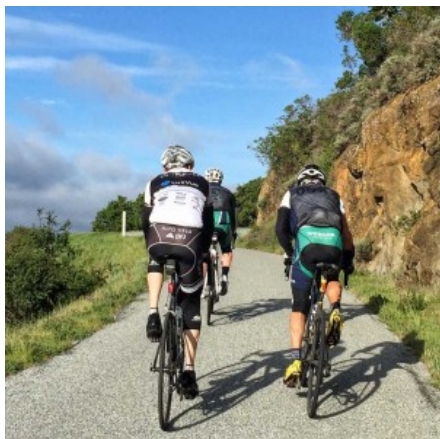


Yes, did ride before flying to DC



Yet another seemingly-obligatory photo of West Old LaHonda on yet another seemingly-obligatory beautiful day in Northern California

Had to fly to DC today, but that didn't mean I wasn't going to ride in the morning! In fact, I carefully constructed an itinerary that allowed me to get in the regular Tuesday-morning ride and get to the airport in time... yes, including a shower.

This morning it was JR, Eric, Kevin, Kevin and, on Kings anyway, another guy riding up with his on one of our bikes whose name I forget. Hate that! All that matters is that he's faster than I am.

Old-guy Kevin started up fairly fast, with me glued to his wheel, while the others rode up a bit more casually. Well maybe not JR; he just takes a bit to get warmed up. But when I got to that part where you look over the peninsula through the open spot on the left, I looked back and.... no sign of younger Kevin. Odd. Maybe he's just feeling really slow after Sunday's ride, or maybe a seizure.

A couple minutes later and there he is. I turn around and ride up with him and Eric, but not for long as I get ditched off the back. Why do I wait? How many times will I ask myself that question? What's the definition of stupid? I did find out later that yes, he had a seizure, but doesn't matter, he still gets up the hill in under 30 minutes. Despite losing 2 minutes, 2 seconds to me on the lower part of the hill.

Yes, another beautiful day up on Skyline, as the morning fog burned off before we got there (one advantage to not climbing TOO fast!). And having gotten in a good ride before spending 6 hours on planes is always a good thing.