

Post



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Schwerin: Quite the castle! - August 11, 2024

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SUMMARY

Aah, a day where we are not switching locations! We chill in the room then venture out for coffee and bread stuffs. It being a Sunday, most shops are closed so we have a lazy day wandering around. We do walk over to the island setting of Schwerin's amazing castle and lovely grounds. Watch some Olympics including the nail-biter finish to the women's gold medal basketball game. Fun, funny dinner at Kartoffelhaus (Potato House) restaurant. - Karen

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DETAIL

We go out for breakfast, not wanting to pay for the expensive spread at the hotel (sorry). We end up at a place called the Back-Factory, where 'back' is their term for bakery, maybe. Two coffees and two German pastries, one with apple and one with almond paste. It's Sunday and not a lot of places are open yet.

It's a 'serve yourself' arrangement and thus the Factory part of the name. You take a tray, walk down the counter, pick out what you want with tongs. The coffee machine is all high tech and automated. It has lots to choose from but not a lot of personality and I'm not sure when these pastries and sandwiches were manufactured. There was a bird that flew in through the open doors. That bird knows where the bread crumbs are.

We wander after breakfast, getting more cash from the ATM machine and looking for clothes. For lunch Karen was thinking we might just go back to the Back-Factory since they have sandwiches and it's open and convenient. I nix that idea and we find someplace else that seems to have a lot more charm. It's still a sandwich shop but isn't part of a chain. The meat/cheese to bread ratio is much better and it doesn't look like the bread was made by a German robot. The blonde young man behind the counter cheerfully asks if we want one of our sandwiches heated. I ask what he recommends (for this sandwich) and he says "Well, my colleagues say it's best warmed", then warmed it is!

So we have one sandwich warmed, another one not warmed (mozzarella, tomato and basil), and the beer definitely cold, please. Karen also suggests that we split a dessert, and they have many that look delicious. I said that if my wife wants a dessert, we should get a dessert, "Happy wife, happy life, am I right??" All three gentlemen behind the counter smile broadly and nod big nods. Apparently that adage is universal.

We sit outside, in the beautiful sun. It's clear and cool. There are quite a few people at this small corner café.

Apparently Schwerin is a place that Germans come to, from the big cities, to recharge their batteries. And places like this café cater to them (and us). We see lots of families, young moms and dads and a couple of kids, on holiday. After lunch we hang out and enjoy the room. We did our laundry yesterday so we feel free to relax and watch the Olympics.

At one point we realize we still need to see the nearby castle. It's a short walk away and we're there before you know it. It's on an island and we see tour boats pulling out and returning back to the dock. There are people rowing smaller boats, and paddling tourist boats with their feet. We see a bird floating on the water, then not, then back. We realize the bird is diving, swimming around under water, and then resurfacing. And... repeat. I watch that bird for a while, fascinated.

Oh, yeah, the castle. It's amazing! We're pretty sure it's recognized as a Unesco World Heritage site, and rightly so. It's huge with gold trim glinting in the bright sun. We don't go in, but lots of other visiting tourists do. We do walk around the entire castle, and through the grotto, which takes a while. Mission accomplished, we head back.

At dinner time we have a drink at the hotel, two glasses of wine (well, one for each of us). We charge it to our room and in fitting German style I am required to sign two pieces of paper to confirm that we did, in fact, order and consume this wine. Afterwards we wander next door, to the Kartoffelhaus Schwerin, The Schwerin Potato House. We guess it sounds better in German.

It's popular so Karen made a reservation yesterday for this evening at seven for dinner. We go to the front door and are greeted. "Dinner reservation for seven" Karen says, and the man says emphatically this is not possible. No, Karen explains, we HAVE a dinner reservation. OHHH, you're Scott! [Yes, I'm Scott].

We're seated and have a charming waiter. We order wine and figure out what we'll be eating/splitting. I show him my phone, where I've written what we want, in German, and he's thrilled. This works. This makes it easy. Dinner is really good, we can see why they're busy. We enjoy our food and enjoy seeing what other tables are eating.

