

Post



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# Getting taken to Corte - June 16, 2025

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## ***SUMMARY***

Beautiful drive transitioning from Bonifacio to Corte (pronounced "Court"), called the "beating heart of Corsica". We went the long way, meaning through Ajaccio, the capital city and birthplace of Napoleon Bonaparte. We arrived in time for a great lunch at l'Instant (super creative salads) and spent some time walking around the old town. Then, off to the mountains in the center of the country. The drive was really beautiful with lots of twists and turns on the road, each one offering a great view. Checked into our quaint hotel and hit the picnic tables in their garden for more views and rosé. Dinner at the same table, local food

cooked in house and even more wine. -  
Karen

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

### ***DETAIL***

Our days seem to maybe be divided into 1) travel, 2) explore, 3) relax, and then repeat. Yesterday was a "relax" day, so today we'd be expected to be traveling and you'd be right. We're leaving Bonifacio and headed up to Calvi, with a night in between in Corte, so that we're not in the car too, too long. Given that we're in an Electric Vehicle, it's might be tricky to do that many miles, through the rugged mountains, in a single day.

From our wonderful house and pool here in Bonifacio Madame says 'good bye' and wishes us happy travels. We thank her (and in my mind I say 'thanks' for not being upset about the wine glass I broke).

On the way to Corte, way up in the mountains, we stop in Ajaccio, again on the coast. It's a big city and maybe is the capital of Corsica. In town I drop the other three off at our lunch restaurant and head for a local car charger. They'll order while I charge the car. Thankfully the car charges at 40 amps or 100 amps or 180 amps (depending on how empty it is) so you can really fill your batteries quite a bit in only 20 or 30 minutes. By the time the car's charged (enough) the food's arrived. It's really good. Lots of fresh vegetables and salad. Shrimp tacos for Tom and Cindy.

After lunch we stretch our legs by walking around town. It looks pretty cool. Maybe we'll have to spend more time here next time we're on the island. Eventually we drive on, heading from sea level up into the rugged mountains. It really is pretty country. I know Corsica is called "The Island of Beauty" and I think of where all the people are: on the coast. But really the dramatic beauty of the island is up in the high mountains.

In Corte we just drive to our farm accommodations. Our fun but crotchety looking old host says we're in rooms number 4 and 7. He asks us which couple wants which room, holding up the keys? Please tell us about each, we ask. No, just choose. Tom and Cindy end up in a room with the awesome balcony patio and Scott and Karen will be spending the night in a room with great window views of the mountains.

We're just here for a night of sleep but we gather others come here for the horses and/or for hiking. There are lots of horses there, and lots of ads for half-day, full-day, multi-day, etc. rides.

We have wine happy hour outside, just admiring the great views of the mountains in the distance. Across the valley from us is a mountain side with a tiny, high-up village. It catches the golden hour light just right and looks positively regal. Around the town? Just more hillside and vegetation, no other villages for many miles. We're guessing that going for groceries is a major affair.

Our happy hour rolls seamlessly into dinner. We lift our papers and smartphones and our hostess quickly unfurls a paper table cloth thereunder. Plates, glasses, napkins and silver are added. Soon we're surrounded by a Corsican country four course meal. We enjoy local cheeses, beef stew, vegetables, breads, creme brûlée, wine, digestif myrtle liquor. It's a good dinner with admittedly too much wine and food. With the dark not settling in until well after 10 pm it's easy to eat more and later than you reasonably would at home.

Karen and I opt for a quick walk to work off at least a bit of our meal. We see lots of horses. One comes running up towards us. We're flattered until we realize it's just coming over to the watering trough. Psych! After the drink the horse gallops over to the fence to gossip with the horses in the adjacent field. They're all busy grazing and don't have time for getting chatted up by any high-minded stud in the next field. Humph.

We walk on a long ways and then retrace our walk back to our hotel. We've been on a real road but there was one car the whole time, maybe less.

Up to our room to sleep. Not easy when you're so full. At our previous place there was no sheet, only a very thin and heavy duvet (kind of an oxymoron). Don't have it on and you're cold. Have it on and you're sweating and crushed. Here there's just a sheet, doubled over. To sleep off a bit of the wine before bed I take a nap with the bed runner (that thing they put on the bed so your luggage wheels don't mess up the bed) as a blanket. At 11:30 I wake to find Karen fast asleep, under the covers and me not anywhere near dressed or cleaned for bed. And I can't turn the lights on.

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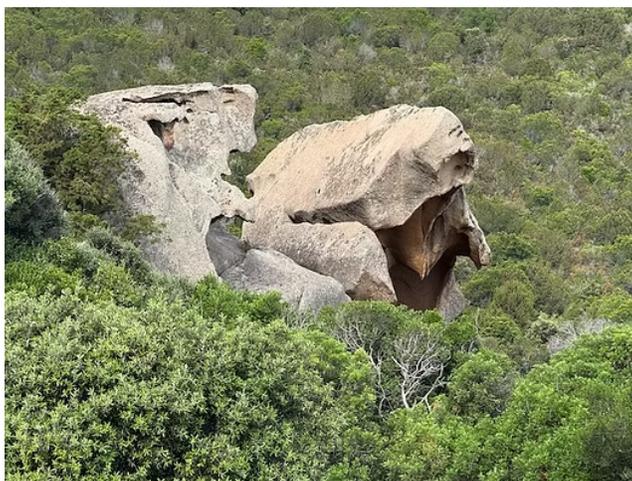
## Photos



First stop: Some rock that supposedly looks like a crouching lion. The things a rock will do for attention, sheesh. In case you don't see it, the reputed Lion Rock is at the top right of this picture.



All kinds of people stopping to see the lion, including these two recumbent bike riders, presumably biking around Corsica. Goan, what hard work. Good for them!



Other nearby rocks, the kind that seem to have rotted out from below. Wild.



The beach below the lion. We chose not to walk there. (can you tell this is a slow news day?)



In Ajaccio, the birthplace of Napoleon. (Napo-leon.. Napo-lion.. Nepo-lion.. you see what he did there?). This statue didn't say who this is, but I think we all know, am I right?



Ajaccio supposedly has a really nice beach. Is this it? We're not saying (because we don't know).



On our way up into the mountains. Hazy. Mr. Tom had a video call he had to take so we stopped as the cell signal was coming and going.



Le Chalet, famous (for us) because it has a car charger. If you're headed to Corsica and if your car rental company foists an EV on you, it's OK, there are a lot of chargers and a lot of fast chargers. This was my first experience with a full EV and it was pretty nice, I'm not going to lie.



Finally in Corte. We wanted to pronounce it Court-tay, but apparently it's just "Cort". Whatever. Lots of mountains all around. Tall and pretty. Horse riding areas below us. Lots of ads for different kinds of trail rides and the like. Lots of opportunities around here for 'horsing around'.



## FARNSNIENTE



it's very tasty. Healthy, too.



During dinner we saw the sun setting and this small town, way up in the hills. We tried to envision ourselves living there. Ooof, too remote. Where's a Costco when you need one??





Post dinner, Tom and Cindy retreat to their lovey balcony to digest. I don't blame them.



Karen and I walk. This beauty came charging over to us, we thought to have a moment. At the last second he/she turned and took a long drink from the hidden watering trough. Psych! Such a long tail, eh?

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

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