

Post



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Couples in hot tubs - August 18, 2024

Updated: Sep 14, 2024

SUMMARY

More eating, more walking, more hot tubbing, more hanging in the room til we're confident there isn't going to be a Covid outbreak! - Karen

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DETAIL

Another day at sea. Man, these blog entries may get really boring, short, or both. In France they have an expression: *Mètre, Boulot, Dodo*. It means "Commute, Work, Sleep". Everyday the same, which is what we're starting to experience on the boat, now that we're just doing 'days at sea' until we get to New York. (Of course we do no work and our commute just seems to be to Europe and back... in our dreams!)

We do breakfast in the room again. That is getting old. For sure tomorrow we're going to try something different. In the room we get coffee and fruit and all-bran cereal in little boxes. The all-bran and the boxes taste about the same.

We catch up with the day's news and again walked the deck. Karen's watch thinks she's going forward at about 25 miles an hour when she walks towards the front of the ship, and then it thinks she's going 21 miles an hour backwards when she's walking on the opposite side of the boat. In the end she get's congratulated for walking 30 miles or some crazy thing.

We have lunch again down in the British Pub, The Golden Lion. Their menu is pub grub which includes Tika Masala and it's really good. Those British know how to do Indian cuisine. Karen had a 'ploughman's lunch' which turns out to be something different than what she expected. It's just a half dozen separate things placed near each other on a couple of plates. It included two big wedges of good sharp cheddar cheese, ham, a roll, lettuce wedge (with no dressing), very strong chutney, and aged crudités. I can see why no one wants to be a ploughman anymore.

After lunch we work on our next big trip, going to Australia next March-ish. These trips don't plan themselves. Reach out if you have any advice. We hear that koalas smell funny and make strange noises.

We do another session in the hot tub. And then more hanging in the room. The seas continue to be calm enough. The boat absorbs most of the rolling waves and so we don't notice it anymore. Hopefully that won't change.

For dinner we just order room service. We've become shut-ins. We share a club sandwich (they cut the crusts off, so it's even smaller than the small pieces of bread they start with. We also have a salad with beets, lettuce, cooked butternut squash, cheese, walnuts. It is fine. And wine from the fridge. That makes anything bearable.

After dinner I head stag to the evening's entertainment. I guess Karen felt she hadn't had enough 'room time' today, so she stays behind. Also, she did go to the comedian show on our last cruise (going around Norway) earlier this trip. She found the comedian somewhat funny but way too manic.

I get a good seat for the show and after the second joke I realize this is the exact same comedian that was on our last cruise! Too funny (that it's the same guy). I knew a lot of his material. Here, though, he talks about the last ship he was on and how old everyone was. I can't disagree. Good thing Karen stayed in the room.

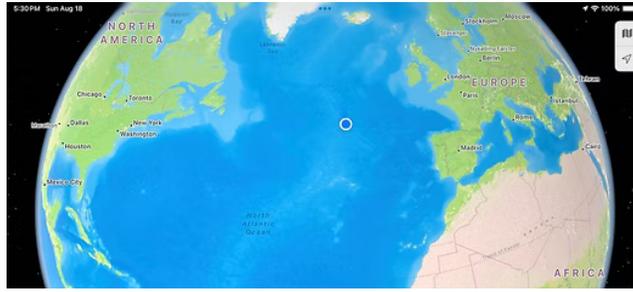
Photos



There is the possibility of monotony with so many back-to-back 'at sea' days. Perhaps it's an opportunity for reflection? Nature helps out, from time to time. Here we've sailed into a cloud bank and can't see more than a few 100 meters. We hear the ships horn from time to time. I guess the message is "If you're ahead of us, we're going to hit you".



Every morning, while we're out of the room, some elves (or more likely our cabin steward, Ernest) comes in, tidies up, and brings back our two royal blue pillows with the regal stamp of the United Kingdom done in gold (colored) thread.



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Our big work for the day... going to the hot tub.



By evening the fog has lifted and we can see the calm (enough) seas and the horizon, off in the distance. Iceland is up that way, somewhere.

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