

Post



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# Heading for the Hills - June 19, 2025

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## ***SUMMARY***

After an enormous egg, ham and veggie scramble at our rental we hopped back in the car and drove up into the mountains. It was another really hot day so I scaled back on the plans to allow for pool time in the afternoon. First stop was Sant' Antonino, a very old hilltop town and another of France's "Most Beautiful Villages". From there we drove down to sea level and the beach resort of L'Île Rousse. A bit of walking, a quick lunch and we were ready to call it a day. Did I mention it was really hot? Back to our lovely rooms and swimming pool with carry out pizza for dinner. - Karen

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

## ***DETAIL***

Today's our last full day in Corsica. Tomorrow we fly to Paris. Yesterday we just hung around the city so today we feel compelled to hop back into the car and discover a nearby city, er, village or two. Karen's picked them out.

First, though, we need to take advantage of the grocery shopping we did yesterday and the two complete (albeit small) kitchens we have in our two small apartments. This is Europe so the stoves are electric, induction. We have an induction stove at home so we're comfortable with that, other than the lack of any instructions. My mission is the sautéing of two gorgeous, big white mushrooms (after I slice them).

I get everything ready and then try to turn on the stove. No luck. It keeps saying "Lo" even though I have an induction-ready pan on the burner and am pushing every possible button. Finally I realize it's not "Lo" (versus Med or High), but Lo as in Lo[cked]. Unlocked the stove works great. Tom and Cindy next door do the red peppers, onions, cheese, ham, eggs and one of the thin green peppers (very hot) that I'd bought. Our omelette is great, enjoyed outside in the sunshine.

Post-breakfast we drive on up to Sant'Antonino, at about 1,500+ feet. The views are great, but it's a tad warm under the blazing sun, and there seems to be a fire burning across the valley. This is a hill top town, normally sleepy, but due to its 'Plus Beau Village' designation there are quite a few tourists swarming around like ants. The village really does cover the top of the hill like a cap on a head. There are few drivable roads but mostly it's just walking paths, arches, and stairways. The views are great and there's lots of flowers. Under one stone arch, above a stone stairway, is a swallow nest with four large baby birds, quietly awaiting their mother with (hopefully) more food. The openings of their mouths are outlined in white, not unlike the politically incorrect blackface of yore. We gather this design of nature is to help mom see where to deposit the food, despite any possible farsightedness. With the mouths closed the white looks downright comical.

There are a couple of café/bars and some 'ateliers' (artist studios) with touristy art. There's a nut/cookie seller, but beyond that it's just quiet residences, with little signs of life. Being France, when we turn a corner and encounter a new French tourist couple, we exchange the obligatory "Bonjour monsieur, Bonjour madame". Such civility. We gather there are also Asians, Germans and Eastern Europeans vacationing here, too. The views of the surrounding mountains are great, albeit hazy. Our hilltop and a surrounding mountain range make for a very impressive basin.

Warm enough and having seen enough, we press on. From our 1,500 foot height we quickly descend to about a 10' elevation, as we arrive into the seaside city of l'Île-Rousse. We stroll under the strong mid-day sun along the walkway just up from the beach. A small sign indicates we're walking on three different routes for a Marche Nordic. I later look this up and it's what cross-country skiers do in the summer to stay in shape. Purposeful strides with long poles with which to push off. This has apparently become an activity of its own, practiced in pretty much every country. Who knew?

The beach gives way to the marina and then the harbor with monstrous ferry boats. I later look up to find that the ferry service goes from here to Toulon, Nice, Savone, Livourne, and Marseilles. Lots of options. We're just marveling at the size of the ferries, imagining how we might incorporate them into some future trip, and melting under the hot sun at the same time. There's a light house up ahead that we might continue on to see, but with the heat we nix that from our dance card and turn around.

Next stop, our restaurant for lunch. By the time we get there Scott and Cindy, at least, are borderline heatstroke. We inhale perhaps two liters of water, chilled with lots of ice, and eventually we start to cool down. Initially nothing seems of interest, food-wise, and soon everything looks good. We get a burrata salad (as we so often do), beignet de crevette (shrimp beignet) — two orders, and fries. The shrimp beignets were quite tasty, with a sweet, tangy sauce. They were shrimp which were then wound (and wound and wound) with very thin strips of potato. Very creative and very tasty.

We drive home, hearing to pool calling. Along the way we stop and check on the pizza-to-go menu at Le Cosy. The rest of the afternoon is spent lounging poolside, giving the blog some love, and of course doing laundry. Around dinner time the boys head back down the hill to pick up a couple of pizzas and the girls stay home making a yummy salad and setting the table (outside) again. We set up a little bluetooth speaker and our evening is set! Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we give up our rental car and fly back to Paris.

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## Photos



One of our few 'made at home' meals, a delicious ham, cheese, and sautéed veggie scramble. Good and healthy, but some work and some clean up. We're more used to just going to a restaurant. But that's not financially viable forever.



Breakfast done we drive from sea level up to 1,500' to check out a Plus Beau Village.



Across from where we parked the hillside seemed to be on fire. We're hopeful that it's nothing serious.



Looking back towards home we can see the Mediterranean, even from up here.



This church is a big draw up here. We don't know why and didn't visit. But big buses were dropping off busloads of people.



Into town, here, means through a tunnel.



On the tunnel ceiling is a hungry family, patiently (and quietly) awaiting mom and hopefully a big meal. The bright white lips, to help mom know where to put the food, amused us.



There was some pretty pictures to be had here.



I really liked this big basin the surrounding hills created. Less haze next time, please.



Back at sea level we walk along the beach, on the stone boardwalk. Curious what a good surface for a Nordic Marche would be? Apparently this.

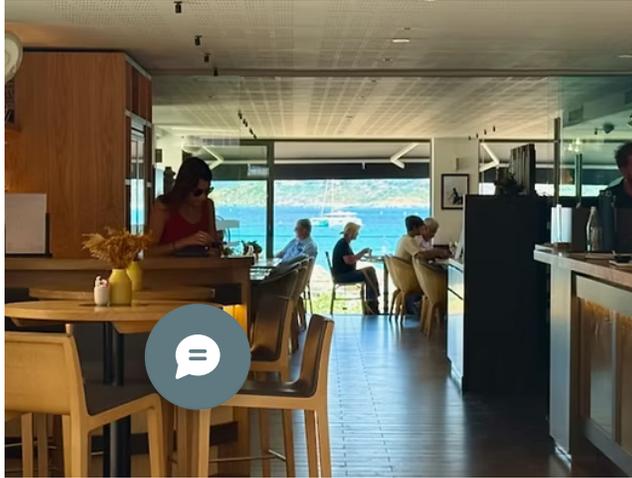


We hiked out past the big ferries. They're impressive and maybe will be part of some future vacation? But boy was it warm. Even the mermaid sculpture seemed to be hot.

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Great lunch once we finally cooled down. Those things are shrimp spun with threads of potato that's then cooked. Yum and wow!



What all the bars and restaurants want: access from the pedestrian street and a beautiful view of the water.



Finally back home to our water. With the hot sun today we hid beneath this umbrella for some shade.



Take-out pizza dinner with a yummy salad, wine, music and a view. Yes, please and thank-you!

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

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