

Title:

France at 200 kph ~ of Grandmothers, Lyon and Rain

Word Count:

539

Summary:

In my teens, I traveled to France with my mother, father and grandmother for a month of sights

Keywords:

france, lyon, churches, travel journal, france story, france travelogue, trips, family vacatio

Article Body:

In my teens, I traveled to France with my mother, father and grandmother for a month of sights

American fathers have an interesting if somewhat aggravating habit on trips. Yes, I am talking

Churches. Big churches. Small churches. Church ruins. New churches. For three days, my grandmo

We pulled into Lyon as the third day turned to evening. It was raining. We were tired and grum

As I lay on my bed, I watched the rain come down hard on the windows. I also admired the old,

^The door is stuck!~ she told me.

Grumbling, I walked over to the door and gave it a yank. Then I gave it another yank. Like a b

At this point, my grandmother made a passing comment about the two years of French I was taking

What is the French word for ^door?~ Don't know? Neither did I nor do I now. All I could say to

To top matters off, I also started yelling my last name, Chapo, thinking they would at least o

^We are stuck! Hat!~

^We are stuck! Hat!~

Intensely cussing up a storm, I walked over to the door and banged it with my fist. It bounced

I hoofed it to my parent's room to tell them the story. Half way through the tale, my mother p

We left very early the next morning.

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