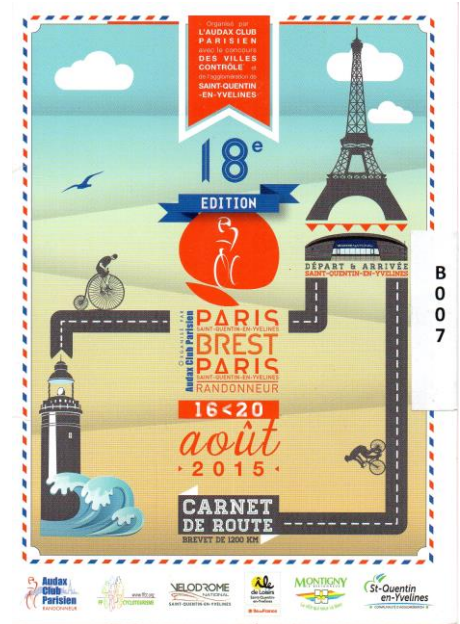


Paris Brest Paris

August 2015



Only just ...

The time limit was 1,230km in under 80 hours. I made it in 79 hours 36 mins. A little tighter than planned!

Qualifying

Paris Brest Paris entry requires riders to complete a validated Super Randonneur series of rides in the run-up to the event. A Super Randonneur series consists of a 200k, 300k, 400k and 600k ride.

I completed the 200k on 3 January, the 'Poor Student' from Oxford. It was cold and raining, but I was up and running.

The 300k and 400k came and went without mishap. Only the 600k to go – Windsor Chester Windsor – a classic. I decided that 600k wasn't far enough so I cycled the 90k to the start as well. The ride wasn't great. I stopped for too long at each control and ate too much, which made me sleepy. During the night there was a strong headwind back from Chester, so I ended up 4hrs behind target by the time I arrived back in Windsor. This meant a late Sunday ride back to Buckingham. I'd done around half of the 90k home but was feeling sick and it was a struggle to carry on. So I asked Jenny to pick me up from Aylesbury, 25k short of home. In Aylesbury, I misstimed a hop onto the pavement and went down hard. I was very tired. However, I'd now done all the qualification rides for PBP 2015!

My last long training ride was three weeks before the race and was to consist of back to back 350k rides on Saturday and Sunday, sleeping for a few hours at home on the Saturday night. The weather on Saturday was appalling, with heavy rain and flooded roads. I was very cold and had to keep stopping for extended breaks to warm up enough to carry on. I managed to complete the distance on the Saturday, but was well behind schedule and exhausted. I slept for four hours as planned and set off on the Sunday ride behind schedule but feeling better now that the sun had appeared. Day 1 had taken more out of me than I thought and after about 50 miles I lost concentration, hit a curb and fell heavily on my shoulder. Some people stopped to help, and picked the bike up from the middle of the road. I sat against a wall for 10 minutes, ate a chewy bar, and felt ok to carry on again. My shoulder began to hurt quite a lot and Ibuprofen didn't really help. Changing gear was particularly painful, so 30 miles later in Cirencester I decided to turn back

instead of doing the full 220 mile loop. I only covered 140 miles that day, making the weekend total 570k.

The 30 mile commutes on Monday and Tuesday were painful, and my shoulder looked a little odd and out of shape, so I decided to stop off at the walk-in clinic in Milton Keynes on my way home. Three hours later I had been diagnosed with a Grade 4 AP shoulder relocation! I had torn the ligaments between the two shoulder bones, and there was a big gap between them. The good news was that surgery was not necessary, and I expected to get full mobility back in 5 to 6 weeks. The bad news was that PBP was less than 3 weeks away!

Oh well. Better stock up on the aspirin!

