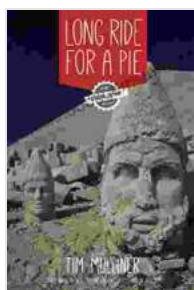


Long Ride for Pie: A Journey Into the Heart of a 10,000-Mile Adventure

In the summer of 2017, I set out on a 10,000-mile cycling adventure across America in search of the perfect slice of pie. It was a journey that would take me through 30 states, over mountains and deserts, and into the heart of the American experience.



Long Ride for a Pie: From London to New Zealand on two wheels and an appetite by Tim Mulliner

★★★★★ 5 out of 5

Language : English
File size : 1126 KB
Text-to-Speech : Enabled
Screen Reader : Supported
Enhanced typesetting: Enabled
Word Wise : Enabled
Print length : 235 pages
Lending : Enabled



Along the way, I met an incredible cast of characters, from pie bakers to farmers to fellow cyclists. I tasted pies that were sweet, savory, fruity, and everything in between. And I learned a lot about myself, my country, and the power of a good slice of pie.

The Inspiration

The idea for the Long Ride for Pie came to me after a particularly long and difficult day on my bike. I was exhausted, hungry, and homesick. All I

wanted was a slice of my mom's homemade apple pie.

But I was a thousand miles from home, and there was no pie to be found. That's when I realized that I needed to go on a pie quest. I needed to find the perfect slice of pie, no matter how far I had to ride.

The Route

I planned a route that would take me through some of the most iconic pie regions in America. I started in New England, where apple pie is a way of life. I then headed south to the Midwest, where I sampled pies made with everything from peaches to rhubarb. I crossed the Rocky Mountains and rode through the desert Southwest, where I discovered pies made with cactus fruit and mesquite.

My journey ended in California, where I tasted pies made with fresh fruit from the state's bountiful orchards. Along the way, I stopped at dozens of pie shops, restaurants, and even a few gas stations in search of the perfect slice.

The Pie

I ate a lot of pie on my ride. I tried pies made with every kind of fruit imaginable, as well as pies made with nuts, chocolate, and even cheese. I learned that there is no such thing as a "perfect" pie, because everyone's tastes are different.

But there were a few pies that stood out from the rest. One was a classic apple pie from a small town bakery in Vermont. The crust was flaky and buttery, the apples were tart and sweet, and the spices were perfectly balanced.

Another was a peach pie from a roadside stand in Georgia. The peaches were so ripe and juicy that they burst in my mouth. The crust was made with a sweet cornmeal, which gave it a unique flavor and texture.

And finally, there was a chocolate cream pie from a small café in California. The chocolate was rich and decadent, and the cream was light and fluffy. It was the perfect ending to a long day on the bike.

The People

The people I met on my ride were just as memorable as the pies I ate. I met pie bakers who shared their secrets with me, farmers who grew the fruit for my pies, and fellow cyclists who shared my passion for adventure.

One of the most interesting people I met was a woman named Sarah. She was a pie baker from a small town in Kansas. She had been baking pies for over 40 years, and she had a loyal following of customers who came from all over the state to buy her pies.

Sarah was kind enough to let me spend a day in her kitchen, where I learned how to make her famous apple pie. She taught me the importance of using fresh ingredients, and she showed me how to create a flaky, buttery crust. I'm still using her recipe today, and it's the best apple pie I've ever tasted.

The Journey

The Long Ride for Pie was more than just a bike ride. It was a journey of self-discovery, a celebration of American culture, and a reminder of the power of a good slice of pie.

I learned a lot about myself on my ride. I learned that I'm stronger than I thought I was, both physically and mentally. I learned that I'm capable of anything I set my mind to. And I learned that I love pie.

I also learned a lot about America on my ride. I saw the beauty and diversity of this country, and I met some of the most amazing people I've ever met. I learned that America is a land of opportunity, where anything is possible if you work hard and follow your dreams.

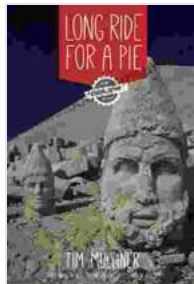
And finally, I learned the power of a good slice of pie. Pie is more than just food. It's a symbol of home, family, and community. It's a reminder of the good things in life. And it's a reminder that there's always hope, no matter how difficult things may seem.

The Future

The Long Ride for Pie was a life-changing experience. It taught me so much about myself, my country, and the power of a good slice of pie. I'm so grateful for the opportunity to have shared my journey with all of you.

I'm not sure what the future holds, but I know that I'll never forget the Long Ride for Pie. It was the adventure of a lifetime, and it changed my life forever.

Thank you for reading.



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