

Fall in Paris Journal

September 15

In the night the wind was so gusty it kept slamming the open window in the bedroom so I finally had to get up and close it. Good thing I did it because it rained hard early in the morning. I could hear it pounding on the skylights in the kitchen and bathroom. The window I left ajar in the living room with a chair in front fortunately was facing away from the direction of the rain, so nothing got wet.

It is good to be here. It was still misty and wet when we left the apartment but the sun came out and it turned into a lovely day. Today I accompanied Ernie to the dentist whose office is on the same block as our address when we were here in the winter.

While we were in the area we dropped into the tiny hardware store on that block. In this tiny store, the proprietor has stuff stacked to the ceiling. We were able to find several things on our list that we couldn't find in our neighborhood or at any of the markets we had been to - a glass cover for a small sauce pan, a box of matches, thin clothing hangers and a salt shaker on top of a pepper grinder. And, I complained at how expensive the pepper grinder was and he lowered it by 5 euros. He remembered us and seemed pleased that we came back to his shop. He gave us his card and reminded us that he does household repairs. [*note added* – a guess he is Iranian]

While we were in the neighborhood we walked the few blocks to rue Mouffetard, the permanent open-air market that has been there since medieval times. From the Italian deli, we bought fresh made ravioli (some with eggplant and others with lamb), a salad of seafood – marinated calamari, octopus, tomatoes, and who knows what else. We bought one large meatball made of chopped veal in a red sauce for dinner.

We then took the 91 bus back to drop off our purchases and then walked up rue Delambre to the local key shop and picked up our new keys. After that we went to lunch.

We stopped a few doors away at the Café Noisette on rue Delambre. This is the street where the Franprix supermarket is. We had salads. I had a salade Italienne, basically sliced proscuitto, chunks of mozzarella cheese, lettuce, tomato dressed with olive oil marinated in basil with bits of cilantro. Ernie had a salade Londresse – with lots of meat – some turkey giblets (we didn't know the word) and duck meat, lettuce. I had mineral water and Ernie had tea. We later learned that the unknown meat was turkey gizzard, marinated in something that made it tender and tasty.

I am at home waiting for the technician who will come to fix the toaster, replace a light bulb and replace two towel hangers in the bathroom. Also, another technician is due to fix the telephone, which is locked. The service from this agency is much better than the service we didn't get from the owner of the apartment we rented in the winter.

Note added. In fact the service from this agency is lousy. A visit from the technician was promised on Tuesday for Wednesday, and again on Thursday for Saturday afternoon. No technician ever showed. I then tackled the problems – turns out the toaster works fine, I just didn't know how to use it. I went and bought a light bulb for the bathroom – over 7 euros, pretty pricey but it is a small spot that lights up the area near the mirror. I bought superglue and reattached the double towel hanger. It came off a couple of days later but I reglued it better this time and it seems OK for the long haul. One of the 5 window shades is broken – we complained about that too; nothing was done, but it isn't really important. The

telephone was not “locked” as we were told. After waiting for a few days for promised help that never arrived I discovered that the phone was just plugged into the wrong port on the modem. So it works fine now. We also complained about the toilet – it rocked back and forth and I was concerned the sanitary seal could be broken. So again, after waiting for help which didn’t arrive, I fixed it by careful shimmying. They (the agency is called “ParisAddress” and their office is located at 136 rue du Chateau in the 14th arrondissement. They manage a couple dozen apartments all over Paris and the nice thing about renting from them is everything is included – agency fee, utilities including phone and internet, cleaning fee and there is no security deposit. This is different from the apartment we had in the spring where we paid the agency (called Lodgis) a fee; they arranged the paper work between us and the owner and then from then on we had to deal directly with the owner.