

The West Greene Ride
The Fisher Report
By Greg (Bulldog) Fisher

The weather was cold but exhilarating. I was trying out a different bike and still hadn't found the heater. We the (older fellows) knew that Miles and co. would hammer. We stayed pretty even till we hit 11 and Miles and co. put it in hyper drive. Only Paul Weaver and Mike Ham hammered along with them. The rest of us Dave, Larry, Keith Hazeldine and myself had to pace ourselves so we could get in and out of the tub when we got home. We all met in Fosters at the school and I offered my Hardee's biscuits what if it had a bite out of it (Ha). I had no takers. We started off for Green county and ounce again the rocket riders were off. We the older group takes the stop and smells the roses stop and take a leak approach. We went on Wesley Chapel and then stopped at a church to fill our plastic canteens. We opted not to go to Bubba's Grocery. This is a shame feel I missed something or maybe not. We rode on and on and on. All the time looking for rocket riders, but I figured they went so fast they broke the sound barrier and exploded. We finally arrived in Clinton. My backyard is larger than this place. But we needed a warm place to stop and rest and refresh .It is now official. Potato Wedges are the official food of USA Cycling. The jury is still out on Grandma's cookies however (suspected Steroids). With our stomachs full and our pockets empty we proceeded the other 50 miles or so. We finally made it back to Tuscaloosa, County. This is the only time I knew were I was.

When we reached Sylvan loop we were all tired, except Larry and Dave, remember potato wedges and grandma's cookies. Keith told me his legs were shot. My whole body was shot. If it hadn't been for my saddle my behind would have dragging the pavement. When we reached Hy 11, Dave told me I look like #%\$. I felt like it to. Dave asked did we want to stop at the Fosters store. We all said no .I do think we could have gotten back on our bikes. When we hit Black warrior drive, Dave took off and tried to catch the rocket riders. I figured it was too late. We made back around 3:30 P.M. not A.M. Tried but sore, exhausted but still in pain. All and all a good ride on a cold day.

Thank you
Greg (Gary - Bulldog) Fisher