

Souvenir
Special Edition

CRAPAUD

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2014 French Bike-Bash
5th - 7th September 2014

CHRONICLE



Rio-tous Carnival des Chateaux

Crapaud's are used to slumming it on Bike Bashes, plunging the depths and uncertain delights of dubious hostelries and *pensionnes* that can be discovered across darker parts of Normandy and Brittany. Memories of kipping in outhouses and lean-to bogs, swimming in putrid lakes, even dancing in deviant cabaret venues come back to mind. Not this year, our Hares Bags-of-It & Smuggler had a very different class of venue planned for our Saturday night Fancy Dress Party. A completely Virgin location, we had never before witnessed this quality of accommodation, facilities and haut-cuisine on a Bike Bash venue. As they say in these parts, La Bonne Vie. This place boasted an impressively large number of stars (or however they grade hostelries in France), even more impressive towers, an exclusive cordon-bleu restaurant and vintage wine cellar, although the Pack was not let loose within their cellars for fear of drinking their vintages dry. But more about that later...

Advance Party

Several Crapaud's started weekend off early, meeting mid-afternoon at Ha'Penny Bridge for a quick one before we sailed. One beer went down just too damn quick on a gloriously sunny afternoon, so the advance party had another beer, then another beer. Before it was too late we downed the last one and set off, wobbly-like, for the ferry. Ballcock and his family met us at the Harbour wishing us "*Bon Voyage and smooth sailing*", or was it "*Best of Luck*"? We certainly needed luck when Gigolo managed to down 6 beers during the crossing so creating a tail-wind making for a faster smooth-sailing crossing to St Malo. However it was not so smooth getting into France, when we disembarked



Notre Lièvres Dangereux



Vert-Tacheté Gobbler



Jaune-Tacheté TITS



Plus-Teint Muff



Butterfly Bridgitte



Advance Guard



Stop blowing your Prick, Whinger!



Propping up the Bar



Cycling Team No. 1 ready for Go!

four stern Gendarmes peremptorily stopped Rampant Rabbit in his tracks when he discovered his passport was missing.

Rabbit's Lost Credentials

He hopped back onto the boat searching for his missing credentials, although claiming after checking-in for the crossing the Hares had not given him back his passport. Ever seen a really Cross-'n'-Ratty-Rabbit? We had now, but the Pack worried Rampant might be sent back to the Rock on next ship home and miss out on the festivities. Mind you, Vulva Viv alleged she was not worried but looked forward to a few nice quiet nights without him. While we were waiting Plonker was given an impromptu Birthday Down-Down using Gigolo's seventh (or was it tenth?) can of beer. Fortunately after many entreaties to the Gendarmes and Rampant having exposed alternative credentials (nothing ruder than his driving license) he was let through and with a hop, skip & a jump (rabbit style) he rejoined the Pack. He was moaning "*which of you buggers stole my credentials*"? Indeed, he kept moaning this refrain for most of the weekend.

Foxy's Fall Fail

Finally the Hares led us through back streets of *La Ville Intra-Muros de St Malo* arriving at the *Hotel Anne De Bretagne*, where we dismounted our bikes then were handed our room keys for the night. My notes reveal Muff-Diver proffered that "*Heidi had been there before, so had Diane, but not Jackie*" but why he gave us this strange revelation remains mysteriously lost in mists of time. By now it was getting quite late so various advance parties set off to explore delights to be found in various bars. As the night wore on Foxy got more and more pissed then, just after witching hour, staggering to his feet Foxy managed to fall over a table in an instant flattening Tinky Winky amidst several broken glasses. Good job our GM was resilient and remained intact, despite Foxy's tumble.

Chateau Historique

Saturday morning arrived too early for several Hashers who scrambled for Le Petit Dejeuner then chased the Pack on their bikes down to Quai Saint-Vincent where, after Gigolo "entertaining" us with his Horn, our coach arrived to whisk us away to places unknown. TITS was sporting a black eye, having fallen onto the side-table while getting out of bed. Some slightly unsympathetic Hashers recommended she opened her eyes before performing such maneouvre in future, but TITS later explained her only problem was "*I drank far too*



Big Dick licking Little Dick

much last night". On the coach Morine kept us amused by covering Hashers faces with spotted face-paint, although by time we arrived at our start Smugglers seem to have smudged everywhere. Unloading our bikes it was discovered Virgin John Le Vasseur (Shifty's bloke) had trumped Illegal's usual Bike Bash habit, beating him to getting a puncture. After re-inflating Virgin John (well, his bikes tyre) we discovered Château de la Hunaudaye is a medieval fortified castle built in early 13th century, on a former Gallo-Roman setting near Forest of La Hunaudaye. We marvelled it was not attacked for 200 years but then was virtually demolished at first onslaught during the Brittany succession war.

