

Post



Scott Farnsworth

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# Waited on by The Red King - September 13, 2023

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## ***SUMMARY***

The days are dreamy and seem to run into one another. Lots of great company, great food, great wine. Lovely coves to swim and paddle board in and charming, ancient cities to stroll. Today we anchor in the charming Korčula for a great dinner ashore. - Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

It may get harder and harder to write these entries. Our daily activities seem to be getting repetitive. We get up, have coffee, swim, have breakfast, swim, etc. What's different is the varying beauty of the various coves we visit. The one we're currently in is deep, small and empty. There's just room for a very few "houses" and that's all that's there. It really is beautiful and remote and we keep asking Jure how much this or that place would cost. It would be crazy to own a house here, but it's fun to dream.

After we've exhausted ourselves in the water Jure and Matko 'pull up stakes' and we motor into a solid cool breeze. The wind in our faces and blowing in our hair (well for those of us with hair) feels great. Again we have perfectly clear blue skies and sunshine. We see the sun on the water, shining off or through the trees and reflecting off the rock. A limited pallet but a million shades. Music playing. Life is good.

We're now headed to a city: Korčula. First, though, we'll be stopping in yet another cute cove for lunch and more water fun.

As we cruise we check on news from home. We have maybe fifteen devices (iPhone, tablets and laptops) between the eight of us. The WiFi on the boat has eight 'slots' available for the passengers. It takes us a while to figure out that all our devices have set themselves to automatically connect if the WiFi is available. As such, in no time the slots are all taken and half the passengers can't get on. We strive to get our devices under control so everyone can play.

As we approach Korčula we feel like natives returning to civilization after an extended absence. We marvel at the buildings, some old and some new. Some really old and crenelated. Maybe some of the Game of Thrones was filmed here? On the water there's a ballet of sorts as wind surfers dart back and forth skimming across the tops of the waves at tremendous speed, their kites high in the air swooshing back and forth.

Getting closer to the city waterfront we get more serious. There are boats coming and going. There's room, but Jure knows a couple of boats are soon to leave and we can get a much better spot. He turns the boat around and we hover patiently.

One by one the boats eventually motor slowly away and before long the Cool Change is gingerly 'backing up'. The harbormaster onshore catches the left and then right tie-off lines. The anchor holds us forward and the shore lines pull us backward. We're quite stable despite the boats coming and going. A gang plank is lain between the boat and the stone waterfront. We're free to go ashore but are having fun relaxing on the boat watching the tourists saunter by looking at us.

At one point a group of highly costumed actors emerges from one of the ancient building. They confer, make their plan, and head off somewhere unknown. They have swords and elaborate headdresses. No telling what that was about!

Before long we give in to temptation and head off to see what's behind these walls and gates. We explore the city with the many other tourists. We visit an ATM and scout out a good spot for dinner. The place we like most can seat our big eight person group but not until nine. We accept that. We find a pharmacy, identified by the green flashing neon cross. We buy more sterile gauze pads and adhesive tape for Karen's butt.

As our dinner reservation time draws closer we gussy up and head back off the boat back into town. It's livelier now. More people but they're mostly sitting, talking, smoking, and drinking. On the far side of the peninsula that makes up the city, where the restaurants are, there are lots of tables and chairs and they're mostly all filled with diners. There's a promenade along the water with tables and diners on both sides. It's tree-lined and across the water is Orebić about which we know nothing but it seems attractive.

We try to get our 9 pm dinner time pushed up, but apparently they're fully booked and they'll do what they can, but no guarantees. Closer to our time they say they'll turn a table for six, along the water, to a table for eight, even though they're not supposed to. We're sticking a bit out into the promenade. A bit of wine and we don't care.

Our waiter is an absolute hoot. He is young and strong with a severe mustache and beard, looking like something out of a Shakespeare play. He explains the food and wine and country and meaning of life in delightful detail. He's obviously an actor and student of philosophy.

I think to ask him about the costumed acting troupe we'd seen earlier, what was that all about? I show him the picture and he says "look at the red king". What do you mean, look at the red king?? He shows how the players mostly are like soldiers but half are in red and half in black and two of the players have crowns. The red king? It's him. The group (mostly waiters from this restaurant) act out an age old story of the stolen virgin. They use real swords (we didn't ask if they use real virgins). He's been doing this since he was thirteen although he began as a mere foot soldier.

