

# Velo Teifi Cycling Club

## Tour of France 2009

### The Chairman's Diary

### (Le journal intime du Chairman)

**Monday 20<sup>th</sup> July 2009**

**Day 4. Les Arcs or bust *et* puncture *numero deux***

**Weather: scorchio.**

The bear still spends the night with us it seems. Fortunately Baron von Snoring Bean scares him off most times...

Today people chose to do different things. Some of us cycle to Les Arcs, some stay in the chalet/town (the heat emanating from scorched skin preventing any form of exercise or skin/lycra interface today) and some went swimming.

These idiots went to Les Arcs...



Hey, hey, we're the Monkeys...



...People say we monkey around...



...but we're too busy singing...



...to put anybody down.

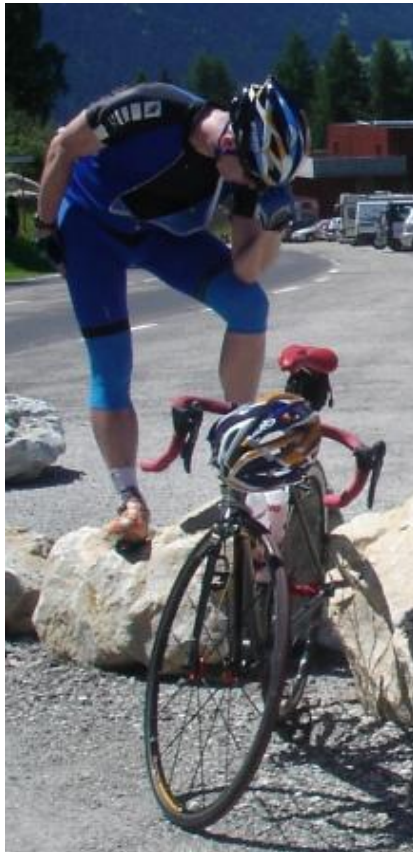


We're just trying to be friendly...

Just in case you weren't paying close attention to the happy snaps, you might like to re-visit the images containing "Little Boy Blue" and view an example of one of the trend-setting styles that followed our hero around France. To save you time, I've captured the knock-knee'd nonsense below for you...



Oh dear god. He says it was to protect his strawberry-split effect patellas nurtured the day before....



As penance, Little Boy Blue did bow down the Great God of Cycles that is Cervelo...

On the descent, it became apparent that Howard's notorious alter-ego - Lucky How - had sneaked onto the trip. The Val d'Iserre mishap a.k.a. Puncture #1, would seemingly have been part of this miscreant's plan to ruin Howard's week. Puncture #2 was duly inflicted.

We, however, were blissfully unaware, having raced to the bottom of the mountain; Dylan leading the way to and through cheering Frenchie motorists ("Bloody loon", they shout in French. Blissfully unaware, Dylan waves back... at 45mph).

So we waited at the bottom for Howard.

And waited.

And waited some more.

After 30 minutes the temptation to just go to Tasty Fooding [sic] was overwhelming, but like true friends we waited some more. Together. Mano a mano. Never leaving an injured man on the battlefield. Together, as a team... oh no, wait a minute. That's right. Andrew couldn't be ar\*\*d and rode off to BSM. Ah well.



Waiting for the Man.

A quick phone call to the Baron saw the appearance of the A Team Bus to lead the search party for the missing boy. We could not find the evil Lucky How anywhere, but stumbled upon Howard sunbathing in the bushes, waiting for the rescue team, nursing split rubber... no panic there then Howard?

Back to Tasty Fooding [sic]. Drinks, frites and some form of free, fruity gin slurp and the race up *that* hill was on.

The Chairman donned his steely Armstrong look and kicked for home. 4.2 bloody miles later, mucho sweat (some of it pure alcohol) saw Jav-lar, take the win with the Chairman gasping just behind. Dylan arrived decidedly pale and shaky. But no vomit.