

From The Lane

Amber weather warning in force for the North West, courtesy of Bertha nonetheless, would it be severe enough to cancel the ride, only one way to find out!

Early morning weather check 06:30am, didn't look too bad, cat went outside to drool over the ducks on the canal anyway. Bit of maintenance on the bike preceded a text off Caroline, wouldn't be joining the ride due to a late night and bad head (not like Caroline, must have been something she ate!) Next text was from Joyce, checking if the ride was still on, replied with a yes just as the cat came bounding in, the heavens had opened. Couldn't back out now so told myself it was only a passing shower, the power of positive thinking. Next thought as I headed to the bridge was I must be mad venturing out in this, not only me though, several other cyclist's, joggers and fishermen were equally as mad, or so it appeared, gave me renewed enthusiasm anyway.

Arrived at the bridge slightly late, blaming the weather this week, been up since 06:30 so I hadn't overslept, that's my reasoning anyway. Only Ray & Joyce had braved the conditions and following a quick discussion about the expected duration off we headed along the towpath towards Leigh. Hadn't a clue where to go in the conditions so the journey to Leigh gave me a bit of breathing space to conjure something up!

Left the canal at Leigh Sports Village passing by Pennington Park on the way to the East Lanc's cycle path heading in Worsley direction. Got as far as Walkden junction when the suggestion came that we should possibly start heading back, conditions weren't getting any better. Not wanting to make a complete U-turn we headed towards the Cock, (pub that is) before picking up NCN 55, stopped under the first bridge for some much needed shelter and a well-deserved cup of coffee.

Rain unrelenting and with no signs of a break, on we pressed in the direction of Walkden before heading back to the East Lanc's via Ellenbrook and Moseley Common, then making our way back to the canal towpath and some familiar territory back to Leigh. Butts Bridge our next port of call and my cue to bail out, leaving Ray & Joyce to make their way back to Plank Lane and the afforded shelter of the car journey home.

Not the best of conditions by any stretch of the imagination, two and a half hours in the non-stop rain but enjoyed every minute of it, (I think). We all came through the adventure unscathed, wet but unscathed. Ray's new mudguards got a thorough testing and a good time was had by all.

Here's hoping for some drier weather next week though!