Cue the fireworks across the water and the delivery of our food and wine. It's delicious and we hear more about the food and it's history and the wine and, and... By the time we're done with appetizers and dinner and dessert and coffee/grappa we're the only ones left in any of the restaurants on the promenade. We feel bad for the wait staff doing actual waiting for us to get our butts back to the boat.

We finally say our heartfelt thanks, leave a good tip and stagger back to our boat. Jure and Matko are no where to be seen, most likely asleep, but the table's set with glasses and bottles of tequila, grappa and local dessert wines. We're crazy but we're not that crazy. We move the liquor inside and head off to bed. Tomorrow's another day to misbehave.

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## Photos



Daybreak, we get the little cove all to ourselves. What to do?



Swim and paddle board!



I find I really like paddle boarding!



Ron testing the wind with his hair



Karen taking advantage of the wind to dry her towel. She's about to turn on the powered winch with her heel. The cap was supposed to have been flipped down when they were done. Whoops!



The girls plotting



Wind surfers? Paragliding surfers?  
Anyway... they were going fast!



Going more slowly? Liz working on her  
Vitamin D



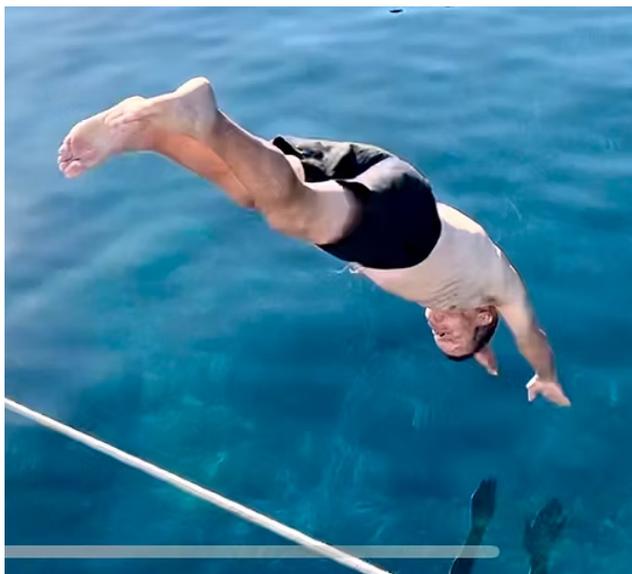
Korčula. Cool town.



Pre lunch



Truffle laden real lunch



More swimming? No, that must have been earlier. High dive from the boat? What could possibly go wrong? All went well up to this point.



Narrow stairways with plants. I swear Croatia has the copyright on these! They're everywhere.



If the model for this had to stay like that for too long... that would have been hard!



Our waiter (The Red King on the left) going off to slice someone up over a stolen virgin.



Which calls for Gin and Tonics for

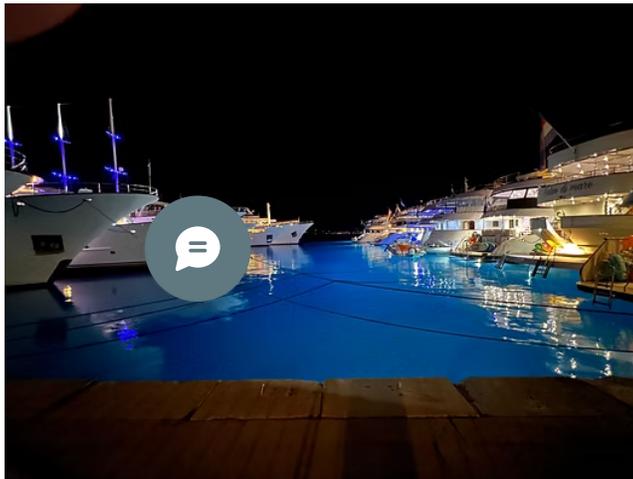
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Dinner prep



Not as spectacular a sunset as yesterday



But the expensive boats light the water spectacularly



Wine grape varietal Grk (they couldn't afford to buy a vowel, says Mike). According to our waiter, it's the best grape in the worlds.



Yummy fish dinner (split, that's my 1/2)



Closing down the place

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