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English

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Narrative Essay about being pickpocketed in Paris

When I first visited Paris, I was below 10 years of age, this is the reason I cannot recall what I found the most fascinating thing there. I had grown up listening about the mesmerizing stories about this alluring city called Paris. It feels so calm when it comes to thinking about the charm and charisma of Paris. I can feel what could have attracted some famous writers when it comes to pen the beautiful perspectives of this city. It is the charm of this city, that it still gets attention in the books. Ossman writes that ‘Paris’ is one of the three faces of beauty (Ossman). I have always felt a magnetism for this city and this is the reason despite an unfortunate incident, I am still an admirer of its charisma. I am among those who maintain a distance between the personal experiences attributed to a certain place and its physical exquisiteness. Despite losing a handsome sum of cash in a pickpocket incident, I adore this city, the ever beautiful Paris.

It was back in December when I was there to celebrate the birthday of one of my closest friend. We started preparations for this trip months ago; since it was our first joint trip abroad. I had been there once before when I was 11 or 12, therefore I can just recall one of the reflections in my mind. This trip with my friends was expressive, meaningful and of course amusing until I lost my valuables in a pickpocket incident. We left for Paris when we all were in our freshman year. We all had made our minds that we will have a wonderful and striking tour of the city. When we completed our journey to Paris, I was surprised to see the temptation of this beautiful city. After meeting the airport necessities, we took a cab and indulged into the heart of the French lifestyle.

As we moved into the city, I observed that the fall foliage across the highways which made me remember the words of Dickinson who writes ‘we must dance with each beauty this city (Paris) displays to us’ (Dickinson). Entering into this alluring world, it was like unboxing a beautiful gift. I believe such indulgence made me forgot about my valuables. I had never been so ignorant about my valuable, but this all happened as a cause of extreme joy and happiness. It is the experience of each visitor that not at once one becomes part of the environment, he had landed in a day before, so was I. I remember having around $750 along when I departed the airport. I still had the wallet when we departed for Egyptian Obelisk, the place we booked for birthday celebrations. I remember taking a short ride of a metro to reach Egyptian Obelisk close to Place de la Concorde.

I had the exact amount in the Obelisk before we celebrated the Birthday. It was just the second day of our arrival. I remember that we all were over joyed and ignorant of our surroundings, but I had the feeling that everything will be fine unless we grasp our destination. As soon we took the metro, I experienced some unusual movements around. A group of three men approached us and started inquiring about the bus schedules. Despite making them mindful that we are visitors here, those men kept asking us about the bus schedules. I felt the dialogue so unpleasant, that I took the seat and rested there. It was at this moment (what my little memory suggest) that someone approached my pocket, where I was having the wallet. As I positioned myself to adjust, I saw them departing the metro. I felt a sigh of relief since still I was not aware what exactly has happened.

Once in the room, I took off my pants to get on my sleeping suite, I felt that I have lost my wallet and other essential cards. In a hustle, I informed my friends who started feeling disgruntled. We brought the complete matter in notice of the administration where we were staying, but they paid a little note to what we were conveying. After the incident, I felt so annoyed that I wanted to exit Paris, the very next day. I contacted my father back in the US, he advised me to stay calm and not to indulge in any clerical issues. I abided with what my father advised, he also transferred some more amount which I consumed during our week-long stay there. After this incident, I remembered what Davis wrote in his account ‘About Paris’ that ‘don’t take the metro when you are high and wearing on an appealing cologne’ (Davis).

I was a complete Davis package for the pickpockets at the time of the incident. Despite this ill-fated incident I encountered, we completed our journey as planned. I believe that I can still feel the warmth for Paris which I always had about this city. Such feelings are irrespective of what I encountered in the Paris metro. I am now well aware of the social circumstance of that city and will love to visit that place whenever I get another chance. For me, Paris is still charming and charismatic, as it was before my last trip.

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