

Cleopatra's, Holt - 15th August 2018

On day of decent cycling weather we started from the **Eureka** as a peloton of thirteen. After a few hundred yards we picked up **Peter J** (Penyffordd) to round it up to fourteen.

We then continued at a steady social pace until the bottom of **Golftyn Lane, Connah's Quay** where we took a breather before starting the ascent. At the top of the lane ten riders stopped to wait for the stragglers – and waited – and waited. It became clear that something was amiss. When contact was made with **Chris L** (back marking) it turned out that he had had a major mechanical problem at the bottom of the hill and would have to abandon the ride. Fortunately, **Charley** was with him and offered to go for his car to take **Chris** and his stricken bike home. **Bernie**, who had also been assisting **Chris and Charley**, then caught up with the peloton. We were still one down. It turned out that (sorry no name!) someone who normally rides with **Brian's** group had decided that the pace/hills was too difficult and had turned back before **Golftyn Lane**. The peloton was now eleven; **Janet** taking over as back marker.

It had been my intention to stop for a break at **Lester's Farm Shop Café, Buckley**, but with the delays we decided to press on to **Holt**. **Bob** and then **Peter J**, who were only doing part of the ride peeled off at various points leaving us with nine arriving at **Holt** by 13:00hrs.



Cleopatra's was quiet (possibly due to **Farndon Bridge** being closed for repairs), so eight had their lunch there. **Colin** got a pasty from the deli across the road (expensive but tasty) and the remainder ate their packed lunches in the quiet square – all in all, a very bucolic scene - worthy of **Marcel Pagnol** (pretentious – Moi!).

Unable to return via a route crossing the **Farndon Bridge**, our return followed a parallel route to the outbound, briefly overlapping on **Drury Lane**. Thus we passed the farm shop again and stopped for the promised coffee break.

As usual on the return, the numbers reduced gradually as people peeled off and only four finished back at the **Tudor Rose**.

Text by Peter L