

Guild Wheel Revisited

Sunday 16th November 2014, a variety of ways getting to Preston, a couple of fools cycling there (and back), some making their own way by car, the rest meeting at Trencherfield to take advantage of any lift on offer. Nineteen of us made the journey including a few new faces (always nice to see), more than expected I must say. Weather gods were kind as well, the forecast of rain earlier in the week never materialised and we were treated to quite a nice day.

Frenchwood Recreation Ground 10:00am, everyone and their bikes had made it in one piece, so following a quick safety briefing it was time for Jim T to lead us on our way. Not sure how long that would last! Denis was loitering in the pack, waiting his chance to pounce. Nineteen cyclists is a pretty formidable sight, spread out we covered quite a distance. Took a few pedestrians by surprise, heard some of them counting us as we passed, wouldn't have thought we were on a rather popular cycle route. With yours truly acting as tail-end Charlie I didn't get to see the regime change but sure enough, first time I caught sight of the lead group it wasn't Jim T at the helm, no prizes for guessing who was!

Made pretty good time as we wound our way through the Docklands, Lea, Ashton, via UCLAN to Cottam and finally Broughton for our mid-ride coffee stop, a certain Mr Marsden may have had something to do with that. The mild weather even prompted some alfresco dining, not sure it was that nice but it saved the hassle of locking up the bikes. Downside being that several of the group that took repose on the Wicker sofas, experienced what can best be described as some of Mary Berry's dreaded soggy bottoms. Suitably refreshed and with world affairs put in order the second leg hastily beckoned us on our way, no hanging about for derrieres to dry!

The route from here led us to Fulwood via a series of cycle paths and quiet roads before winding our way via the Crematorium to Brockholes Nature Reserve, quite a steep and muddy incline here that we had been briefed on. Two choices really, ride or walk. Some rode, some walked, riding actually looked the safer option, quite amusing watching the walkers trying to keep their footing and wheel the bike at the same time, personal choice though, whatever felt safest to the individual! Incline safely negotiated; it was a mad dash to the finish (or so it seemed) along the most scenic part of the route, through Brockholes, along the banks of the Ribble and back to Frenchwood.

One or two bid their farewells at this point leaving the rest to make the short journey to the Continental for post ride refreshments (the alcoholic kind, I might add) some indulging themselves more than others, again no prizes for guessing the culprits. The ride If anything had been too perfect, no mishaps to write about, no punctures or mechanical issues, didn't lose anyone other than Ray for a brief spell, not a lot of ammunition to work with really, but a great ride nonetheless, can't say it was planned that way but everything went well and we'll take the accolades.

Many thanks to everyone for taking part, hope you all enjoyed the day. Special thanks to Alan for kindly ferrying the bikes up in his van, certainly made life a lot easier. More rides due to go on the website shortly, will let you know as and when.

Until next time!!!!