GUADELOUPE MARCH 2018 FERD, DAVID, ELIZABETH

3/1 Flight arrives early and we run into Pat Duffy and her friends at the Point a Pitre airport. On the plane we chatted with 2 women whose flight to Ireland that day had gotten canceled so they decided to go to Guadeloupe instead. We managed to get to our first Airbnb by 11 PM even though we had been unable to communicate with our host.

3/2 Walk around town of Anse Bertrand, change money, get groceries including tomatoes and more from a woman on the street, gawk at the crashing waves, and eat chocolate croissants. After depositing things at our apartment, we headed to Porte d'Enfer via Pointe de la Grand Vigie. We walked quite a ways along the cliffs, one view more spectacular than the one before. After a short rest we headed out again - to the beach. Anse Laborde was lovely and the waves and undertow as strong as any I'd experienced. Even just a few feet into the water, one was pummeled and dragged around. Exhilarating. From there, we went back into town to the bird sanctuary, just before sunset, in time to see a variety of birds, most amazingly the 100+ egrets equally spacing themselves in the trees. Deciding we were not likely to find any fresh fish, we allowed Elizabeth to cook a great omelet for dinner. Now let's see if we can sleep with the loud party happening next door.

3/3 Drove to St. Francois with a stop at an old mill on the "Slavery Trail" for the long quest to try to rent bikes. The place we knew of was closed (we later found out the owners were moving their home so just didn't show up or put a sign up); directions we got varied greatly in usefulness; finally we found another shop that only rented electric power-assist bikes. Off we went to Pointe des Chapeaux - a reprise from my trip with Bob 2 years ago, complete with coconut ice cream being hand cranked just in front of the rocks/crashing waves/skittering crabs. One of the bikes' power assist didn't work; another ran out of juice before we got back,and it also had a very uncomfortable seat. But overall- I'm sold on this kind of bike! On the way back, we stopped at a beach where I was the only one to jump in the waves - but not for long since a "lifeguard" came by and said it was too dangerous - there had already been 2 injuries and he didn't want a third. Various stops for arts and crafts, water and juice. We rode about 20 km. On the way "home"we stopped and watched more than 2 dozen expert surfers plying their magic at the "Surf Spot". Fascinating. After getting showered and changed we headed out on a dinner quest. Trois Fermiers was not to be found anywhere around the deeply potholed road that had its sign. We ended up at Cafe Fernand in Anse Bertrand despite my phone saying it was closed. We had 3 different fish dishes, all of which were excellent. Injury report: elastic on my sandal snapped back intensely on my thumb which has blood pooling under the nail and hurting. Elizabeth says they no longer melt a hole in the nail with a hot paper clip. I'm left with ice and ibuprofen.

3/4 Before leaving, Elizabeth and I spent 1/2 hour with our hosts, getting an extraordinary tour of the fruit trees, a cherry juice, a philosophy lecture, and all around good cheer,including from the 9 year-old niece. We drove to the Slavery museum which had a large crowd outside watching dancers in costume. The museum, as last time, was excellent - such an awful history

throughout the Caribbean and elsewhere. We drove onwards, stopping for lunch by the water in Petit Bourg where we had greater than usual difficulty communicating with the somewhat surly waitress. Onward to Trois Rivieres where the first ticket booth person told us there would be no return ferry for most of a week; she did, when I asked, admit there was another ferry company down the road. A pleasant crossing of the waters and we were back on the island of Terre de Haut, as delightful as my memory of it. We walked first to the "on the water" apartment where D&E were to stay, and then to the further-away one that is mine for the night. It turns out to be at the end of a charming narrow street that dead ends at a lovely beach. With D&E heading back to town, and a plan to meet up an hour later for dinner, I had time for a quick romp in the waves, and a hasty retreat when the rain was coming closer. But it never came and the night walk to and from dinner were ever so pleasant. As was dinner on the water "downtown". Tired - maybe an early night tonight.

3/5 A last look at my personal beach before packing up and meeting D&E at their place. We ate our special cookies (thanks Bonnie and Craig) and headed up to Fort Napoleon. Then to a couple of beaches - we liked Plage de Pompierre best including snorkeling - interspersed with various snacks. No day on this trip without at least 1 croissant (but never more than 3). A large green iguana and a large hermit crab were the wildlife highlights. But the ever-present goats, including babies, were the cutest. Took the 5 PM boat back to Trois Rivieres followed by a windy hilly driven to Bouillante that may have finally convinced David to not consider further cycling. No representative of our host was at our place; luckily our neighbors (French family now living in NYC) let us in, gave us juice and hung out with us while we waited. When Cedrick came, we got to finally make dinner and see how nice our place is.

3/6 Driving north along the coast. Malendure beach was too rough for snorkeling (although E and I tried). We made a reservation for Thursday for E and I to go out on a snorkeling boat - we'll see if the weather is calmer. Walked around Deshaies - memories of being here with Bob. Went to the House of Chocolate for an interesting tour and tasting. Got pummeled by waves at Plage de Grande Anse. Grocery store purchases included christophine, a white squash-like thing that we ate and liked at breakfast the next day. Made pasta and salad dinner. Zoomed in on FCCPR CC meeting.

3/7 Headed into the interior pretty early and climbed up one of the Mamelles-muddy, in the clouds, no view,but good exercise. Then down the road to the visitor center and a picnic lunch with rather aggressive birds. Back to the coast to find a beach and a hot spring. Not as easy as it sounds. One alleged hot spring - there was nothing there. The 2nd one at Thomas was a lovely pool with ocean waves crashing into it, but no source of heat - as with everything, the hurricane gets blamed. Chatted with a family from Martinique. We spent some time at a relatively calm beach (Plage a la Barque) with just a little sand. Very shallow rocky water. It really seems like on this side of the island, Plage de Grande Anse is the best beach. We crashed at home for a while and then went out for a great dinner at Touna near Malendure. A bit pricey but the vivanneau was one of the best fish ever. Valerie, our hostess, came for a visit.

We liked her place a lot but had lots of technical difficulties with dishwasher, coffee maker, washing machine and ice maker, all foreign to us.

3/8. After a spirited wrist vote, we decided to go to my and Bob's favorite beach - Cluny in the north. As beautiful as ever but the waves were really rough. I got in a few good pummelings before deciding something about discretion and valor. We bought lunch food for today and tomorrow at the Super U but the boulangerie I so fondly remembered was gone. A full day without a chocolate croissant. We meandered north along the coast until it was time for David to drop E and me off at the snorkel boat place. Overcoming logistical and mental hurdles, I had a very nice snorkel with colorful fish and giant brain coral. E stayed out the whole time while I took breaks. I learned about a real "Bain chaud" south of Brouillante so when D picked us up, we headed on a quest. Some misguided attempts at finding it with the highlight being my using my one Greek sentence to the great amusement of a group of Greek men, "Parakalo, pou ine o dromos ya tin Constantinopoulos?" Eventually we found the remarkable spot right near the geothermal plant. Lots of people savoring the mixture of hot effluent and cold ocean - you could pick the temperature you wanted by locating yourself appropriately. A full day. Back to the house for a shower and such, then off to Quatre Mondes, recommended by Valerie. My eclectic Caribbean salad was interesting and good but David's fish was overcooked (and unfinished). Home to pack. Pack to home.

3/9 an uneventful hour drive to the airport.