



France | Paris

"Ice Tunnels – The Invention of Sorbet in Paris"

A melted raspberry sorbet – what a waste! That reminds me of a story. One day my father told me that the cousin of the sister of the brother-in-law of my great-grandfather had a Norwegian cousin, who told him of a man who came from the land of eternal snow to Paris. This man was homesick. The only thing he could do to still his longing was to fetch the ice to him, into his living room. And that's exactly what he did. But the ice melted. He then got the idea of digging a pit at the end of his garden in which to put the ice. And it worked. The ice remained frozen! So he carried on in the same way. He dug tunnels and galleries. And he filled them all with ice. One day he could no longer find an exit to a tunnel. So he decided to dig vertically. He dug and dug, and dug and dug and dug, and ended up in a square. It was a marketplace. It was hot and the people were thirsty.

They cried: "We're thirsty. Bring us something to drink! Water, water!"

And he, climbing out of his hole, said: "Water? Well, I have water!"

"Oh, of course, you do! Where then did you get your water? Is it in your pocket, perhaps?"

"All right, I'll go down into my hole and bring you some ice."

No sooner said than done! He returned with a huge block of ice. As soon as they saw the ice, the people in the square rushed upon it and pulled on it from all sides. The block fell to the ground and shattered into a thousand pieces. Shocked, a market woman, who had been watching the spectacle, dropped her crate of raspberries. The berries mixed with the splinters of ice on the ground.

Children, who saw this delicacy at their feet, threw themselves to the ground and ate it. One child, his mouth smeared with raspberries and ice, said gleefully: "Le sort est bête!" – What a stupid accident!

A nearby woman said to the man who had lost his ice: "Sir, you've lost your ice."

But he replied: "No, I've invented sorbet!"

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