

Post



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# To grotto or not to grotto - June 7, 2025

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## ***SUMMARY***

Homemade sheeps' yogurt, cakes and cookies on the buffet. Dessert for breakfast! Drove into Alghero to get on the ferry to Neptune's Grotto, a 40-minute ride away. Beautiful scenery along the coast, tall cliffs, sandy beaches, caves worn into the rocks by the sea. We didn't pay the extra to enter the grotto but most others did. We arrived back in time for lunch which we had at Le Ninfe on Ninfe Beach. The beach was very crowded so we opted for a smaller, equally crowded, beach where the water was quite refreshing! Drove up to Cappelletto, a high observation area overlooking the whole Bay of Sardinia. Into Alghero for a walk on the sea wall and dinner al fresco

at Angedars with a view of the sunset. -  
Karen

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### ***DETAIL***

The A/C in the room at our farm works well and we have a good, long sleep. Once we're finally up we partake of the included breakfast here on the farm. The coffee's weak but welcome. There are many cakes and cookies (for breakfast??). The yogurt is made here from the farm's sheeps' milk. On top of that you put honey (which they make here). There's goats cheese, which (well, you know) and it's really good. There's prosciutto and they have pigs, so go figure. It's fun. Most of the other people staying here are German. We've heard that it's some long holiday in Germany.

Post breakfast we don't dawdle as we have a ticket for a 10 am boat ride. We're headed (with 48 others) to a grotto quite a ways out. We're departing from the Alghero marina and this is the first we're seeing of that. It seems that anywhere worth going to has a marina and they always tell the same story: there are some rich people in this world and rich people like to have big boats. The weather's clear and sunny. The boat has an open upper deck in the sun where most of our party hangs, and a shaded downstairs (and front) where I hide from too much sun.

On the motoring over I take lots of photos, but it's a straight path, so I'm pretty much are getting the same picture over and over, just closer and closer.

When we get to the grotto the captain drives straight in. The deck hands deploy a long, metal walkway (gang-plank?) with hand rails and off we go. Everyone off. No one can stay on the boat. The deckhands want their cigarette break and they can't be worried about any pesky tourists snooping around an empty. Once the boat's been flushed of passengers, the access is roped off so we can't get back on (for now).

Where we are you can get to by boat, as we did, or climb down 654 steps. Scores of people have climbed down (or are climbing down). Many are young but there's all ages and physical conditions. Two people brought dogs. Where we all get off, and where the stairs end, is very limited in standing area. The group is taking up about 105% of the available space. If you're pushed off, either way, you're in the water. No swimming allowed!

There's a fee to enter the grotto and (despite how you might think they should do things) you buy your ticket here. Everyone's waiting for everyone else to buy their grotto ticket. Karen and I reflect on all of the caverns and grottos we've ever been in and agree that's enough. We save our Euros.

After we motor back the four of us pile back into the car and drive to our next meal. It's lunch time and we hit a popular beach restaurant. Apparently the people that own this land are real entrepreneurs. They have RV camp spot rentals, and parking (1 euro/hour). They have beach chair rental and umbrella rental. They have bathrooms (1 euro to get in). They have changing rooms which include a sign saying that they have surveillance cameras in use. In the changing room? We can imagine they might want cameras, but many of the ladies on the beach are already topless, so what's the point, eh?

Lunch is good. Pasta and seafood, who could have guessed? And the people watching is excellent. We're dressed for beach time ourselves (well, our suits and towels are in a beach bag) but at our lunch spot we all agree it's too crowded so we head out to a smaller place down the road. Here we find a parking spot (free) and walk the short distance to the bar. It's small and understated. We find a spot on the "beach" (ok, rocks) which backs up to a rocky cliff. Tom holds a towel for me so I can strip naked and change into my bathing suit. It's quite breezy so the fact that Tom's holding a small towel has little bearing on how much of me others on the beach can see. Being an overweight 66 year-old male American, no one really cares.

Suited up we all head into the water. Tom and I are proud that we get in up to our necks. The water temperature is quite nice, if not a tad bracing. It feels good and we hang out, bobbing in the water for a while. We drip dry with help from the breeze and sun, and a towel. I buy a beer (and lemon soda for Karen) as we've paid nothing for the rest of this spot.

A ways down the road we stop to admire a couple of vistas. In one direction we're looking into the bay/cove with all the pretty boats, and looking in the other way we're looking towards way out to sea. It really is a beautiful sight. We're very high up and are careful to keep a comfortable distance (ten - twenty feet?) from the edge of the cliff. As we are leaving, two tour buses disgorge their passengers.

