

# Velo Teifi Cycling Club

## Tour of France 2009

### The Chairman's Diary

### (Le journal intime du Chairman)

**Sunday 26<sup>th</sup> July 2009**

**Day 10. The Valence to West Wales Cannonball Run.**

**Weather: Too nice to leave.**

And so it came to pass.

Ten cyclists from the greatest club in West Wales (probably) have befriended hill-top hags, bounced around Bourg St Maurice, tipped in Tignes, climbed and froze on the Col d'Iseran, larked around in Les Arcs, ooh la-la'd in La Rosiere, raced up Roselend, climbed the equivalent of half of Alpe D'Huez every night bar two, ventured up Ventoux and va va voomed in Valence.

All that was left was the hideous trudge home (always longer, it seems, even without Andrew's directions).

The Hippo and A Team Bus plodded their way home, content to tour and stop and eat and tour and stop and drink and so on.

The Galaxy hit the hyper-drive and was home two hours before they left. Well, they will let Cynan drive; apparently the smug look on Andrew's face did not last all week. Methinks he will be in the Hippo next time. As with most things, Dylan remained oblivious...



The Loon Sleeps Tonight.

We practised our French; some learned a little French. Jav-lar too attempted the linguistics but, alas he was particularly despondent upon sitting down to enjoy a pot of green leaves... “This is not a baguette”, he muttered forlornly.

“Jav-lar, *écoutez et repetez...*”. A bit more tutelage on the drive north and I think we’ve cracked the foreign language nonsense with him...

Jav-lar leans out of the window at the *Peage...*

Go on Jav-lar, get the toll ticket or *billet*.

Dazzle ‘em, my son. I know it’s a machine, but dazzle it anyway.

Jav-lar returns... with a small green salad.

Ah well. There’s always next year.

## La fin de l'histoire.

The small print. This is Carl’s recollection of events based on his selective memory, vindictive tendencies and general pleasure-seeking opportunism in the discomfort of others. If he has offended or outraged anyone be assured that he’s probably sorry. Except if you’re French. Au revoir mes amis. Pee pee po po.