

Sunday 27th - Easter Sunday

We left Newhaven at the start of the storm giving us a choppy journey. Rach was slightly 'ill' on route becoming acquainted with the toilet. After docking in France, despite the rain, the journey down was fine with the French sat nav doing a stellar job.

We arrived at the house expecting mum to be suffering from cabin fever having been the only person in the village for over 24 hours. We however found her in good spirits as we parked up by the kitchen. She welcomed us pointing out we had driven the wrong way up a one-way street while beeping. The sat nav clearly let us down there.



Inside the fire was roaring and we had pork bathed in cider on the go with cold white wine waiting. We devoured it all then got stuck into a few Easter eggs to round off the first evening.

Monday 28th

This morning we explored the village. We walked around the house with a coffee inspecting for any damage after the high winds. We found the cellar door wide open - apparently Rick was the last one to check it.

After 10 minutes the village was pretty much explored. As you can see Anne was a particular fan of the small church and the end of the road.



In the afternoon we drove to the supermarket past a building which we debated was either a prison or a cheese factory. Once stocked up on a few essentials we headed for some lunch. At the restaurant we struggled with the menu as Anne had left her phrase book at the house. Upon arriving at the restaurant, we had noticed 3 dogs in a car with only the sunroof cracked a bit. Mum informed us that if you see a dog panting, you can in fact smash the window of the car to make sure they are ok. Others felt this was a tad extreme, and a quiet word with the owner of the car who was sitting in the restaurant would probably suffice.

The rest of the day consisted of a group nap, scrabble and feasting on a gammon that was large enough to feed the village.

Tuesday 29th

This morning we bought croissants and a baguette from the man with a van. We had a leisurely breakfast before deciding to make the most of the improved weather. Firstly we visited Carrouge where Rach had an experience of a traditional public French toilet. She then proceeded to use half a bottle of my mums hand gel to cleanse her hands, arms and anything else that may have touched something. We then went onto Le Ferte Mace before arriving in Bangnoles de L'Orne.



We wandered around the lake, had some coffee and enjoyed looking around the shops. Plans were made to re-visit as the town houses a 9 hole golf course and a Casino. We strolled up and down the river playing poo sticks on the bridge. Rach and Anne somehow got their sticks stuck in swirling water meaning they didn't re-appear so we moved on. We headed to a restaurant armed with Anne's phrase book to stop for lunch. Despite the book we knowingly ordered mince and chips for lunch. Hopes of a burger were dashed when we saw a square of lightly fried mince accompany the chips. It was as tasty as it sounds.

To walk the food off we went to the forest and saw the tree top ropes. After Anne wiped away dog poo that was stuck on her boot, we continued our lovely walk. There was another incident with a public toilet with lights turning off and spray cleaning interrupting.

When back in the evening watched Come Dine with me and discovered that one of the contestants had dressed in a rather trendy fabric. Mum, Anne and I then grabbed a cold bottle of beer and headed down to the local boule court for a few frames before the rain came back in.



Wednesday 30th

After having a relaxing lay in we had a late breakfast and then headed off to Alençon. We spent a few hours wondering around the town, drinking hot chocolate and listening to some other church bells ring. Very much a different sound to the local one which was a hot topic of conversation alongside the public toilets in the area.

I had some indigestion so the mums went to a pharmacy to find some Renne. Despite it being a brand name, there was confusion as to what it was called in France.

As the weather started to worsen we went back to the house to relax. The fires went on and we lay there eating chocolate, drinking tea and watching TV. After a lively game of Countdown with a top score of 6 and one number game complete we watched Forest Gump.

The evening meal was leftovers. The ham large enough to feed the village was still going strong and serving us well. We then took it upon ourselves to polish up a bit of wine before watching The Donald Trump programme. The latter part of the evening was spent looking up 'penis' and 'cock' in the dictionary adding context to the infamous Sue story.



Thursday 31st

Today we decided to clean the house and set off late morning for Dieppe so we could wonder around the town and have a seafood lunch before our evening crossing.

We all opted for moules frites which was delicious. After this we wandered into the town area and mum continued her daily hunt for chocolate covered coffee beans. Despite discovering how to ask for them in French, she again drew a blank in the chocolate shops. The rest of us started to wonder if these chocolates actually exist.



Driving to the ferry port sparked a lot of talk about migrants, with anyone in a dark jacket apparently being suspect. When parked up we were asked to open our boot as part of a routine check. With doors flying open and windows going down all round the car in a panic, it was lucky we weren't doing anything illegal.

The ferry ride back was a lot smoother and after a few coffees, we enjoyed a few drinks, played cards and watched the sunset as we cruised back into the UK.

