

Start / Finish: Parrog, Newport, Pembrokeshire

All riders:

A quick half-mile scooter up from Parrog on the newly-laid tarmac brings us to the main Fishguard-Cardigan road (A487) where you turn right [**direction: Fishguard**]. You now have a fast six miles to get warm and get prepared for the short, sharp climb from Lower Town to Fishguard itself. On the way, wave to the gathered crowds in Dinas Cross, take in the panorama that is Fishguard Bay before diving down the fast, twisty descent to Lower Town [**take care: road narrows at the bottom; beware oncoming traffic**].



Bottom gears it is then for the first climb of the day up to Fishguard where, at the top of the climb you will be turning left [**direction: Llanychaer**] just before the Main Square in Fishguard. Taking the next left [**direction: Llanychaer**] with seats in the upright position, we begin our departure from Mayor Kenny Twat's abode (old TV reference- sorry), meandering our way along the B4313 to the city limits (ahem) before a slight climb then very sharp descent followed by a gradual rise before dropping into Llanychaer, past the Bridge Inn pub and up to the other side of the village. Just after Llanychaer (Did you blink? Yep, you missed it then) at about the ten mile mark we turn right [**direction: Trecwn**] and up a short climb before levelling off.

After a nadgery 's' bend we are turning left [**direction: Trecwn**] and dropping down into the once prosperous, if a little secretive, valley that saw the storage and management of Royal Naval ordnance – that's bombs and bullets to us. At this point, we had hoped to divert the

Preseli Angel around the underground tunnel network and provide a potted history/tour en route, however, you'll have to take our word for it, quickly glance left at the bottom of the hill before heading straight over the [staggered] junction **[direction: Puncheston]**.

Steady climb up then a right turn **[direction: Letterston]** followed by a left turn sees the route getting jolly close to one of the best fish & chip restaurants in Pembrokeshire – it's your choice whether you take the 'chunky' option here rather than wait for the first food stop; but you have done 15 whole miles or so by now... From Letterston we head back towards the mountains via Little Newcastle and on to Puncheston and beyond. Note: glancing left on this route will give glimpses of Carn Ingli as she watches over your progress through the Preseli foothills. With 20 miles or so done we climb back out onto the B4313 and turn right **[direction: Rosebush/Maenclochog]**. At the crossroads junction with the B4329 (the Cardigan to Haverfordwest 'mountain road') we are turning left. Oh yes, my friends, see you at the top where, weather permitting, the first food stop will be waiting (@ 25miles), thus allowing simultaneous munching and scenery gawping. You are now in the heart of the Preselis.

Two options are now available to you: 1. Sit back and have a leisurely cruise for a few miles or, 2. engage that 53/11, adopt your best racing crouch and try to crack 60mph on the long descent to Crosswell. At Crosswell (@ 30miles), the **40 mile route** turns left **[direction: Newport]** whilst the **80 mile route** turns right **[direction: Crymych]**.

40 mile riders:



All-out need for speed satisfied, the left turn in Crosswell will bring your back from hypersonic to cruise mode as you negotiate a very tight and twisty zigzag descent before climbing back out of Sleepy Valley and on towards the A487 with no deviations. At the large junction with the A487, you will be turning right **[direction: Cardigan]** – I know, so near to Newport, yet so far – and climbing a short distance to Temple Bar where you will turn left **[direction: Nevern]** and drop downhill (like a bullet, I'm sure).

Resting and enjoying a libation or two at the Trewern Arms might seem tempting – but don't be swayed or cajoled, you've only got another six or seven miles to go and you've made it! Ride past the Evil Temptress, cross the picturesque bridge over the River Nevern and then take the next left **[direction: hmmm? Newport? Ish? We're in wild Country now...]**. This is your sting in the tail, I'm afraid. A sharp zigzag climb eases up after ½ mile or so, but continues to climb gradually for another couple of miles until you hit a T junction where you turn **left [direction: nevermind; nearly there]**.

Dig in! Just a short pull up sees you emerge onto the Moylegrove-Newport Coastal Highway (if it's good enough for Californians...) where you turn left and begin to wind up the speed for your last hurrah as you dive down towards Newport. Carn Ingli on your left, Newport Bay/Dinas Island in front of you – but don't get too scenery-centric as you'll miss the fast left turn that will speed you down to the Metropolis from whence you came. Dash across the bridge (hello again River Nevern) and up to the junction with the A487 where you turn right **[direction: Town Centre/Parrog]** and soak up the adulation from the waiting crowds, nay, fans, as you speed up the High Street on a wave of euphoria. Don't forget to take the right turn at the top **[direction: Parrog]** or you'll have to do it all again (it's the law). Drop down to Parrog (still waving to fans) and finish with a flourish at the bottom, pack your bike onto/into your car, have a shower, remember to dress again and join us for a hot meal and general reverie about how awesome you have been.

