

Post



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# Torrents of rain; Clean clothes - April 21, 2025

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## ***SUMMARY***

Lovely Lune croissants for breakfast at the laundromat! Afterwards, Scott took off on a self-guided walking tour and the rest of us explored the Roma Street Parklands, a very nice garden with lots of flowers and water features. After a short beer break at our hotel we hopped on them ferry for a tour up (down?) the river before dinner. - Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

Another no travel-no tour day. Creatures of habit, we relax in the room until it's time to head to the girl's favorite croissant place: Lune. It's in an alley, down from one of Brisbane's many pedestrian walking streets. Croissants in hand, our GPS guides us to the laundromat. It's Easter Monday, yet another holiday, but we're hopeful it's open and it is.

The laundromat is in a small strip mall with a Thai massage place and a Vietnamese restaurant. Karen almost walks into the massage parlor. The laundromat is open but unattended, it's all automated. A sign warns us that the doors automatically lock at 9 pm. You'll be able to get out (you won't be locked in) but you can't retrieve your clothes til after 6 am then next morning if you try to return after 9 pm. Now that's automated!

There are six good sized washing machines, eight big dryers, and a vending machine for soap. None has a place for a credit card or cash. For this there are two iPad-looking things bolted to the wall. They'll take your order and read your credit card. The user interface walks you through the process... which machine, water temperature, minutes of drying, boxes of laundry soap... and then you hold up your credit card. It works well (for us, at least... not so much for the Japanese speaker who came later).

While we wait for our clothes croissants are eaten and Don heads out for his customary breakfast: spicy asian noodle soup. The machines are all working (for the most part) and are fast and effective. Whatever dryer lint removal there is is automated and beyond our view. Clothes clean and dry, we fold them and repack our carrying bags.

Mission accomplished, I head out for a self-guided walking tour of the city (and to find lunch, no croissants for me), while the balance of our number wait for an Uber to take them (and our clean clothes) to the hotel. After that they head back out to visit the city's Botanical Garden.

Meeting back up at the hotel later, we agree both outings were fruitful and fun. After a bit of downtime we're off to buy wine (for the coming days) and then onto the AU\$0.50 water taxi (City Cat) for a ride up (and back down) the river. As promised getting on, and paying for, the catamaran ride is easy and quick. We sit outside, admiring the view and enjoying the wind in our hair.

The city has lots of bridges and we swiftly glide beneath one after the other. We see the big new and stately old building downtown which slowly give way to smaller, but nice apartment/condo buildings and eventually to stately mansions for the well heeled. In town the stops are fairly close together, but they get further apart the more we get out of town. Eventually we turn around right about the time the weather does the same. The occasional drop morphs into an impending deluge and everyone scampers inside.

The downpour is energetic and delivers more rain that the city doesn't need. As promised, the rains do not last long. They're compared to the daily afternoon downpours in Florida and soon we're back outside in a cooler weather. We disembark, being sure to tap our credit card on the reader as we get off. More downtime (and blog time) in the room before Uber'ing to dinner at Lambert's on Lambert Street.

To save money, and since we have no luggage, we opt for a cheaper (i.e. smaller) Uber. Our driver, Mike, isn't small. We marvel as to how he is able to get into the car, let alone drive it. He's a larger-than-life, honest to gosh Aussie, and couldn't have had a more positive attitude. He welcomes us with a bellowing "G'day, mate!" even before we have the door open.

On the drive over we discuss where we've been in Australia, where Mike went for the Easter Holiday, and most importantly, the variety of sports here. We learn his favorite sportsball team and he learns that we're off to Hamilton Island next. "Ten out of ten, mate, you're going to love it!" Now best of friends, and at the restaurant, we say our goodbyes. Maybe we'll catch him on the ride home.

Of the ~? 5,000 restaurants in Brisbane, Lambert's is number one, and has been for a while. Lots of great reviews, not too pricey, convenient, and we're able to reserve a table at a convenient hour. What's wrong with this picture? It turns out it's a hotel restaurant, which is fine. We may be on the young end of the table in terms of this evening's diners. Dinner is fine. The amuse bouche (waygu beef brisket on one good sized cos lettuce leaf with little chopped up veggies and spicy stuff, THAT was great.) But overall? Not number one material.

