

003 : Bronwyn Mahoney at Rue Fessart, Belleville

Born in 1967 in Australia, Bronwyn Mahoney currently works as Writer, Mummy, Reader Why Paris? To be with my love. She digs the following Paris bits: 1. The Metro 2. My family 3. African fabric shops 4. Hand-cranked merry-go-rounds 5. The healthcare system She is, however, a bit miffed by The things she dislikes in Paris: So much cheese, so little cheddar; the bureaucracy; dodging dog caca during the morning school run; the lack of fish and chips For more info on Bronwyn Mahoney you should send an email or visit her homepage.

The affair had been brief, a holiday romance. In my hometown, visiting from the Taiwan island, I had met him, again, and it had happened. When I left I was so sad, so unsure if I should stay, full of wondering whether our shoes, his and mine, should be together.

I always knew the answer was no.

Some long time later, I met another man, and he asked me to come to his country, to see his city. Strangely, after two or three months, I thought I saw the man from my hometown. Everywhere. On the metro, in the bar, even in the Monoprix.^[1]

One day I picked up a free postcard and put it in my bag. I went back to the house I shared with my French love. He was gone for the weekend. I looked up the place on the card. A band was playing the next night. A band from my hometown. His band.

I made to deliberate, but really, I did not. What a lark, to see them here. To see him. I reached the door, people milling around, some holding signs, looking for tickets. I wrote him a postcard and someone took it backstage. He bounded down, picked me up. I felt warm, people turned to see. No, I didn't have a ticket, yes, please, I would like one. Of course, a drink after the show.

I was, in a word, chuffed. People continued to look at me, who is that girl, I imagined them saying. During the show, I tried to deduce if any of the references in his songs were to me. I'm sure they were not. They finished, he came out, we got some beers and leant over the balcony, people stopped to talk to him. He told them he had to talk to his old friend. That was me.

Why I was in Paris? Why, for love. Oh, you can't go out for a drink after all? Very tired. Too old for the rock and roll lifestyle. Desperation in his eyes. Desperation to get away from me.

Deflated, I walked out into the street, on to the metro. I needed more beer, I felt so flat, I needed those bubbles. Walking up the street to the house of my French love, cursing the lack of 7-11s in Paris. Then I remembered the *Alimentation*.^[2] I kept walking, turned right, and found it, on the corner.

Two cans of beer in the thin plastic bag. I turned to walk back. But I'm stopped by a sound. A



“Two cans of beer in the thin plastic bag”

billowing sound, a billowing beat of a sound. I look up and the most beautiful sight: a window, painted on the wall, *trompe l'oeil*,^[3] pushed over the edge by the addition of a real curtain. But the curtain has torn loose, and flies against the wall. I can't move. Then I realise the sadness is gone and now I am sure, and I carry my two cans of beer in their thin plastic bag. Home.

Monoprix is an upscale French supermarket chain, with an extremely wide selection of yoghurt and open until 10.00pm. ↩

Corner stores in Paris are recognisable by the sign “Alimentation”, which simply translates as food. They offer almost everything you could need, including fresh fruit and vegetables, but I've never seen anyone buy. ↩

Art historical term for an optical illusion in painting, meaning “to deceive the eye.” ↩

Name: Rue Fessart

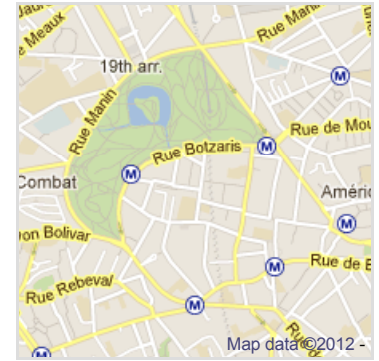
Address: Rue Fessart, 75019 Paris

Time of story: Late Night

Latitude: 48.878151

Longitude: 2.385364

Map: Google Maps



Name

Homeland

Email

Website

Save personal info?

Subscribe to comments?

Comment

Post

017 “I opened the hip high gate and found a green wooden bench in the shade” — ANNE SCHWARTZ

016 “I didn't know what it was she had that I wanted.” — CATHERINE VREELAND

015 “She was still there, with her shining coat of orange and the green belt of the RER C at her feet.” — LILY TEMPLETON

014 “Paris is its own reason.”

007 “I felt a sense of relief as I experienced the rare soothing absence of fluorescent light” — KINCAID

006 “My fist flew wildly and connected with the warm Parisian evening air” — JOHN GREINER

005 “Someone handed me a plastic cup of white wine and I sipped it so I didn't have to make conversation” — CLAIRE OLDMAN

004 “The white winter sunshine makes it warm enough for tourists and locals to sit outside the cafe on the Place des Abbesses” — BADAUDE

Belleville — “Two cans of beer in the thin plastic bag” — [hitotoki]

— TORY HOEN

013 “Gilded angels taking off from Châtelet, Bastille, Invalides” — JENNIFER K. DICK

012 “A dialogue out of nowhere and from the 5th dimension” — JUSSARA NUNES

011 “I started screaming New York-style obscenities.” — RICHARD NAHEM

010 “Her soul is okay though, she’s just received Holy Communion at Saint-Nicolas, one station before” — TOM FROZART

009 “It felt like if things continued the way they were, my body would disintegrate” — CHRIS HUNTINGTON

008 “It reminded me of an Yves Saint Laurent dress, of mermaids and of Christmas” — CATHARINE HEWITSON

003 “Two cans of beer in the thin plastic bag”

— BRONWYN MAHONEY

002 “Je ne suis pas une femme facile” — LAUREN ELKIN

001 “His guitar was underscoring my morning ride beyond Gare du Nord through the graffitied suburbs” — TIM CISSELL



Interested in sponsoring Hitotoki? Contact us at sponsors@hitotoki.

We’re looking for short narratives describing pivotal moments of elation, confusion, absurdity, love or grief — or anything in between — inseparably tied to a specific place in Paris.

Email address!

JOIN

Addresses **only** used for the occasional hitotoki mailing. Otherwise stored on the 4th floor of Tokyo Tower.

A list of all available RSS feeds is on [the about page](#)