

Café at Bridge 80 near Audlem - 3rd April 2019

From Chris S, A ride...

Eight of us assembled at the **Eureka** for the A ride - those who had ridden there already feeling wet and cold! We set off behind **Harry** as the drizzle turned to hail and then sleet, but after the first mile three of the group decided to turn back. The rest continued along the **Greenway**, with another leaving in **Chester**. The rest of us decided to divert to **Meadow Lea** to consider our options. Three more decided to go home from there and I diverted to **Delamere**, now on my own! The rain cleared but the temperature remained very low and on the way home I made an unprecedented fourth cafe stop at the new **Snugburys Café** by the suspension bridge in **Chester**.

From Brian L, B ride...

The ride got off to an iffy start inasmuch as the leader did not show up until 10.20am for a 10.30 kick off. Car trouble he explained but what was that he had written about making sure riders were early enough to have a coffee etc. for a prompt start? The group response was very sympathetic however and insisted that I take the time for that caffeine fix hence our delayed start.

There was one face I did not recognise amongst the nine here present and he introduced himself as **Brian MacD**. Although I did not recognise the face I did recognise the name and I was able to astound **Brian** when I told him where he lived, who he had rode with and a few others personal facts. **Brian** had ridden with us a few years ago when he first moved back up here from the deep south and the facts (albeit mostly mundane) about his history came flooding back. There is not much wrong with my long-term recall but ask me the name of the village we have just ridden through, and I am in trouble.

On my departure from **Heswall** I had told my wife that I would likely be back by 11.00am as with the current heavy rain and similar weather forecast, it is likely that no one would show. Wrong again!

We three **Brian's** (**M**, **J** and **L**) plus six others, with **Peter W** as back marker, set off in light rain which generally stayed with us for the rest of the morning. I had studied **David W's** route feeling certain I would want to change it here and there but not so and I decided to follow both outward and return routes turn for turn. His warnings when traversing **Sound** were useful as we negotiated the seemingly endless junctions before getting on to **Mickley Hall Lane**. Other than the weather the outward ride was pretty straightforward until **Brian M** told me how much he was enjoying the slow sociable pace. I did not wish to disappoint him by telling him that actually I was busting a gut. I was further surprised to get feedback from **Mike M** via **Tony Sw** (and how they got the news, I don't know) that the A team had quit (I think the term used was "chickened out") and gone home.

Amazing how news gets around. Is **Facebook** really that good, I wondered? Although the café was busy, two tables had been reserved for us and we were soon served good quality lunch and in good time. Definitely a repeat venue for me.

As we left the café the sun came out and confirmed the saying that the sun shines on the righteous, perhaps an acknowledgement from on high of the tenacity of this group in soldiering on. In fact other than a little drizzle on the way back, it remained dry. We just didn't know what all the fuss was about.

Note how this picture of **Margaret's** royal wave also captures the dry roads and shadows as she powers on in the dry conditions and sun cast shadows. What was the fuss all about?

The group had shown a desire to press on and so the "grimpeurs" were released just before **Harthill** and with five miles to go. **The Tortoises** came on behind only to catch up with them at the right turn to **Newton** where **Sylvia** had punctured.



Left is a picture of **Sylvia** searching for her spare tube whilst it was already in her other hand (although **Sue** explained that she had become confused because she was probably looking for her lipstick) and **Brian** fervently seeking a thorn



Eureka, You little B “!

The **Tortoises** did not stand on ceremony however left the **Hares** to get on with it and proceeded to The **ICF** for a well-earned cup of tea. **Tony** and **Mike** decided that they had spent enough money for the day and took off for home. The **Hares** arrived shortly afterwards and the ride was concluded in a jovial atmosphere . Thanks to **David W** for a first class route and venue and thanks to photographers **Sue F** and **Brian M**.

Text by Brian L

Photos by Sue F and Brian M