

Post



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The lost soles of Oslo - July 12, 2024

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SUMMARY

Flew to Oslo airport and then took a super-clean, super-efficient train into the city center. Our well situated hotel had our room available at 1:00 and the front desk clerk was a fountain of touristy information. The weather was gorgeous so we walked down to the waterfront for a late lunch and then just wandered around and window shopped. At one point it became apparent that I had lost part of the heel on my left boot and we spent the next 90 minutes looking for a shoe repair shop before finally finding one that actually existed and was open. Split fish and chip dinner at a nearby outdoor café.
- Karen

DETAIL

We showered last night so it's just packing and checking out this morning. We plan to again carry on our luggage so we just need to interact with a kiosk for boarding passes.

At the security check point entrance they're doing triage (a good French word) dividing passengers between those with little or no carry-on baggage and everyone else. For those of us with carry-on luggage they check its dimensions and total weight (including purse, day pack, everything). The limit here is 12kg which we're well over. Back to check our luggage.

Lighter and through security, we buy some duty free stuff and stop for coffee and breakfast. Seating is very limited so a kindly French couple makes room for us by crouching down on kindergartner-height chairs with their young daughters, tea-party style.

Soon we're in line for our totally full flight. Four well armed police officers show up and head down the jet bridge. Maybe a seat is about to become available!

A short two hours later we've traded the grey, drizzly sky's of Paris for the sunshine, blue skies and pristine, tree-covered hills of the outskirts of Oslo.

Reunited with our luggage we go through the "nothing to declare" door and we're in Norway. No passport stamp or check?? It's hard keeping track of the EU and where the Euro is/isn't used, and where the Schengen Zone ends.

At the info desk we learn seniors (67 and older) pay less for train and bus tickets. The train to the city center is fast, silent and immaculately clean. The view is pastoral. We stay on past the city center station to the National Theater stop. Our hotel is a short walk away.

It's only 12:30 but our hotel room is ready, so we drop our bags and head out for lunch. Down by the water (so much water) we find a good place for pizza and a salad. It's July but every seat has a blanket and many of them are in use. We realized that we're looking at our where our cruise ship will be docked at this time tomorrow.

As we do more walking around I comment to Karen that she sounds like a horse: clip clop, clip clop. Eventually, she looks and discovers that one of her boots is missing its heel tap!

We walk to four different shoe repair shops before we find one that is in business, and not closed or on vacation. The older Iranian shoe repair man is extremely experienced and personable. He does a great job fixing Karen's broken heel (and also the other one so that they were balanced) and at a reasonable price.

We walk back to the hotel and relax. On the way we pass a protest with people with Ukrainian flags and a lady with a bull horn. We also pass a number of fountains with little naked children running around in the water. As more children arrive, they can't get out of their clothes fast enough and also jump in the water.

Karen's tired and so stays behind in the room while I go out and walk around the modest royal palace. I eventually get Karen and we get drinks and dinner (beer, pink wine, fish and chips) sitting outside at a bar named in honor of Ronald Amundsen, first human to reach the South Pole.

We agree we're impressed by the little town of Oslo. Despite having been here in 1968, and again in 1999, not a whole lot of it looks familiar to me. We're told that a lot has changed.

Photos



Seats were limited for breakfast and so mom and dad sat in the kids seats to make room for us. One of their daughters insisted on sitting on an adult seat next to the pretty lady.



In Oslo the airport is surrounded by healthy looking forests under very blue skies.



I saw more Norway natural beauty on the wall above the urinals.



On the train ride into Oslo proper there was lots of beauty but the silent train was so fast it was hard to get a good picture.



Our room in the Christiania Teater Hotel.
Very comfortable overlooking the long
row of linden trees shading a lovely
walking path.



We found a great place for pizza, salad,
and of course beer next to the water. It
seems that being "next to the water" in
Norway isn't that unique. Notice the
blankets. It's July but these were definitely
getting use.



Oslo harbor, the old fort across the water,
and floating hardwood saunas for rent.



Many impressive government buildings, like this one. Maybe the judiciary?



We finally figured out what that 'clip-clop, clip-clop' noise was every time Karen walked. Anyone know of a good sko fikse butikk nearby?



The long park in front of our hotel was apparently the place for protests, such as this one in support of Ukraine.



At the royal palace there were, of course, guards, but they were so nice and talkative and happy to pose with you for a picture.



Flowers everywhere.



Karl Johans gate, a great walking and shopping



It's not that late, and it's a couple of hours
til darkness will fall, but our shadows are
still mighty long.

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