

Sunny in France - MORMOIRON 20-22 juli

Photo and text: O = Olof Fransson and C = Calle Krokst de

C: Calling to Olof from Hong Kong – Guillaume praises Mormoiron in France – do you wanna join?

O: Sounds like a marvelous idea, sun, bath, scooters and southern France feels like a groovy combination and furthermore I have vacation, Let me just check with Ingrid if she wants to join or if it's all right that I go myself.

5 minutes pause....

Ingrid says that she passes this one, but it's okay that I go, so it's a deal my friend!

C: Give Ingrid my regards that you are allowed to join me.

Fast forward to week 29:

C: Olof, the car is ready to be picked up at Thursday and MMR have promised me that they will weld my TS1-enginecase in 4 hours!

O: You could use my TS1 and I take my Mugello if MMR can't sort it out.
But the TS1 needs some TLC after Cannonballs hard riding.

C: Perfect, I will leave my engine case at early morning to MMR and then let us fix your TS1 while MMR welds.

The guys first fixes Olof's TS1 during the day and then Calle's TS1 during the whole night, the morning after the car is picked up, the rear seats taken out, the scooters loaded and take off.

Episodes from the journey:

O: Where did that flash come from?

C: Oops, I guess it where a speed camera...sorry la.

Both are singing: "Baby, you got my dingaling in a string"...

O: You are supposed to turn right here according to the map.

C: But that's straight out in the corn field?

O: Breakfast is not so very popular in la France I guess but the coffee is superb and hospitality exceptional.

C: Surely and besides that we are a little bit late but let us kick-start our TS1 Lambrettas and meet up les gones from Vespa Club Lyonnais in...well...Lyon.

Olof calls Calle: Guillaume's brother C dric is driving like mad, I lost him at a traffic light, where are you?

C: Do you see the basilica up at the hill, we are just below by the river and somebody seems to be drinking good morning wine.

O: (calls after 5 minutes) Come and get me, I can't find you...

C: Very nice guys, les gones are driving like genuine French, I where thinking Guillaume is a crazy driver.

O: Well, I had to stamp and squeeze the breaks after 300m resulting in a beautiful skid, but what a city and les gones are really groovy!

O: I finally know why all French scooters have single seat, the roads are as bumpy as they could get and when I thought it couldn't get worse warning signs for road bumps starts to appear!

C: But the extremely picturesque villages, the amazing stops, the wonderful beverages, will all stay in my memory for a long time – and I myself also use single seat!

O: I turn my head to give thumbs up to you when we finally arrive in the village Mormoiron, but you are gone, what now? Head for the entrance and turns on the mobile, takes a while but soon messages starts to come in...

C: (Calle talks to himself in the helmet) Why get a flat tier now? Well, well, I have to go back to the petrol station and sort it out, but what is the name for puncture spray in French? I have absolutely no idea but the girl in the store is quite foxy. The puncture spray almost got me all the way. Have to call Olof.

O: Not good, but let me find you an inner tube and a pump and then I come to your rescue.

C: Shit, he drives like one from les gones and can't he see me waiving like made?

O: I call Calle after passing the mountain roads, where are you?

C: Where are you? I'm at the run, a nice Lambrettista showed me to a sloshed bar owner with an air compressor in the hallway.

O: Calle, time is 10:30pm, should we take an evening dip in the lake and get handsome for the evening?

C: Yes! A short swim before hitting the dance floor, you can't get anything better!

C: Yeah, what a feeling, perfect music and extremely pleasant!

O: Pleasant people these French scooterists, most of them speaks very little English but talks anyway and they surely shows that they appreciate us two Swedes coming all the way down here!

C: Olof, wake up, time for breakfast!

O: Momentay, it really hot in my tent, now I finally understand why almost everybody has pinched up theirs under the treas.

O: Very nice scoots, rare ones and also very serious renovations and good engineering work, the French scooter scene is well in class with others.

C: Have you seen all the monkey bikes, seems to that they also have a gathering here!

O: Can you understand what the guy in megaphone is saying?

C: I guess so, seems that it is going to be ride out in 10 minutes, let's go!

C: What great winding roads, what beautiful nature, such nice villages, and what great views and the scoots, marvelous, did you spot the girl on the RS-tuned SX?

O: I have at least taken 10 photos of here... Do you have water; the heat gets to you...

C: No, but they seems to hand out juice over there, perfect!

O: What do you estimate, 300 scoots?

C. At least and then add to it twenty-ish monkey bikes and some classical Italian 4 wheelers.

O: Time for an evening dip again and getting your hair in order?

C: Absolutely, can you hear that there are people being very friendly here and there in the dark at the beach?

O: Vive la France...

O: It did get quite groovy yesterday?

C: Oui, I guess I where the one almost helping lifting the pickup from the last vinyl at 4am, what a party!

O: Les fenottes and les gones from Lyon really know how to party!

C: Yeah, and so do the other 500 persons, the guys behind the turn tables really did a perfect job to keep the party going at a really high level!

O: But boring that we now have 2000km to home.

C: Everything have it's time and it will come more scooterruns in France and this have made us want more of nice people, red wine, baguettes, mountain roads, red wine, Lyon, lake with beach, red wine, fun games and red wine.

Pictures:

http://soulscooter.com/bilder/07_07_19_23_mormoiron/

http://soulscooter.com/bilder/07_07_19_23_mormoiron_olof_pics/