

Post



Scott Farnsworth

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On a farm near the airport - June 6, 2025

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SUMMARY

Off to Alghero, Sardinia (Italy). Airport adventures that I'm sure Scott will share. Austin friends of 40 some years, Tom and Cindy, picked us up at the airport and drove us to our nearby agroturismo farm lodging outside the town of Fertilia. Back into town for lunch (at Quattro Punto Sei, i.e. "four point six") then chill time on the farm. Great dinner Al fresco at Sottoprua on the Calich Lagoon with a view to the remains of a very old Roman bridge. Those Romans really got around! - Karen

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DETAIL

This morning is roughly yesterday afternoon's, but run in reverse. We repack, check-out, and take the metro back to the airport. Once there, we are confused and lost, but all signs we see point in a single direction, and everyone is headed that way, so we follow. Further along we see we're going through a security check point. Karen's alarmed but I just assume they want to preclude unnecessary explosives from all parts of the airport, not just closer to the planes. Whatever.

Through the checkpoint I ask where we can find the luggage check-in desks. I get a non-committal wave in 'that' direction. Through duty free we're getting an uneasy feeling about this. We're standing there, looking around with a confused look on our faces, when a fellow traveler commiserates, saying she too made the same mistake we've made. Crap.

We explain our predicament to the young man at the information desk. You couldn't pay me enough to sit there. They chose the right person. He wants to know how we could have missed the signs (not helpful). He stands to assess the size of our bags, to see if maybe we can carry them aboard. We can't... it's RyanAir, they barely let people on their planes. He doesn't go as far as suggesting we rent a car to get to Sardinia, but I am ready for that one.

He does point us to the exit, and we reluctantly go that way. Soon we're again on the wrong side of security. We find the check-in counters for RyanAir and start the long march to the end of the line, I swear it's in a different zip code. Thankfully the line moves fairly quickly and there's entertainment (seeing the poor people totally repacking all their belongings, on the floor, to meet RyanAir's draconian weight limits).

Luggage free, we head back to the security check to again get to the gates. I try to see the silver lining in all this, saying this time should be easier as we don't have our luggage. At the automated turnstile (to ensure we have a valid boarding pass) we get a big red X and a loud beep. An agent pulls us aside. "Have you already been through here today??" I explain our earlier faux pas. She compares our passports, boarding passes, and faces and we're waved through.

At the special lounge they have great coffee, starchy sweet breakfast breads, wine and hard liquor. We partake of only the first two. We did have bags of time but now, well, you know. We cut our time in the lounge short when we see when "Ryan" closes boarding at 10:45 am. It turns out that boarding starts at 10:30 and closes at 10:45. It is to laugh! The RyanAir app says our flight is on time, boarding at 10:30, but when boarding should be starting, there is no plane. The inbound flight is still 'bound'. Grrrr.

Eventually we're on the plane flying over the Mediterranean towards Sardinia. Whew.

In Alghero we find a truly tiny airport. Being so small, with so few flights, our bags arrive quickly. Cindy messages us: "Let us know when you're here, we'll drive over". We're staying two minutes from the airport, which sounds scary, but there are rarely any flights, so it's no problem. With Tom and Cindy, and our host, we review our accommodation options and opt for the two rooms each with it's own bathroom (versus our original reservation which was a single unit with two bedrooms but only one bathroom).

After unpacking we drive a short ways to lunch in Fertilia. This is a small a bedroom community on the outskirts of Alghero, with a population of about 1,700 people. Pretty small. Our salads are good, as is the beer. We walk and then head back to hang at the room for a bit.

The weather is perfect to have happy hour cocktails on the patio outside our room. After that we drive to do a bit of shopping in a tiny grocery and then continue on to dinner. The restaurant is tiny but cute and excellent food. We're outside, enjoying the breeze and the view. Finally home and to bed. Tomorrow? A boat ride to see the area.

Photos



We wake early in Barcelona to be able to catch our flight. Opening the "blind" we find that the design on the outside, and the shape of our "window" are one and the same. The material? 8" thick concrete.



On the airplane I surmise that a previous passenger in my seat was a youngster who stuck their gum 'under the tray table' not realizing that the table get's 'closed' and the gum gets exposed. Gross!



Everything about the Alghero airport says it's small, but it's an international flight (the short hop from Spain). We're OK with small. It means the luggage is there in a flash.



Luggage in hand Karen uses the handy map of Sardinia on the floor to point out where we are: Alghero.



We're again doing "agriturismo", i.e. staying on a farm. Fun!



We soon meet the three horses, two donkeys, 180 sheep, and many chickens. We'll meet the "about" ten pigs, and the two lazy dogs later.



To celebrate our arrival into Sardinia (and Tom and Cindy's arrival in Europe a couple of days ago) we share some pink wine.



Refreshed, we head to the nearby tiny town of Fertilia (population 1,700) for lunch. Looking across the bay we can see Alghero proper.



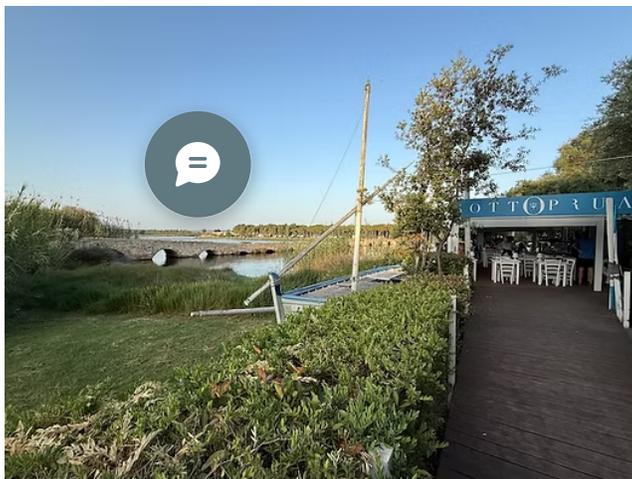
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Later, at happy hour time, we have happy hour. The weather is great and it's quiet and relaxing.



On our way to dinner we stop at the local grocery. This is about 1/2 of it.



Our dinner spot: Sottoprua. Very picturesque.



At dinner. Such good food. Italian, of course!



An after dinner walk on a decommissioned bridge. Our restaurant is visible on the right.

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