

dotted with the tiny bright specks of cyclist's jerseys as they toiled upwards. I got a cheer at the top where a derisive crowd had assembled.

The tea stop was on the run eastwards, and came after some small but vicious hills, and we were regaled with a kind reception from the ladies of the parish of Gresford, a village dominated by an enormous church, which I was encouraged to inspect and perhaps offer up a prayer of two. It seemed to be answered and I had a good run back around Wrexham (pronounced Wrecks 'Em) and returned to Chester in good heart.

It now felt like time to try and go a bit faster and I decided to attempt to do the Chelmsford 100 at 12.5 mph, in which I succeeded, but not without further torment at the hands of my brother who was again waiting for me at the start. The morning ride which followed was slightly 'hell-for-leather', with the adrenalin taking command as we charged along, side by side overtaking riders in grand style. Oh what joy!. "Coming through", we would shout. and soon had a great double line of 'hardriders' bombing along behind us, and quite silly figures on my computer. Meanwhile the sun was rising and the temperature climbed towards the nineties over a treeless landscape

with little or no shade. My antics were about to come to a sticky end, and my brother and I parted company near Finchingfield. Retribution was severe, and I suffered repeated attacks of cramp which persisted despite long walks and periods rolling on the ground desperately rubbing limbs. South of Bardfield I was struggling along at seven mph when the East Kents passed me at a steady gait but I had no hope of keeping up with them. The best I could do was to walk a bit and ride a bit and hang on to the bike. To be continued..

Continued from May PA.

A further installment of an article by the the late Denis Brunwin.

I thought you'd like it!!! Ed.....

