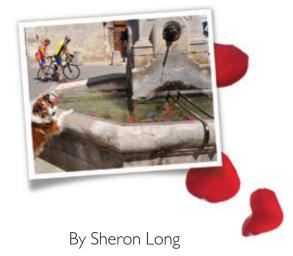




Sniffing Around Provence



Illustrations by Darius Detwiler
Photographs by Robert and Sheron Long



To good husbands and good dogs

OIC Books

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Sniffing Around Provence



To France!

Chula, whose name means "pretty" in Spanish, set off for France with a smile.

An adventurous dog, she traveled by car from Carmel Valley, California, to San Francisco where she boarded an Air France flight to Paris. Then she took the TGV, or *Train à Grande Vitesse*, from Paris to Saint-Rémy-de-Provence and settled into her lovely village at the foot of the Alpilles Mountains.



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Making her first international flight at nine years of age, Chula proved that an old dog can learn new tricks. She learned to navigate through airports and cross the great divide between *quai* and train. She figured out how to do her business on the hard city streets of Paris. Chula got good at chasing French cats, hiding from wooly sheep, and stealing ripe tomatoes from a *potager*, or French kitchen garden. A true sticky-pawed gourmet.

Most of all, Chula loved exploring Provence. She padded through villages, found the *boulangeries* and butcher shops, and took in the views.

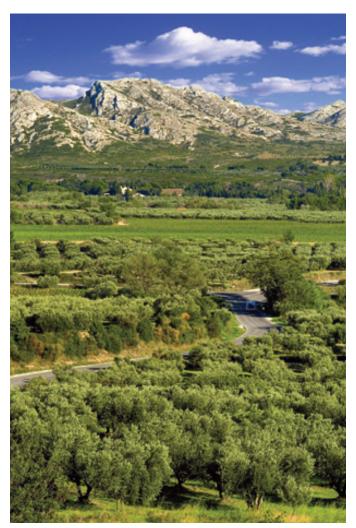
Enjoy her village visits here and read about her other French adventures in Dog Trots Globe—To
Paris and Provence.

Village Visits



No sooner had I settled into Saint-Rémy than I paid my first visit to *Les Alpilles*. As their name implies, these "Little Alps" are small as far as mountains go. They separate my village from Les Baux, and the trails there are my idea of a good hike.

Chalk white limestone juts out from dark green brush growing on the hills. Olive groves and vineyards decorate the valleys. Beautiful views!



View from Les Alpilles of the olive groves and vineyards in the Les Baux Valley, Provence.

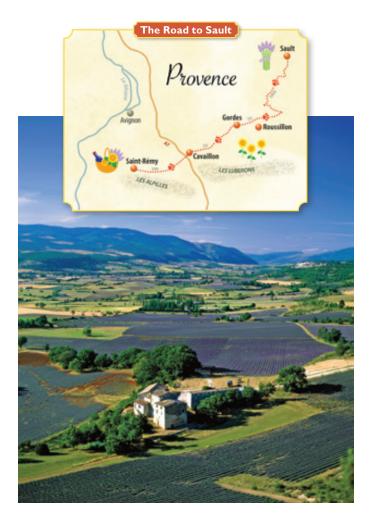


Up there in *Les Alpilles*, I was outdoors and off-leash just the way I like it! I met a big guy on the trail. Ears back, tail up! I got to show off the white tip on the end of my tail. It's the flag that all Shelties are proud of. Since I live in the USA and France, though, it seems like my white "flag" needs some red and blue, too.





Another day, we drove some curvy roads from Saint-Rémy to Sault.



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When we got there, I met St-Marc. Bonjour!

St-Marc has watched over Sault since sometime in the 1800s. Standing in front of the *lavoir*, or outdoor washing area, he is known as the protector of washerwomen. I wonder if he would protect Sherry when she washes me. I always shake it off and get her all wet!



St-Marc, Sault

St-Marc has a roof with a view! From his high perch in July, he enjoys field upon field of lavender.



You may think it's quiet along the lavender rows, but I hear in dog decibels. The cicadas' song and the bees' buzz hurt my imperfectly tipped Sheltie ears. I had to watch where I poked my nose, too. Those bees can sting!

Still, I padded through the lavender, obeying the Do Not Cut sign. I took nothing but sniffs (and I didn't leave anything either).



When we got to town, there were plenty of beautiful bouquets to buy.



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Best of all, I found an extra big water bowl in the square and stopped to take a good drink. Just about every French village has one of these. As I said, the French know how to treat us right.



By this time, I was dog-tired. But when we stopped outside Roussillon, I had to go exploring again.

All along the rolling hills, on both sides of the road, sunflowers were waving in that rich, red soil.



I got up close to take a look. *Uf*—more bees!



As I looked into the sun and stared at those bees, it hit me that the sunflowers were staring back at me. *Eb bien*—that's when I learned that adult sunflowers don't follow the sun. Mostly they just face east.



Our village visits were always busy days. On lazier days, I just meandered. I learned a lot that way, too. I even unearthed the meaning of *Interdit* (Keep Out), but I ignored it and just kept exploring. Most humans don't expect dogs to read.



Every day in Provence was an adventure. I sniffed my way through the big Provençal markets and enjoyed life under the bistro tables. One day, I even came face-to-face with 3,000 sheep in the streets of Saint-Rémy! I'll tell you all about it, but that's for another day.

···· Acknowledgments and Credits ····

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To France!

7 Chula smiling: © Robert Long.

Chapter 7: Vistas and Villages

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