

Europe, July to September 2026

August 18 – 20, Bergen

Again, there is a prologue to today's story. For those of you who have read some of the earlier dates, you may remember that I came very close to losing my ship's access key. Three times at the start of the trip, but it was smooth sailing since then (pun intended).



That is, until we got back to the room for the last time on the last night. I used my key to enter the room and then the Danish key gnomes came and, poof, it was gone. I know it was in the room somewhere, but I never found it. And maybe, just maybe, it wasn't really gnomes. There are magical Smurfs around here also.

Now, some of you may think, "so what, you don't need it anymore as you are disembarking in the morning." Well, those of you would have been wrong. It is needed to record your final exit from the ship. I had to go to the desk and get a new key. Luckily, that happens so often that it took about 30 seconds. I almost made it the entire trip, but didn't. This isn't horseshoes.

Advance to the next morning when we had to get up early.



Everyone needed to be ready to exit by 8:00 and our group was the first. Early! My favorite sight of this day was:



Then it's off to the airport, a short 3½ hour wait followed by a short flight. Copenhagen to Bergen is like San Diego to San Jose.

Got to the room in time to relax and then walk around and look for a place for dinner. We came across a place to the right. Turns out it wasn't a restaurant. It was a pop-up store selling a variety of local favorites. We bought some of what I can best describe as reindeer salami; to bring home. And that is a reason I did not post this yesterday. I did not want to be inundated with emails from people saying "get one for me, too." Too late!

Back to dinner. Turns out we found an Irish pub and I had a Guinness and a meat pie. There are three Irish pubs with about four blocks of the central downtown area.

There's an Irish song with the introductory line "No matter where you go around the world, you'll always find an Irish pub." So true.





Here is a main reason we came to Bergen. The last time we were here we heard about a tram ride to the top of a mountain near the city center. Then, we did not find the location until it was too late. This time, voila!

The tram was crowded. It was a nice day in Bergen, clear skies in a city with rain like Seattle is famous for. Everyone was taking advantage, and, in addition, there are three cruise ships in town.

View from the top:



There are dozens of hiking paths that start from the top. Some go up. Others go back to Bergen city center (about 2 miles). The ones going up enter the forest almost immediately. Much better than any walk in Boulder. As the upward hike started, right past the summit platform, we came across a neat playground.



Here's a view from up the mountain a little bit. And a little bit (about ½ mile), was as far as we made it.)



We then turned around and walked back to town. I felt bad because I had purchased round trip tickets in the tram, but the walk was worth it. Many views like the one below.



There were so many paths going down, that we were afraid we'd get lost if we took the wrong one. Until we realized that any path going down had to be the right one. We were at the end of a peninsula, so the options of getting lost were quite small. Luckily, the tourist bureau of Bergen knows that

many people come to this place (it's one of the top tourist treks in Norway) that they posted helpful, instructional signs we could rely on to direct us.

I couldn't have said it better myself.





Which brings us to late afternoon, where we are considering dinner choices. There are many. Here is one that, for some reason, reminds me of that “Der Weiner Schnitzel” expert, Josh.

Who would have thought that the best hot dogs in the world were in Bergen. I always thought they were at Wrigley Field. Just shows what I don’t know.

But the locals did. They agreed with the sign, so much that I could not get close to the place. The line was always close to a block long.



Must be those tasty reindeer sausage hot dogs. Can’t get that at Wrigley Field, but you can here. Delicious Rein-pølser.

Tomorrow is a flight to Reykjavik, so no blog.