

## Epilogue — Until We Meet Again

As the lights of Toulouse flickered softly on that final evening, our journey came full circle. What began under silvery rain ended beneath the warm glow of friendship — a week stitched together by laughter, discovery, and the unmistakable joy of shared adventure.

We had wandered through ancient fortresses and hilltop towns, followed the footprints of troubadours and philosophers, tasted stories in cheese and wine, and learned that even under the rain, France shines in its own quiet way.

But beyond the landscapes and the legends, it was *the people* who defined this journey — the smiles exchanged across breakfast tables, the jokes whispered in the bus aisles, the helping hands on steep cobblestones, and the kindness that turned strangers into family.

Each day brought a new rhythm: from the spiritual hush of Lourdes to the laughter echoing through Mirepoix's market square, from the tranquil villages of Ariège to the rebel heart of Montauban. And always, somewhere in the background, the steady hum of Yannick's bus — our traveling home — carrying us safely between one story and the next.

As we said our farewells at M. Georges, with glasses raised and hearts full, it was clear that the true treasure of this trip wasn't something we could pack or photograph. It was the connection — to a place, to its people, and to one another.

France gave us her colors, her flavors, her light.

We gave her our curiosity, our laughter, and our open hearts.

And together, for one unforgettable week in October, we created a small world of our own — one that will keep traveling with us, long after the suitcases are unpacked.

**À bientôt — until our paths cross again, somewhere under the same French sky.**