We drive on and our turn around spot is where the stairs down to this morning's grotto start (and where some fee is charged, we imagine). On the drive home we stop to buy gas. The car is pretty efficient but has a small bladder, er, gas tank. It's late in the afternoon on a Saturday, so the gas station is unattended. There's a kiosk where you can use a credit card (European chip-and-pin type, not our silly USA chip-and-sign type). Of course we can't get any of our credit cards to work so we use cash.

We zip home, clean up, relax, enjoy happy hour and then drive to dinner. We drive to dinner just after 7. Sunset will be at 8:54. Like so many towns, Alghero has an impressive sea wall promenade which is a big draw. Back in the day these were largely for defense, today they're to attract tourists. The walls are thick with a cutout periodically from which someone can shoot a cross-bow at approaching invaders. Less frequently as we walk along is a cannon, a catapult or a trebuchet. For the later two there's an accompanying pile of round stone balls that would have been thrown at the invading ship. Now a days these spherical stones are locked in metal cages (lest any drunken tourists get any ideas).

We're on the island of Sardinia. In Italy it's called Sardegna. In the language of the island of Sardinia (Sardinian) they call it Sardigna. The name of the restaurant where we're having dinner is Angedras. That is (I'm sure you've already guessed), the Italian name of this island spelled backwards. We have a reservation, which is good given the number of people wishing to eat. We're four but they have us at table for six so we can all be facing the sea and the impending sunset. We're off the walkway of the seawall, but not much, and behind us is a narrow street leading into the town proper. Our location makes for great people watching.

Food is good, too, and we have more pink wine than is advisable. We have a very leisurely dinner and finally depart when Karen and Cindy give up on their plans to kidnap our cute young waiter, Mattia. After a post-dinner seawall walk and gelato, we head back to our remote lodging for quiet night's sleep.

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## Photos



Morning at our farm apartment. Our unit is the one under the two palm trees.



Breakfast. Lots of cookies and cakes. Hm. But also good farm sheep and pig products.



Cindy and Karen dive in.



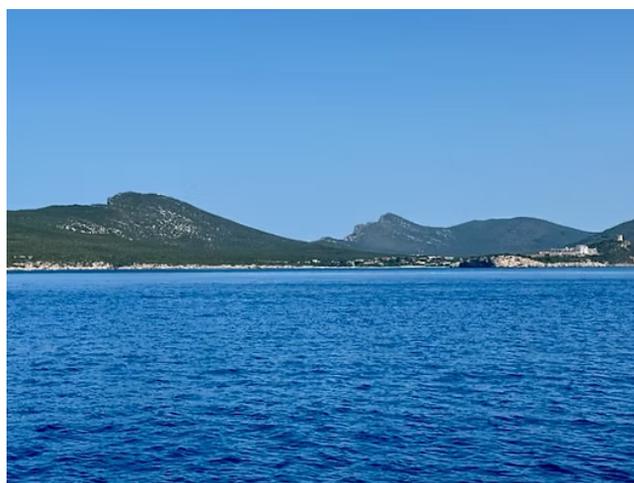
Walking to our boat. The town's not too busy yet.



We enjoy checking out the boats and old buildings.



Karen, Cindy and Tom, up top in the sun.



I liked the swooping rocks. We'll be closer this afternoon.



Near the lighthouse, way up high. One big rock, eh?



Steps are carved/built into the rocks, to give people without boats a chance to check out the grotto. Lots want to, apparently.



As we're getting off the boat the deck hands are ushering us to pack closer and closer. There's (almost) room for all.



We didn't pay to see the full grotto, but the view of the grotto, with pool, at the entrance was pretty impressive.



Riding back we get another view of Alghero.



Our lunch spot. Very commercial but very popular and thankfully good food.



FARNSNIENTE



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A ways down the road the doff our clothes and get into our swim suits to paddle around for a bit.



There's a roadside pullout to provide some pretty views of the area. That thin strip of beach at the middle top is where we had lunch. The little cut in in the middle is where we swam.





This is looking out to sea. Less protected water, but still not too choppy.



Trying to decide what to have for dinner. Being able to see the sunset has it's pluses and minuses.



We did get to see the sunset, not totally unobstructed, but pretty.



Post-dinner walk along the sea wall.

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