

Post



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Spanish Bufones - May 31, 2025

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SUMMARY

Crappy weather - again, inaccurate forecast - again! Went ahead with our planned itinerary - again. Drove to the famous blowholes of Bufones di Pria on a high cliff but the tide was too low for them to be blowing. Still, it was interesting to look down into them and hear the water WAY down below. Beautiful views up and down the coast. On to Ribadesella for a walk through the Old Town, lunch and a long walk along the sea wall. Tired of being drizzled on we blew off the last planned stop and headed back to the parador. As we had an early wake up the next morning and the restaurants don't even get started until eight, we had a delicious picnic dinner in

the salon. - Karen

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DETAIL

Our first stop is in the small ocean-side village of Llanes for the blow holes. They're called 'bufones' in Spanish which sounds remarkably like 'buffoon'. We're not sure exactly where they are so we're thankful there are good signs pointing the way. We park and walk and discover we're still about a twenty-five minute walk away. Back in our car, we drive on, ignoring the "This way only" signs, and the "No entry other than for locals" signs (and a scowl from a local... sorry!). Shortly we arrive at the blow holes proper. We park and see many others who followed the rules and walked. The tide tables tell us we're here at low tide. The group argues whether it's more the tides, or rough weather, that make the holes really blow. In any case, we have neither and must be satisfied with scary black holes in the ground, surrounded by treacherously sharp rocks, making occasional deep, chuffing sounds.

Blow holed out, we drive on to Ribadesella, a bigger seaside town. Finding parking wasn't easy but eventually we're parading down a main thoroughfare. Maybe it's due to the inclement weather but we're pretty much the only people we see (local or tourist). Trip Advisor points us to a (hopefully) good restaurant and we venture inside. Peeling off our wet rain gear we settle in for a tasty seafood and salad lunch (complete with beer). Trip Advisor hadn't steered us wrong. To walk off our lunch we stroll down a promenade where the city's installed a series of very large, ceramic cartoon wall panels detailing the history of the city.

We learn, among other things, that this place has been around since like the Middle Ages, but more recently was a very industrious fishing village. This place specialized in killing whales for their oil (which was then used to light the dark streets of Europe). The results were safer streets, fewer whales and a few gorgeous seaside mansions at which we're currently ogling. At the end of the walkway are huge schist rock hillsides, warped into undulating waves by heat or time. They're magnificent.

On our return walk back towards our car we pass people sitting outside cafés, having lunch, with their beverage served by portable automated cider pourers. These devices are tall, battery operated with a long metal tube extend to the bottom of a cider bottle. There's a spout, and a metal cradle to hold the glass at exactly the right angle. They dispense cider at the push of a button. How many waiters has this device put out of a job? Chocolate covered cookies round out our mid-day feasting before we waddle back uphill to our car.

On our drive back to Gijón we decide to do another grocery store picnic dinner. Ron and I hoof it over to the 'Alimerka' grocery built under the stands of the big local stadium (Estadio Municipal El Molinón) We surmise that maybe 'Alim' is like the French word "alimentation" (food) and "merka" is as in "America". Anyway, it's a big grocery store and we find lots of good stuff with which to make a picnic, including carrots, red pepper, cucumber, and zucchini. We've had a dearth of vegetables at these restaurants, potatoes notwithstanding. Back at our hotel we again commandeer the sitting area at the end of the hall and enjoy a delightful (if a bit unsightly) picnic dinner. Mike and Liz join us for a glass or two of Albariño wine before heading out for another big dinner. How do they do it?

Stuffed and tipsy we clean up the space the best we can and head back to our rooms. We have to be up at 6 a.m. tomorrow to return our rental car and then board a string of two flights (that will hopefully land us in Porto, Portugal).

Photos



As we park near the bufones (blow holes), we think, we see this excellent example of a local hórrio. The stairs and building are separated by a few inches. Rodents aren't getting in there.



No water coming out of the blow holes with the low tides and/or calm seas. We're not sure if that makes us sad or happy.



We try really hard not to fall into any of the holes. We feel it's a one-way trip. The surrounding rocks are numerous and very sharp.



Nice views looking up the coast.



Finally finding parking in Ribadesella we walk towards the city center. This view shows that much of town is off on a long peninsula.



They have the normal recycling recepticals for cans, glass, and plastics, but also for coffee pods.



Finally in the main part of town. Where is everybody??



Delicious lunch. Good salad with good lettuce, roasted peppers, cheese, anchovies and (good canned) tuna.



Nasurtium high up on a cliff.



Parking and then the ocean-side promenade. Looking back towards town. Calm seas today and (whaaaa) grey skies.



Big, old "mansions," paid for using dead whale money, paid by Europeans who wanted their streets lit (prior to electricity).



Six panels, each maybe six feet tall and fifteen feet long, explain the history of this town. Our Spanish isn't bueno, but we can read comic books.

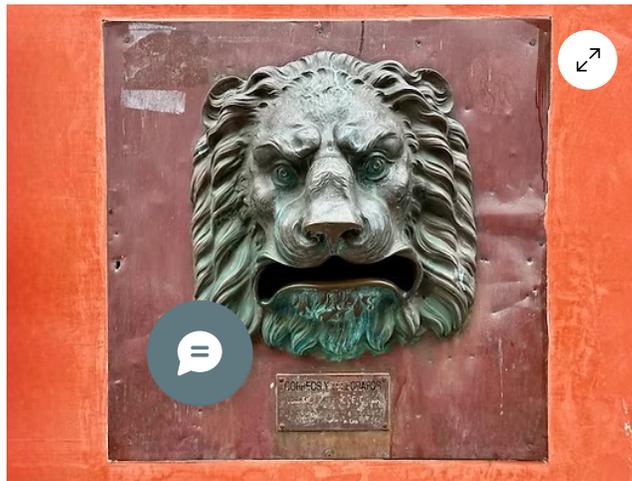


At the end of the promenade the man

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This couple was happy to let me photograph their cider dispenser.



This mail box didn't seem thrilled that we were leaving town.

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