Getting there

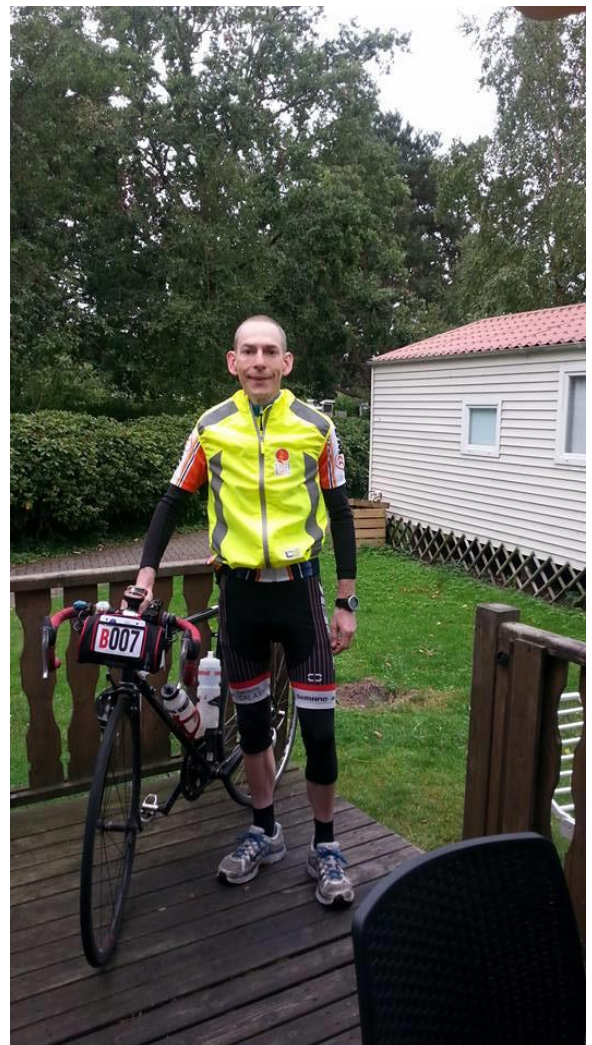
We stayed up late packing on the Friday night and set off on Saturday morning at 4:30am after only 3 hours sleep. As a result of traffic and road works around Folkestone we missed our scheduled channel tunnel departure time, but caught the next one. Another 3 hours saw the family to Paris. Despite some navigation issues around Paris we arrived at the National Velodrome at Saint Quentin within 30 mins of my scheduled check-in time, so all was well.

Check-in consisted of a series of queues. First the queue for bike check then the parking pass, followed by queues for collection of my PBP cycle shirt, gilet, brevet card and race numbers. Once complete, I set off around 3pm to drop my family off in Holland, and arrived in Duinrell at 9pm, tired but relieved.

By the time we were unpacked and I had set-up the bike with frame numbers, saddle bag, front bag, sat nav, lights, pump, etc it was after midnight. I then realised that I had only downloaded the first 200k of maps on the garmin. The remaining 1000k remained a mystery! 'Oh dear' I said. There was no way to fix it without my desk top computer at home.

Six hours later I was up again and heading off on the five hour drive to the start of the race. The journey was slow due to road works, long queues at a petrol station and navigation difficulties around Paris. The PBP organisers closed the road to the car park just as I got to the Velodrome. I could not find another route to the car park and drove around in circles for 30 mins until finally dumping the car in the train station car park. The sign said 15 euro per day, which was a price I was willing to pay, 25 mins before my assigned departure time.

My bike was out of the car, tyres pumped up and shoes and helmet on in a flash. If I had forgotten anything then tough. No time to check. The road to the velodrome was choked with onlookers and riders. I yelled "excuse moi" like a mad man and was quickly guided through the start control to get my card stamped. Then I legged it up the hill to the start line and arrived three minutes before my scheduled departure time of 4:15pm. Just enough time to reset the garmin and change it to kilometres. Then I soaked in the atmosphere for all of 10 seconds before setting off.



The Ride:

Overall, it was a fantastic ride and one that I'd recommend whether you think you can do it or not.

The signage was very good with every turn and roundabout marked and quite a few reassuring straight-on arrows for good measure. I only went wrong once and was particularly impressed that larger roundabouts had multiple arrows to make sure you didn't turn off too early. On the way out the signs were yellow and had Brest written on them. The return signs were pink and said Paris. All were fluorescent and could easily be seen in the dark.

The route mostly followed quiet back roads. Not nearly as many steep hills as I expected, and the stages got progressively hillier towards Brest, and flatter again as you returned to Paris. It's an out and back using the same controls on the return leg, except for a minor deviation towards the finish. Altogether an excellent route with many picturesque villages. Lots of people were out clapping and waving. Curb side parties provided tired and hungry cyclists with cakes, coffee and crepes. They were really enjoying the event and created a great atmosphere.