While we eat, the skies open up with high winds and torrential rains pelting the glass. This goes on for twenty minutes. We Uber home and get an Indian driver with four names. He says "Yes, he was driving in the downpour... no, he couldn't see a thing... he wasn't worried and pressed on smartly... he knows all of the roads like the back of his hand, no need to see." We pray it doesn't start to rain again.

As we get closer to our hotel our Uber driver give us the inevitable "Which Treasury Hotel?" Sigh.

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## Photos



Out into the day, lovely weather, blue sky, beautiful old (and new) buildings.



It's a holiday so very little traffic, even though we're smack dab in the middle of town.



The many pedestrian walking streets?  
Those have (foot) traffic.



The lure of Lune draws the girls back,  
once again.



Our laundromat. A place to wash/dry  
clothes AND eat your tasty croissants  
from Lune.



I'm on my own, wandering the streets of Brisbane. Many of the old 1-story houses have been raised and a second story added below. Some have been razed and replaced with newer ones. This one is mid-rise and add underneath. Interesting!



The oldest mill in the area. For grinding wheat, etc. What's that? You don't see wind vanes? No worries, a treadmill inside and convicts who need to be punished will do nicely, thanks. It was built with convict labor. Lots of history here. When two aboriginals were convicted of killing a soldier they were hung from the mill. Multi-purpose. :-(



King George Square (previously Prince Albert's Square), something like that. With each renaming the square got larger and the surrounding buildings more impressive. Where I'm standing I have my back to the tall City Hall building. The square is pedestrians only. Lovely.



Also lovely, Tricia and Don (and Karen taking the picture) at the botanical garden.



We're too urban for 'roos, so they're here in bronze. Notice little joey's flexibility.



Another (of many) walking streets and such nice Victorian architecture. In the foreground are bin chickens (ibis's) in the fountain. They really are trash birds of opportunity. But... they can fly.



Had to take this picture. Does your smart phone need a protective glass cover? Give it to this robot vending machine, and your credit card, and wait a few minutes.



You know this is a very major city... an Apple Store in an impressive building and a bad homeless problem.

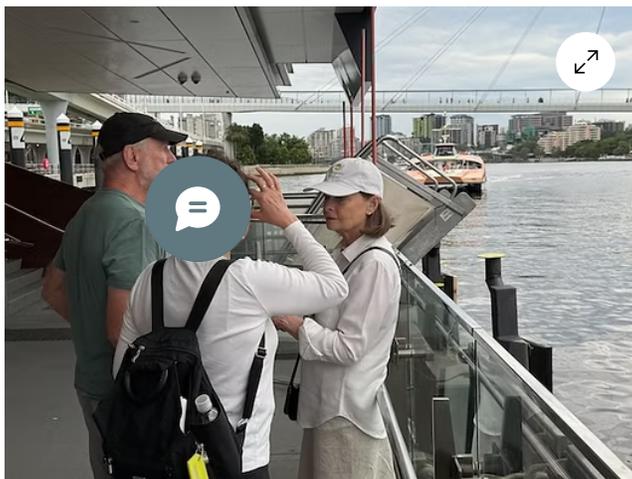


Produce for sale at Woolies (Woolworth's).  
Cabbage being sold in 1/2s and 1/4s but  
not the whole thing. How civilized!

## FARNSNIENTE



Another convict-built office. The  
workmanship is impeccable. In terms of  
discipline, those 'supervisors' really knew  
how to crack that whip! (Too soon?)



Waiting for the AU\$0.50 ferry ride on the City Cat (catamaran water taxi)



Yes it's a City Cat, but it's decorated with a dog, from the Australian-made, hit kid's animated TV show, "Bluey". 'Is that Bluey himself', I ask the ferry attendant. 'NO! That's his sister!' (and her eye's say "don't you know ANYTHING?")



Lots of bridges to go under, and such a fun way to see / get around town.

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