



Apoena Voyages

ONE TIDE,  
ONE ROAD  
*in Brittany*

A day in July  
BETWEEN SEA AND STONE

THIS IS ONLY A TRACE



# DAYS SPENT IN

# *Brittany*

OPEN WHAT YOU NEED, WHEN YOU NEED



ALONG  
THE DAY



HOW YOU  
GOT HERE



WHERE YOU  
STAYED



ONE DAY  
AFTER  
ANOTHER



WHAT YOU  
TOOK WITH  
YOU



WHAT YOU  
WORE



WHERE YOU  
ATE



PLACES  
YOU  
VISITED



ON THE  
ROAD



YOUR  
NOTES

REACH OUT



# Day one

July 20th 2025

## Morning Light

**9:45 AM** – Departure from Le Conti. Fifteen minutes downhill.

**10:00 AM** – Musée de la Marine. Stone, silence, anchors under glass.

**11:45 AM** – Ramparts. Sun just beginning. Nothing said.

## As the Day Unfolds

**12:15 PM** – Lunch at ALÉ. No noise, just plates.

**1:30 PM** – Rue Saint-Malo. Walls still standing.

**2:10 PM** – Visit Fort Montbarey. Iron silence.

**4:15 PM** – Tram back to Les Capucins.

**4:45 PM** – Coffee at Brûlerie du Léon. The spoon stayed still.

## When It Slows

**6:00 PM** – Cours Dajot. The Tour Rose faces out. We stayed inland.

**8:30 PM** – Dinner at Bistrot Saint Louis. Light, salt, and something unspoken.



# Day one

July 20th 2025

## *What You Walked Through*

You might wonder why the city feels uneven.  
Why one corner shifts. Why buildings don't align.

Why the streets seem patched, not planned.

In August 1944, Brest was a stronghold.  
The Germans stayed. The Allies wanted the port.  
Montbarey held. So did the bunkers.  
Every floor fought.

Shelling lasted forty-three days.  
The old town disappeared under maps.

When the German general surrendered,  
he asked for proof of command.  
Canham pointed at his men:  
"These are my credentials."

What you see isn't ruin.  
It's what was built over it — in need,  
without time for symmetry.



# Day one

July 20th 2025

*One road, and all that remained*

You followed no map.  
Only the weight of what stayed.

The anchors waited. Models behind glass.  
A jacket on a nail. A name you didn't know.  
You kept walking.

Streets with no plaque.  
A tank asleep in the brick.  
A wagon without destination.

Later, a cup of coffee — not warm, not cold.  
Just there.

And down, into silence.  
Metal, dust, stone.  
No voice, no air. Just the line of memory.

In the end, the sea was close.  
But you didn't need to reach it.  
They hadn't either.



# FOOTNOTE

## 01. The Square Isn't What It Seems

Place de la Liberté looks wide open — postwar geometry, clean lines, city pride.

But after dark, locals turn the other way.

The underpass to Rue de Siam is avoided by many, especially alone.

## 02. The Tunnel That Burned

On September 8, 1944, the Sadi-Carnot shelter exploded, killing hundreds. The cause: an accidental fire igniting stored munitions. The tragedy remains a somber chapter in Brest's history.

## 03. The General and His Dog

Upon surrendering on September 19, 1944, German General Ramcke appeared impeccably dressed and accompanied by his Irish setter. He reportedly remarked in English, "I feel like a movie star," before being taken into custody.

## 04. Something Sweet, Almost Hidden

The Pompon de Brest is a dark chocolate moelleux served in a small jar.

It's named after the red pompon on a sailor's cap.

You won't find it in tourist windows. Look closer —

Le Pompon de Brest, 93 Rue de Siam

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*Kenavo emberr*

*see you soon*