



Paul gets in touch with his 'inner child'. Charente-Maritime region. (p4)



Mademoiselle Toptotty, the tour guide employed by Château D'Arsac in the Margaux *commune* of the Bordeaux region, gives the author a cool look when he photographs her in front of the 'magnificent warehouse'. (p.24)



An example of poor modern art in Château Lynch-Bages. Paul's comment: 'The château owners really shouldn't buy art when they're pissed!' The author could only agree. (p.27)



Fine examples of 'shutters with peeling paint', in Saintes, Charente-Maritime region. While the author was taking this photograph Paul kept himself at some distance, perhaps disinclined to be asked by the owners why we were so interested in their particular *chitôle*. (p.32)



The author told Paul he was correct, the ‘mystery crop’ *was* maize. ‘You seem amaized by that’, he replied, then had a laughing and choking fit which lasted for some time. To celebrate being correct, he asked to be photographed in the style of the horror film *The Children of the Corn*. (p.33)



Paul in the modest lobby of the Hôtel de Paris, Monte Carlo, which we felt had 'the finest public toilets in Europe'. Well, Ivana Trump wasn't going to stay at just *any* hotel, was she? (p.70)



Paul, ever the optimist, starts to reflect on what he's going to buy with his share of the book's profits. Monte Carlo. (p.70)



The Invisible Man proves to be a left-handed guitarist with a Panama hat.
Near Carpentras, Provence. (p.85)



The view from the author's balcony in a four-starred hotel in Lourdes, in a wing possibly reserved for atheists. (p.113)



Paul in front of the Little Flower cafe in Lourdes, where he had only an hour earlier witnessed the miracle. (p.114)



'Not the first time a bird has crapped on me!' Rocher des Aigles, Rocamadour, Lot Region. (p.141)



Paul displays his own dinner of a ham baguette and orange juice, just before the author has his nine-course gourmet dinner at Château de Mercuès (in the background) near Cahors. (p.147)



The author proudly demonstrates yet another way to use a long flotation device, which involved placing the middle of the device under the stomach. It was then possible to swim whilst in an almost vertical position. Paul just didn't have the stomach to manage this feat himself. (p.151)



After we passed the town sign on the outskirts of Nuits-St-Georges we spotted another sign, indicating the town was twinned with Hitchin. Unprompted, Paul shinned up an electricity pylon to point out the word 'Hitchin'. (p.167). He was stone cold sober at the time, and indeed generally. Apart, obviously, from the evening of 13 July, 2008. (p.157)



Paul looking rather sinister behind the *wunderwagen* in Puligny-Montrachet, in the Bourgogne (Burgundy) region. (p.168)



Paul and the author by a village sign in the Jura mountains. (p.174)