80 mile riders:

Opposite to the 40 milers, it's right at Crosswell then **[direction: Crymych]** and a fairly fast canter along the undulating lanes past Penygroes before dropping down to begin the climb to the mountain top town of Crymych. Well, a mile's worth of pain up to Soggyville, anyway. (Local resident and keen Met Man, Dai Seaweed, has promised another immaculate Sunday for the Preseli Angel, so no worries about Crymych fog/mist/mizzle/fozzle). On through Crymych **[direction: Narbeth]** and its three cafes (Three! Count 'em), we turn left **[direction: Hermon]** at the Secondary School (a Level 1, don't you know) and have a couple of miles of fast, flat (ish), super-surface to enjoy.



Finding ourselves in Hermon, it's a left **[direction: Glogue/Llanfyrnach]** then immediately left **[direction: Glogue]** which actually looks like a 'straight on' but trust me, technically, it's a left turn. Then left again **[direction: Glogue]** to drop down into the village that time forgot, Y Glôg. Next climb coming up as we ascend towards Tegryn where we turn right **[direction: Blaenwaun/St Clears]** and enjoy a good few miles that any formed 'trains' will eat up at pace. You will see windmills in front of you – you're heading that direction, my friend. You may also see a tall t.v. mast way off to your right – that's your ultimate goal on this little section.

Ahh, now we've introduced you to the windmills and you've got a goal in mind, we divert you! At about the 42 mile mark we turn left **[direction: Llanwninio/Gellywen]** and enjoy yet more flat roads (who knew all this speed was available in West Wales?). Along this road we dive right and descend (carefully) into Cwmbach and to the foot of the next slogfest – the Cwmbach Come Back (because at the top, your previously-taken energy bar just might...). Some respite is now

afforded (could we beeee more accommodating?) as you turn right **[direction: Blaenwaun]** and stretch your legs on some smooth road surfaces. At Blaenwaun we turn left **[direction: Cefn y Pant/Llanglydwen]** and head towards those windmills I promised earlier. A mile or so along we turn left (caution: sharp turn on crossroads near poo-covered farm entrance) **[direction: Cefn y Pant]** and head up and past Windy Miller's before a nice little descent with the turbines behind you. Turning right at the next crossroads **[direction: Cefn y Pant]** we make our way to the super smooth descent into Llanglydwen, the Llanglydwen Glide. In the village itself, we nip over the hump back bridge (crossing it up or flicking it 'round here is optional) and hit the Llanglydwen's darker side, the Llanglydwen Grind.

Reaching the near-top of the Grind we turn right **[direction: Hebron/Glandwr]** and drop into the Valley of the Jews. Once through Hebron, we streak towards Glyndwr on yet more smooth surfaces (Pembrokeshire County Council clearly had an under spend last year...). After avoiding the back lane's bike-loving Jack Russells, in Glandwr we turn left at the very blue house in the village. Ladies and Gentlemen meet The Assassin of Glandwr; Mr Assassin, meet the riders... yes, it's another beating coming up. Remember that t.v. mast earlier on? It's just up this climb. Just around the next corner... The Assassin's attack isn't a particularly clinical one; it comes in waves and, just when you think he's had his best shot, the last 300 metres ramp up again to meet the A478. We're now just under 55 miles in and heading for the next feed stop (@60 miles).



On the junction with the A478 we turn right **[direction: Pentregar/Crymych/Cardigan]** and whizz along the main A road for a few miles before turning left at Crymych **[direction: Mynachlog Ddu]**. We didn't want to take you into Crymych again; once is enough for anyone. A short climb away from Crymych sees us then descending to the foot of Foel Drygarn and

then a fast few miles towards Mynachlog Ddu and the next food stop (@ 60 miles). And we're back. In the mountains.

Under full-bellied power, we scoot on towards Maenclochog where we emerge in the village centre. Remember everyone: no eye contact, no conversing and definitely no impromptu guitar-duals. Turn right **[direction: New Inn/Fishguard]** and get the hell out of Dodge. At about the 69 mile mark we find ourselves back at the crossroads junction with the B4329 (the Cardigan to Haverfordwest 'mountain road'). Straight over **[direction: Fishguard]** and begin preparing yourself for our sting in the tail or rather, Bessie's sting.



Turn right at around 70 miles **[direction: Pontfaen/Cwm Gwaun]** and tackle a tricky little descent into the Gwaun Valley whereupon you will come upon a magical little public house called the Dyffryn Arms or, more parochially, Bessie's. Don't be swayed by the lure of Bessie's hand-poured ale – for it will be your undoing. Just behind the aforementioned hostelry is the final ascent of the day. And boy what an ascent it is. A brutal 20-25%¹ to start with, that evens out to a more humane 8%² for the remainder. But once you're at the top – behold! Stunning vistas abound and, more pertinently, a great descent to Newport and the Parrog and the finish.

Ensuring you finish with a flourish, pack your bike onto/into your car, have a shower, remember to dress again and join us for a hot meal and general reverie about how awesome you have been.

¹ All quoted percentage gradients are the over-exaggerations of the author and in no way relate to any form of scientific measurement or determination.

² Ditto