Stage 1: Velodrome to Villaines-la-Juhel 220 km

I found myself starting at the back of the second group to set off (Group B – 4:15pm). Riders started quite slowly but soon picked up pace when we began to hit some short hills. I settled into a group that was going quite fast and a few riders were being dropped. After an hour or so I decided to drop off the back as well and find my own pace. Pretty soon me and 7 or 8 riders who had been dropped formed our own group and we were evenly paced. We were comfortable, making good time and most were taking their turns on the front. We exchanged some pleasantries but it was difficult as we were all speaking different languages (French, English, Italian and Welsh).

One guy was wearing an Ajax shirt, so I explained that I had driven from near Amsterdam that morning. He accepted the information but looked a bit confused. It was only later that he told me that Ajax was a cycling club in Cardiff, not Holland!

On we went through the undulating countryside and open fields. It was great cycling.

We picked up other riders along the way and soon formed a sizeable group of 15 to 20. Then we were caught by the main peleton from the 4:30pm start, which we happily joined, to make around 100 riders. This group was going at pace and although it split up on the hills, the peleton reformed on the flats.

Much to my surprise we caught the main 4:15pm start peleton and we all formed one large group of around 200 riders. Although the roads were quiet they were not closed to traffic, and the peleton was spread over the entire width of the road. Every time a car came in the opposite direction the front riders braked, which, much like cars on a motorway, caused everyone behind to brake with increasing sharpness. There were crashes every time this happened and I had to take evasive action by moving into the loose dirt at the side of the road a couple of times.

One rider touched wheels with me and went down. Stopping immediately was out of the question as the riders behind would crash into me. I could not find a way to the outside as we were riding five abreast. Eventually I got to the outside and stopped to look behind me. There was no sign of anyone on the floor, so I carried on.

At 140k we came to the first food stop. I had intended to skip straight through, but as I needed some water I parked the bike and went in. It took a while to find the outside taps for the water so I was there a good 20 mins. I passed a nutrition bar sponsored kiosk and tried to find a couple of flapjacks, but they didn't seem to have any. All the labels were in French so I could not be sure of the nutritional content of the products they stocked. In the end I settled for a couple of 'fruit' bars, which I thought might be more nutritionally balanced than gels. Big mistake, as I was to find out later. Rule number one of endurance cycling - never eat anything you haven't tried before.

Eventually, I set off again, kicking myself for the time lost. It went dark somewhere between Mortagne-au-Perche and Villaines and I shifted between groups quite a lot. Riding with others for more of time than not and making good progress. I rolled into the control at Villaines at midnight, 3 hours in hand against my 60 hour target. I needed to stop and get something substantial to eat.

I parked the bike in one of the wooden bike stands and went into the hall to get my brevet card stamped. I was surprised that there were no queues. I wanted pasta or a sandwich but all the kiosk sold was pastries, so I had a custard tart and a large pain-au-chocolate. As I was eating I realised there was a separate dining room further along with the main meals. It was to be the same set-up in all the controls. Each had a 'fast food' part selling pastries or baguettes and a restaurant part selling a selection of meals (rice, pasta, soup, meats, bolognaise). All good stuff and having the two options was great once you were used to it. However, as this was the first control, I hadn't realised until after I'd eaten. Again I stopped a bit too long, but I felt strong when I set off into the night.

Stage 2: Villaines to Fougeres 90km

I started to fade after an hour, probably due to the saturated fat I'd just eaten. Luckily I had some granola bars on me and munched happily through them. The dark and lateness of the hour (early morning) also meant I felt tired but the temperature was ok, so no real concerns. I got to Fougeres at 04:12 still ahead of best-case time by over 3 hours. After a ham and cheese baguette I set straight off again.

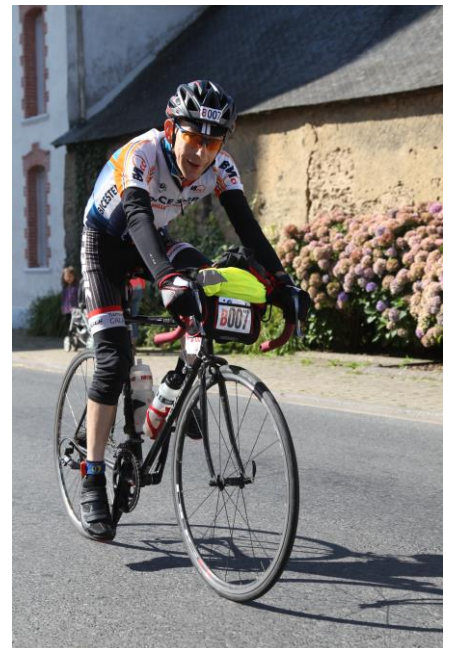
Stage 3 - Fougeres to Tinteniac 54km

Next came the quick hop to Tinteniac. It was good to see the sun come up and the transition between darkness and light was very quick. I arrived in Tinteniac at 7am, still making excellent time and not feeling too tired despite no sleep overnight. My schedule said I should have been there at 10am so the 7 hours darkness hadn't slowed me down as much as I thought it might.

