

TRAVEL AROUND IN ANTWERP  
WITH EMPRESS ZOË



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ZOË HERBOTS

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ZOË IS MY NAME. I AM THE EMPRESS OF  
ALL DOGS, YOU BETTER REMEMBER THIS.



Going through Antwerpen in my carriage.  
Are you sure you want to do this?  
Because I only wake up, if you say YES. Loud and clear. I wanna  
hear you say it ...  
Louder.  
OK, let's go then.  
Zoë

## FOLLOW ME ...



So, you really want to go with me for a tour around Antwerpen?

Before we go we need to stretch first...

I am ready now. Are you?

Let's go folks.

I'll be your guide. But don't you forget, I am not just a guide, I am an Empress, and I am doing this tour in my carriage, while my slave is driving.

Zoë

## DAY 1 PICTURE NR 1



Let's start our tour in Lier. It's located on the outskirts of Antwerp but you can easily arrive there by bike, following the river Nete. Oh my God, that's so beautiful folks. It's just like being in Heaven. Just try it out.

And now a bit of culture, although that's not my cup of tea. I prefer food and good smells, like shit and stuff.

Behind me you have what they call, the Zimmer Tower (in Dutch *De Zimmertoren*). It was built in the beginning of the 15th Century, when my over-over-over-over-over grandfather Zoë was born, or something like that. You will excuse my counting, because I can only count until ten. I am a dog, you know, and dogs are not that good in mathematics. But my slave is paying for my food, so I don't need to worry about money and numbers too much.

**DAY 1**  
**PICTURE NR 2**



This ist the Albert Canal (in Duch Het Albertkanaal). You can drive by bike for hours and hours on both sides of the canal. Sometimes I get tired, so I take a nap while my slave drives on. It feels like sleeping in a train.

And now a bit of culture, for you people. I know you like this kind of stuff, and I want to show you I am an educated dog that knows something about good manners and adaptation to the human race.

The Albert Canal was named after King Albert I of Belgium. It connects Antwerp with Liège, and also the Meuse river with the Scheldt river. That's about what I remember from the stories I heard. I have a good memory, you know, but not for this kind of stuff. I remember exactly where I hide my bones in the garden of under the bed, for example.



**DAY 1**  
**PICTURE NR 3**



It was getting late, and I almost fell asleep in my carriage, but especially for you I woke up for a nice picture.

In the back you can see *the Port Authority Building* (in Dutch *Het Havenhuis*). It was built long before I was born, somewhere between 2009 and 2016 by the Iraqi-British architect Zaha Hadid. I forgot to tell you, I was born on the day Sinterklaas came by in Belgium, more than two years ago on December 6th 2021. Write it down in your agenda, folks, and send me a bone for my birthday. I will be gratefull and you will get a lick from me when you pass by at my house in Wilrijk.

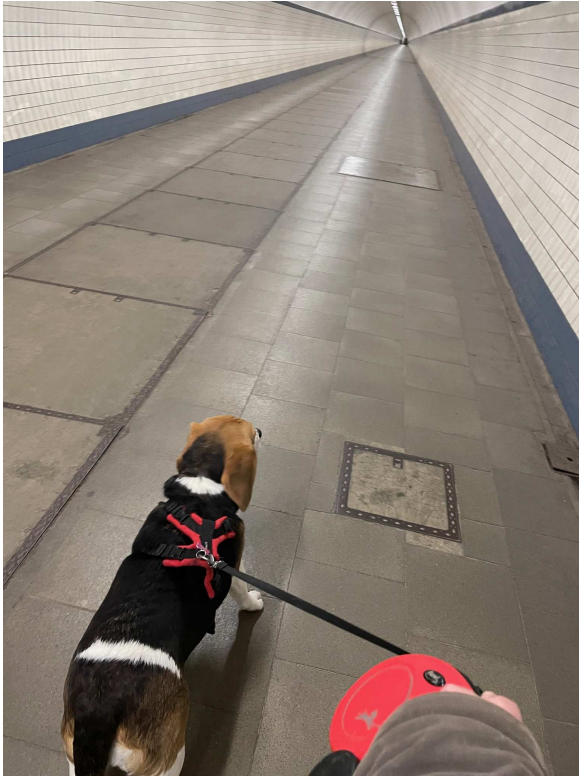
**DAY 1**  
**PICTURE NR 4**



This is my kind of art: wall drawings. I love them. To show my respect for the artist, I leave my 'signature' to show that I admired it.

I guess people can't 'read' it, but dogs who happen to come and pay a visit to this art gallery will know I have been there. I can tell you, they know, just like I know there were lots of dogs paying a visit before me. I don't know their names, but when I meet them we talk about it. Sometimes we have a different opinion about the quality of the art, and then people think we are quarreling, but we don't. We have discussions, we argue, we plead our case.

**DAY 1**  
**PICTURE NR 5**



This tunnel is called *the pedestrian tunnel* (in Dutch *De voetgangerstunnel*). Did you try its authentic wooden escalators? Beautiful. Of course I am carried there by my slave, but down under in the tunnel, I walk. Yes, even an empress walks now and then. When you walk till the end, you can enjoy a beautiful view of the Antwerp skyline. So it's worth walking for a while. And I walk, not because I have to, but out of respect for the name of this tunnel.

**DAY 1**  
**PICTURE NR 6**



This is what I am talking about. Now I am at the other side of the river. People call this place: *Linkeroever*, the Left Bank of the River. But I don't care about left or right. As long as the smell is good, I am a happy dog.

By now you must have noticed that the pictures were not arranged chronologically, because this picture was taken in the evening. I look a bit tired in the picture, right?