

Pet Cemetery, Brynford - April 18th 2010

Contemplating a cycle ride to a cemetery, Pet or otherwise, is difficult to get enthusiastic about, but such is our leader's reputation for providing interesting days, that we should not have worried.



Keith

Our first surprise however, was to be greeted at the Eureka café by our CTC North West Councillor, David Robinson and his wife.

He was there to carry out a survey of members' interest in the CTC Charity Status issue.

Monica, Janet and David



Then, who should appear but Dave Hill, to join us for the day. I think he came for the inevitable steep hills. Graham arrived on his brand new bike. A Thorn Nomad in yellow!

The planned 11's at The Horticultural College café were regrettably thwarted. It had been closed since February. Fortunately, a **Sunday Farmers' Market** was open just down the lane past the model railway site.



This included a **wood carving display**, stalls selling meat pies, olives, cakes and...



importantly for us, a café.



So everyone was happy again.





We continued our ascent of the local mountains to our lunch at the **Pet Cemetery**.



This, a 7-acre site, was quite an experience, containing 100s of **gravestones and other animal memorabilia**.



Some of our party, as is their habit, chose to eat their illicit meat pies and other delicacies, sitting outside, whilst the remainder enjoyed the varied menu in the café.



This included: scouse, bara brith, filled baguettes and of course cawl. (Don't even ask!)



Group photo



Graham on his new, yellow, Thorn Nomad

A swift but cold descent to Holywell was followed by, and I quote Keith, “An easily followed contour road before we drop down to Flint”.

Easily followed: possibly. Easily ridden: no!

I have never seen so many of our members walk up hills.



Even **‘the two Johns’**, were beaten, a sight I have waited about 12 years to witness.

A bit of route 5, a few miles of the coast road and over The Dee Bridge led us back to the Eureka, to complete another wonderful day.

Thank you Keith.

Bob Witton.