Stage 4 Tinteniac to Loudeac 85km

Then it all went wrong.

The stage started off well, still making good time and switching between groups. Quedillac was mechanical services only so I didn't stop. I had run out of granola bars and hadn't eaten enough at Tinteniac to keep me going for the 4 hours to Loudeac. I was feeling quite weak and all I had left were the fruit bars I bought at the first stop. I decided that eating something was better than nothing, but immediately felt the sugar rush. Given I'd been cycling for 20 hours with



no sleep, the sugar rush was quickly replaced with dangerously low blood sugar. I felt light headed and in big trouble.

At the same time, the group of three in which I was riding missed a turn and it was a while before I realised. By the time we got back on track we had added 10k to the stage (25 mins) and were still over 10k from the control. I became increasingly light headed but stupidly carried on. After all, the control was only 10k away.

I couldn't keep in a straight line and hit the tarmac face first. A car and several other riders stopped to see how I was. I managed to pick myself up and moved my bike to the side of the road. I explained that I just needed a few minutes to gather myself and then I would be ok to carry on. Unfortunately someone had phoned both an ambulance and the event controller and they were already on the way.

I was ready to carry on but had to wait for the ambulance to arrive. The medics made me sit in the back while they looked at the cuts on my face and took my blood pressure, which they said was 52 over 8. I couldn't believe it and thought I had misunderstood. "Eight?" I asked repeatedly, "are you sure?". I decided not to tell them about the potential broken rib from falling on my handlebar as I went down.

Then the lady from the nearby Loudeac Control arrived. She told me almost immediately that my race was over and I should drop out and be taken to hospital. "No", I said, "I'm not going to the hospital and I'm carrying on". I was quite insistent and after a while they could tell I was not as bad as they originally thought. Next we spoke about taking me and the bike to the control for a rest and then driving me back to restart from the same place. Not ideal, but better than being disqualified. Eventually we agreed that I could ride to the control under the watchful supervision of the controller. Result!

I shook everyone's hand, thanked them repeatedly and mounted the bike as carefully as could. It would have certainly been the end if I fell flat on my face again. As soon as I got my legs pumping I knew I was fine. Not shaky in the least and holding a straight line. The control car repeatedly passed me and then stopping in a layby further on to watch me go past. I've never concentrated so much on keeping in a straight line. I gave the thumbs up on each drive by.

I reached Loudeac at 1pm. Still within target time. I was immediately met by the controller and she accompanied me to get my Brevet Card stamped. She kept hold of my card and escorted me to the medical area. The medical staff attempted to measure my BP and heart rate but couldn't get their BP gauge to work. It took ages. All the while I was telling them I'm fine and I needed to carry on. BP was 68 over 32 and Heart Rate at rest was over 50. Neither of which is unusual for me. I even hyperventilated when no one was watching to get my heart pumping as fast as possible while attempting to look normal and capable of carrying on. Difficult with a face that looked like it had hit the tarmac. Which it had.



I should have been eating by now and kept saying that I needed to get something, but to no avail. They patched up the cuts on my nose, but I still had a nose bleed that just wouldn't stop. In fact it didn't stop completely until the end of the race. Then they tried to insist that I got 3 hours sleep. After food and another medical check, that would mean another five hours on top of what I lost in the ambulance. I negotiated them down to 1 hour sleep, but it all took time.

I was escorted to the food hall and the official made sure I purchased a proper meal. Pasta and tomato sauce and a couple of bananas. Then off to the dormitory to sleep, losing more precious daylight riding time.

The sleeping facilities were very good and almost empty. There must have been at least 200 camp beds with only a few taken. I was allocated a bunk, lay down and set my alarm for 1 hour. I almost forgot to take the helmet off before falling sound asleep.

