

Ride Report

Easter Chockie Run

Saturday 3 April 2010



Two chocolate factories. A bakery. An ice cream shop. Weather forecast fine, mid-20s. What more could you want on a mid-autumn day? Well, it seems twenty-seven riders and a few pillions thought a day out with SABERS would be just the ticket.

A quick briefing from Tony at 10am and we were off up the Southern Expressway to Medlows Chocolates at McLaren Vale. Right on the speed limit, the massed group cruised past a speed cop on the way - wonder how often he gets such a large group doing exactly the right speed? Never mind, we had a mission to attend to.



Medlow's barely buckled under the strain of the horde as we swept through the store, marvelling at the temptatious* treats and ogling at the huge volume of goodies we carried away. Of course, the better prepared amongst us brought a full set of bike luggage so we wouldn't be too constrained in our purchases.

"Oh well", thinks I, better head off to lunch before we get too hungry. A scenic and eucalypt-lined cruise through the southern ranges followed by a run up the edge of Kuitpo Forest served the olfactory senses well and set us in good stead for the Meadows Bakery, which luckily for us was largely deserted (the usual crowds were at the fair across the road), but well 'desserted', as the sweet-tooths amongst set out to demonstrate.

A pleasant meander through Echunga, Hahndorf and Balhannah saw us skirt past the horsies at Oakbank and settle at Melba's Chocolate Factory at Woodside, where the casual bystander might well have thought we were seeing chocolate for the first time in months. Well-practiced by now at storming the chocolate shops, we massed in through the turnstile and demolished the tubs of free samples. Armfulls of delirium-inducing delicacies to devour, we drifted outside and planned our descent to the city.



The cruise through Lobethal, Lenswood, Basket Range, Ashton and Norton Summit was slightly obstructed by traffic, however this was really only the first time in the whole day that this has bothered us. Thank goodness the drivers worked out who we were and made room for us to pass.

We arrived at Dairy Bell around 2.30pm, which of course meant we were early enough that anything consumed here would not spoil one's appetite for dinner, right? The ride leader set a fine example of commercial-quantity ice cream consumption before announcing it was time to go to the supermarket to see if they had any Cadbury's on special. After all, isn't that what it's all about?

Tony Wood
Honda Blackbird

** I made that word up.*