FROM THE EDITOR

BEING A CYCLIST is a bit like being Peter Pan, and not just because you get to wear tights. You don’t have to grow up: you can still enjoy the simple pleasure of riding a bike that you discovered in childhood, flying along on an inch or two of air. You can hold onto your youth – or rather, hold off the infirmities of age for longer compared to your sedentary peers.

Regular cyclists can expect to extend their lifespan by a couple of years on average. But as the adage has it: we don’t cycle to add days to our life; we cycle to add life to our days.

Some pastimes seem designed to slow you down, or else are particularly suited to those who have already slowed down. Bowls, indoor or crown green, I’m looking at you. I once went to a free taster session at a bowling centre, to see what it was like. ‘It’s not just for old people,’ said the guy doing the introductions. It so was. Everyone else was about three decades older than me.

Cycling is less discriminatory in that there’s no age limit – to start or stop. Sure, weekday morning or afternoon rides are always going to be more popular with retired riders; younger cyclists are mostly at work. But on the club rides I’m used to, on road and off, ages typically range from twenty-something to sixty-odd. And I know cyclists in their eighties. One of them has an e-bike. I’m sure that there’s no age limit – to start or slow you down, or else are particularly suited to those who have already slowed down. Bowls, indoor or crown green, I’m looking at you. I once went to a free taster session at a bowling centre, to see what it was like. ‘It’s not just for old people,’ said the guy doing the introductions. It so was. Everyone else was about three decades older than me.

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