At one point, later in the meal, a small roundish glass comes by, on its way to another table. It's filled with an amber liquid topped with what appears to be a pile of whipped cream! Karen is fascinated and asks our waiter what it is. He tries to explain (we don't follow) so he grabs a menu and points to something. We can't really tell what he's pointing to so I say "Yes! I'll have one as well, please!" Very good, our waiter thinks and off he runs. He returns shortly with one of these for us. Yum! It's a 25 ml glass of pilsner. It's normal draft beer, with a big head. We've never heard of such a thing. (It's good... I drink it).

Sufficiently stuffed and pickled we return home and watch more Olympics and enjoy the sunset over the city fading into night time.

Photos



Breakfast at the Back-Factory (bread factory... a bakery). Lots to choose from, including coffee, thankfully. It does seem "churned out", factory-like. It was fine.



It's Sunday, so lots of places are closed. Many for the day, some just until later. It limits our choice for eating establishments, but it's nice and quiet and tourist-free (for now).



Lots of lakes ("sees") around. Pretty and a great place to walk.



The birds agree and enjoy walking around, especially when there are tourists with bread, which there were. Karen had some bad experiences with aggressive ducks and geese as a kid. She kept her distance.



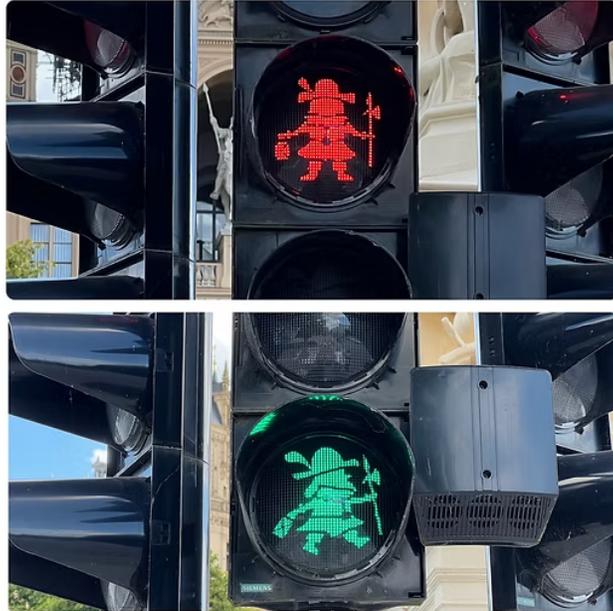
Ding, ding, ding. Time to eat again. Lunch at a sandwich shoppe on the corner. Lots of personality in both the food and the servers.



Lots of fun old buildings to enjoy in Schwerin.



This three sided pillar/art in the main square didn't reflect well on the king. Here the whole town seems to be showing his majesty what they think of him (everyone is mooning him as he rides by).



We were often delighted by the city's choice in cross walk characters. Schwerin was no exception.



Whoops! Can't forget to visit the castle. It's amazing. UNESCO World Heritage site picker-outers agree (we think).

FARNSNIENTE

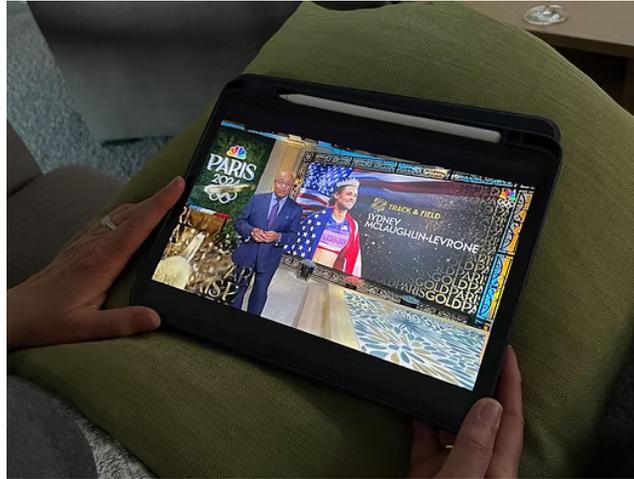




There is work going on now (read "scaffolding") so here's a picture they had available on the fencing around the castle.



Dinner at the Schwerin Kartofflehaus. Very tasty. Bottom is pork, potatoes and veggies. Top is some sort of pfifferling (chanterelle mushroom) thing with cream sauce.



Back at the room catching up on the latest from the Paris Olympics, in German on the big TV screen, and in English on Karen's iPad.



The skyline from our patio wasn't a bad show, either.

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