I woke up about 10 mins before the alarm, which was great as I was out of bed, shoes and helmet on and back in the medical bay at the allotted time. The medics took ages again to get the blood pressure gauge to work. My BP was about 62 over 28 I think, which they were concerned about. I tried to tell them again that I always had relatively low blood pressure and heart rate. My 56 bpm heart rate was actually quite high. It must have been the stress! They made me sign a waiver to say I was carrying on despite their concerns, which I happily did.

I don't blame the controllers or volunteers one bit for their concern. They didn't know me and had to make very difficult decisions about whether to insist I retire or whether to let me carry on. I suspect it was only the knowledge that I would have continued regardless, unsupported, that convinced them to let me go. At least I would get support at the controls.

I needed more to eat but didn't want to faff around with a sit-down meal again so I headed out of the control and found a minimart. With my pockets full of cereal bars I was off.

Stage 5 Loudeac to Carhaix 75km

It felt good to be back on the bike and moving again despite my injuries. My face was a state and other riders asked if I was ok and whether I had an accident. It was good they were concerned, but I just wanted to focus on the ride rather than endlessly repeating the story. I felt a bit selfish and I hope I did not offend anyone.

I had no idea what I looked like (and no wish to find out) so it was interesting when supporters along the road-side recoiled in horror when I was close enough for them to see my face. This was a recurring theme throughout the rest of the ride.

I was now riding at a different pace to the people around me so spent much of the time solo. I could keep up on the flat, but was dropped on the hills. It was good to get into Carhaix at 8pm, but by then I had turned my 3 hours in hand into a 2 hour deficit per target. This would only get worse in the hills to and from Brest over night.

Stage 6 Carhaix to Brest 90km

Man was it a tough stage. There were no really steep sections but the road just kept going uphill, mile after mile after mile. I had no map on the gps and hadn't memorised the profile so had no idea how long it would continue. It turned out to be a long time.

I felt quite sleepy and was weaving a bit. To play it safe this time, I stopped, unrolled my foil blanket and got a 5 min power nap. Eventually I got to the coll and noticed it was a lot colder at 1,000m altitude.

Then came the long downhill into Brest. I couldn't let loose because it was dark. The road undulated downwards rather than one big descent. I was feeling sleepy again so I had another 5 mins nap. I laid the bike down only a meter or so from the road, and two minutes into the nap I was woken by the PBP security people on motorbikes who were patrolling this area. They asked me to move further on to the verge for safety. These security guys on motorbikes were a great comfort to have around and, of course, they were right. But I rolled up my foil and got back on the bike rather than move into the longer, wetter grass. I needed to make progress anyway.

Due to the altitude and the wind chill I was very cold by this stage and was already wearing everything I had. Then out of the darkness appeared the small town of Sizun. I think it was about 11pm and I stopped at a lovely café bar for a coffee and a kitkat. Just what I needed to warm myself up a bit. However, I was losing focus on the objective and delayed setting off again a little too long. I kicked myself for the lost time when I eventually got back on the road.

Another 5 miles down the road that I came across a road side coffee and crepes station manned by locals. I stopped here as well just for the experience and had another coffee and a crepe. It was brilliant, and hats off to the locals for their generosity and enthusiasm. This is what makes PBP so special. I made sure I stopped for less than 5 minutes this time.

Brest is quite a large city so it took a while to get through the outskirts to the control. It was still mostly downhill and I was mindful that I would have to go back up it before long. I rolled into the control station at 2am, tired and pleased to be half way. I had lost another 90 mins somewhere along that road. I'm not sure where.

Brest

The food was excellent, but there were no beds available for another two hours. I had some great pasta bolognaise with soup and a roll and then assumed my usual sleeping position. Head on the table with my arms as a pillow. I find this nearly as good as full lie down rest and don't wake up any stiffer than lying down. The main issue is that someone usually sits down next to you and holds a loud telephone conversation. That's exactly what happened after about 30 mins. So I got up, bought a ham baguette and got ready to leave.

Stage 7 Brest to Carhaix 90km

I set off on the long road back up the mountain.

I had to stop for naps a couple of times on the way up. My body clock was having difficulty coping, perhaps because of the longer duration of darkness or because I was drinking a lot of coffee. From experience I knew that an hour after sun-rise I would be ok but I lost quite a bit of time in the meantime.

At 5am I stopped at a different café in Sizun. I suspect some establishments were open 24 hours during PBP as the passing trade was good. I had a great pain-au-chocolate of the calibre you can only get in France.



