

Wednesday, February 17, 2010

## Wednesday Rides

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Poddlers

Ride

Report

I have decided I was not born for leadership - being bossy and overenthusiastic yes, but not leadership. Today's ride was leaderless and rudderless, and for that I apologise. It was decided, I am not quite sure how, that we'd all ride together, Catherine the new lady seemed disappointed that we were not cycling to Edinburgh, but joined in gamely. Along with a bevvi of super speedy big boys and girls, the poddlers showing their usual plucky strength of character, we powered over the glass on the Hookstone Railway bridge and up Leadhall Lane, leaving only Max on the floor having been too debilitated to get onto the pavement kerb, and Paul swishing off to the shops saying he would meet us at Pannal Golf Club. Sue D's chain seemed to have a mind of its own today, and somewhere between Church Lane and Hags Road she lost it twice and was gallantly assisted by a fellow cyclist. By this time the big boys and girls were champing at the bit or chain, and were relieved to follow Paul somewhere in the direction of Wetherby. The rest of the group followed (possibly), at a slower pace down the glorious sweep of Hags Road into Spofforth. We continued without incident (well as far as I know) along the Harland Way to Wetherby. At this point a democratic decision was taken by the Poddlers. So instead of going to admire the new (to me) track along the A1 we would go and warm up in a cafe. Max and Big John knew the way and we were informed by someone I initially thought was Paul that another Wheel Easy group had been seen turning left. Arriving at the cafe the poddlers were met by the other group, panting and in desperate need of warmth and coffee. The cafe ladies kindly insisted we all went upstairs out of the way, and started taking our orders. Paul needed to get back (probably to cook a four course meal for lunch), thus leaving me his group of speedy people. We could have stayed all day, but taking the role of leader very seriously, I decided I needed to get home. Trying to encourage the speedy people to surge ahead, I noticed Catherine flash past, following an unknown cyclist, John in the green top caught up with her and led her hopefully back to Harrogate. The rest of the group, now twelve ish minus three regrouped in Spofforth, to discover that it was nine ish, as Peter had a puncture and Lynda and Glen were mending it with him, and we were not to wait. Glen's wife seemed unmoved and said Glen would catch us up. So nine ish continued back to Harrogate in continuing cold almost freezing fog, Big John zooming ahead, left us at eight ish.

Taking our lives in our own hands we crossed the by pass, and sped down Rudding Lane knowing we could drive up the hill easily to continue along the new showground path. But not before admiring Martin and Gia's forty tons of hard core winnings. At Fodders, decisions were made regarding the best ways home, and each person went on their way. A very stressful, cold, foggy but satisfying 20.34 miles completed by 15 ish very biddable prospective ride leaders....please. Caroline

EG's Ride Report

It was a bitterly cold foggy day as DP headed down to Low Bridge. Heading up to Hornbeam were Caroline and Max. A very brief discussion followed on the relative sanity of the three of us on being out on a day like this, but then we are cyclists and staying in is not for us. Just before Low Bridge DP sneaked in an extra quick coffee at Morrisons before meeting up with the EG's (he felt guilty all day). Soon seven riders, Bill, Dave P, Dave W, Eric, Peter B, Norman and Terry were on their way to Wetherby. At Little Ribston we were overtaken by a flying John R who was out on a short pass out and had to be back home before noon. Ignoring the sirens calls from Morrisons Cafe it was on to Thorp Arch Trading Estate for Coffee, hot Chocolate and two riders succumbed to breakfasts in a bun. Then on to Taddy via Wighill. A banana break was taken at Bramham. Unfortunately the Old Folks Shelter was locked, otherwise we might still be there. Then back to Wetherby via the cycle path, where DP fell off his bike on to his back with his legs in the air giving a good impression of a dead ant. Panic over, his camera was not damaged. At Wetherby the lure of the sirens called and we found ourself in Morrisons Cafe for afternoon tea. Then North on the old AI cycle track to Little Ribston and home. The day turned out better than expected, still cold but the fog lifted. Riders would have done 42 to 45 miles. Dave P

2010 Wheel Easy Miles (approx) Today 615 YTD 9700