Drink-Stop Crisis

Mounting our saddles we cycled, as in all good Hashing trails, cross-country towards what the Hares had planned to be our first drink-stop in centre of Pledeliac, a little and quite deserted village. Despite the expected watering-hole proudly claiming on its sign "*Restaurant always Open*" we found their Bar was actually closed! Some Crapaud's decided to take advantage of the Boulangerie next door, which was actually open, but this unexpected onslaught decimated the "*Artisan Pâtissier*" of their pâtisserie stock calculated to satisfy only local demand! Before any Breton came chasing our delicacies we carried on along quiet country lanes, encountering an albino sheepdog who took an earnest fancy to our Pack. So earnest he ran with us for what seemed like miles and miles, maybe hoping to be rewarded with a tasty Harriette for his athletic prowess. The Dog would not be deterred from gambolling along with us keeping up with our route, but having disadvantages of four legs and no wheels eventually he crashed out on the verge. We wondered how many weeks he might take finding way back to his kennel!

Knickers a la Francaise

We diverted alongside then under a railway line, finding a lovely cycling trail along banks of Le Gast river when we discovered a very strange Breton tradition which was obviously enthusiastically maintained in these parts. There on the opposite bank were a series of structures fronting back gardens of houses teetering over the river bank's edge; what can best be described as "*Les Lavoirs des Grandes Bloomers*". You would not have believed this had we not seen these magnificent edifices with our own eyes. Vernacular ramshackle sheds designed to shelter residents washing their vestments in the river and providing cover while they were hung out to dry. There, before our eyes were *Les Grandes Madame's Bloomers* hanging drying on a line. In not only one shed, this was repeated (with bloomers of varying colours and



Flattened at the Start



Beware the Wildlife!!



Canine Bike Chaser



Damn, no Beer!



Madames Bloomers



Maybe a Flambee?

Les Déguisements dans la Chateau Magnifique



Deux Pics avec Fruits



Sournois Lionne



Grande Lapin Rouge



Grande Paon Bleu



Paon Noir



Flamant rose tête de Fruits

Wedding Party Shocker

Having got plenty of time before time for Fancy Dress some of the Pack elected to wander off down to a beach seven minutes away while other chose to dip into the indoor pool. Refreshed we dived into our Rio Carnival themed Fancy Dress – adjourning to the Bar for pre-dinner drinks where outside in the garden we found a Wedding Reception in full swing. Gosh, the bride was beautiful, the groom was smart and they were all so aristocratic; but they loved our Fancy Dress taste with our dresses outshining them all for French chic style! Gigolo was bet £10 he could get the bride to drink from his “nipples”; but although this never transpired at least two men from the wedding party sucked on Gigolo’s teats from whence strong alcoholic liquid poured forth, much to evident disgust of their mademoiselles!



Deux Tartes Jaunes



Fleur Puissance



Dame de la Nuit



Sournois Lionne

Crapaud’s Gastronomic Feast

We were led by the Sommelier up a *Grand Escalier* through the first floor passing discreet curtained *boudoirs* where French High-Society were dining their flames, into a grand drawing-room. Gosh, it was Posh, silver service ‘n’ all. Dinner commenced with a Kier, then Hors-D’œuvre followed by a really mean Amuse Bouchere. Naughty but veery nice. That was before we even set sight on the main course! Meanwhile wine freely poured forth into our crystal verre, from quite good vintages. GM pronounced the toast to “Absent Norwegian ladies, Hashers and friends”. The main course and sweet were equally excellent and we partied into the early hours.



Le Lait de Mères !



La Belle et la Bête



Les Deux Traits



Le Grande Repas



La Grande Salle à Manger



Hétéroclite Personnes



Un autre Groupement



Mis-Management Trumpets



Sins of their Fathers?



Whinger Iced..



Gigolo Iced..



Fixed with expanding Foam & Lube!

sizes) in several sheds along the river bank. Mon Dieu, c'est incredible, said Ragsby, more Bloomers than I've ever seen before! Blinking our eyes we cycled onwards around Lac Gouessant into Lamballe's main square.

La Tete Noire

Our Hares objective was another drink-stop at La Tete Noire, which perfectly described the state some Crapaud's still felt after last night's escapades. At least this time the Bar was well and truly open and the Pack made up for lost time sinking several beers. The *Golden Peg* made a grand re-appearance sinking it's jaws into Virgin Jon's T shirt; but he impressively found it before five were called, leaving the culprit Bags-of-It to Down his half-pint before Tinky Winky and Gigolo presided over the first set of Down-Down's to chastise many miscreants. The Virgin's were first arraigned – Morine, John, Bridgitte and Lauren, although Plonker pretended to also be a Virgin. Gigolo made him kneel and humbly apologise before administering their Down-Down's. Next up was Smuggler for having weekend's commemorative T-shirt printed with the wrong dates, which disabused some Hashers under the false impression we were not getting back home until next weekend! Then Gigolo was nominated for using his Megaphone not a whistle to make "music" (or very liberally what might be just describable as music), but he made the mistake of repeating his sin immediately after his Down-Down whereupon Smuggler emptied a bucket of ice down his neck. That started Illegal off nominating Whinger for the Ice-Bucket challenge. Her face was a real picture when doused, what did Whinger expect!

