

The Fisheries, Llandegla - 13th June 2018

From Peter L...



Last Wednesday (13th June) I led the ride to **The Fisheries, Llandegla**. The ride was generally without incident except for one when the peloton was stopped on the cycle way between **Hawarden Bridge** and **Connah's Quay** by a burly, dodgy looking character on a mountain bike. As he pulled up in front of us he whipped his jacket open to display a dark uniform and what appeared to be a gun in a shoulder holster. Were we being hi-jacked to be held for ransom? Did he just want a new bike? I racked my brain trying to remember where this scenario had been covered in the 'bike leadership' course! He then said that he was a **policeman** working undercover and had we passed someone wearing a dark baseball cap. We hadn't, so he rode off – presumably in pursuit of the baseball cap – saying that we should expect to meet some of his colleagues further along the path. We did, but weren't accosted again.

A happy trio at Mickle Trafford on an alternative ride



After that excitement the ride continued in a more typical fashion. We had **Goldilocks weather** - not too hot and not too cold. Ideal for taking the hill climbs in our stride. At **Llanarmon yn Ial**, we took a short break for refreshments at the community run shop and café before heading off to reach the **Fisheries café** spot on at 13:00hrs. The food there is wholesome and reasonably priced, though service a little slow. It was just about warm enough to sit and eat outside.

The ride back took us down to **Graianrhyd** followed by a steep climb up onto **Ffordd Mynydd Du** (Black Mountain Road) with its glorious views over the **Cheshire** plain and beyond.

My apologies go to the two riders who became separated from the peleton and took a wrong turn on the home run at **Ewloe**. It was a relief to see you both in the **Tudor Rose** car park on our return.

The Alternatives Brian Roy and me Okells

From Glennys...

There were four loners at the **Eureka** wanting an alternative ride. I suggested a route (that I've forgotten) that some way into the ride became 'we don't want to go so far', what about



Okells? - so that's where we ended up. Service and food is always good at **Okells** and as I go there so often with **John** after walking, the waitress suggested that 'they would have to get me a uniform'. We did have time for a drink stop at the usual place at **Mickle Trafford**, legs swinging on the bench. No-one to thank as we all decided democratically where to go.

Brian L, another very happy rider