

LLAN BIKE FEST 2019

During the AGM at Baskerville, the chairman ('Hewy' Hewitson) asked me to attend the Llangollen event, assuring me that I would be 'looked after'. So I arranged with Dave Russell (the only person I know without numbers in his email address), that we would attend.

The weather forecast was for showers, so we took our oil skins and set off from my place Friday evening. Joining the motorway for a short dash past Manchester airport; my plan was to use the A49, which didn't quite work out to be that simple. I had a scribbled note taped to my tacho glass - A49/A534/A5156/A483 and A539 - thats it. Following those instructions proved to be challenging and I did get lost, though without telling Dave I managed to blag it and pretend that I'd chosen to take the 'scenic route'. We arrived as it was going dark and 'Hewy' did indeed look after us with a can of "Do as yer told" thrust into our mitts, as we doffed our 'potties'. We had soon emptied the fridge in his VW camper, promising to replenish it the next day and went to bed singing the tunes which 'Hewy' had been blasting out all night from his boom box. Unfortunately for me, but fortunate for the fellow campers; he refused to play my punk sound tracks and so we sang along to Donny Osmond, The Eagles and Status Quo. One of their songs is still in my head and I can't seem to get rid of it. "Diddlely- din-din-din-din-dink-ding – Diddley-din-din-din-diddley-dink "Roll over Lay down and let me in - it's a long way where I've bin....." You know the one? And now that its firmly implanted in your head I will carry on.

Early the next day, Steve Beddall arrived on his black 'A' along wit Skid and his VW camper, towing his 'show pony', (incidentally winning 'best in show' or something like that). We filled the fridge up and were joined by the regalia gurus, Shane and Julia. Skid made a barby breakfast and we had a great day looking around the various stalls. I even bought another Kettle, but that's another story. That evening, we enjoyed another barby, more beers and tunes and managed to empty the fridge again, oh well.

Sunday started with another delicious breakfast (thanks Skid) and went on much the same as the previous day, albeit that our Stand was awarded 'Best Stand', hows about that! Dave and I rode home, this time without any plan what so ever. We ended up on the motorway all the way home, but that meant we were home in time for tea. Oil skins still on our racks and no rain was encountered. Thanks to everyone that attended and I'm sure that this will become a regular event.

Your roving reporter **Stupot**

