffee everywhere, especially on Scott's hat. Poop! Maybe it's a blessing in disguise. Our hats are (were) indistinguishable and now they're not. Mine's the one with the big coffee stain. Oh, well.

Maybe our next stop will be more successful: Šibenik for lunch. We park, it's hot, and we walk to where the restaurants are, walking along the water, and in the shade as much as possible. The restaurant identified as "the best" (according to trip advisor) is booked for a big group so we're turned away. We find another that we like even better and the food was delicious and the waiter (and chef?) is a hoot.

We walk around and see the sights of Šibenik. We admire the outside of the big (Saint John's) cathedral. Very impressive. We walk the promenade back towards our car and continue our long drive towards Zadar. Along the way we see many small resort hotels and villages. This is obviously a very popular area for holidaying tourists.

As we arrive in Zadar we see billowing smoke off in the distance. That's never good. We go to where the GPS says our rental is and are delighted to see a great parking spot in front which we gladly take. Getting out of the car we see a crazy shirtless man on top of an adjacent building wildly waving a collapsed umbrella that would normally come with a patio table. It's Mike, he's telling us we're at the wrong place.

As we relocate our car over to the correct house we see small fire fighting planes continually flying overhead, obviously laden with water from the sea, headed to help put out the forest fire. It's quite the sight.

Sufficiently settled, Ron and I walk a half mile or so to a hypermarket grocery store for supplies. Upon our return we find the other four up on the roof in or by the pool. We're quickly in our suits and in the refreshingly cool water. The pool has a glass window on one side that diffracts us in a crazy manner, making it look like our legs aren't properly attached to our torsos. We're happy to be the entertainment.

Refreshed and dressed we pile back into our car and drive downtown for dinner. Mike and Liz have been hanging with Mike's local family and those two will be joining us at dinner. It's a pretty walk to the old city: over the bridge, along the quai, past all the boats and through the old city gates. We're getting used to that formula for these old cities here in Croatia. It's pretty and hasn't gotten old, yet.

We're at a very well reviewed restaurant and it doesn't disappoint. We catch up on what Mike and Liz have been up to in their efforts to move back to Austin after having been gone to Gig Harbor, in the woods of the Pacific Northwest. We do get to say a quick "hello" to Mike's family as they drop Mike and Liz off for dinner.

After a long, leisurely dinner we walk through town, down the promenade, and to the sea organ. After the destruction of WWII the seawall was very quickly rebuilt and originally just looked like a huge slab of concrete. At one point some artist redid some of it to take advantage of the swells and waves coming in. They added pipes in such a way that it makes music. With each different wave pattern you get different sounds and tempos. It's pretty cool, especially when a boat goes past. There's also something similar, but done in lights, for the hearing impaired. How equitable!

On the walk back to the car we look at all of the big cruise boats, taking 30 or so people around the Mediterranean in luxury. The boats are such fun to look at. Back home we retire to our rooms and off to bed. Big day tomorrow!

---

## Photos



OK, so we don't get to the Krka water falls at least we get some coffee (including my hat, argh).



Great lunch. What score would we give this wooden menu cover with hinges and screws? No comment.



Saint John's Cathedral. Impressive. Good work, Saint John!



You're parked at the wrong building! For the love of all that is holy, move you car over here!!



Our real, correct, right, building.



Air planes, picking up water from the Adriatic and dropping it on the forest fire that had the audacity to burn while we're there.



Our lodging, for the six of us. Very comfortable. Lots of space. Lots of air conditioners and lots of hot water heaters.



Off to diner. Always a great sunset.



So much water. So much coastline. Ergo, so many bridges.



And so many amazing buildings! Go inside. Thanks, we'd rather not. We've seen enough church interiors, thank you.



Dinner. Now we are six! Only two more to go!

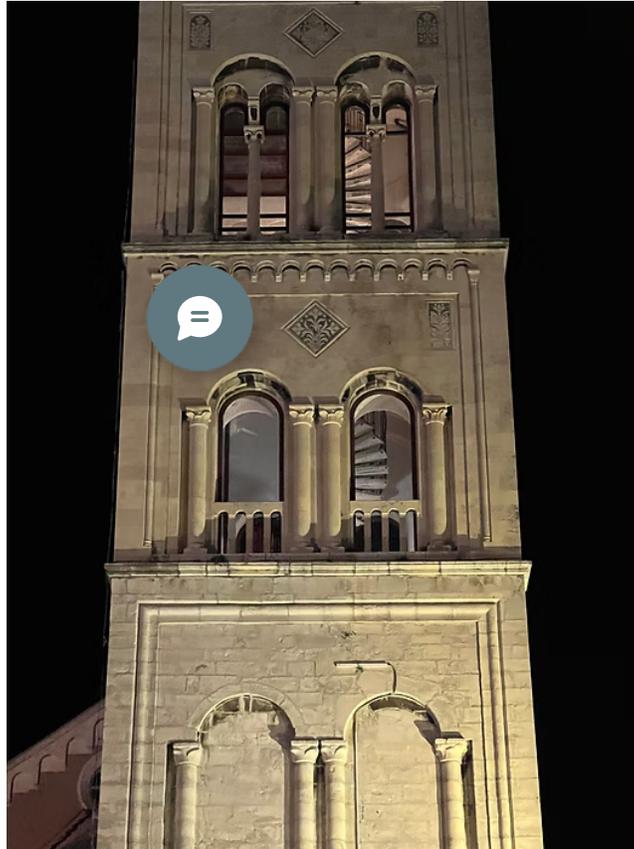


## FARNSNIENTE

creativity to turn the variation of the water level into pretty sound. My hat (with the coffee stain) is off to the creators of this (fairly) unique piece of audio art.



And visual stuff, too. Solar powered and so much fun at night.



Whoops, forgot to mention the tower we walked by. With the visible stairs. Thank you, no. We want to live.

[Previous](#) | [Index](#)

## Subscribe Form

Email Address

Submit



©2023 by FarnsNiente. Proudly created with Wix.com