

Post



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The outdoor market in Duras - May 16, 2022

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We wake up late, perhaps due to the wine of the night before. The day is cool, bright and beautiful, as it has been so many mornings here in France. Yesterday we zoomed out of the house so quickly towards St. Emilion that we didn't get to look around. Now, as we peek out the windows at the surrounding countryside, and pool/patios, we see them in their best light. St. Emilion promised an outdoor market and did not deliver. Today we're going closer to home, to Duras, just a few kilometers drive away.

We park opposite an impressive chateau, even though here they're a dime a dozen. We follow the signs for the 'city' center. According to the 2019 census there are less than 1,200 people in this town, and we believe it. On market day, of course, there are many more. It's not crowded. The first merchant we see is selling mattresses. We feel like we're back in Austin.

Thankfully as we progress along we are offered vegetables, fruits, olives, and the ever so important rotisserie chicken (with potatoes). We run into the local manager of our house: Pascal. Ron and the girls have come up with questions for him and so they stand around at the local outdoor market chatting. How French!

Ron and Karen, our in-home chefs, wander around and buy the aforementioned chicken, vegetables, and other goodies for meals today and into the future. It's spring and there are vendors selling tomatoes and other vegetables to be planted now. And locals are buying. There are vendors selling wine, including some in five liter boxes (for 22 euros). Such a deal, and it's probably pretty good. Vendors are selling Fois Gras (fattened duck liver) and are offering samples. Not wanting to offend, we take a taste. So good. We buy some.

We continue to wander and look at what's on offer (including the houses for sale in the window of a local realty office). We still need bread and some things we'd only find at a grocery store. We walk halfway across town (about 50 yards) to a boulangerie. We buy baguettes and put the paper money into the machine before us. Almost instantly our change is dispensed by another machine. Such automation! We guess this makes the clerk more efficient and hygienic as she isn't handling both currency/coins and bread.

In front of the boulangerie is a vending machine, not currently in operation. It says "pain" which tickles us (meaning 'bread', of course). Apparently this is where you buy baguettes after hours when the bakery is closed. Some more yards across town we pass the gendarmerie (local authority) and eventually get to the Intermarché (grocery store). We buy our wine, mustard, flip-flops (for Scott), chips, coffee, and other stuff.

Shopped out, we hike back to the car and drive home. It's pool time. We spend the rest of the day lounging by (and in) the pool, relaxing. Ron and Nancy play soccer and frisbee. Scott and Karen acted like beached sea-lions and just watched.

At dinner time Karen and Ron whip up an awesome frittata with cheese and grilled veggies. It was heavenly. The wine is good and we make sure to stay well hydrated drinking it. There are lots of other tasty nibbles to accompany our dinner. It is a good day. It bodes well for the rest of the week. Outdoor market? Check! (Though we're sure this won't be our last).

Photos









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