

## Fall in Paris Journal

September 14 - We are in the heart of the Montparnasse area overlooking a 6-point corner where there are 3 famous restaurants plus untold numbers of just regular restaurants. We don't have time over the next 2 months to eat in all of them.

This apartment has an excellent, spanking new kitchen so it will be easier to cook and prepare meals in the apartment than in the previous apartment. While it is almost half the size of the previous apartment, this one is much, much better. (45 m<sup>2</sup> compared to 70 m<sup>2</sup>)

The exciting thing about it (one of the exciting things) is that I found a Pilates studio. It is in the building immediately next to us, # 16. We are at #18. It is great! I took my first mat class today. They teach bilingually. I am thrilled that I will be able to keep up my Pilates while I am here. Here is the entry from the courtyard that is after the entry to the building.





After lunch (sandwiches made with the sliced sausages we brought home from the apéritif last night), we gathered ourselves and our pousette and walked to the Gare where there is a large supermarket across the street called Monoprix. Since it was still lunch time and the students were wandering the streets crazily, we used side streets and entered Monoprix through the back entrance.

We were still searching for things – a box of matches, candles, candleholders, an apron, potholders, and some food for dinner and wine. There is something called the Fair for Wines through September and this year's releases are –20%. We picked out 3 reds and 2 whites, and got some meat and cooked large crayfish and beefsteak tomatoes for dinner. I picked up some parsley and we looked for a pepper grinder without luck but found Tropicana orange juice with pulp.

This really loaded down our pousette so Ernie had to travel quite slowly, especially over curves. I chose to walk back on Blvd Edgar Quinet to Raspail, which intersects Blvd. Montparnasse. I had walked on this street before and noticed a large number of funeral parlors and places to buy headstones and caskets. I have noticed that particular streets are locations for particular items – like all the crêperies on rue du Montparnasse, so I didn't think much about it.



However, as we walked along this graceful, quiet, tree-lined boulevard, we passed a tall stone wall and when we came to the open gate, I peaked in. It is a cemetery – the historic Cimetière du Montparnasse. That’s why the emphasis on funeral parlors!



At the end of the street we came to a graceful old building framed by the trees so I took another photo. At some point, I would like to visit that cemetery.



Once home, we were pooped and footsore so we propped up our feet and read and had mint green tea. We both ended up taking a nap again – we did it yesterday, too. Right after we wakened, the locksmith showed up to check our lock, which was very, very stiff. It was so stiff we were afraid we would break the key turning it or that I would come home alone some time and not be able to open the lock. He very quickly determined that our keys were badly made. After a phone call to the agency to explain, he directed us to his lock shop and said to bring by the keys and he would make better copies for us. His shop is at 30 rue Delambre. The Franprix supermarket is on that street and I can see it from our dining room window. We agreed to go pick up the new keys Wednesday when we are out running errands.

For dinner I cooked in a fried steak, boiled potatoes with chopped parsley and butter, tiny green beans haricots verts and red wine. We started with the cooked crevettes with a lemon, butter, parsley and garlic sauce and followed the meal with sliced beefsteak tomatoes. Then we cleaned up the kitchen. By this time it was after 10 pm. I brewed some decaf coffee and we ate the two tarts that we bought the day before. They were tasty but should have been eaten yesterday. It was a feast!

Olivia