La Baguette's de Bretagne

The Hares were now getting anxious about making our lunch stop on time, which they claimed was at least ½ hours hard cycling away. By now it was getting towards early afternoon so eventually the Pack set off across Lamballe's main square, only for the Hares to cut-back down a side-road, across a car-park and a minute later come to a screeching halt outside La Bretagne where our lunch was awaiting. We had only cycled 100 yards – plus the Hares false trail, of course! The baguette's were absolutely delicious with ham, cheese and other uncertain but very tasty accoutrements inside, accompanied by the inevitable frites des Bretagne. This also gave a great excuse for drinking a few more beers while Morine drank her Beer not being able to find the Golden Peg.

Illegal's Crackers

Amply replenished the Hares goaded us onto our bikes again for the afternoon's Trail. Bags-of-It warned us the steepest and longest hill was ahead, challenging foolhardy Hashers to race him to the top. No-one dared race him, in case spare energy was needed for an extra-long cycle ride. Indeed, before this weekend several of the Pack expressed to the Mis-Management secret worries about how far Bags-of-It might try to make us pedal, given his exploits cycling from London to Paris and forthcoming Paris to Jersey ride in aid of the Jersey Stroke Association. Fortunately Smuggler seemed to have circumscribed Bags-of-It's ambitions so far and we hoped this remained the case for rest of the weekend! However it was still a fairly long stretch cross-country during which TITS suffered a puncture and Frisco crashed out in a field (for a quick nap) before we arrived at Le Relais des Cops (or was it "Caps"?) in Planguenoual for our mid-afternoon drinks stop. Periodically this weekend Illegal had been exploding, usually under feet of an unsuspecting Hasher or Hariette, what we thought were bangers - although we later discovered they were sawn-off Chinese firecrackers. While we were imbibing he persuaded our innocent Virgin Morine to hold one. Bad mistake, it went off exploding in her hand nearly decapitating her index finger and

losing whatever sense she had left in her fingers. Offers of first-aid poured forth with bio-hazard tape being wrapped around her digits. Not to be outdone Mo then nominated Illegal for the Ice-Bucket challenge, which you can see he really enjoyed. Meanwhile Mo then assaulted Gigolo claiming he hid her lighter down his pants. Gigolo claimed he only wore Calvin Klein classics that were so tight there was no room left for anything else apart from his attached assets.

Aristocratic Crapaud's ?

We departed from Le Relais des Cops before French Cops, a la Gendarmerie, arrived to investigate the Illegal generated disturbances. We cycled what seemed like a very short distance, yes it was a very short distance, before arriving at the most exquisite magnificent Chateau one could ever hope to discover in whole of Brittany. This place was so obviously exclusive when we arrived we believed our Hares had either got totally lost or were executing a classical wind-up on the Pack and our ultimate destination was really much further away.... When we eventually realised neither was true the Pack became rather worried about getting thrown out of this esteemed establishment of the French aristocracy before our dinner. Don't worry the Hares assured us, we have warned the Maitre-d'Hotel about the antics Crapaud's get up to! But keep off the flower-beds and tables please! We backed our bikes into a converted wing whereupon Gigolo found a bed inside a cupboard promptly trying it out for size. *[see centre-fold for that evening's Fancy Dress report & pics]*

Denuded Hashers

The following morning during Sunday breakfast Frisco discovered he had lost his whistle, while Gigolo discovered he had lost almost all the weekends essentials – T-shirt, megaphone and batteries! We retrieved our bikes and pedaled out of the gate where the Hares tried to trick us we were going left, then doubled back and went right instead, across a Ford. Some Hashers tried to use a footbridge instead and Tinky came unstuck with his megaphone jumping off his bike into the stream, when Steptoe took quick advantage removing the batteries and slinging them over a hedge back into the Château grounds. Aha the Pack thought, no more of that pesky music! Meanwhile Muff-Diver came a real cropper falling over a rock into middle of the stream. We carried on via the coastal route (Google maps tells me this is long-way round!) to Port Dahouet, a quaint little fishing town with really dangerous narrow roads around the harbour. Fortunately no-one came to grief and the Hares led us up another false trail to end of the fishing boat quay where Fuzzz and others climbed up to a vantage point overlooking the sea. Retracing our tyre tracks we adjourned to Le Petit Navire bar on the promenade for re-fuelling and associated activities.

