

# Špica!

*Super*



Abbey J. Andersen



Dober Dan, Slovenia!  
Lahko Nóč!



*Good Day, Slovenia!*  
*Good Night!*

A booklet of knapsack observations

## Part 1

I. The funicular transports you to the very top of the castle. For those who don't mind a 10 minute stroll, a paved pathway will also bring you there.

*Budapest, Hungary*

II. Ziferblat Café charges a few cents per minute for your time there, but you can make as many cappuccinos as you like during your stay. Thoughtful locals in every corner work on art projects and apologize to you for the bad weather.

*Ljubljana, Slovenia*

III. Fresh sardines pair perfectly with a glass of cheap Malvazija. You are perplexed by the satisfaction you find in the crunch of face and tail.

*Street Food Valentin, Ljubljana*

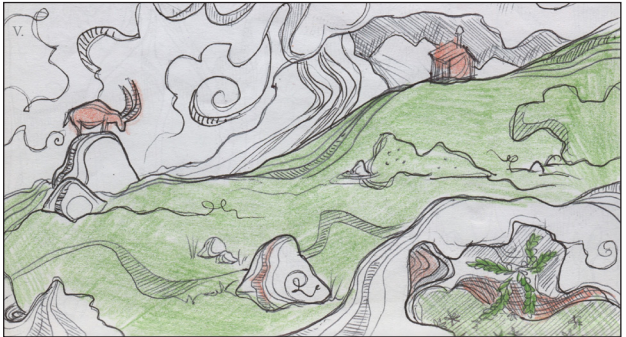
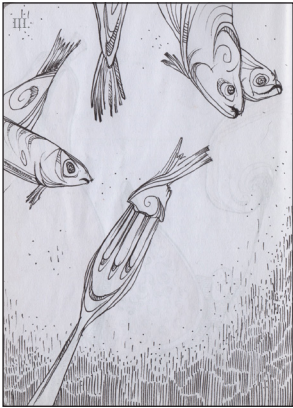
IV. The squash, figs, and shelling beans have a set price. For the porcini, however, one must negotiate.

*Central Farmer's Market, Ljubljana*

V. Up, up, up the slippery scree through the clouds, and finally you and your trekking pals catch a clearing at the summit. An ibex emerges in view of the toilet.

*Zasavska Koča na Prehodavcih Mountain Hut, Triglav National Park*





VI.



VII.



## Part 2

VI. A steep climb up “The Matterhorn of Bovec” leads to an overlook above the sparkling Soca River Valley, a site of many bloody battles during WWI. You wonder if the soldiers’ calves burned the way yours do.

*Svinjak Mountain, Kal-Koritnica*

VII. Vibrant green beech trees mark the way to a bunker made of crumbling stone. A large pumpkin appears at the edge of the forest.

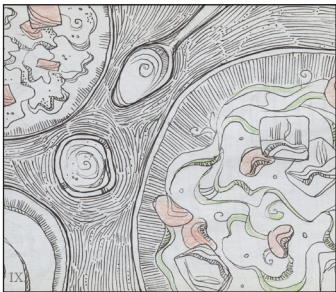
*Čelo pot, Bovec*

VIII. Rain washes away trekking plans and brings a runny nose. Recovery is the porch of a cozy B&B and a chocolate bar for breakfast.

*Čuskič House, Lake Bohinj*

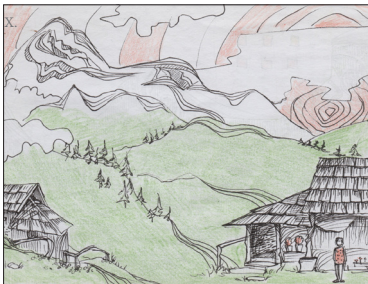
IX. Always order the house honey schnapps upon arrival, and drink it on the bench outside the hut where you can see the mountains. For dinner, sit inside with a bowl of sour cabbage soup, a kranjska klobasa sausage, or a helping of fried buckwheat mash with pork fat and sour milk.

