

Post



Scott Farnsworth

Jul 31, 2024 · 5 min read

# Onward to Odense - August 1, 2024

Updated: Sep 14, 2024

## ***SUMMARY***

We are sad to say goodbye to the Groot family but excited about our next destination, the city of Odense on the island of Fyn. Odense is the birthplace of Hans Christian Andersen, he of fairytale fame. The city center is very picturesque, a combination of quiet old streets, unchanged by time, and vibrant pedestrian areas full of bars, shops and restaurants. We have a very good Italian lunch (at Marcantonios) and explore the town. We're in our room long enough to watch the women's gymnastics all-around competition at the Olympics and then headed out for a late dinner of nachos and margaritas. - Karen

### ***DETAIL***

Rabbit, rabbit. (Always to be said as the first thing upon waking on the 1st of every month. For good luck. Seems to have worked for us. Knock wood.)

We wake and have coffee. Our host Grith and Jakob invite us along for their morning dip in the Baltic. Last night (maybe due to the alcohol) we promised we'd get in, and we do. We're short a few things for breakfast and so I ride with Grith in the Fiat 500 (cheap but fun car) to get bread and fruit.

The bread has been incredible. Grith says she skips the local bakery and gets it instead from a café across the street. They get it from some special place further away. Driving on, we go to the produce store where they grow and sell the potatoes, peas, berries (rasp and black), strawberries and cherries. Those are all grown "out back". They sell other fresh produce that they don't grow but it's still local and gorgeous. We also buy local honey for us back in Austin.

I ask to see the big machine I see through a doorway in their huge back processing room. The girls are confused but happily show it. The 40' long machine washes and peels the small new potatoes, someone then takes out any bad ones and finally they're portioned, bagged, and sealed, all automatically. Behind the store I see an acre or more of strawberry plants and (at a distance) small cherry trees. We also visit the lady selling cheese from a big trailer/cheese counter in the parking lot.

Back at Grith and Jakob's the six of us have a fun, raucous breakfast and then Karen and I go pack. Oskar and dad Jakob say their goodbyes and head to hit golf balls at a driving range. We say goodbye to Mathilde and dog Hugo and then Grith drives us to the train station. We have 14 minutes til our train departs, so we feel kind of OK.

The ticket machine thankfully 'speaks' English and is fairly scrutable. Tickets are bought and we go to say our thanks and goodbyes to Grith. Oh, no, she's going to ensure we find and get safely on our train. We do get on the train, after a necessarily short goodbye as we are running out of time. Being in 2nd class we have to walk through the 1st class car we got onto and back to our 'steerage' level accommodations.

We also didn't pay for reserved seats, so we sit where we can, across from each other. Alas, we're also next to a mother/daughter pair who seem to share everything, including a hacking cough they both have. Between that and how full the train is otherwise, we quickly don our masks and settle in, our five pieces of luggage hoisted into the open shelf overhead.

Halfway to our destination we change trains, to an even more crowded one, and end up standing for the final hour of the trip. We're in the bike storage area and there are quite a few bikes, and anxious bike owners keeping close watch on their kit. From all the movement we gather that being on a train involves a lot of walking back two cars, and then back forward those same two cars. We're constantly adjusting ourselves and/or our luggage to let people go by. The looks we exchange say 'next time we will spring for reserved seats!'. .

At Odense (don't pronounce the 'd') it's sunny, warm, and a very short walk to our hotel. The second half of our short walk is on a very wide street that is only for trollies, bikes and pedestrians, no cars. And those trollies are quite infrequent. Our hotel, The Odeon, is modern and lovely.

As we're checking in, I suddenly feel the floor going down, elevator-like. Uh-oh! Then I realize it's just the receptionist adjusting her desk up four inches. Whew. Here in Denmark, like Holland and the other Scandinavian countries, there are 'normal height' young people and there are many really tall young people. I guess that mix, among co-workers, would necessitate an adjustable height desk.

Our room is ready (yay!) and we drop our stuff, wash up, and head out for lunch. It's pushing 2:30 pm. and we opt for delicious Italian food at Marcantonios, among the top inexpensive restaurants in town. Not surprisingly there's not a lot of competition for lunch at almost 3 pm. The restaurant is on Vintapperstræde, an impossibly cute, windy pedestrian-only street. It's sunny, the sky is blue sky, there's a light breeze and it's about 70°. Life is good. We each have a big glass of wine (since we're parched) and then we each get another (to go with our lunch). It's all really tasty and soon we're stuffed and feeling no pain. We wander the city on our walk back to our hotel, finding H. C. Andersen's 'hus' and museum on the way. They're both about a stone's throw from our hotel.

After some necessary post-meal relaxation, we head out again for more walking/sightseeing. Around 9 pm we're still somewhat full from lunch but feel we should support the local economy. Nachos and Margaritas are never a bad idea and Café Bonita does both very well. At 10 pm as we finally head 'home' we see there's a lot of life left in the local bars, restaurants and streets. It stays light fairly late here, but June 21st keeps getting further and further behind us. We've made lots of exciting plans for tomorrow, so for now: sleepy-time.

---

## Photos



One last morning dip in the Baltic. Hugo is always ready for a swim.



Again we have jellyfish. Pretty and thankfully not the stinging variety (at this time of year). Fun for kids (like Oskar and Mathilde)? Throwing them at each other.



Behind the fruit and vegetable store is where they prep the stuff they grow. The Bøddø new potatoes are processed in that very long chain of equipment at the back of the room.



In front of the fruit and vegetable store, in the parking lot, is a very well stocked cheese merchant. She'll let me taste whatever I like.



Behind the fruit and vegetable store are so many strawberry plants, cherry trees, potatoes planted, pea plants, etc. etc.



Back home we have breakfast, including newly bought cherries, blackberries and raspberries. Karen, Grith and Oskar all approve.



Finally back on the road, albeit the railroad. First half of our trip today is seated, yay! There were other people, who got on after we did, who were standing.



On the second hour of our train trip we were standing, with our luggage. Here you see Karen, her luggage, a couple of bikes, a scooter, and a huge gaming computer.



In Odense, luggage in our room, we're off for lunch on this cute street: Vintapperstræd.



Italian food and wine at Marcantonios.  
Yum.



FARNSNIENTE 



The exterior of H. C. Anderson's birthplace home is still visible from the street and there are always people there taking pictures.



The houses around the corner are similarly picturesque but they get a lot less attention.



Skip dinner? Nah! How about nachos and margaritas? Darn good for being so far from Mexico.

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

# Subscribe Form

Email Address

---

Submit



©2023 by FarnsNiente. Proudly created with Wix.com