

Chester Lakes Café, Dodleston - 18th November 2015

Despite warnings about the remains of hurricane Barney seventeen brave souls turned out for today's ride to the **Chester Lakes Café** in **Dodleston**. Our ride leader was **Stevie G**. No not that one, the **Guinness** one - he was making his debut as a front man.

The route was to be very similar to the ride we did two weeks ago to **Kinnerton**. We got as far as the railway bridge over the **Dee** and **Brian S**. parted company, taking a different route to meet up at the cafe. After crossing the bridge **Mike M**.



turned for home. Steve chose **Golfwyn Lane** to get up to **Northop**. I was hoping it was sheltered from the wind - it wasn't! I rapidly became the back marker.

As we entered **Northop** I came very close to joining **Mike M**. Rain had joined the wind and it felt more like the 'North Face' than **Northop**. We were together entering the **Green** but a gap opened up between **John F**, **Charlie**, and myself. We turned left off the **Green** not knowing the peloton carried on up the **Halkyn**, only to come back down. **Brian Joyce** will tell you the gradient. I have never felt so glad to be at the back (blame the **Garmin**). The rain had eased off and there were blue skies and in the last few miles the wind gave us a push. We arrived a few minutes before the main group. Bob, **Jill** and **George** welcomed us fresh from their cars (good choice). The café food is very reasonable and good although a little slow, being served by friendly staff.

When you are leaving the lakes you come to a T-junction. **Steve** seemed undecided which way to go, eventually going right - it takes a while for **Guinness** to settle (sorry **Steve**). In case any of you missed a previous blog you should look back at November 12th 2015. The **Mallory** connection with **Dodleston** is very interesting and sad - **Mallory's pic** is on the February 4th blog.

To add to the discomfort we had two punctures. **Alan**, a recruit from the **Merseysiders** and **Peter**. The route took us to **Saltney bridge**, through **Blacon** and **Saughall**, a wind assist brought us home without pedalling, I thanked **Steve** especially for not using his wing mirrors, and was glad I never turned back.

P.S. All those brilliant rainbows and **John's** camera on the blink, Should we stick with him? Today was my middle son Paul's 49th birthday. If you have really interesting things like that, send them in.

Chris Byrne