Somewhere near the top I got into conversation with a guy I'd spoken to at the Brest control, Thomas from Surrey. This helped pass the time and kept the sleep at bay. We had been travelling through mist for a while, so I was again quite cold. It was great to see the sun somewhere near the top and Thomas wanted to stop and take a photo. "I'm not stopping" I told him, knowing that stopping to take photos was one of the biggest time sappers. However, when we came to the coll and I saw the view above the mist I couldn't resist. The photo doesn't do the view justice, but I'm glad we captured the experience.

The long downhill was cold, but the day was starting to warm as I rolled back into Carhaix at 8:30am, 5.5 hours behind schedule.

Stage 8 Carhaix to Loudeac - 80km

I didn't stay at Carhaix for long. Just enough time for some couscous, bananas and rice pudding. I knew the sleeping facilities at Loudeac were good so didn't sleep. I can't remember much about the ride from Carhaix to Loudeac and arrived at 2pm. Another hour and half lost somewhere and now 7 hours behind. I needed sleep.

I had a full hour kip on a camp bed and woke up feeling refreshed and ready to complete the ride!

Stage 9 Loudeac to Tinteniac - 85km

I stocked up on biscuits from the Netto again, and was off. Paris here we come and still plenty of time in hand to make the 80 hour cut-off. Original target long since forgotten.

This section was still rather hilly and I can't remember much opportunity to ride in groups. Riders were passing me all the time and several that I had spoken to at previous controls asked how I was. I was earning quite a reputation among the riders because of the state of my face (not the sort of prestige I wanted). I rolled into Tinteniac at 8:30pm.

Stage 10 - Tinteniac to Fougères - 55km

The short stint to Fougères was the same rolling terrain but I was slowing down, especially after dark. I arrived in Fougères at 1am, now only 30 mins ahead of the control cut-off time. I felt drained but incapable of doing much about it.

Stage 11 - Fougères to Villaines - 90km

I rode on through the night, stopping here and there for a lie down. The dark slowed me down and it was 8:45 when I came into Villaines, an hour after the cut-off time, but the controller did not seem to notice.

I reminded myself that the chief medic at Loudeac had written on the brevet card that they had detained me for an hour and a half. I assumed this meant I could add it to the cut-off time, but that might have been wishful thinking. Regardless, for the moment, I still had my card and was still in the race!

Stage 12 - Villaines to Mortagne - 70km

It was light again and I had to make progress. I made better time on this stage and got to Mortagne at 2pm. Still outside the cut off time but only by 20 mins.

I needed something substantial to eat, so I consumed a large chicken and rice meal. Then, feeling sleepy I decided to catch 10 mins before setting off. Having set my alarm I put my head on the table.

An hour later I woke up with a start and looked at my watch, swore, and left. I had mistakenly set the alarm for 4:45pm instead of 2:45pm. Getting to Paris inside the cut-off was now in the balance again.

Stage 13 - Mortagne to Dreux – 75km

The route into Dreux was by far the steepest climb of the ride. It felt like a real 'hill top' finish. With only minutes to the cut off time I asked a fellow rider how long the climb was. "Oh you'll make the cut off time easily" he replied, so I set off up the hill at a sprint to make sure I could get parked and stamped in time. Twelve minutes later I was completely spent and the hill was getting steeper. I realised that the guy either didn't know how far it was or had been trying to motivate me.

I don't know how I managed to grind up the steepest section to the control when my smallest gear was 42x30, but somehow I kept it going without walking. It was on shaky legs that I got to the control at 19:48 - late by 30 mins

This time the controller did notice, but I explained the note and they just shrugged, stamped the card and gave it me back. Still in the race! Happy days.

Dreux had an excellent food hall and I filled up on what I needed. I even treated myself to a pastry with pink icing.

Stage 14 - Dreux to Saint Quentin en Yvelines (Paris Velodrome) 65km

The final stage!

What should have been an easy three-hour stint through the suburbs and open fields surrounding Paris dragged on and on. It was far hillier than I thought and it went dark somewhere along the way.

I remember joining a couple of groups, but couldn't hold their wheels for long.

It was with relief that I rolled into the Velodrome car park 30 minutes ahead of the cut-off time. 79 hours and 36 mins of endurance. I enjoyed my pasta.

