

Four Days Up the Coast of Croatia



The McDonald's employee sees my littler sister and me sleeping on their red bench seat. She continues to sweep under our empty table, waking me up. It was hard to fall asleep anyway, what with the terrible Spanish music and cold draft in the Barcelona airport at 2 a.m. It's just Chloe and me now, in transit overnight to Dubrovnik, Croatia where we will arrive without reservations—literally without lodging plans, but also without expectations of this southeastern European nation between the Balkans and the Adriatic Sea.

Fortunately, getting around with English wasn't a problem, because we definitely couldn't speak Hrvatski, the official language. We found a hostel called "Marko Polo" at the top of Dubrovnik within a few hours of landing. A cab dropped us off on the side of a highway and pointed to the other side of the road. Across that road, we could then see the belly of the city, a honeycomb of houses and secret gardens leading down to the old town by the Adriatic





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