

Wednesday, January 28, 2015

Wednesday Ride

Wednesday Rides

As you can see from the picture Terry Smith had searched everywhere in Harrogate for Wheel Easy bicycle riders. There was no one at Hornbeam, there was no one at Low Bridge, so he took to the streets of Harrogate and started searching in people's houses. To no avail...no one was brave enough to venture out. CG.

Gatecrasher Ride

The forecast today suggested that it might be a day to "hang in there", with the promise of better things when the early squalls had passed through. Not wanting a third blank Wednesday on the trot, I drifted past Hornbeam less than 10 minutes late but saw no traces or tracks of Wednesday rides and pressed on to Low Bridge. Bowled along by the tail wind, through sunshine along Forest Moor Rd. I caught up time to arrive at 10.03 and find no trace of EGs. Boroughbridge? Wetherby? Or where?

Richard P's text arrived and mentioned Caroline's at 10.30, which was a statement of fact rather than an invitation, but I had DVD to hand back to RP. Boldness wins the day, they say, so with Waterside's cafes still slumbering it was back to HG up the hill into a wintry blast through Starbeck. Seeing my "frozen stray" demeanour, I was generously invited to join Caroline's small gathering and fed with tea and excellent flapjack. Richard and Liz arrived and a jolly hour of conversation in the Grahams' sunlit upper room followed. Shielding our eyes from the sun and gazing out on what we might have missed was soon doused with reality on the way back to Hornbeam - cutting wind, sleet showers and plummeting temperatures.

Mileage didn't matter today: it was a case of flying the flag for us Wednesday-ites. Farewell January with your blank days, but thank you Caroline and Max for treating your gatecrasher so well. Terry Smith



EG's Ride

It was not a good start to the day weather wise, and the forecast promised worse to come.

So a fellowship of five at Low Bridge seemed a good turn out.

As we had three Daves, comprising a P, W and S plus a Peter B, their sanity might have been questioned, however this was more than compensated for by John's youth and he being of sound mind.

In such conditions it is usual to head for the nearest Morrison's cafe, and have a think, this can have its problems though as EG's attention span is not long, and we might forget what it was we were to think about.

However Dave W suggested a farm shop cafe at Kirby Hill (good call).

On Abbey road, patches of blue sky could be seen a growing to such an extent, that we pulled in to Norman`s (get your kit off) layby to remove things.

"Leave your waterproof trousers on", Dave P was told, not that it was not a pretty sight seeing him struggling, but a great storm cloud was heading our way.

This was a real stop you dead in your tracks combination of wind and sleet, then all of a sudden we found ourselves in the eye of the storm with no wind at all.

On to Arkendale then cutting back to Staveley, Boroughbridge and Kirby Hill.

At the cafe the toasted teackes were of a fair size, though they had to have a second pass through t` oven for Dave S, and the bikes were put under cover (so no wet bum`s), no jokes please about old guy`s and their bladder control.

On to Ripon and Studley Park to take afternoon tea at the visitor centre, then in a quirky wind to Watergate and a final gusty wind assist to Ripley.

Here Dave`s W and S left to head for Knaresborough, DP, PB and John up the Greenway to Harrogate, here we three split up with Peter B into ASDA for a quick looksee.

A sort of asda la vista baby, Ouch! sorry about that.

The weather had the last word through with a combination of blue sky and blizzard at the summit of Harlow hill.

Forty plus miles in perhaps one might say interesting conditions, but sometimes you just need to get out and into the thick of it. Dave P.

After a couple of false starts this morning I set off for Low Bridge allowing the mental battle to continue . "It's raining and windy; there won't be anyone down there ; they're wimps ; you are wasting your time - go and have a coffee in town and feel superior that you went out; who, in their right mind chooses to go out with a bunch of grumpy has beens in this weather?; there will be endless debate about the weather and where to go while we stand about and freeze" . .

And so it went on, and on.

I wasn` t in a benevolent humour when I arrived at Low Bridge.

Instant personal transformation.

I can't analyse it but all I know is that I had a wonderful day with a great group. I should have known better . Peter B