It was a brilliant ride! Fantastic roads. Breath taking scenery. Great camaraderie. I can't wait to do it again in 2019.



Stats

Control	Km	Elapsed Time	Time Stamp	Stage Speed	Overall Speed
START	0		16/08 16:16		
VILLAINES	221	07:34	16/08 23:50	29.2 km/h	29.2 km/h
FOUGERES	310	11:54	17/08 04:10	20.5 km/h	26 km/h
TINTENIAC	364	14:44	17/08 07:00	19 km/h	24.7 km/h
LOUDEAC	449	20:53	17/08 13:09	13.8 km/h	21.5 km/h
CARHAIX	525	27:34	17/08 19:50	11.3 km/h	19 km/h
BREST	618	33:35	18/08 01:51	15.4 km/h	18.4 km/h
CARHAIX	703	40:19	18/08 08:35	12.6 km/h	17.4 km/h
LOUDEAC	782	45:53	18/08 14:09	14.1 km/h	17 km/h
TINTENIAC	867	52:06	18/08 20:22	13.6 km/h	16.6 km/h
FOUGERES	921	56:33	19/08 00:49	12.1 km/h	16.2 km/h
VILLAINES	1009	64:31	19/08 08:47	11 km/h	15.6 km/h
MORTAGNE	1090	69:36	19/08 13:52	15.9 km/h	15.6 km/h
DREUX	1165	75:32	19/08 19:48	12.6 km/h	15.4 km/h
FINISH	1230	79:36	19/08 23:52	15.9 km/h	15.4 km/h

NOTE des CONTRÔLEURS

Arrêt 11h 00 Départ 12h 30:
chute de vélo. Th. de Plouzeux à la Chèze



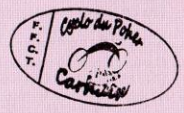



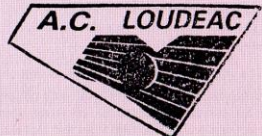
HOMOLOGATION

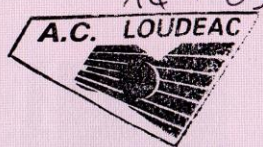


B007 ALLCOCK Aidan homologation 79:36

16/8 16:16	↓ Saint-Quentin-en-Yvelines	19/8 23:52
	Dreux	19/8 19:48
	Mortagne-au-Perche	19/8 13:52
16/8 23:50	Villaines-la-Juhel	19/8 08:47
17/8 04:10	Fougères	19/8 00:49
17/8 07:00	Tinténiac	18/8 20:22
17/8 13:09	Loudéac	18/8 14:09
17/8 19:50	Carhaix-Plouguer	18/8 08:35
18/8 01:51	Brest	↑ 18/8 01:51

Le Président de l'Audax Club Parisien
Thierry RIVET

Rivet

<p>S^T QUENTIN-en-YVELINES km 0 16/8 16:00</p> <p>Audax Club Parisien Paris-Brest-Paris Randonneur Départ 16R16</p>	<p>SECRET</p> <p>P.B.P. 2015 Secret aller S^T NICOLAS DU PELEM</p> <p>17/08/2015 18h10</p>	<p>BREST km 614 17/8 09:30 - 18/8 05:07</p> <p>18/08 14h51</p> 
<p>Mortagne km 140 16/8 19:50 - 17/8 00:15</p> <p>VILLAINES-la-JUHEL km 220 16/8 21:57 - 17/8 04:57</p>  <p>9h50</p>	<p>SECRET</p>	<p>CARHAIX-PLOUGUER km 526 17/8 06:43 - 17/8 23:33</p> <p>17/08 19h50</p>  <p>S^t Nicolas km 493 17/8 05:44 - 17/8 21:27</p>
<p>FOUGÈRES km 309 17/8 00:24 - 17/8 10:09</p>  <p>4h10</p>	<p>TINTÉNIAC km 363 17/8 01:54 - 17/8 13:20</p>   <p>7h00</p>	<p>LOUDEAC 13h09 km 448 17/8 04:24 - 17/8 18:39</p>  <p>Quédillac km 389 17/8 02:40 - 17/8 14:57</p>

