

Post



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# Driving down to Bosa - June 8, 2025

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## ***SUMMARY***

Very scenic drive south to the town of Bosa with good lunch at Boca Bistro. Dinner at our agroturismo place. - Karen

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## ***DETAIL***

For some reason this morning I get up at 6:20 am. Karen is still asleep. Our apartment is quiet, we're in the country. Once outside I do hear the rooster crowing. As for tractors or other machinery, we've not heard any of that, yet. There's a couple of horses, two donkeys, and a sleepy eyed farm dog who doesn't seem to have any responsibilities at all. We see a big field full of sheep, which they raise for their milk. The one big agricultural noise that we do hear periodically (during the normal waking hours) is infrequent but jarring. It's the periodic air canons that go off in random locations, trying to scare off the birds, to minimize crop loss.

Once everyone's up we have a leisurely morning. Tom and Cindy are still adjusting to the time change. We have another farm breakfast. We're pretty sure the farm provides the eggs from their own chickens, the sheep's milk is for our coffee, and there's sheep's cheese. There's prosciutto, but I'm not sure if that used to be one of their ten pigs.

Fed and cleaned up we pile into the car. We're headed about 80 minutes south of here to Bosa. We don't have any plans to get into the water but bring our suits and towels, just in case. The drive down is not unlike going south on Highway 1 from the Bay Area. This place looks a lot like the California coast, or maybe what that looked like 50 years ago. There is pretty much zero business along the way. The views are amazing and the roads is moderately busy with other holiday makers out wanting to take in the natural beauty. Many of our fellow travelers are on motorcycles and they aren't excited to travel behind us for very long.

We don't have cell service for much of the route but do, once we get to the medium sized town of Bosa. That helps us to find parking. We end up parking on the street, in front of someone's house, with two wheels up on the curb/sidewalk like all the other cars on this side of the street.

We walk over the bridge. It's two way traffic, plus pedestrians, though it's not really big enough for all traffic. As we traverse the bridge we (and everyone) is looking around and taking pictures, not really paying attention to cars. It's quite breezy and my hat nearly blows off.

On the other side we're happy to transition to a pedestrian only walkway. It's quite crowded here as we're in front of the church, on a Sunday, and mass just let out. Lots of people, in their Sunday finest, are out greeting each other. Being in their best clothes means the ladies are in high heels, which doesn't work well with the uneven cobblestones of the street. Karen, Cindy and Tom go to look inside the church, but are turned away. Did we say it's Sunday and service just let out? Be gone with you!

Around the corner, still wonky cobblestones, we head to a little hole-in-the-wall restaurant that Cindy found on line. Our timing's good and we get a great table just outside the service door. Great for people watching and great for getting the server's attention. They treat us well and we joke back and forth. Karen and I split a big seafood salad and Tom and Cindy each enjoy an impressive sandwich. Beer and wine make the meal complete.

Lunch out of the way we continue our walk through town. There's a museum we're supposed to visit but thankfully it's closed. At least for now. Instead we just stroll the streets. The big main street is fun but the really narrow residential streets are the real fun. They connect in bizarre ways at bizarre angles. There are stairs connecting some and tunnels connecting others. The tunnels let you get from street to street while still having living space above. Once we're 'all the way up' we have a great view of the city and Mediterranean beyond. Behind us, further up the hill is the old castle. It's just a shell of its former self, but it's a draw for tourists. We haven't heard great things about it so we save our 15 euros each to get in.

We take a different, but equally interesting route back down to the main street. We pass multiple "for sale" signs on different buildings and consider the pros and cons of owning a medieval apartment building in a town this remote. We shudder at the thought. At the gelato shop we leave more of our money for the locals. More walking and finally I'm ready to head for the car while the rest of the group goes back to see the church. I see the pictures and it's pretty good, I'm not going to lie.

The group of three has to retrace their steps across the bridge and it's still windy. Cindy's hat does blow off and was last seen floating downstream. She stops and buys two more at a funky local shop.

We drive back to the farm. Again the views of the Mediterranean and the mountains are impressive. At 'home' Karen and I tour the farm more completely and find the pigs. Anna Lisa says they have ~ 10 pigs. We're having suckling pig for dinner so we don't want to ask how recently it was running around out back.

Walking by the chickens they all come running. Are we supposed to have something for them? We don't. The donkeys, too, are hopeful we have something for them, but we're not authorized donkey feeders. Sorry guys (gals?). As we walk away they both console themselves with a vigorous roll in the dirt. They seem very pleased with themselves. The white horse comes out, arches his back and takes a long, refreshing pee, seemingly for our entertainment. Passing by the chickens they again want something. Anna Lisa tells us later they're normally let out and can scratch around for grubs and worms, but it's windy and, and, and, so they're left in their pen, or some such reason.

We have our normal happy hour and then dinner at the farm. It's good, not great. The cutting up of the suckling pig seems to have been done by someone with more of a love of cleavers than the anatomy of animals to be consumed. Wine was the house wine, in carafes, in red or white. We have both and they're good. Sardinia is known for having pretty good wine.

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## Photos



Up early enough to see the sheep released back into the grazing fields after their morning milking.



Our farm breakfast with sheeps milk and sheeps' milk yogurt, eggs, and proscuitto. The fruit juice may also be from their fruit.



Driving south, we stop for a picture of Alghero.



We think much of the drive looks like California.



Bosa and the bridge. The castle is in the distance, up on the hill.



Cute city streets.



Fun lunch outside.



Yummy seafood salad, sandwiches, beer and wine.



Lots of cute narrow streets.



Bouganvillea everywhere in this country.



OK, no more streets!



Nice view looking towards the Mediterranean.



The castle.

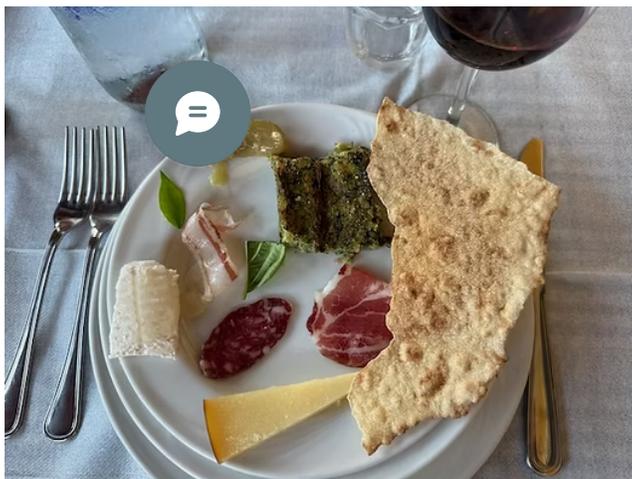


Somehow the rocks are such that they just fall out from underneath, leaving hanging rock. To protect the highway from any future rocks they added a roof, shown

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Donkey heading over for whatever we can do without.



First course of our farm dinner. The flat, thin bread here is everywhere and really good.



Course two: potatoes and suckling pig.

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