

Wednesday, January 27, 2016

Wednesday Rides

Wednesday Wanderers Ride

I could sum up this report in three words – Wanderers, Wet, Windy!!! Without the Poddlers out today reporting, I thought it was best to make some effort to fill the report page and show that we did enjoy the day despite the rain.

Seven brave souls gathered at Hornbeam for the Wanderers ride, Gordon our noble flight leader and Liz F co – pilot, despite the forgoing gloom we set off to Low Bridge. After negotiating torrential downpours we arrived at Low Bridge to find traffic chaos, with traffic lights on the bridge and a large tarmac lorry reversing with several EG's trying to shelter from the rain. I thought it was the EG's new method of fixing potholes, the tarmac lorry goes in front filling the potholes as they cycled behind. Then our number increased to eight as David suddenly washed up on the bridge to join us. The rain came down as we headed to Goldsborough, got sprayed with deluges of water from lorries on the A59 before turning to Flaxby and onwards to Coneythorpe. Then Stavely and Scotton onto Ripley. Drivers seem to get worse in the rain and several close encounters proved the point. The weather forecast was supposed to brighten up from 10am onwards, occasionally a glimpse of something brighter appeared briefly, but then soon turned to another downpour. Arriving at Ripley, Gordon and four wet Wanderers paddled onwards to home, Andrew and the two Liz's went to Ripley Castle tearoom for coffee and teacakes. The remaining three Wanderers on the way back saw the rising River Nidd overflowing its banks, Liz P bravely tried to take a very wet photo of Liz F pointing to the rising river. After a very wet wander of 28 miles approx. I think everyone was glad to get home. Till the next time, over and out from Pilot Gordon and Co-Pilot Liz.



Egs Ride

The weather forecast was not good, and it did not look like getting any better as we waited in the rain for that magic hour of 10-00 am we could get mounted and head for the caffeine havens in the hills, or in our case the plain of York.

We had eight riders comprising Bill, Peter B, Norman and Terry Smith and plus four Dave`s.

Plan A was to head for Raskelf and the Purple Pheasant via Boroughbridge.

Plan B was if the rain got worse on arriving in Boroughbridge, what else?, in to Morrisons to recuperate.

Away went the eight with Norman leading the charge to Boroughbridge.

However although when arriving in Boroughbridge the rain seemed to have eased off, but Norman and Bill thought Plan B the better option and got out of the rain first.

Off went the "sexy six" Ha Ha, comprising 66.6% Dave`s, but just so Terry Smith did not feel left out it is only fair to point out we have a fair few Terry`s on the books but not today.

The rain was warmish and not too heavy, however at Thornton Bridge it seemed as though someone had lifted up a great lump of the River Swale and dropped it on the Bridge, in fact it fell with such force it seemed difficult to see where you were going, fortunately it did not last too long.

It was at this time with thoughts of Bill and Norman snug in Morrisons Cafe that plan B seemed the better option.

Soon normality returned (thank goodness) and it was on to Raskelf in the drizzle.

In the Purple Pheasant the food was good and the other customers as usual were cheerful and chatty (it must be our good looks, charming personalities, and scintillating conversation).

Then it was south to Tholthorpe, although the rain had just about ceased it was into to very strong wind from which we all suffered (including those who had had the beans).

Part of the forecast had been gale force winds, Dave S, our sailor with his knowledge of the Beaufort scale did not dismiss this, in fact when hit by head on gusts they were real "stoppers" and the side gusts quite dangerous, in fact it is a long time since we have ridden on the flat plain of York in Granny rings.

In Knaresborough we met up with Bill and Norman who had been to Ripon (and had a second coffee stop, shame!), Bill stating that they returned through flooded roads over bottom bracket deep.

It was a testing ride, the group rising to the occasion, and their experience showing through, the mileage ranging from the mid to high forties. Dave P



Medium Plus ride

A flurry of electronic communication in the early morning led to a small group of riders gathering at Hornbeam dressed in full wet weather gear and trying to decide if they had made the right decision. We knew we had when James 'Grylls' Grimshaw arrived and he had on similar attire.

The usual prevarication led to a decision to go to Wetherby and then decide on a future route dependent upon the weather.

We were joined by Richard who had been left on his own as no other Long riders turned up so a group of seven (the others being Kevin, James, Sue C, Charlie, Gia and Paul) set off along the Showground Greenway, up to Ridding Park and on to Follifoot. The rain was fairly heavy but the main problem was the gusting wind which meant we made slow progress.

On to Little Ribston and Kirk Deighton and then into Wetherby where the thoroughly 'Soaked Seven' made for Costa and respite from the elements.

We lingered over coffee and eats and eventually we had to make our way outside and decide what to do. The general consensus was that whilst the rain had abated the wind was making it difficult so we started to head back following the same route via Little Ribston. Richard sped off home, having been very patient with us up to this point. The decision was taken at Little Ribston to go via Knaresborough, so Paul set off back via a more direct route and at Knaresborough James turned off for home and the remainder made their way back home via Forest Moor Road to Hornbeam.

Not a long ride but a wet and windy one and the 24 miles seemed a lot harder with the windy conditions. Worth the effort for the coffee, crumpets(some of us) and company. No picture today as no one wanted to stand around and pose in the weather. We all felt todat they were 'bonus' miles as we know we wouldn't have gone out on our own if it had been left up to each of us to decide!

Kevin