<p>CARHAIX-PLOUGUER km 698 17/8 12:28 - 18/8 10:41</p> <p>18/08 8h35</p> 	<p>S^T QUENTIN-en-YVELINES km 1230 18/8 11:56 - 19/8 24:00</p> <p>Audax Club Parisien Paris-Brest-Paris Randonneur Arrivée</p> <p>0:02 20/08/15</p>	<p>DREUX km 1166 18/8 08:43 - 19/8 19:10</p> <p>VELO SPORT DROUAIS 28100 DREUX</p> <p>19/08/15 19h45</p>
<p>S^t Nicolas km 734 17/8 13:54 - 18/8 13:09</p> <p>LOUDEAC km 780 17/8 15:39 - 18/8 16:11</p>  <p>14h09</p> <p>Quédillac km 839 17/8 18:06 - 18/8 20:07</p>	<p>SECRET</p>  <p>9h35</p>	<p>MORTAGNE-au-PERCHE km 1089 18/8 04:51 - 19/8 13:37</p> <p>Les Randonneurs du Perche 61400 Mortagne au Perche</p>  <p>13h55 & 19-08-2015</p>
<p>TINTÉNIAC km 865 17/8 19:11 - 18/8 21:51</p>   <p>17/08 20h22</p>	<p>FOUGÈRES km 919 17/8 21:28 - 19/8 01:29</p>  <p>0h49</p>	<p>VILLAINES-la-JUHEL km 1008 18/8 01:10 - 19/8 07:50</p>  <p>8h45</p>

Facebook Excerpts

- Jennifer Allcock: Aidan ready for Paris Brest Paris, after a stressful day packing, 3 hours sleep, driving to Paris and then Duinrell! At least he got 7 hours kip last night, before driving back to Paris and beginning PBP. Good luck, know you'll be great, you always are. xxx - August 16, 2015
- Richard Davies Have you heard from Aidan? The tracker suggests he should have been through TINTENIAC by now but it's not showing - August 17, 2015 at 12:14pm
- Jennifer Allcock Yes, I queried it as well. We're not sure what happened. He went through Loudec around 1pm. Don't know if that was tracked, haven't checked as I've been out. He says he is a little delayed but still fine for time and going ok. Xxx - August 17, 2015 at 1:16pm
- Richard Davies LOUDEAC is showing at 13:08 now. - August 17, 2015 at 1:32pm
- Ian Marshall Keep it going chap! - August 17, 2015 at 3:29pm
- Albert Brine did he have a mechanical issue? Looking forward to seeing when he gets to halfway. Awesome achievement already:-) - August 17, 2015 at 10:21pm
- Ian Marshall Judging by his No, Aidan Allcock is a super British Spy! - August 17, 2015 at 10:31pm
- Jennifer Allcock No mechanical issues as far as I know, shouldn't be too long till Brest I think, can't wait then it's the homeward stretch. Just texted him the liverpool score and got a 'nice one' text back so he is still alive out there. - August 17, 2015 at 10:40pm
- Jennifer Allcock Internet patchy at best so bear with me if double posted, track seems to be having problems and not updating. Aidan stayed for a while in Brest, hit Carhaix around 8:30, was in St Nicolas du pelem at 11. That's was my last text, will post when he texts again. xxx (hopefully this posts ok lol) - August 18, 2015 at 12:23pm
- Gone through Loudeac, about 6/7 hours behind schedule but going ok. Xx - August 18, 2015 at 2:17pm
- Jennifer Allcock: Tinteniacy 😊 - August 18, 2015 at 7:37pm
- Jennifer Allcock: Was at fougères at 1am and villain at 9am. Xx - August 19, 2015 at 8:31am
- Richard Davies Hope he knows there is a club full of people remotely cheering him on. Just seen he has only one more checkpoint before the finish and about 140km to go - August 19, 2015 at 1:01pm
- Jennifer Allcock Just told him, lol. He's a bit worried about making it in time though, so fingers crossed. Xx - August 19, 2015 at 1:09pm
- Richard Davies: He's got another 10 hours hasn't he? Should be fine, assuming he is in good shape - August 19, 2015 at 1:18pm
- Jennifer Allcock: Yes till midnight here, hoping so. - August 19, 2015 at 1:20pm
- Jennifer Allcock: HE DID IT! Wow, 79 hrs and 36 minutes, amazing. 😊 - August 19, 2015 at 11:14pm
- Aidan Allcock: Thanks for the comments and support everyone. It's really appreciated and I hope you liked jenny's updates as much as I did. Off to Holland now and I will provide a bigger update then. It was a hell of a ride though. Aidan. - August 20, 2015 at 2:43am