

Post



Scott Farnsworth

May 31, 2025 · 7 min read

Luggage? What luggage? - June 1, 2025

Updated: Jun 6, 2025

SUMMARY

Up and at 'em much too early for the drive to the Asturias airport and our flight to Porto. Had to check our bags as they were 2 kilos over the "bring onboard" limit. We had a connection in Madrid but while we made it and arrived in Porto as scheduled, our suitcases did not. Went on into town and found our very well-located hotel, B the Guest. Too early for check-in (20 minutes). Dropped our bags and, starving, walked to Time Out Porto, a food hall with lots of yummy dining options. Back up the 24 stairs to hotel reception then another 26 to Ron and Nancy's floor and a further 24 to our floor. That's 74 stairs up and down every time

we leave the hotel. Scott and Ron trucked back to the airport to retrieve our bags. Had a Fabulous dinner at Flow Restaurant in their beautiful Moorish courtyard. - Karen

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

DETAIL

Our flight from Asturias Airport in Spain to (eventually) Porto, Portugal boards at 8:50 am, so we're up at 6. We packed and mostly bathed last night, so we're ready to be on the road at 6:30, headed for the car return at the airport. It's drizzly and socked in, which doesn't bode well for Mike and Liz who are staying behind. They'll be in the area for a day and then to Madrid to catch a plane back home.

The remaining four of us, left behind, drop our car and head into the airport. It's not far to Porto, but given how the hub-and-spoke system works for air travel, we have to fly through Madrid. As such we're on a regional (read "small") plane. Because of this the luggage size/weight restrictions are fairly draconian. We get some emails from the airline about how we can check our luggage to avoid hassles, or maybe drop our luggage by the plane as we're getting on, but then we have to get it through security and transfer it in Madrid. Isn't travel glamorous.

Checked in, de-luggaged, and through security we head to the one snack bar/coffee counter in this small airport. The good news is that it opens at 6:30. The bad news is that it's 7:20 and it's still closed. Thankfully it's open a few minutes later and we're all seated, inhaling coffee.

Again we paid a few extra shekels for more knee room and earlier boarding. Given how packed the gate is, this was probably smart. The plane is small. We only have 40 minutes to catch our plane in Madrid so we're happy when the flight out of there is 10 minutes late and the two gates aren't that far apart.

It's sunny when we land in Porto and catch the bus from our plane over to the terminal. At carousel 3 we wait for our luggage, along with most of the plane. And we wait. I check my phone and see our luggage is still in Madrid. Crap. Information points me to the airline's Lost Luggage desk and the process to file is quick. As I'm doing this the agent gets a message that our luggage is, indeed, in Madrid. If all goes according to plan it'll land on the 4pm flight today.

Since Madrid I've been in contact with our 'driver' from the airport to our hotel (B The Guest), arranged by the hotel. 30 euros for four people (and luggage) seemed reasonable, right? He's been patiently waiting for us, keeping us up to date on him having a coffee, having a cigarette, petting a cute dog. Going through customs with no luggage was pretty easy. We have nothing to declare because we have nothing.

We link up with Ricardo, a young, tattooed Portuguese ball of entrepreneurial energy. He takes us to his car as we update him on our luggage. Maybe he can drive us back to the airport to pick up our luggage later and then back, again, to the hotel? Maybe yes! This is music to this businessman's ears. On the drive to the hotel poor Ron, sitting in the front seat, hears about how many 100s of 1,000s of miles this car has on it, and all the parts of the engine Ricardo has, or plans, to replace. His other plans, and travels of his tattoo artist friend are also related.

Our hotel is directly across for the gorgeous, recently renovated Bilhao market. The lobby is a couple of flight of stairs up. This is known as 'floor zero'. If you're on the first floor you're another flight up. We're on floors two and three. Oh my. No elevator (for humans). Nice big room, well sealing windows and separate wooden blinds. This will do nicely. Please remember the complimentary welcome glass of port when you're ready.

