

Storming the Castle

The day started chilly but dry on Easter Monday as we (Rosie and Jim) set out along the surrey/Sussex country lanes. The ride was very pleasant and my new virago 750 a real joy to ride, my first real trip out on her since taking ownership in march.



Apart from a slight adventure in Tunbridge wells involving a mis-direction on a round-about (anyone who has ridden with Jim knows exactly what I mean!) the whole journey was relaxing and just what Bank Holidays are all about. Traffic was light for most of the morning and only came to an abrupt halt about a mile out from Bodiam. Being of a passive nature we sat at the end of the queue for 10 minutes watching people emerge from their vehicles ,shaking their heads in dismay and discussing the problem ahead (whatever that may be!) . After 11 minutes a decision was reached that life's too short to sit around and maybe we should 'white line' it, in case our small but perfectly formed vehicles might navigate the obstruction. It wasn't long before the 'problem' became apparent.... everybody this side of Croydon had the same idea as us (minus the motorcycles) and headed for the Castle . There is a certain smugness that we all have but will never admit to in passing 100 cars queuing to get in an event and the going straight to the front of the line.

Having been waved in by 'George' the property manager and shown to the bike parking area while the irate drivers looked on, we took a relaxed stroll around the grounds and soaked in the history of the location . several photo opportunities later we sought refreshments at a near-by hostelry and returned home tired but content. Its just goes to show you're never to old to storm a castle.

