

Ben made a short video of his trip. Watch it at: bit.ly/KAW-singlespeed



King Alfred's singlespeed Way

Where: South-East England
Who: Ben Waterfall
When: September 2025

The 2025 Singlespeed UK Championships were held at Queen Elizabeth Country Park in Hampshire. I had entered but wanted to find a way to improve my travel/activity ratio. Conveniently, the venue was on the route of King Alfred's Way so I settled on the idea of doing both.

My apprehension about riding the route on a singlespeed loaded with camping gear was diminished by chat in the route's Facebook group. I planned two days of riding each way, which meant I only needed two overnight stops while travelling.

I joined King Alfred's Way on the Ridgeway near Swindon, and later saw Green Woodpeckers in Reading. I detoured via Odiham Castle

to spend a night camping in the beer garden of the Fox & Goose at Greywell. The pitch was free with the evening meal I ordered at the bar. The second day, riding through the heaths and commons, was my favourite, with great singletrack and views. I was proud to ride onto the event site at the end of the day.

Singlespeed UK was exactly as I expected: fun, friendly and a bit daft. Without the luggage, my bike felt suddenly sprightly. The course in Queen Elizabeth Country Park was all rideable, with steady climbs and spirited descents. The slippery chalk trails were a novelty that kept my attention.

With post-race tired legs, Butser Hill was my longest push of the trip but I was soon rolling again. My last night was spent in the luxury of the Salisbury Camping and Caravanning Club site. On my last day I made sure to stay on the correct side of the flags on the military ranges. Later I spotted chalk white horses.

The experience of singlespeed bikepacking on my Stooze Mk4 29er (32/20 gearing) was surprisingly great. I'll do it again.

Hebridean e-biking

Where: Western Isles, Scotland
Who: Sarah Johnson
When: September 2025

Last autumn I had a wonderful time riding the Hebridean Way on Bluebell, my electric G Line Brompton. After a train trip from Chester to Oban, there was a five-hour ferry journey.

I rode over the causeway to Vatersay to get to the start of the route, but missed the sign for the ferry terminal at Loch Baghasdail and pedalled around the whole of Barra. I caught the next ferry. By this time The Politician pub of Whisky Galore fame on Eriskay was open.

A combination of weight, wind gusts and hills drained the battery on two days of my trip. The long road to Stornoway, although not officially part of the route, was essential for the return ferry. It was relentless, with a strong headwind and rain stinging my face.

I met many kind people. Four cyclists invited me to a film screening, and Julia, a lady I spoke to one breakfast, drove me from Ullapool to Inverness, saving me from cycling 37 miles on the A835.

