

Post



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Singing in the Ljubljana rain - September 24, 2023

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SUMMARY

This was pretty much a lost day for me. I had been fighting a cold for several days and finally had to give in to it and stay in bed. My lovely husband made a trek across town to the only pharmacy open on Sunday to get me drugs. He also visited the Botanical Garden which apparently wasn't much of anything and further explored Ljubljana. I rallied long enough to join the group for a lovely dinner and gelato. - Karen

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

DETAIL

When we wake Karen is certain she has a bad cold. She's coughing like crazy. For our Asia trip we brought DayQuill, NyQuill, Decongestant, Cough drops, Mucinex, etc. Here? Nada. Karen sure could use them now. In France if you go to a Drug store, it's a hardware/kitchen appliance store. Here a drug store sells suntan lotion and cosmetics, but no medicines. For that you always need to go to a pharmacy. No worries, we'll do that. Except... today is Sunday. They're (mostly) all closed. There is ONE open and it's a good 25 minute walk away. It's over next to the hospital. I plan to do that... later.

Step one is to have breakfast. Karen and I install ourselves at a table for two so as to minimize the risk of passing the cold to any of our traveling companions. Our server, learning that this is our first breakfast here, explains how things work. It's a la carte. There's no buffet. The items on the menu are many and they're all smallish servings. They expect us to have a number of items to make a full breakfast. You can have whatever you want, and you can have as many as you want. It's normally €50 per person per day, but to be nice they just threw it in for us, for the three days we were here (since we're six people in three rooms). Dang, that is nice.

Karen and I, at home, normally don't have any breakfast, so we just order one or two things each. When they arrive they're beautiful culinary artwork. And they're tasty. As our compatriots show we say hi and let them know they're going to enjoy breakfast.

Satiated, I leave Karen resting in bed while I hike to the only open pharmacy in town. I've noted down Karen's symptoms and what medications she'd like me to buy. On the way I do see that pretty much every business is closed, as promised. There are people, couples, families, wandering around in the misty grey. It's Sunday so periodically the bells start to ring, echoing through the streets. Are they calling people to worship? If yes, they need some work because no one seems to be headed that way.

At the pharmacy there are two lines and I just pick one. If I read Slovenian I'd know that the lines are "I have a prescription" and "I don't have a prescription". By chance I wound up in the correct line. When it's my turn I explain Karen's symptoms and say what she is hoping I'll buy. "A productive cough, that's great!" says the pharmacist, ready to send me on my way. I explain that it's only occasionally productive and otherwise it's just a dry cough, harming her throat. She needs a cough suppressant. We eventually agree on what I'll bring back to her.

With Karen medicated and tucked into bed, I head back out, intent on seeing more of Ljubljana. I hook up with Ron and Nancy. It's rainy and we walk around. We buy a few local handy crafts, including a pressed flower (a Passion Vine flower). They're so thick and bulky, I didn't know you could make a flat, pressed version thereof, but they did.

We decide to hike over to the botanical garden and ask our smartphone's GPS for directions. It's on the other side of the big hill atop which the castle sits. Thankfully there's a tunnel that is a straight shot under the hill. The app says we should walk through the tunnel. As we enter we see the red circle with the pedestrian icon in the middle. Does that mean you can walk through here, or that we can't? We're pretty sure it's OK and push on smartly. It's a half kilometer from end to end. The wet tires on the pavement make a terrible ruckus. A car or two honk at us. Friendly people (or maybe they're mad we're here).

The noise and car exhaust aren't fun, but at least we are out of the rain for a while. On the other side we continue to follow our GPS and eventually get to what is, reportedly, a botanical garden. The sign indicates that what we've been walking on is designated as the "Fleischmann's Parsnip path". Well isn't that special. The botanical garden, by contrast, isn't all that special. Maybe with sunshine and blue sky we'd think differently, but seeing nothing but wet plants and wet grass isn't floating our boat. Back to the city!

It's raining harder now and I try to tap on the glass of my iPhone to tell the GPS where we want to go. Sadly I have a lot of competition from the raindrops falling from the sky. My phone can't tell what's my wet finger and what's a rain drop. Grrr. We think the city is that way. At one point a car wizzes past and sprays a rooster tail of water on both us and the local young man in front of us. He wheels around and (presumably) calls the driver all kinds of nasty things in Slovenian. He looks at us as if to say "Am I right??" . We just smile and nod. Under a bridge we reconfirm where we are.

Back along the town's main river is the promised flea market. The city has set up tables with umbrellas for the vendors. There are one or two dozen vendors, trying to keep their offerings somewhat dry. There are antiques, LPs from the 1970s, war metals, toys, coins, furniture. We stay strong and buy nothing.

We stop for lunch at a burger restaurant that ticks all our boxes (It's dry under their huge umbrellas and they sell beer). The burgers are good, as is the beer. The fries, with the truffle dipping sauce, are exquisite. Our waiter had asked if we wanted it. I asked the price. One Euro. Yes, please. (We can afford that).

Back at the hotel we dry off as best we can. We catch up with what Miss Karen's been up to. Our shoes are soaked. Liz has arranged a place for us to have dinner and Karen's feeling up to it. Thankfully the rain has pretty much stopped. It's a short walk to the restaurant and the joint is jumping. We're led to our table for six and get water and menus. It takes a while to order but we eventually do and the food arrives quickly. Like so much of the food in Slovenia and Croatia, it's really good. Needless to say, the wine, as well.

