

Clwyd Theatr Cymru - 22nd March 2017



Wednesday's weather forecast well and truly dampened enthusiasm for riding and the Eureka café echoed with the unaccustomed tranquillity of a library reading room with the few hardy souls hunkered over steaming mugs and contemplating a possible return home and an early bath.

The Wednesday Riders were brimming with reticence each awaiting another to be the first to cry off and thus avoid the "Wimp" label, and so the ride was commenced barely quorate with a leader, a back marker and a barely discernible middle order of one rider. The leader's first consideration was a departure in three groups of one rider leaving a suitable distance between but upon reflection decided that a single close group might afford greater warmth and resistance to the miserable elements.

And so to Woodbank where we parted the waters of the kerb to kerb puddle in a manner that would have received the approbation of Moses himself. A brief halt in Saughall was needed as a would be "Top Gear" presenter completed a multipoint reversing manoeuvre into a six meter wide driveway with only two assistants. The Greenway was surprisingly busy with cyclists and the weather began to ameliorate as we passed Blacon and headed for Saltney Ferry bridge.

No bores to contend with this week but instead we had the "Orangemen" who were patrolling the property of Railtrack and in undertaking testing of the track signalling were out in force and had closed the level crossing near to Balderton to all traffic even pedestrians carrying bicycles. No amount of cajoling could entice their supervisor to take a pragmatic interpretation of his Health and



Safety Plan and we were directed on a long, muddy cross country diversion via field tracks and the Chester Lakes access road which brought us to the Kinnerton side of the level crossing. This was miraculously achieved without us apparently crossing at any point the railtrack !!!

This apparent David Blaine worthy illusion taxed the minds of the 'Three Amigos' for much of the intervening mileage to a "skins off" and banana stop at a roadside gated mansion just after the Elvis tree at Lower Mountain as the weather continued to improve.



Onwards and upwards was soon the cry as we climbed from the [A541 Wrexham Road](#) up and over to [Pontybodkin](#) with panoramic views to the north west back into [England](#).

At this point our route deviated from the published plan as we climbed once more to [Leeswood](#) and then descended via the stunning and famous "[Leeswood Gates](#)" to circle around "[Market Day Mold](#)" (once more electrified after a Tuesday power outage in the town centre) and on to the new venue of [Theatr Clwyd café](#).

Having previously advised the staff that we would be a weather dependent party of between fifteen and twenty-five, the [Three Amigos](#) gave their best shot at presenting multifaceted personalities in a brave attempt to make up for the so obvious shortfall in attendees. In the event we had no need to bother as the senior staff member continued to avoid eye contact realising that he had given our leader an incorrect telephone contact number the previous day and could not in any case have been advised of the actual numbers arriving.

In the soporific and welcoming environment of the café there was a growing inclination to join the "[Silver Surfers](#)" for the afternoon cinema matinee but sense and duty prevailed and off we set to [Burton Marshes](#) via [Kelsterton Lane](#) and [Hawarden railway bridge](#) and the ever increasing threat of a sunny end to the day.

As our middleman [Chris](#) left us for [Neston](#) and home the remaining two decided on a final brew at the now completely empty [Eureka](#) to celebrate the most momentous and recordable achievement of the day, a puncture free outing for [Puncture Pete](#) !

Text by David S

Photos by Chris S