

It's not passing the torch; it's a flame-out!

This is what the end of the beginning looks like. That's Kevin, my son, riding up Old LaHonda in 20 minutes, 9 seconds. I'd like to claim I hung onto his wheel for dear life but he nipped me at the line, but that wouldn't be quite right. I lost his wheel maybe a mile up the climb, and watched helplessly as he rode away, in pursuit of someone further up the road. I arrived at the top over 2 minutes behind.

Nevertheless it was yet another beautiful day to be out on a bike. A much shorter ride than normal; just 42 miles, with a quick (too quick, as the evidence shows) run up Old LaHonda, down the other side, and back up West Alpine. I'm sure he could have dropped me on West Alpine too, but he decided to be civil.

For those interested, the 10 day forecast still shows no rain, and all Sierra passes remain open. The absurdity of a ride in the Sierras in January remains possible.