

Remember the movie "Duel" with Dennis Weaver? Kevin and I lived that this morning!



There are no bad days on West Old LaHonda. Not even good days. Just great days.



500 meters to go before the top of the hill, narrow road, huge truck behind you, getting louder. You look back... once. You don't want to see that... thing... again. It's big. Getting bigger. Just a bit further. This is the end of your ride, just over the hill and down a 4% grade for less than a mile. You make it to the top, where it flattens out. You're burying yourself, picking up speed, and the \$!#%# thing is getting LOUDER, sounding like it's right on your tail. Full sprint mode, as in "Cap'n, she can't take much more of this!" 25 miles, lots of climbing, and NOTHING makes your legs scream like they are now. Finally, a couple hundred meters down the hill, 'round two corners, you look back, and it's gone.

I'm going to have dreams tonight that it's about to plow through my bedroom. For those under 50, forget JJ Abrams Star Wars reboot. Find "Duel" on Netflix or wherever. Spielberg's first film out of college. You'll understand.



Kevin loaded up with "training ballast" from the Woodside Bakery

OK, the actual ride report. Kevin didn't ride yesterday so this morning was one of those very-rare not-on-the-schedule events. We were hoping to ride the nice bikes, but the roads were still wet and even a light sprinkle from time to time. Since I had already done my two rides up Kings this week I wasn't about to go up again, so we did the Old LaHonda/West Old LaHonda/84 loop. A bit shorter than normal at just 24 miles, but we made it special by stopping at Woodside Bakery, picking up breakfast (I'd planned ahead and used one of those Tour de France Caravan "backpacks" that fold up to the size of a wallet).

But the soreness in my legs right now isn't coming from Old LaHonda. It's totally from burning every match we had, trying to stay away from that huge evil truck coming up behind us on Jefferson!