

Post



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# Fruit straight from the tree - September 15, 2023

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## ***SUMMARY***

These summaries are so easy to write! Big breakfast, swim, paddle board, sail, big lunch, sail, anchor, dinner on shore\* (or occasionally on the boat). Rinse and repeat! As Noël has us all saying: "This is a whole lot of alright!" \*See Scott's write-up for tonight's happening. - Karen

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### ***DETAIL***

As always we wake, have coffee, and eat a big breakfast. Jure reattaches the launch back onto big boat and then lashes the paddle boards in place. We motor away and Jure drives over to, and around, the Hvar harbor so we can all get a good view of this pretty town. Before long we're back in open water under mostly cloudy skies with a bit of rain.

Our eventual target for the day is still on this island of Hvar, but it's on the other side. We're aiming for a city by the name of Stari Grad. In Croatia there is a Novi Grad ("new city", nowhere near here) and Stari Grad ("old city"). Truth be told, Jure says, they're both quite old.

During the day we're just wandering around, enjoying the view, looking at pretty coves. The coves all seem quite empty, much to our delight. We're told there's not nearly as many people as a few weeks ago. And Jure explains that since today is Friday, all the boats are heading back to Split to get rid of their passengers. Those who have a new set of passengers will be back out tomorrow. For now, it's just us, yay!

Every so often we see a sign, or small rectangular cream colored building, onto which has been painted a big upside down anchor. We're told this indicates where an underwater cable is coming in from another island, or possibly a pipe, delivering fresh water. One island has the water, the other island has the need. In any case they want the anchors to stay away to avoid any mishaps.

We see sea water, rocks, and pine trees. The pine trees, we're told, aren't good for much but they do make soil. They don't need much water, and they don't need much soil. We see them happily growing on what appears to be nothing but rock. After a (long) while, the pine trees make enough soil for the bigger, better trees, like the oaks, to start growing.

We drive in and out of a couple of coves, just to take a look around. At the next cove we motor in and drop anchor to have lunch and swim. For a good part of the time we're the only boat in the cove and we make the most of it, doing a lot of swimming and paddle boarding. We 'admire' the only two 'houses'. One looks marginally livable. The surrounding canyon is gorgeous. We're told there's lots of places the local law doesn't let you build. Where you can it's expensive so lots of the land stays pristine and thus all this beauty.

Eventually we pack up and motor on around Hvar island. It's perfect weather and we're enjoying great views. We slowly motor into Stari Grad. It's a very cute, small town. There are quite a few big boats/catamarans/yachts already moored. Undoubtedly at least a few more are coming.

Our week onboard the ship is winding down so we do laundry in the onboard washing machine. When it's done we hang it to dry in the breeze. We have a couple of clothes lines and maybe a dozen clothespins, but not nearly enough for eight people. As such we hang stuff wherever we can. We pray for enough breeze to dry our stuff but not so much that we see our unmentionables floating in the drink.

Jure has made us a dinner reservation at a favorite restaurant of his in town. It's still quite early so we head back out, en masse, to explore the small town. We go up one narrow 'street' (really just a walkway) and down another. We see the churches and other buildings that have been here seemingly forever. We see cats sleeping or asking for attention. I find a ripe looking fig, pick it off the tree, and eat it, unwashed. What's the worst that can happen? It tastes OK, not too sweet, though.

Back on the boat we change for dinner and walk the plank once more. This time we hike away from town. Quite a ways down the shoreline we find a cute little bar, really not much more than a shack and a bunch of tables and chairs. We order a beer and some gin and tonics. Sitting back we enjoy the breeze, the view, and the drinks as we reflect on our fun time on the boat.

Eventually we head out for dinner. We're early so we take a circuitous route and finally do a fly-by of the restaurant. About this time I start to feel dizzy and unstable. Vertigo. Karen keeps me vertical and we two beg off dinner. We make it back to the boat and Jure and Matko help get me across the gangplank, over the water, safely back on to the boat.

For the next three hours Karen has yummy puttanesca pasta, gin/tonics, and conversation with Jure and Matko. I sit quietly as close to the boat railing as I can, hanging on. I remain as still as the gently rocking boat allows. Eventually I do lose the whole contents of my stomach a couple of times. I feel a bit better. Unwashed fig, anyone?

Some time later the rest of the boat's passengers return and express their concern. Soon we're off to bed, plastic bag in hand (just in case), with minimal prep. I drift off, hoping for an uneventful night and normalcy in the morning.

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## Photos



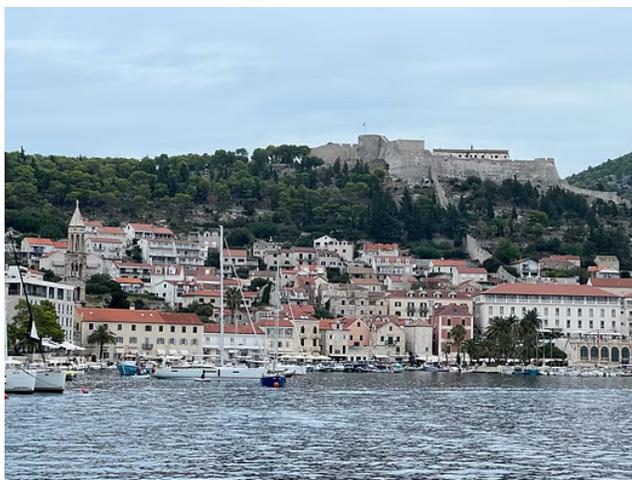
As always, big tasty breakfast. Jure looks on.



If we need more of this or that it's retrieved, sometime from storage below the floor. We're told everywhere on the boat is storage.



Jure offers to paddle over and untie the boat from the shore.



We motor around the Hvar harbor for a look see. It's pretty but the sky could have been bluer.



We digest breakfast as we tour around looking for a good cove in which to swim.



We marvel at the trees seemingly growing out of nothing but rock!



We're told the meaning of the upside-down anchor



Some coves we just do a fly-by. This one looks to us like an old movie set.



Our destination for mid-day swimming and eating



Everyone gets in the water and everyone smiles



Karen does get back vertical on the paddle board, though not for as long as she'd like. In the words of Arnold... she'll be back!



Wet together



Below, always fish, albeit small, in the clear, cool water



On the plate, frequently fish, too. This time tuna. Yum!



Followed by, what seems to be a few gallons of delicious fish stew. It all got eaten!



Stari Grad, the "old city"



Parked, plugged in, and gang plank in place



Time for washing laundry, followed by drying by Mother Nature.



And while the laundry dries we head out to explore Stari Grad



It's 'streets' were paved with stone  
polished by years of use





There were old looking building we're sure actually are old. Next door is a abandoned looking vineyard.



We see the local business and locals



The shack cum bar at the end of the road

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