



# CRAPAUD H3 REPORT

<b>Run No.:</b>	<b>French Bike Bash</b>
<b>Date:</b>	<b>8<sup>th</sup> - 10<sup>th</sup> September 2023</b>
<b>Hare(s):</b>	<b>Twin Peaks &amp; Fuzz</b>
<b>Scribe</b>	<b>Smuggler</b>

## RED WHITE & BLUE

Yes it was that time of the year again when hashers forego their running and walking gear and don their cycling shorts. And, joy of joy, we were actually heading back to France for the first time since the dreaded lurgy. As there were only thirteen souls on this year's Bike Bash I think they all deserve a name check. So take a bow Wendolene, Lorna, ET, Nil-by-mouth, Plonker, Tinky Winky, Steptoe, Smuggler, Ragsby, Bags-of-it, Frisco and our lovely hares Twin Peaks & Fuzz. Our hares had set a theme of Red, White & Blue for the weekend (either in honour of the Tricolour or, more likely, Charlie's Coronation). It was to be a late departure on the Friday evening so we met for our first meal at the Seafish Cafe in Liberation Square.



Seafish supper



Our lovely hares

Everybody made it on time apart from one of our hares Fuzz who had a bicycle malfunction just as she was leaving home. After our lovely fish supper we headed down to the harbour and for a change there was hardly any hanging about before we boarded.

On arrival in France we cycled to the Hotel L'Univers in St Malo. After depositing our bikes and luggage we all headed for the bars and joined the spectators watching the France v. New Zealand Rugby World Cup opening game. Frisco spent most of the match moaning about his fellow hashers chatting instead of concentrating on the match. However he cheered up after a few beers and was happy that France had a winning start to their month long extravaganza, as were our Gallic hosts.



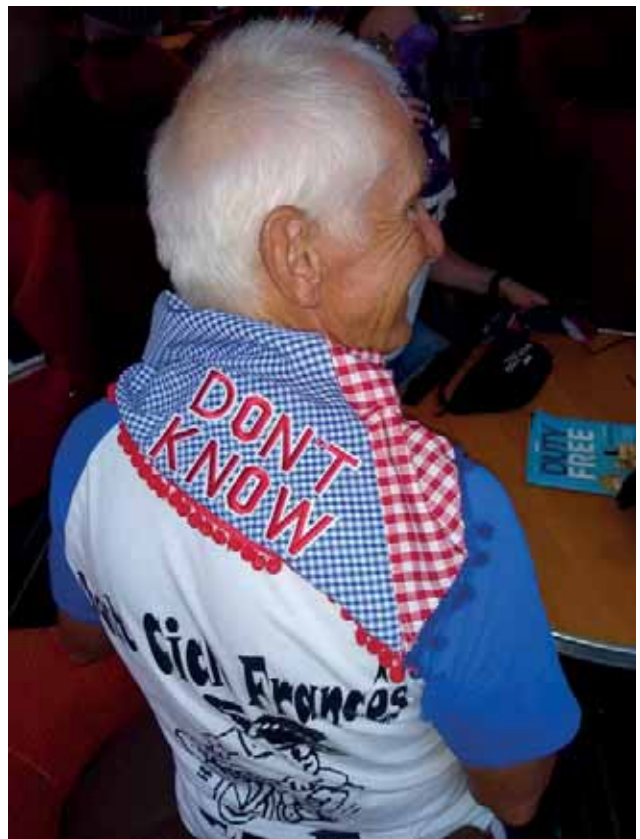
St Malo drinks



The pack



Steptoe's bungy disaster



A self identification problem?

The next morning we went to collect our bikes and were greeted by the sight of Steptoe on his bended knees in front of his rear wheel. We discovered that the previous evening a bungy had got tangled up around his gears and he was desperately trying to clear the multitude of rubber



strands. In the end and with the sterling efforts of Nil-by-mouth and others he finally succeeded and we could set off. We had been handed chequered bandanas and red berets to wear and for some reason Bags-of-it was emblazoned with “Don't know” - an LGBTQ issue perhaps?

