

# The Alyn, Rossett - 7<sup>th</sup> November 2018

## From Chris S...

I was struck down by what some would call a cold, others "man flu", this week so was unable to join the ride. We decided to offer a winter B ride to try and satisfy a perceived desire for some slightly harder rides during the dark days. **Richard** produced a planned route and I asked him to add in a few miles to satisfy this, and **Brian L** volunteered to lead a standard C route. This meant riders were presented with a choice. I felt somewhat guilty then when **Richard** posted on **Facebook** at 9:20am that no one had arrived for his 9:30am departure. Was it a) the weather, b) **Richard's** reputation, c) The mention of **Hope Mountain** or d) all three. However it seems that he was joined by four other riders and they all enjoyed themselves.

## From Richard...

Five turned out for the ride to **The Alyn** via **Hope Mountain** and a fine ride it was too with the only rain being drizzle on the way home. When we arrived **The Alyn** we met up with a contingent of seventeen members who prefer less hills and enjoyed an excellent lunch of a sufficiency of goodish sandwiches and excellent chips washed down with a pint of Bombardier.

## From Brian L...

Yours truly had volunteered to lead an easy going alternative ride to the scheduled B ride to **The Alyn Riverside Country Pub** (to give it its full name) to be led by **Richard B**. On assembly we were a group of twelve. I followed strict instructions from **Richard** to text him with numbers wishing to participate in the B&C deal (actually six) the balance preferring the à la carte and usually good quality options served at this pub. I had plotted a straightforward and flat route with just a bit of a climb up **Sandy Lane** from **Kinnerton**.

We set off along the **A540** and turned into **Woodbank Lane**. **Jane** came up alongside me for a natter and shortly thereafter our conversation was interrupted by a sound as if perhaps one of us had dropped something. I called proceedings to a halt but we received assurances from backmarkers that there was nothing to be seen. I then noticed that **Jane** was parked on her bottom in the middle of the road and thought "Oh come on **Jane**, this is no time for a sit down protest". I had read it wrong - in fact when turning her bike around in search of that mystery sound, **Jane** had merely lost her balance and toppled over. The good news was that there was nothing hurt beside

her pride. **Penyffordd Peter** (not **Charlie** note) won the gentleman of the day award by rushing over and helping **Jane** to her feet. You are a braver man than I am **Gunga Din!**

We were soon on our way again with **Tony S** joining us just before **Lodge Lane**. We were routed to go down **Seahill Rd.** to the **Greenway** but **Tony** advised that there were road works and traffic lights so we took the **Ridings** option to the **Greenway**. Naive of me as we lost a couple of miles in the process . After **Blacon Station** we took **Clifton Drive** and then along **Sealand Rd.** to the **footbridge**. (A comment was made that the cycle path along **Sealand Rd.** should be renamed the 'Camel Trail' but I am still trying to work that one out).

As a point of interest as when I mentioned we were heading for **Golly** (as in Holly) **Tony** reminded me that as the hamlet (for that is what it is) was in **Wales** it should be pronounced with a **Welsh Ll** as in **Llanelli** (or **Llanfairpwllgwyngyllgogerychwyrndrobwlllantysiliogogoch**). Just in case you are interested the **LL** sound in the **Welsh Language** is a **voiceless alveolar lateral fricative** sound. Think I will stick with **Golly** as in Holly.

Onward to the venue where we met **Natasha** who had soon learned that there were only six of us for the butty deal. She had a potential problem inasmuch that she had been told that we needed eleven and had prepared eleven I calmly and quietly explained, unusual for me, that we were two groups and that **Richard** had ordered for both groups. In any event he was responsible for the order and I am sure that he would pay for any sandwich surplus. I was hedging a little as I had been told that **Richard's group** was only three and even for me  $6+3 = 9$  not 11. All was resolved peacefully when **Richard** arrived. I asked **Natasha** if she was the duty manager as I had seen her giving instructions to the rest of the staff. She beamed a huge smile and was obviously pleased at the suggestion but advised she was just a part-timer. She thought that any such skills emanated from the fact that she had her own business organising kid's parties.

General rating on the à la carte food and the efficiency of service was good and **Richard** or was it **John** had organised a whip around for the staff, a nice and considerate move I thought. The rain had come in whilst we were lunching and we assembled for a photoshoot during a short lull prior to starting the return route. If you count heads you will realise that our team was one short, excluding the photographer, as **Penyffordd Pete** was not paying attention and missed the cue.



**Here we are for the photo-shoot after lunch.**

Just as we set off the rain returned and after half a mile I was asked to stop whilst **Glennys** put her raincoat on. No further comment as the rest of us really enjoyed the short sojourn in, what was by now, heavy rain. I learned when we got back to the **Eureka** that **Roy** had peeled off at **Pulford**. He said that he thought that was the way we were going and he had told **Pete**. So much for the description of the proposed return route I had given to the group before departure. Mmmm.

Return route was straight forward and via **Pulford**, **Eccleston**, **Chester** and the **Greenway**. **Ruth** and **Julian** and **Jane** and **Charlie** stayed on the **Greenway** for the **Marsh route** (I heard it is up to its eyes in sheep poo again and hope they were able to plough through it), and the rest of us came off at **Blacon**. At **Saughall** I pointed out to the group that we had only done thirty-one miles today and offered a seven mile alternative route rather than the three mile route along **Lodge Lane** back to the **Eureka**. There were no takers but my conscience was clear. **John** headed straight home via **Capenhurst Lane** due to failing light and the rest of us made the **Eureka** with only thirty-four miles in the bank. Teas were on **Glennys** for the finishers. The feedback I got was generally positive in spite of the wet afternoon and the lack of distance.

**Brian L** (who wrote the text and took the photo)