We dodge the zillions of tourists on our way to the TimeOut Porto for lunch. We loved the one in Lisbon (and other cities) and love the one here. It's "well attended" but you can find a seat. We find four together. Nancy and I hold down the fort while Ron and Karen go forage for food. We're not in electronic communication so I buy a medium sized beer and a bottle of water nearby. Surely Karen won't be able to bring food and beverage, can she? She can. She returns with a gorgeous smash burger, fries, a bottle of water and a large beer. This is lunch! Ron and Nancy end up with good looking roast chicken, fries and a small beer. It all works out.

Heading back haphazardly towards our hotel, sort of, we zigzag our way through the many tourists and admire the surrounding architecture. All of us have been here before, but it's been a while and there's lots of construction done and going on. We pass the huge MacDonalds with the huge Third Reich eagle symbol out front. I still don't know what that's all about.

We find that to Uber to the airport is a good bit less than Ricardo, Inc. so we opt for that. I message Ricardo that's we're set and thanks. On the ride to the hotel our oversized young Indian immigrant Uber driver asked us in a heavy accent where we're from. USA, eh? You like Trump? Nope. He says everyone says that. He likes Trump. (Immigrants can be funny that way).

At the airport our plan is to go to the carousel, grab our luggage, and head out. Problem? It's on the other side of Customs in a highly secure area. At a one-off security checkpoint an employee checks our paperworks and points us to the "Badges" desk, "over there." The lady there notes information from our passports and gives us each a badge (a big yellow "I'm not supposed to be here" sticky label to attach to our chest). We wait with one other similarly unfortunate traveler to be let in. The three of us become the twelve of us over time.

Eventually we're taken by the hand to the carousel where we find our luggage. We sign papers to say we got our lost luggage, give back our yellow labels and are soon hailing another Uber.

Lavished with appreciation by our wives back at the room, we freshen up and head downstairs (many flights) for our complementary glass of port. It's the pause that refreshes, around here! We push on towards a restaurant recommended to us by friend Melody (who also suggested our great hotel here). Dinner is fabulous. There's a strict "classy casual" dress code and it, and the surroundings, make for an excellent meal (along with divine food). We are stuffed as we walk home. No more food until tomorrow (which will include breakfast at the hotel followed by a three hour foodie walking tour). What could possibly go wrong?

Photos



Bye, Spain, it's been fun. We'll see you again, soon (in the form of Madrid airport to get to Porto and Barcelona to get to Sardinia)



We've only been to the Madrid airport once, that we can recall. But we do recall loving the architecture.



No jetbridges for us, everyone piles onto a bus to get shuttled out to the airplane.



When checking in there's group 1, and then 2, etc. Of course once everyone's on the bus, the eventual surge to the plane is more democratic.



We get to see a bit of snow left on the Pyrenees enroute.



We loved the TimeOut Market in Lisbon (and elsewhere). Porto's is fairly new but equally popular with great chefs and offerings.



Nothing fancy for us, just a smashburger and fries. I hold down the table while Karen goes for food. I get a beer and water while I wait. Karen returns with burger, etc. and a beer and water. It all works out.



The requisite Insta photo spot (to promote the brand). It apparently works.



Speaking of work, there's a lot of it going on in Porto. Lots of construction. This is the big, old train station. It's a great place to see beautiful tile murals on the inside (and to get pick-pocketed). We experienced neither, this go round.



The city hall. There was (is) a church here which the city offered to relocate. The church was appalled and said "Nope!" Now? The city hall is there and (very well hidden behind it) is the unmovable church.



We're on the second floor of our hotel (fourth or fifth if you count the flights of stairs). Can anyone look into our hotel

FARNSNIENTE 



Ron and Nancy enjoying cocktails at Flow. Dress code and some fanciness, which made it fun.



Such good food, including this gazpachio which was out of this world.



We were there, too.



On the walk home we passed this cutely designed bike rack. The lighting helps.

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

Subscribe Form

Email Address

Submit



©2023 by FarnsNiente. Proudly created with Wix.com