

Wednesday, February 14, 2018

Wednesday Rides

Poddlers' & Wanderers' Ride

It was a cold and frosty morning, but some of us eager types(!) were needing to get out on our bikes. After much texting and agonising we arrived at Hornbeam to find that there were only five of us ready to set off. Mike, David and Glyn were going to wander and Jane and I were ready to poddle.

After deciding it would be good to cycle together, we set off to Knaresborough, scooping up the bleary eyed Monica on the way. The roads were OK, so we continued to Lingerfield, Scotton, Brearton and Nidd. By this time we were definitely feeling self-righteous, especially as the sun made an appearance. We had spied three EGs, but not many more cyclists were out and about.

The café stop was debated and Jane very kindly offered us coffee and cakes at the "Cosy Keogan café". So we sped through Ripley to said place, whereupon Kevin put the kettle on, as he saw us zooming up his drive. As usual the banter was lively, and we were having so much fun that we forgot to take a photo. By now the rain/sleet had arrived, earlier than the BBC forecast had told us, so we had a cold and wet end to our ride, but it had definitely been worth it. About 20 miles I think. Jennifer A

EGs' Ride

Reflecting the less than enticing weather forecast, there were just four EGs riding today: one Dave (R), one Geoff (my long lost brother!), one Ian (a very welcome return after a long absence) and one Eric. 50% of the ride was made up of the Waters family surname, evidence of how being born in County Durham has made us of tough stock and well suited to today's conditions!

It seemed prudent to be back into town earlyish today, so a shorter than usual ride was agreed: a circuit of Boroughbridge, Skelton on Ure (diverting via Copt Hewick and Sharrow due to the racecourse bridge being closed), Ripon, Fountains Abbey and Ripley. Listers Farm Shop at Langthorpe was the venue for calorie replenishment, and boy, did we replenish them! Flurries of snow started at 11.45 as we remounted our steeds, and continued intermittently until Ripon, when the wintery showers' started in earnest.

Cycling down Scarah Bank at 35mph into the wind, sleet and hail gave me a free but painful facial acupuncture session. This Harlow Hillbilly arrived home by 2pm, having completed 40 miles. Mr Garmin tells me the average temperature was just below freezing, but he's a lying wuss, who clearly wasn't born in County Durham. Eric W.