

It was supposed to be a good, hard ride. That was the plan.



Every picture tells a story, and this one, on Page Mill at the infamous Gate 3, is all about that straight-up line the Garmin shows for the upcoming road profile. Ouch!

I didn't get to do a good ride, or any ride at all, last Sunday... a real waste, letting my good form from riding in France go to waste. But last Sunday I was heading to Wisconsin for Trek's dealer show, and I missed Tuesday morning's regular ride as well. Sure, I got to get out for an hour or two on a mountain bike, but mostly the mosquitoes got a workout sucking blood out of me.

So today the plan was to head up Page Mill, down West Alpine and over to Pescadero, then Stage Road and back via Tunitas. That was the plan. A good 65 miles or so, on a beautiful summer day.

What I didn't count on was Kevin getting some pretty nasty flank pain again, probably a kidney stone. He wasn't feeling great up Page Mill, and wanted to turn back at the top. I talked him into descending West Alpine and heading back up 84 (with a mild detour for West Old LaHonda, of course!) and we were back in 3.5 hours instead of 5. Hopefully next Sunday will go better; I suspect Kevin's issue will have moved on by then.