Throbbing Fingers

We held another round of sinners repenting, first up TITS was arraigned for her black eye, Whinger for problems she had with a pillow on our first night, Frisco for losing his whistle and Muff-Diver for falling of his bike into the watery ford. Then Morine was given her Hash Handle naming on two knees for her exploits with Illegal's Chinese Cracker the previous day. She said her fingers were still throbbing and was named *Throbbing Banger*, much to the Pack's approval. Immediately after the Pack was reminded about dangers of holding Illegal's crackers and *Throbbing Banger* had been christened for some inexplicable reason Tinky Winky succumbed to Illegal's entreaty he held one while the blue touch-paper was lit. Thinking about this afterwards it was a particularly foolhardy, nay even stupid, thing to do because the inevitable happened with the cracker exploding between Tinky's fingers. He was offered half-pints of lager to quell the pain but after a few second shocked delay he rushed off to the bog for cooling his now throbbing digits.



Iced Neckline!



Magnifique Chateau!!



Le Plus Miscreants



Throbbing Banger!... Throbbing Digits!

Gigolo Gale Warning

From there it was a short cycle along the promenade into Val Andre where the Pack was given some 'down-time', the Hares offering them either swimming in sea, shopping, sunbathing... or just imbibing a few more beers outside La Val Joli our selected lunch stop. Meanwhile we locked our bikes up in various places near the bar and eventually gathered for another great quality meal. Illegal disclosed he had Rampant Rabbit's menu & contact card, whereupon Red Baron suggested Illegal might have Rampant's passport as well! Rampant moaned again "*which of you buggers stole my credentials!*" The Pack were issued a *fart & strong wind* warning for Gigolo who was merrily polishing off five extra portions of pigs bladders and artichokes, plus two eggs, from plates with leftovers. Plonker was serenaded with the Birthday song, his birthday being today! More Down-Down's followed, with Thud being told off for wearing a Jersey H3 T-shirt this morning (he got off lightly with a half-pint), Foxy for falling over and flattening Tinky on Friday night, Gobbler bringing her personal HP sauce supply on the weekend, Bridgitte for being a Virgin, and Whinger for not seeing TITS while cycling and nearly decapitating a French cyclist. The Hares Smuggler and Bags-of-It was congratulated for putting on what was an excellent Bike-Bash and laying a great trail.

Two Bikes in Tandem

Time came to load our bikes back onto the coach when it was discovered Gigolo's, Frisco's and Throbbing Banger's bikes had all been chained together... and nobody could find the key to get them unlocked. It was fortunate who-ever did this dastardly trick had not put chain around a lamppost, because Gigolo and Frisco ended up carrying all three bikes together up the main street to the coach... and when we got back to Terminal du Naye they continued carrying them up to the Gendarmes at passport control! This was a definite first for a Bike-Bash weekend. Meanwhile on the way back most participated in community singing, which was abruptly terminated when Two Stroke managed to pull out the coaches microphone cable from the dashboard. We had a collection for the driver who had been a thoroughly good sport and very tolerant about minor damage we had caused.

Diversiónary Tactics

While the Gendarmes attention was diverted getting their bolt-croppers to separate the conjoined cycles Untrimmed Bush and Commando showed Rampant how to roll under the barrier thereby not having to produce a passport which was still missing. But he was spotted and nearly brought back to the Gendarmes in handcuffs, but they remembered his predicament and after signing his life away was let through again. Back on the boat Double Top and Twin Peaks tried to grab Tinky's & Gigolo's megaphones, saying they wanted to do a "*poop deck ceremonial burial at sea*" for the beastly apparatus. It was announced the Hares for 2015 French Bike-Bash would be Tinky Winky & Fuzz [*post-prandial note, now joined by Twin Peaks*] and the whole Pack congratulated our 2014 Hares again for getting us all back safe-n-sound after a fabulous "*best switch-off weekend ever!*", even Illegal did not fall off or burst his bike. But Illegal had one last trick to play back at Jersey Harbour bar, firing off the remainder of the Chinese Crackers *(about 200 it seemed) all together in one mass bang lasting at least five minutes, meaning we had to quickly escape off to Ha'Penny Bridge or some back home before the police caught us, although we could hear their wailing sirens approaching from a distance. ***Sur Sur..***



Encore plus de Pécheurs!



Notre Lièvres sont Récompensés!



Qui a volé la Clé Sanglante!



Marin Crevé rentrer à la Maison!

Footnote: Apart from printing wrong date on T-shirts our Hares were also quizzed about what on earth "Em Em" meant. Smuggler explained it was Portuguese for "On On", but this Reporter can now reveal in French (which is where we went, after all) the correct saying is "Sur Sur", giving connotations with a delicious innuendo also avoiding sounding like a tongue-tied teenager.