

Rutland Water, 21 Aug 05

Andy Woodward, Ride Leader

Perfect biking weather, 0830 - 1900 hrs, distance 240 miles for most, 270 for others!!

Pilot	Bike
Andy Downs	VFR 800
Tom & Lesley Ann Stevens	Black Bird
Tim Rodway	Fazer 1000
Alastair Lord	VFR 750
Dave Preest	Lovely Guzzi, minus operational indicators
Simon Forryan	Bandit 1200
Budge & Di	Silver Bird
Andy & Sue Woodward	Blue Bird

And our guests from the **[most excellent – Ed]** Gwent Advanced Group:

Greg Sullivan	Sprint 955
Courtney Purnell	Sprint 955
Paul Richards	XJR 1300

Whilst perusing the large scale road atlas in 2004 looking for interesting destinations, my finger fell on a blue blob in the Leicester area. Rutland Water a likely possibility. Yeah, been past it but never stopped. OK then, connect it to BEW via various green and yellow ribbons on the map and a run was born. A date set: September 12th 2004. A bright sunny morn arrived and I waited and waited. Not a soul in sight! Oh well, 11 months on and a re-scheduled run for August '05.

So as I arrived this time at BEW, there were half a dozen gleaming machines glinting in the sunlight with

their riders awaiting expectantly. But **NO** BMWs! Surely not! There must be something in the constitution to prevent this! Could this be a record??

Shortly after 0830 the convoy headed out for the day's play. Broadway and Stratford came and went along with a plethora of pretty North Cotswold

villages.

With quiet roads and tyres suitably exercised in the twists of the B4632 & B4455 we all arrived at the Brekkie stop near Rugby, ready for that early starter. (Yes - I had to use one of those places).

*But **NO** BMWs!
Surely not!*

It would appear the drop off system's working - bonus! **[thanks to skilled marker dropping – Ed]**

Unfortunately Simon headed home at this point, still not fully fit **[but full of invective and wit! – Ed]**. Hope that back gets better soon.



Nice legs, Andy

With personnel and equipment refuelled, time to set out into the Leicestershire countryside, along the rollercoaster that is the B6047, 17 miles of glorious blacktop. No time to checkout the views, the roads taking all the attention, WOW!. Ideally we should turn around and do it again, but I've a schedule to keep (yeah right!!).

With a lunchtime arrival at Rutland, everyone looked ready for more refreshment which was provided by the Watersedge Café. As its name implies it has impressive views from a balcony across Rutland Water and a great selection of hot and cold meals.

Rutland is the largest man-made lake in Europe and was created by damming off the east end of the valley in the early 1970's. It was then flooded, submerging several villages. The Church at Normanton was saved and is now a Museum and visitor centre. Check out www.rutnet.co.uk for more info.



Synchronised leg dangling

All too soon it was time to head home; what, more B roads? Oh go on then. The B664 from Uppingham is well worth a run. Through Northampton... Hooray I didn't get lost! But then a wrong turn onto the

*Three lemmings
followed me...*

M1, b*****s! Brain-fade or what? Three lemmings followed me, sorry guys! **[hey, who are you calling a lemming?! – Ed]** Oh well down to the next junction and turn round. I had to make a mistake onto a

Motorway didn't I?!! Anyway, thanks to route directions handed out at the outset the rest of the crew made it to the next planned stop at Buckingham, where we all reconvened.



Time to go home

The schedule was slipping behind a bit so those with pressing appointments carried on for home. So after coffee it was on toward Stow and separate for home about an hour later than advertised, oops!.

A great day was had by all (I hope) into an area we don't often go. Perfect weather, good company, good roads and an excellent standard of riding.

My thanks to all who attended, especially Greg, Courtney and Paul from Gwent who had a particularly early start and late finish. What dedication! And thanks finally to Budge and Di for bringing up the rear, so to speak! It was an eerily quiet run. Can't quite put my finger on the reason!!! Hmmmmmm! ♦

Red Kites revisited

A few weeks ago Dave Preest took us on a run to Rhayader to see the red kites (see pic on inside back cover of last edition). Renowned for his knowledge of Welsh goat tracks, he surpassed himself by taking us over this bridge, which despite its width (or lack thereof) is a public highway.

I vowed to return to capture it for the Journal, and managed this on the way to replicating the Lake Vyrnwy run (see p.36).



Not much wider than your sylth-like slim-hipped and sexy Editor, eh?

The bridge is closed (as at mid September 05) for repairs to the deck. ♦