

Post



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Flowery villages to the north - July 10, 2024

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SUMMARY

Walked in to the old town and explored the very nice covered market - many tempting things there! Stopped at an outdoor café for our morning café au lait and croissant/pain au chocolat. Got a bit lost trying to get back to our hotel and discovered some really pretty parts of town that we'd missed on previous outings. Drove to the village of Tusson and walked a very pretty Circuit Fleurie (flowery circuit) then headed off to Verteuil-sur-Charente for lunch and a bit of exploring. Back to the hotel for relaxing by the pool. Visited a wine bar and crêperie in the old town for dinner. - Karen

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DETAIL

Today we forego breakfast at the hotel. It's pricey and we don't need all that stuff. Our needs are simple, some café au lait and a perfectly made croissant or pain au raisin. Thankfully here that's what most people have so it's inexpensive and expertly prepared. They've had a lot of experience making it.

While in the heart of old town Angoulême we tour their covered market. It's impressive with a few fruit and vegetable stalls, cheese vendors, baked goods sellers, and fish and meat purveyors. It's big enough, and constructed, such that the smells don't fill the whole space. There's lots of light and the ceiling is tall so it's not claustrophobic. It gets our seal of approval. We plan to return tomorrow to buy our picnic for the train ride back to Paris.

On the walk back to our hotel we intentionally head in directions we've not yet explored. There's lots of noise, from big street sweeping machines and city workers with headphones and gas powered leaf blowers. We guess they're paid by the hour because they take their time and lessen the enjoyment of our explorations. We do see lots of plants and flowers. A church has innumerable cute human and animal gargoyle-style building decorations.

Soon we're back in our Citroen Clio car, snaking our way north towards Tusson. Towns and villages in France vie to be labeled one of the Ville et Villages Fleurie de France. If your town plants and cultivates enough flowers you get this designation, with between one and up to four flowers. Tusson has earned four flowers.

The place is a bit run down but peeking through fences you can see the lovely pools and gardens of a few locals. They do have a well labeled "flower walk" where you can ohh and ahh over flowers that have been growing for years and love the climate and attention.

Further along, in Verteuil-sur-Charente, we park and walk towards the town's main attraction, their cinderella-style castle. It's tall and impressive so you can't miss it. You also can't visit it, not today, anyway, or maybe not right now. Making that clear is definitely not a priority.

Our priority is finding a well reviewed bistro for lunch, the Portebleue. It's popular, maybe in part due to the generous prix fixe lunch. Starter, main plat, dessert, and a glass of wine for 16€. We're in.

Our waitress is not too tall, younger than we, though time hasn't been overly kind to her. The cockney accent gives her away as being a non-native and the hair style gives us pause. Does she have long hair? Short hair? Yes. It's long on the very top and shaved close on one complete side and 2/3rds of the way around the back. She's tatted and I half expect her to spit into the fireplace at any moment.

Our waitress notwithstanding the place is very full and lunch is good.

Full, I made a few we scurry back to Angoulême to fill our rental with "carburant" and to get some last pool time before we have to leave tomorrow morning. Life is good.

For dinner we head out to eat downtown, something we somehow haven't done yet. We have some wine at a wine bar, sitting outside watching the local stroll by. It's early so we walk and sit and watch three policemen ask the young men if they're dealing drugs. We don't actually hear what is said but we definitely get the "we don't like your kind around here" vibe.

Finally hungry we get a table on the big back patio of the appropriately named Crêpes pour les Faim (Crêpes for the Hungry). There are lots of youths and families out enjoying the weather and eating and drinking. Dinner's good and another price performer. 7€ for 25cl pitcher of wine (1/3 of a bottle).

Dangerous!

Our second pitcher empty, having done all the damage we can do, we head home, hoping not to be questioned by the police.

Photos



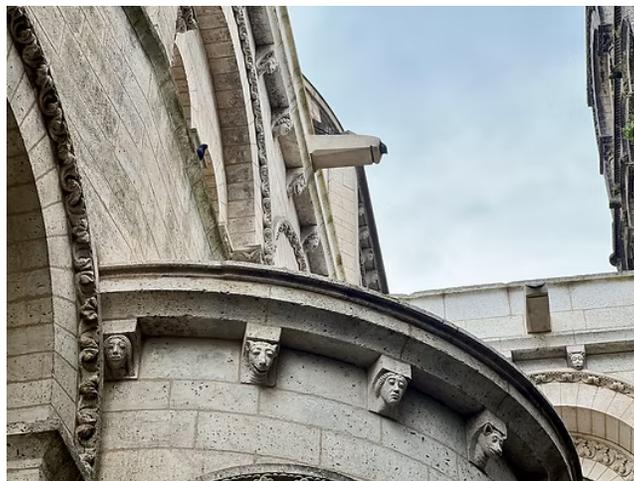
We make a more detailed inspection of the city's covered market. It's modeled and named after the Les Halles structures in central Paris where they had the similar food sales stands.



On our walk back to the hotel we see more of Saint Pierres' big church in town. Alas the leaf blower guy found it first and he wan't letting go.



The church was impressive but so were the flowers and grounds.



I loved the little human and animal faces under the eaves of the church



City hall used to be a chateau. It's impressive. Karen scurries to get out of the picture.



Up in Tusson we find lots of flowers that allow this village to have it's Ville Flurie designation. A mother and father chicken had already claimed this rose bush for their own. Whoops. 1,000 pardons.



Me looking like a total dufus inspecting the french hollyhocks.



In a big building next door some excentric plaster maker had all kinds of faces and busts in various stages of being made and discintigrating. At night I bet this is muy scarey!



On our promenade down the route des fleures we found this old moulin (mill). We're not sure what they used to grind here.



At the castle further along we could see the chateau but it was closed, so this is as close as we could get. :-/



Lunch was good and for dessert Karen got the Panna Cotta and got the cheese plate. Both were very good.



One of the few tournesol (sunflower) fields both in bloom and where we could stop for a photo.



After some amount of wine (that tacky faux tankard on the left) our crêpes arrive. Everything was very tasty.



On the walk home we take one more peek over the balcony of the southwest (of France).



... and one last glimpse of town hall in the fading light of magic hour.

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