

Wednesday, June 4, 2014

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' Ride

Well, Wet Wednesdays, Monsoon June, Soggy cycling, Rain Again my Brain has Drained. No words can describe the moist, shower dampening of the day as four members of Team Theta Poddla Foxtrot gathered to begin their first raining session for the Tour in Yorkshire. Thank goodness we were not covering hill climbing as Team Sat Nav Blunt were doing, along no doubt with EG Moviestars. However, we were to be joined by Blue Cloud's Sean Terry Yatesmith to give us a few pointers on the shower aspect of cycling. Cleverly he was wearing his own big yellow Marquee, an umbrella hat, waders and rubber gloves. Davandro Petacchi Arblastio and Alison Gerti Steegnoble were also kitted out appropriately for snorkelling and canoeing practice. Sadly the team's foremost lead out man Mark James Grinshaw had not noticed it was raining and his underwater diving suit was in the wash after several weeks of soaking usage, so was experiencing inward seepage even as he arrived at Hookstone. The team practice involved getting their non sprinter, non rouleur, non pucheur, non climber to keep up with the peleton.

This was carried out perfectly as team Theta Poddla Foxtrot swam through Kirby Overblow, splashed past Sicklinghall, and dived towards Wetherby, so much so that the climbers of the team insisted on a few extra loops, and became the breakaway. The holiday bathing atmosphere had obviously gone the their head - the cascade under waterfalling atmosphere had become to enticing. To avoid drowning or dissolving Alison Girti Steegnoble and myself spent half an hour in the comparative warmth and dry of the North Street Deli practising coffee drinking as did the breakaway group eventually, after Alison Gerti S. announced it was getting brighter, and we consequently left only to discover this brightness was the sort discovered by underwater scientists when researching fish parenting habits.

Rather naughtily the none breakaway group returned straight home midst torrents of water and raging rivers of white rapids, along the main road from Wetherby to Harrogate.....Quite speedy but resulting in disqualification from the tour finals in 39 days' time. Thanks Team TPF you brought me back to the peleton remarkably, let's hope we see a bit of that on 5th July.. And on the Justin soggometer 160% soggy sockage, and 180% water weight increase. Still better to have swum than to have sogged at home. Twenty of the wettest miles ever, but very satisfying and smug making. Caroline G.



EGs' Ride

Another wet, wet, wet Wednesday. Is it something to do with the letter "W". Sunday was Sunny and dry, was this "S" related ?, perhaps if we called the day Sednesday would the weather be better?.

On the way down to Low Bridge waterproofs could be seen in Hookstone car park, more than could be seen on last wet Wednesday. Today we only had two Daves, the Siswick one abroad suffering under a blue Greek sky. But we did have a contrite Peter B determined to wash away his feelings of guilt after wimping out of last wet Wednesday`s ride, and washed away there were. In the rain Angela`s seemed near and welcoming and off we went.

On Abbey Road Dennis K approached us followed by a full team turnout, obviously guilt ridden after leaving said lad on his own, last wet Wednesday. (still muddy though). Near Chain Lane Co-op, Dave W had trouble with his gear (his socks did`nt match) Shimano sorted, when suddenly Chris appeared (clairvoyant Chris?).

At Angela`s cafe we had our photo`s taken by the police. Ah! you can hear them say what have the EG`s been up to now?. Actually a kindly Bobby offered to take our group photo as DP seemed to be struggling with the camera`s self-timing device.

Angela`s was hard to leave, it had been suggested we cycle round the car park and return for lunch, or B&B. But no, a man gotta do etc etc, and we were on our way to Marton, Lower Dunsforth and Boroughbridge, then up the A168 (the old A1) well known to Chris from his time trialling days. This was wheel to wheel team time trialling, the pace it was a pacing and all the while the rain it was a raining. Past Dishforth and in to Rainton, heading towards Melmerby it was decided (for a change) to try the cafe on the industrial estate, this was a good call. We knew things could be good from the aroma from the micro brewery, the cafe was a little gem (excellent toilets). Pauline the proprietor was very good and gave us (for free) slices of quiche to take home for our Mum`s, we were almost expecting to get a sixpence each and a pat on our heads. Peter B never a one to miss an opportunity, thought that while fortune was favouring us, should we not call in to the brewery and see what they might give us. (at times he is a little naïve)

On to Wath, Ripon and Littlethorpe. Old men`s memories are not to be trusted, but it seems we went through more flooded roads today than we did through the whole of the wet last Winter. All the while we were entertained by Chris, singing and whistling from his large repertoire of songs.

In fact he made the contestants of Britain`s got talent sound good (never thought I`d say that). At Burton Leonard Peter B left us (you should not have done that Peter, Chris is very sensitive). On to Knaresborough, Harrogate and home with a max mileage of over 50 miles. However we may have to seek help and advice to understand as how we could be soaked to the skin, rain running down our noses and out of our boots, and yet could not stop laughing. Dave P



