

BOSTON COMMON

FALL PREVIEW 2009

Bethenny's Bike Tour

Naturally Thin author and “real housewife” Bethenny Frankel cycles—and dines—her way around Nantucket.



THIS SUMMER I ventured out of New York to decompress from this fantastic roller-coaster ride of a year. I spent a long weekend in Nantucket following a book tour for *Naturally Thin*. I stayed at The Cliffside Beach Club, a beachfront property one mile from town that's upscale yet casual. My boyfriend and I thought we'd challenge ourselves to use only our feet or bicycles (which are easy to rent), so aside from airport runs we never saw the inside of a taxi.

FRIDAY: Upon arrival we walked to town and chose the Galley Restaurant at our hotel for the first meal. It's a favorite for oceanfront sunset dining on the island. The roast chicken and scallops were the highlight. We sacrificed dessert for an after-dinner drink made by their well-schooled bartender, Chris. I couldn't help but put on my “fixologist” hat and think of Skinnygirl versions of his concoctions.

SATURDAY: We took an hour-long beach walk. This is a great way to work out without realizing how much you're exerting yourself. Then, after some lounging in the sand, we made the 11-mile bike trek to The Summer House in 'Sconset. After a Skinnygirl margarita there, I really wanted to cab it home, but didn't. Cycling is like anything: It may be painful and tedious at times, but put one foot in front of the other and eventually you'll get there.

SUNDAY: Another bike trek—this time 18 miles to The Wauwinet, the island's most upscale hotel property. The view is very Gatsby, and the truffle fries possibly the best ever. Our delicious sandwiches from Something Natural, on fresh-baked bread, made for the perfect snack.

MONDAY: On our five-mile ride to Cisco Beach, the island's surf haven, we stopped at Bartlett's Farm, a farm/market with the most delicious produce, baked goods and prepared foods. The weekend's highlight was Cisco Brewers. We tasted locally made sangria, wine and sparkling spirits, blueberry beer, and my personal favorites: blueberry, cranberry and vanilla vodka. We recharged with a steam back at the hotel and headed to that low-key airport that makes the Hamptons drive feel impossible.

