

The Lane

Also known as the zig-zag ride!

For those of you that have been out on one of Harold's rides, can you relate to this? You remember the first few turnings when he sets off among the trails, after that though it just becomes a blur, you have a rough idea where you've been, but you've got no chance of doing it again on your own. Today it was Harold's turn!

Harold with Sheila for company made their way to the Swing-bridge, not really expecting anyone to turn up. Plan B was a ride with Sheila and possibly Caroline. Plan B was thwarted though when they got to the bridge to find Jim H and Keith eagerly waiting.

Sheila's ride postponed; they bid her farewell as they decided on the day's route. Jim H suggested they zig-zag their way up to Haigh Hall and back to the canal at Adlington. Route decided off they headed in the direction of Crankwood, zig-zagged to Bickershaw, across the fields behind the Remand Centre into Low Hall followed by Amberswood and the Whelley Loop. A bit more zig-zagging took them into the plantation grounds, emerging in the walled garden and finally to the Stables for their well earned Coffee stop.

Watered and fed it was back on the bikes to the Balcarres Arms at Haigh, "all downhill from here" stated Jim H but for the next few miles every downhill they went down was met with another uphill straight after it, (must be something with Jim's and hills, Jim T is just as bad) Keith was presumably feeling the effects of all the downhill's and headed for home mid-ride leaving just the three of them to do some more zig-zagging. Got to the canal, left the canal, got back to the canal again no wonder Harold couldn't remember the route.

Zig-zagging over it was back along the towpath towards Leigh, Dover Lock Pub in sight and Jim H announced his intentions to stop and have a pie and a pint, be rude to let him drink on his own, so pints all round it was. (Don't think the Leyther's fancied a pie) Thirsts quenched Harold & Caroline headed back to the bridge leaving Jim H to zig-zag his way across to the Three sisters and back to Wigan and the Bocket no doubt!

Great ride I'm led to believe, (not so sure Keith would agree), think there's mutual respect of trail knowledge between Jim & Harold, both certainly know their way around a dirt track! 32 miles in all from bridge to bridge and nearly 6 hours out in the fresh air, it's what Sundays were made for and Mondays, Tuesdays etc.

Till next time.