

## Clattered In Chapeltown

### Yorkshire Pudding Rally Report 2010

I arrived at the rally site in Chapeltown about 5pm on the Friday afternoon, after a fun but moist ride down from 'Uddersfield on the Guzzi. I found "Camp Arse" already erected, with a healthy sprinkling of Huddersfield MAG members in attendance. Richard had brought absolutely feck all with him on his Kawasaki apart from a tent and a sleeping bag, which was in direct contrast to Andy and Max on their Dragstar. Max had packed 12 different outfits including shoes, and Andy had bought the entire stock of his local farm shop bringing 300 sausages and slices of bacon. Mal was on the Speed Triple, (his Guzzi lying in bits on his shed floor), Ian on his faithful Fazer with Ali and Karen plus Brie the waggy doggy on the CCM R30. Helen had ridden down with Andy and Max on her Guzzi kindly taking most of our luggage on her V11.

It was dry when I arrived, and Helen had already put the tent up earlier so all I needed to do was get off my bike and open a can of Ruddles County before the usual talking of bollocks commenced while we all sat outside our tents. Rich was already well on the way to getting completely shedded, completing his mission in style later that night drunkenly trying to light a giant red heart shaped Chinese lantern with Andy. The lantern ended up getting torn, trod on and finally worn as a dress by Rich who looked very in touch with his feminine side dressed in a big red love heart. Ian, sensible as ever was lectured them on the follies of lighting fires while pissed- naughty boys!

The main area outside the marquee filled up quickly that evening, and we enjoyed some ale, conscious of the fact a few of us were marshalling on the ride on the next morning.

Amazingly it stayed dry all night, and there were a few sore heads in the morning, Rich in particular feeling the effects of his lager fuelled excesses, lying on the floor nearly passed out while Brie wound her dog chain around him restraining him as he laid there- I normally have to pay for that sort of thing! Rich had tripped over every single guy rope the night before but amazingly our desert camo basha was still erect. Andy very kindly cooked everyone breakfast, having had to tidy the tent earlier because Max has mentioned "they were having guests over later!" By now Max was wearing her seventh outfit of the weekend, and on her ninth different pair of boots. We were not sure how many rallyists were going to join us on the organised run out, but we had plenty of marshals, Ali who had written the route and would be leading, Helen, Mal, Ian and myself. We assembled by the main gate at 10.30am to find that only three bikes wished to join us, which was not a problem as it made it easy to keep the group together. Once we got out of Sheffield, we headed via Ladybower to Castleton. In line with tradition, once away from the rally site, I decided to desecrate the gentleman's facilities by the car park in Castleton. It had one of those automatic flushes and I found that whenever I went to wipe, my arm triggered the very wet flush, soaking my dangly bits three times, which was a bonus because they needed a wash anyway.

We all headed to the quaint cafe under the hill to the castle, and being the rufty tufty bikers we are, all ordered cream teas which were very filling. Ian managed to lick the edge of one of his scones but had to leave the rest, while us pigs wolfed ours down like wild dogs, before the poor toilets in the cafe were disgraced by several members of our party, but to be fair we left a large tip for the cleaning bill and extra bleach. It was a cracking ride out of Castleton to Tideswell, then heading to Bakewell, cruising at the speed limit enjoying the countryside and occasional bursts of sunshine

before stopping again at Chatsworth house, while Mal (who hails from Wales) got very aroused by the numbers of sexy sheep. The poor sheep seemed quite concerned, and were running away very fast straight across the road in front of cars, fearful of what might happen if they got their hind legs tucked down into his para boots. After a hot and slowish ride through Sheffield we arrived back in Chapeltown, Ali and I heading back onto site while the others went shopping for booze and food. Max and Andy were working hard on gate duty, and as I stopped to say hello, Ali did a big skid behind me which I "heard in my mirrors". I entered my dirty and a bit tatty (but still shiny) Guzzi cafe racer in the BSH custom show, there were some very nice bikes in the competition and obviously mine was by far the best and sexiest machine there but for some reason, all the polished clean and shiny custom bikes seemed to win the rosettes- never mind! I decided to become Madonna for a few minutes while the others arrived back from Asda, stocked with plenty of booze and grub, and we enjoyed a big picnic, Helen and Karen in particular drinking bottles of vino at an alarming rate before starting on the vodka. Saturday night was ace, with no early morning ride outs to worry about. We spent plenty of time in the crowded area outside the marquee talking bollocks with the guys and gals from Leeds and York, Helen now completely clattered, dropping her head torch every 5 minutes until I had to support her back to our tent at about 2am. She fell out of her chair sideways onto the inner tent, before I helped her inside as she gibbered away for 15 minutes asking me about twenty times did we have any water, to which I replied yes its right next to you every single time she asked the question, her drunken wittering eventually turning into loud snores as she passed out. For some reason Max and Andy ended up in Rich's tent, exclaiming "wow its massive" very loudly, as everyone else wondered what was occurring behind the canvas walls of Rich's sumptuous love palace.

Sunday was a slow affair- Helen & Karen were still feeling the effects of the booze by late morning so we were in no rush to hit the road, eventually getting away in the afternoon, leaving in convoy for the short ride back to 'Uddersfield. Mal suddenly remembered that he had a pile of Twelfty Party flyers in a bag, and it was panic stations but Rich managed to give them all away!

Great rally, fantastic company- let's do it once again next year!

Guy