

The Four Bridges Century
The Fisher Report
By Greg (Bulldog) Fisher

Saturday morning, 11 well adjusted, intelligent, athletic, single minded cyclist , Larry, Pat, Leigh, Jason, Pixie, Benjamin, Dave, Keith and yours truly met at capital park. Generally these rides, as all rides leave at 8 A.M. This ride was a little tardy. It seems that Miles Eddins, and Eric White pushed the envelope a little arriving at 8:00 A.M, I wanted to tell them we were on the metric time system. Peggy Deason showed up but said it was to cold and she didn't have the right equipment and couldn't go. We missed her.

With this being my first ride to lead, I gathered the group together and after a word of prayer we took off, well at least Dave and Larry did. With the temperature around 25 or 28 or 30 or -2 Celsius, we proceeded on the icy Hugh- Thomas bridge. We had gone about a quarter mile when we saw the police. Somebody said it was our escort, yeah right. A pickup had hit the ice and smashed into the guard rail just minutes before we got on the bridge.

We rode around the airport and on the Black Warrior Park way to the tollbooth. According to the toll booth people, people riding bikes pay the toll 75 cents. I instructed the group to go around on the side and I would pay their toll. I pull up to the toll and prepare to pay the toll. In the meantime my group is slipping past like a kid slipping into the movies. The next thing I know a lady start hollering STOP! STOP! I was expecting gunfire next. They quickly explained that I was paying their toll. Now these folks at the tollbooth were not prepared for multiple tolls. I told her I wanted to pay for 11 people. Her eyes got big and scrambled for pen and paper. All the while, this large truck was behind me and seemed to edging toward me. Now the toll is 75 cents. If you have 11 people that is 8.25. When the toll booth lady added it is 11.50.

I finally got it straight. We met Jason lake and Rebecca Falls at Sanders and then there were 13. We went on down on to Fosters and back on 11 to Ralph I was bringing up the rear. Pat Ferguson was ahead of me and instead of turning on County 19, kept going .I hollered, this is louder than yelling. He turned and came back and said I would have properly gone on to Mobile if I hadn't hollered. We stopped at store in Ralph. Pat turned around and headed back to T-town. This was the farthest he had ridden. Good job Pat. After refreshing ourselves we proceeded up bethel hill. Now most of us in the group are the 45 plus group, Hill climbing is an exercise in hard breathing, spitting, snot blowing, loud grunting and major gear clicking. However Jason, Eric and Benjamin and the Major went up the hills like squirrels. We went on down to Snoddy and then too county 191. Here Leigh and Rebecca hung a right back to T-town. Jason Lake some how got lost in Fosters somewhere. He did get back O.K. He may have missed the county 19 turn and went to Mobile.

The mighty 9 went on to Union. We went on to County 181 on the way to Eutaw. Here Pixie we on down 191 to Clinton to her hunting club.

This left the magnificent eight. This would be the last time I saw Jason, Dave, Eric, Benjamin and miles till we got to Eutaw. This left Larry, Keith and myself to go a little slower and take in the sites and pick up some aluminum cans. After a short stop in Eutaw we went on Down State 14. This is would be the last time I saw them. All I can figure is Jason Capley gave the command warp 7, engage. This left two on the 14 and then 60 and

finally to 36 at Akron. Here good old Larry who had lost the draft and pulled back and waited on us and greeted Keith and I. Then there were 3. We went on to Moundville and stopped at the store for Tator wedges. I thought I wasn't to going to make it. After a recharge I felt only like crap instead of death. We proceeded to Old Greensboro Mountains to suck out whatever strength we had left. We got back at 4:15. The rocket riders arrived at 3.00 P.M. This was a good ride, good turn out, a great route beautiful day, even though a little cool. The turn out may due to the fact we were told, whoever did the century would get a free CyclePath T-shirt.