

An early-morning dash to the coast

Sundays are normally reserved for rides of 50+ miles, preferably closer to 70, but that wasn't possible today since we the Redwood City store was open from noon-5pm for our TREKFest sale (we're normally closed on Sundays). Noon. That meant having to get back by 11am to have time to take a shower and get ready. How many rides can you reliably pull off in 3 hours that are suitably challenging?

Oh sure, we could get out earlier than 8am, except that we had to watch the final 20k or so of the Amstel Gold road race on the 'net. As if I can remember the bit-player who won. Still, it bought a bit of time, allowing some of the overcast to burn off, and it was indeed a glorious morning as we headed out over 84, Yes, we went up 84, not Old LaHonda, because it would be both faster and different. 84 is such a consistent and shallow grade that it's kinda fun to do as a change of pace, especially on a Sunday morning, when the traffic is almost unbelievably light.

It might have been a bit more fun if Kevin hadn't dumped me on the pavement shortly after the ride started, when he got spooked by a car pulling out of a driveway and slammed on the brakes without warning. It's difficult not to see Kevin and a seasoned and skilled rider because he's gotten so fast, but the truth is, he got fast so fast that he really doesn't have the zillions of miles the rest of the guys (and women) I ride with have, so I really shouldn't expect him to have the same skill set yet. He'll get there.

A bit gray and mildly drizzly along the coast, but not bad, certainly better weather than we've had lately, and not bad weather for climbing Tunitas. Of course Kevin took off as soon as it got steep, finishing about two minutes ahead of me. I'm getting used to that. But I got there, and later (as in, right now) feel the effort in my legs. At just 43 miles that's somewhat surprising, but also welcome. As welcome as warm weather and literal crowds of cyclists on Canada Road on our return.