On the walk home we route ourselves by the big public library. It's designed (I think) by the same revered man who designed so much of the buildings in Ljubljana. They're very proud of him, but this building is a train wreck. It's brick and many types of stone, all in one building. What tickles the locals so is how the windows are designed to look like books. OK. What Ev's.

One last activity before bed. We head up to Mike and Liz's room to see their bed. The main corner of the hotel is a huge tall round tower and their bedroom is, in part, in that round space. That's where their bed is. It's a big, round bed. It doesn't rotate or vibrate but man it's very 1960's. And with that in our heads we make our way to our own rooms and our own beds to drift off to sleep. Tomorrow we fly to Paris!

Photos



Yummy breakfast. Left is yogurt and fruit. Right is a salmon Benedict with avocado.



Where we're staying. The CUBO. Highly recommend. Note the round rooms in the near corner.



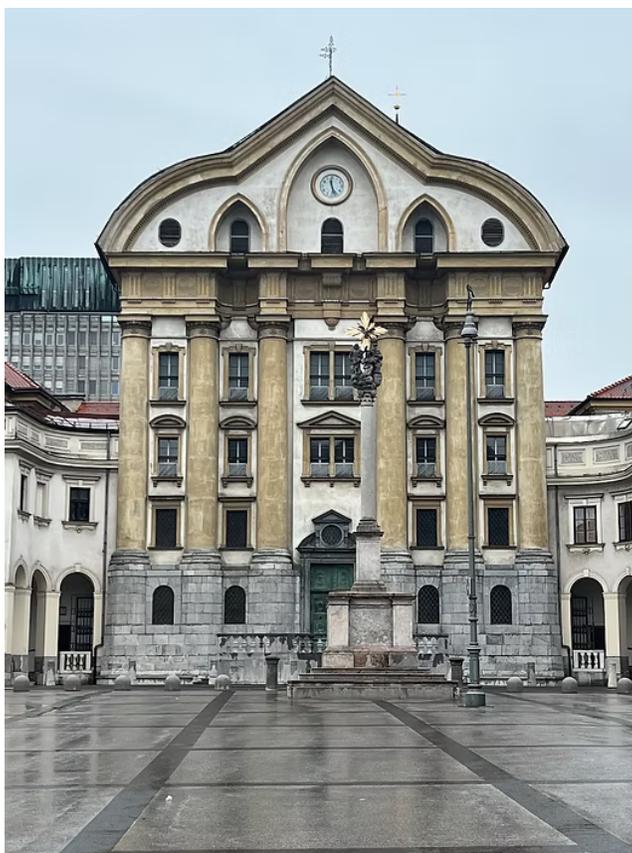
Parallel parking or drive straight in? Yes.



The only open pharmacy in town today.



A pretty building but you can't see the pretty front because of the buildings across the street.



No idea what this building is, but I like it. It's just down from our hotel.



Such colorful fruit. Yum!



He's behind me, isn't he. Tell me if he's behind me.



Loved this building. It looks like the corners are zippers.



In the tunnel. Are we allowed to be here?
Signs regularly tell us how much further we have to go, and that we should be running.



Nancy on the correct side of the road. Not a very wide side walk on either side.



Part of the botanical garden. I shouldn't bad mouth it until I can visit it in the sunshine.

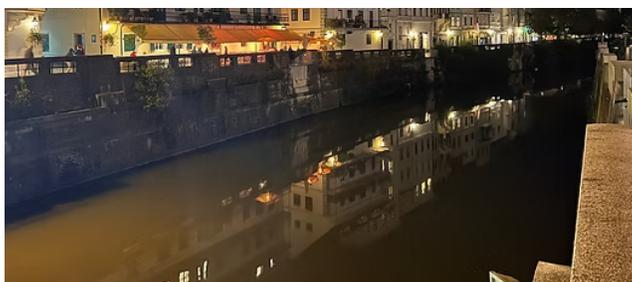


Ron and Nancy shopping the flea market (for fleas?) in the rain.



Burger and fries with truffle dipping

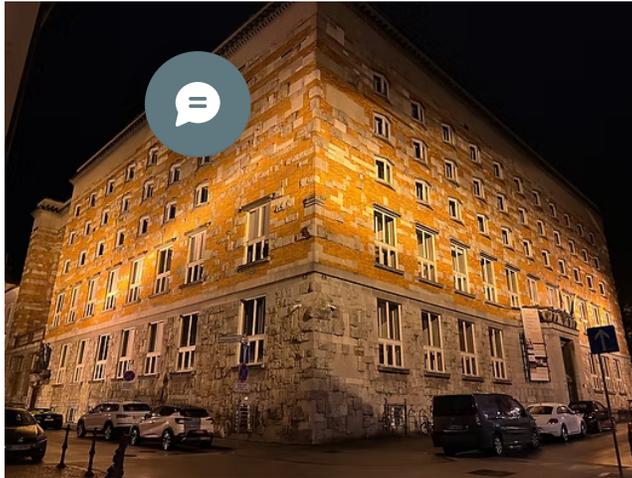
FARNSNIENTE



Walking to dinner. The reflection says the rain has stopped. Yay.



Arriving for dinner. Karen being careful with her cold.



The library. It may be someone's cup of tea, but we'll take a different cup. See the windows on the top three floors? How they look like books? Does that make up for the other weirdness of this structure? Yeah, no, not for us either.



Liz pointing out the features of their round bed. Well I never!



The rooms have these lamps. We racked our brains to figure out what this is. Then it hit us (spoiler alert) they're silk worm cocoons. (Aren't they?)

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