

Post



Scott Farnsworth

May 8, 2022 · 3 min read

Paris - May 8, 2022

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We wake early. It's another full day in Paris. We like the sound of that. We don't realize but the building heat is still on (maybe for another few weeks). This means the radiators are on in every room ensuring the whole apartment is toasty warm. What the radiators don't know is that there's global warming. It's 74 degrees inside, and 55 degrees outside, so we open ever window and it cools down quickly. In the evenings we roast (well, not Liz and Mike, they have A/C to combat the radiators). If we'd only thought to turn off the radiators!

We bought artesian bread at Le Bon Marché which we toast and butter and have with coffee in the room. Karen elects to spend the morning chilling in the apartment while Scott, Mike and Liz hoof it to the Musée D'Orsay. There's a short line for tickets and we're quickly inside. They have an extensive, temporary Gaudi exhibit. We tour that and see the impressionist masterpieces. It's early so there aren't too many people there.

Soon we're ready for food and a change of pace so we exit through the gift shop (without buying anything) and meet Karen at the elephant. We're ready for lunch and we've found a promising sounding place (on Trip Advisor) called Frog Hop, part of the Frog Brewing company, local. Yummy. Scott and Karen split a club sandwich, Mike has Fish and Chips, and Liz has a fried chicken sandwich. We all agree that the good reviews on Trip Advisor were merited. Of course we have a few beers and the server was an angel. We agree we love Paris.

Liz and Mike head back to the room to relax. Later they will try once again (successfully this time) to do laundry.

Scott and Karen buy metro tickets and ride to where they lived from 1995 to 2000. It hasn't changed much, it's still wonderful. An apartment similar to the one they rented can now be purchased for around two million euro. For less money we buy a coffee éclair, eat it, and brace for the sugar coma.

We continue our walk through history, up and over a block to the "Ile de la Jatte". If you've ever seen George Seurat's painting *Afternoon on the Grand Jatte*, you've seen where we are. We check out the menu at our old favorite restaurant, Le Guinguette. We make a mental note to visit there again when we come back in June.

Our cell phone tells us which bus to take to the Parc du Bagatelle in the Bois de Bologne. It's gotten sunny and warm and soon we're craning our heads to figure out from where the peacock are calling.

It's Sunday, and a holiday (WW 2 Remembrance Day) so lots of people are out and about, not just us. The iris are out in force, as are some of the roses, but most at just sporting tons of buds. There's wisteria in full bloom with trails of blossoms two or three feet long.

Before long it's time to hook up with Liz and Mike for dinner. We walk back to the bus, ride back home and meet them at the Au Savignon bar across the street from our apartment. We metro to Le Brasier. This is one of those 'you cook it yourself' meat and cheese places. When we show up we are the only ones there. By the time we leave it's packed. The bathroom is downstairs and on the way down you pass a wall of huge rheostats (dimmers) that are controlling the cooking grills at each table.

We each get a combination of beef, cheese, and ham and stuff like that. Potatoes. We make/eat our dinner. So much food. Lots of dessert.

We walk home past the Arc de Triumph, illuminated all in purple. We see the sparkling/scintillating Eiffel Tower in the background. It does its five minute show at the top of the hour. Five minutes, no more, no less.

We metro home, insisting that Mike and Liz (the kids) take the lead guiding us back to the apartment. They do it perfectly. They've got this. They're here four more full days so it'll be a good skill to have.

Photos

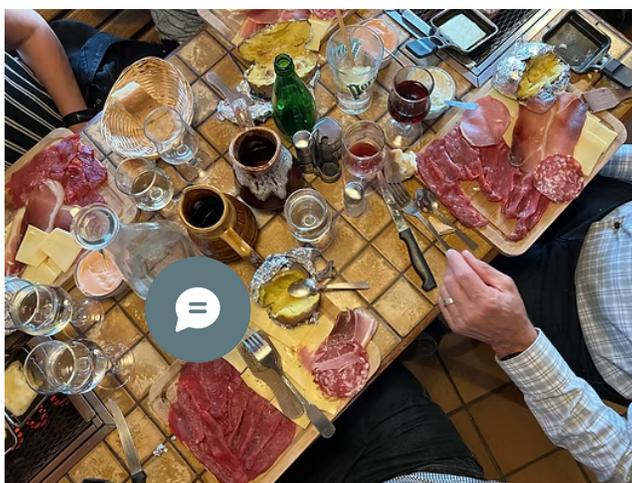






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