

Velo Teifi Cycling Club

Tour of France 2009

The Chairman's Diary

(Le journal intime du Chairman)

Sunday 19th July 2009

Day 3. Ou est cet f***g grizzly bear?**

Weather: scorchio.

We awake surprised to find that none of the chalet's massive wooden beams have been sawn into pieces; surprised to find that a wild animal from the hills had not sneaked into our abode to spend the night snorting and a snuffling for food. So what could have been that god-awful noise that kept all of the mezzanine-dwellers awake and caused their grumpy demeanour this morn? The answer appeared from *la toilette*.

"Morning everyone – I'd give that 10 minutes if I were you," came the chirpy greeting from our big, blond Germanic-like companion. Jason. The devil's spawn. Hereafter to be known Baron von Snoring Bean. Pure evil.

Anyway, the plan for the day: lunch in Tignes, *après midi en Val d'Isere* and a possible assault of the Col D'Iseran. Game on.

Once Dylan had realised that a time-trial all the way to Tignes was not going to work, the group settled into its own pace and steadily climbed its way to lunchtime. And what a lunchtime spot it was...



The best lunchtime view we'll see this year.



The Chairman prevents Jav-lar from a certain fall to doom.



Andrew wonders why the Chairman won't hug him.



Post-lunch posture.

With lunch dispatched, it was on to Val d'Isere and thereafter the Col d'Iseran (the second highest pass in France, my friends). Easy peasey.



Frozen in time. Cynan, Dylan, Chairman, Andrew and Jav-lar

'Kin 'ell, that was hard. And cold. That's snow you can see in the background. And expensive? The coffee price in the cafe was too challenging for our Cardi principles and we made haste for the valley below. Not before some gratuitous gurning shots though...



Cynan, Dylan, Andrew & Jav-lar



A gorgous specimen. And the Chairman.

And so into Val d’Isere for some market-fun, drumming dudes and a hard faced lady-bus driver (you’ll have to ask one of the team..).

Race to Bourg it is then... where we find the others have discovered the delights of local snack bar, Tasty Fooding [sic]. Your host? Mdm Virginia – what an angel. An angel with free frites.

It is reported to us that Howard suffered a puncture on the descent from Val d’Isere. Nothing too dramatic; these things happen, don’t they? Not like it’s going to happen every time he turns a wheel, is it?

And so to *that* hill. After over 70 miles of pain, another 4.2 miles of torture awaits. Naturally we race up. No one vomits. Just.

Later that evening, the attractive white/red/white/red bodies of “Brits on their first day” descend on the Jacuzzi for a ‘massage’ and a beer. The sight resembles some sort of bubbling strawberry-split fest. Oh yes, someone’s gonna be sore tomorrow. Someone give the Baron some after-sun cream, quickly.