

Post



Scott Farnsworth

Jun 12, 2025 · 6 min read

An Italian island becomes a French island - June 13, 2025

Updated: Jun 19, 2025

SUMMARY

Transitioned from the Italian island of Sardinia to the French island of Corsica by almost empty plane. Got our rental car and checked in to our lovely, secluded villa a short ways out of Bonifacio. LOTS of info from our hostess all in French - we were pleased to understand pretty much all of it. (Questionable how much we'll remember!) Did some grocery shopping and had some pool time. Dinner, al fresco as is our preference, at Chez l'Oncle where they specialize in rotisserie chicken.
- Karen

DETAIL

Time for another change of venue.
Whoops, and happy Friday the 13th.
Finger's crossed nothing bad happens!
We're leaving the city, island, and country.
We're transitioning from Sardinia, Italy to
Corsica, France, initially the city of
Bonifacio at the very south. It's just a forty
minute ferry ride across the gap, from the
south towards the north, but we've heard
crossing can be some rough water, plus it
turned out to be easier (rental car wise)
just to fly.

We packed and ate and cleaned up our
rental really well. We say goodbye to our
hostess and make double sure we have all
of our belongings. We are required to
drive the sorted recycling and garbage,
etc. to a drop point. We're not thrilled at
the idea but then again we didn't have to
pay any cleaning fee.

We drive the forty minutes to the airport and stop for gas. It's daylight now and there's an attendant here, but he's occupied helping someone else with something under the hood. We try to use our card to get gas but the PIN requirement trips us up again and again. We signal for help and get back a "here's how you swipe your card" Italian gesture. We try again. Finally the guy comes over and helps. He guides me through the process with my card, which of course doesn't work. He says we have to use cash. It's not clear how (if?) you get change, so we try to do 20 euros and then another 10 euros, and the car just keeps accepting more petrol. Each time the 10 or 20 euros of fuel goes into the car, we try another 10, and then another. Tom finally checks the fuel gage and it seems to say "Full" so we stop.

At the airport finding the rental car return is easy after the dozens of roundabouts. There's a sign saying "these companies this way, and those other companies that way" but there seems to be a dozen rental companies in each direction. A semi-truck behind us doesn't want to wait so we drive on, not sure where to go. Tom just pulls in, surely we can find it, eh? We can't find the company and we can't find the exit. Tom remembers the company's a part of Enterprise so we follow directions to get there, which doesn't work out. We eventually get back to the two big signs and Cindy does spot our company's name ("Locauto") and we know where to go, finally. Getting there, though, proves a challenge. Tom eventually drives the wrong way down a one way street and we get there. The agent says all is well, and the tank is full. You're free to go!

As we stand in line to check in, there's just one single man in front of us and zero behind us. This line is only for our flight, so we're thinking it'll be a little empty. It takes forever for the people to help the guy being checked in. After a while a second and then a third agent come to help. For a while it seemed that no one could check in, and then poof, they could, strange. Maybe they just rebooted the computer.

Through security I check and there's a lounge we're able to get into. Tom and Cindy are able to get in, as well. I have a beer (ok, maybe two) and we all eat some of this and a bit of that. The food offerings are among the most impressive I've seen in one of these lounges. Thinking about future happy hours Karen and Cindy encourage us to join them in sticking little boxes of peanuts and small bags of cookies into our luggage.

The bus eventually drives us out to the plane for our AirCorsica flight. On the plane three of us are in row 9 and Tom's in row 17. There are three other people on the plane! Tom's reluctant to move up to one of the scores of empty seats. The flight attendant asks if we're together, we ensure her that we are. Tom moves up. One of the other three people tries to move to a different seat and is told they can't do that. They need to keep the weight in the plane in balance. Hm.

It's a short flight and soon we're going through customs. There are two luggage carousels and one lists our flight. Our luggage comes out on the other. Groan.

At Hertz the young French girl waiting on us comments on us being American. Apparently she'd been studying in the US, in San Antonio and then in Utah. Visiting back home in Paris she went to re-up her visa (to return to the US to continue her studies) and was told "No". No reason given, just "No". She's sad and confused.

For a rental car we have three to choose from, all automatic and all electric. What? OK. The car is brand new. It drives fine and we're told there are recharging stations all over Corsica. We'll see.

We drive the 20 or so minutes to our Airbnb. It's out in the country but still considered Bonifacio. The last 1/4 mile is a narrow one car lane, lined with stone walls about six feet up. We don't look forward to meeting any cars going the opposite direction.

Sylvie, our host meets us and shows us around. First? The pool. Big and warm (it's covered at night). There's a big deck around the pool with cushy lounges. Fun!

The house is great. It's 10 years old and well constructed as all French country houses seem to be. There's a bed with a bath both down and up, perfect for four people. There's a kitchen, dining and sitting area up. From our hostess, Sylvie we get lots of advice on places to eat and see.

As we now have a kitchen and a real refrigerator we drive into town to do some grocery shopping. On our narrow stone lined drive we meet no cars but do see an older gentleman hanging out, maybe taking a walk. It's 84° and he has on a light jacket and scarf, so French!

Along the way we check out a place for dinner, Chez L'Oncle. It looks fun. We'll try it tonight. At the grocery store we see lots of choices for produce and it's all very fresh. The lettuce selection is amazing. We're no longer in Italy (though the prices are a bit higher).