Our route took us out of St Malo in a southerly direction. Our leader, Fuzz, had programmed the route into her phone and it was to prove a great success. It took us through the lovely French countryside with beautiful views over the Rance and a drink stop at a favourite old haunt – the bar at St Joaun de Guerets. The weather was more than kind and the sun shone down on us. So much so that we were delighted when we arrived at St Souliac and were able to have a swim off the slipway. Well most of us were – a few decided that the best way to cool down was the traditional hash way with a frosty alcoholic beverage. We lunched at an outdoor cafe by the side of the estuary and were very well served.



Drink stop at St Joaun des Guerets



Lunch in St Souliac



Swimmers at St Souliac

After lunch we ventured out into the glorious sunshine and once again enjoyed the byways, lanes and paths of Brittany. It was proving to be one of the hottest days of the year but thankfully our hares had found a shaded spot for us to cool off. They then magicked up some beers to slake our thirsts. However they were unlucky in finding anything to cool them down so it was warm lager all round! Beggars can't be choosers though and we managed to finish them off – the lagers that is not the hares



Off road cycling



On road cycling



The shady drink stop

Just as the heat was starting to take it's toll we arrived at our destination. It was the rather grand Domaine Du Limonay in St Meloir-des-Ondes. Some may recall that it used to be referred to as the Station Hotel and was a favourite of travelling Jerseyites over the years. There was an indoor pool which most of us used to cool down. We convened later in the bar in our red, white and blue finery. Some of us clearly had made more of an effort than others. The stars of the show IMHO were Ragsby with his dyed hair, beard and face; Frisco with his homage to French Haute Couture; Bags-of-it in a fetching Scottish ensemble; and Tinky Winky as an illuminated fairy cum butterfly.



Cocktails at Domaine du Limonay



The round table





The best red, white and blue efforts



Tinky spreads his wings

Before we retired to the dining room the RA, Frisco, called us to order and named the sinners who were to be punished. First up was Fuzz who had arrived late for the meal at Seafish and for the swim in St Souliac, next was Lorna who was a virgin Bike Basher, they were joined by Steptoe for his bungy mishaps and Tinky Winky for an unplanned dismount en route.



Down Downs



Dinner time



The meal itself was a gastronomic delight that much exceeded our expectations. The only downside was that the bar had closed by the time we had finished which resulted in an early night for all. The upside was that we all had a good night's sleep and arrived at breakfast bright eyed bushy tailed and ready for our day's exertions,



Wet weather ready



The rain passed as we reached our drink stop



The tide was out



It was a slightly damp start but most of us were prepared for that. The rain soon cleared as we cycled along the cycle paths adjacent to the bay of Mont St Michel and by the time we reached our drink stop at an Oyster and seafood establishment all we had to avoid were a few puddles. Our hares managed to find some really out of the way paths and byways that, for the most part, kept us away for traffic.



Posing along the bay of Mont St Michel



A tricky bit of off road



Is Ragsby on a Chopper!?

Eventually we arrived at the hill down into Cancale and the heavens opened. A couple of the more speedy cyclists managed to get to shelter before the worst arrived but the majority arrived at our lunch stop in a very moist condition. Our restaurant was le Querrien which specialises in Fruits de



Mer so most of us had steak frites!! We all enjoyed being in the dry and it was a most enjoyable repast even including a musical accompaniment from an itinerant accordionist.



Lunch at Le Querrien



Steptoe's dining companion

Spot the accordionist





After lunch we learned that our cycling had come to an end a a van and taxis were waiting to transport us back to St Malo. We arrived in good time and were soon boat for the journey home. The weekend had taken its toll on some of us who took the opportunity to 'rest their eyes'.



All to much



Aaah



A well deserved break for our lovely hares

Everybody agreed that this was a GREAT weekend and a most enjoyable Bike Bash. Well done and big thank you to our marvellous hares Twin Peaks and Fuzz.



Roll on next year