*Ticarjev dom Mountain Hut,  
Vrščič Pass, Triglav National Park*



### Part 3

X. On the way down Mt. Pršivec, the woman at the old dairy settlement will offer to make you a cup of tea and teach you how to say “super” in Slovenian. Her husband carries in bundles of herbs just gathered, to dry for next week’s tea. They tell you they have a son in Chicago.  
*Bregarjevo Zavetišče na Planini Visevnik, Triglav National Park*



XI. Sometimes you can taste the gentian, larch needles, dandelion, rose hips, and wild mints brewed into your teacup. But mostly you just taste the sugar.  
*Throughout, Julian Alps*

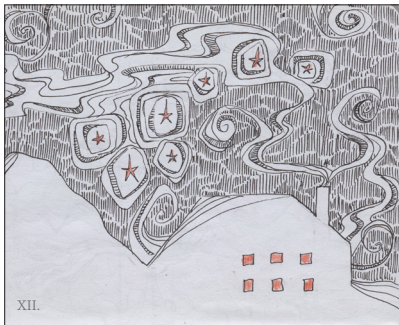
XII. Outside, the stars emerge to a soundtrack of clanking bells as the cows settle down for the night. Inside, the radio blares “She’s A Lady,” by Tom Jones.  
*Koča na Planini pri Jezeru Mountain Hut, Triglav National Park*



XIII. You arrive at the hut in the dark, and must eat your bowl of jota by candlelight. On the solar-charged computer screen at the next table over, the hut attendant streams the big game and Slovenia wins the European Basketball Championship for the first time in history.  
*Česka koča Mountain Hut, Jezersko, Kamnik-Savinja Alps*

XIV. An unexpected snowfall means the sheep and cows must return to the valley earlier than usual. They leave their legacy on the trail for the last hardy hikers, in great abundance.  
*Vršič Pass, Triglav National Park*

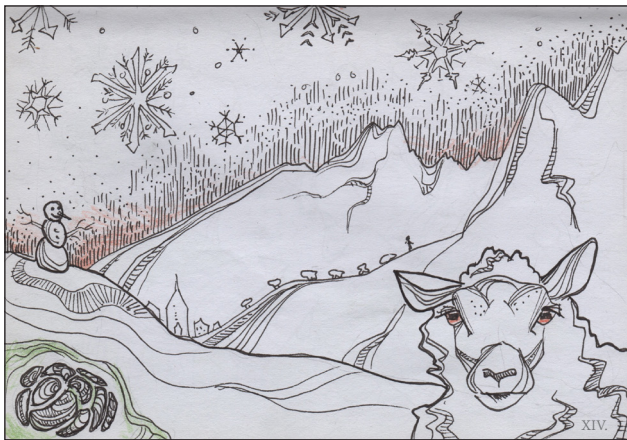




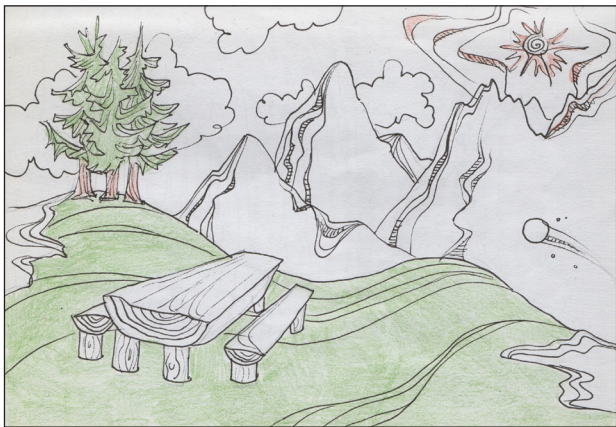
XII.



XIII.



XIV.



#### Part 4

XV. A final trek in fortuitous weather culminates in a perfect picnic spot under blue skies and a beating sun. The hut plays “It Must Have Been Love (But It’s Over Now)” and a deep melancholy accompanies your sunburn. Down the slope, a snowball fight breaks out.

*Vitranc Summit, Kranjska Gora, Triglav National Park*

XVI. There is no known hue to describe the blues and greens of Lake Jasna, nor the crystal waters of the Sava River flowing alongside it. Beech trees on the far shore hang on to their golden-tipped leaves, but the larches have already begun to drop their needles.

*Fall, Julian Alps*