We leave the food at home, in the fridge and have some wine out on our deck before heading to dinner. There we're offered indoor seating or outdoor (it's nice out) IF we have enough mosquito (moustiques, in French) wipes. We risk it and sit outside. The girls do 'wipe up' against the flying blood suckers, but it's not bad. For dinner we have wine, rotisserie chicken, potatoes, vegetables, etc. A creme broulée for dessert. The place is popular and we can see why. We are glad it's a short drive from our new place. Tomorrow, back into town and explore the clifftop town of Bonifacio.

Photos



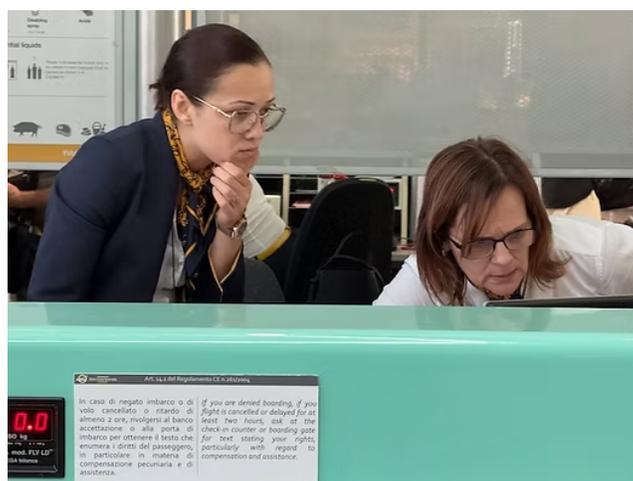
Good bye Cala Galone, it's been fun!
Thanks, Francesca!



Wait, where's our rental car company drop off area? Do we go left or right? We were so confused!



Car returned we head for the terminal.



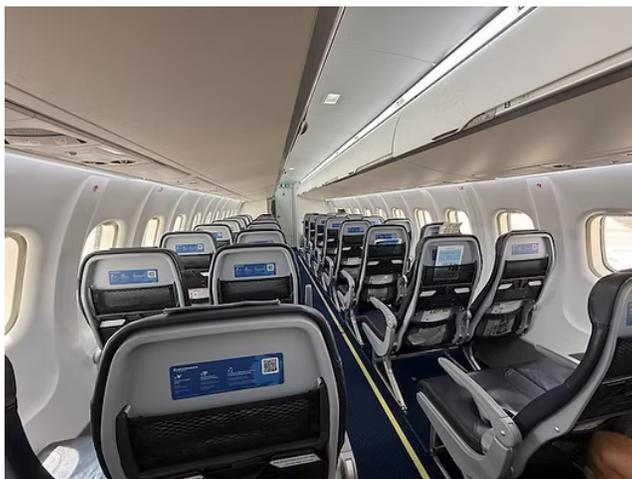
The flight's very empty (it's very new) but if the computers won't cooperate, no one's getting on board. All the king's horses and {wo}men tried to get it working again.



Finally checked in we get through security and to (of course) duty free. I loved this small Italian car promoting small bottles of Italian liquor.



Small? Yes our plane was small, too, but big enough.



Inside lots of seats, but just nine or so of us.



Bye Olbia. You can see one of it's claims to fame is a good dock for cruise ships. We just drove through the city and used the airport, that's all.



The ladies weren't impressed with the walk to the Hertz office, through a field better suited to horses or goats.



We had a choice of three cars, all of them electric! Our luggage barely fit.

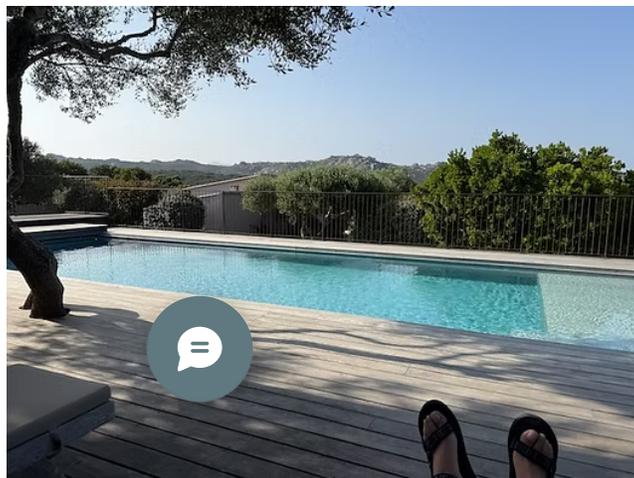


Stop one on our tour of our new digs for the next few days. The pool. The cover closes at 8pm and opens at 8am. Doing so keeps it warm and then temperature is

FARNSNIENTE 



Our outdoor seating area, food prep, grill, and pizza oven. No problem using it but there is a 200 euro cleaning fee (if you don't clean it out yourself). You can see the rusty clothes washer peeking out from behind one of the drapes. It worked fine.



Unpack (enough to find one's bathing suit) and out to the pool. It was as lovely as advertised.



At Chez L'Oncle (the Uncle's House) the rotisserie chicken was tender and flavorful. Good veggies. Pretty good wine. Overall a price performer. Close and understandably popular.



Sunset. Not a great shot, but you get the idea. Me taking a picture of Cindy taking a picture of something has gotten to be a trip trend.

[Previous](#) | [Next](#) | [Index](#)

Subscribe Form

Email Address

Submit



©2023 by FarnsNiente. Proudly created with Wix.com