

Not fair; raining hard when I got up but pretty much stopped by the time we rode!



The woman on the far left must have been extremely-cold, descending Kings on a wet day, 39 degrees. Part of a group from Stanford that we see from time to time. Obviously a very tough crowd!

No, you're right, it doesn't make sense that a cyclist would look forward to rain. But if the road's wet, you're going to get wet, your bike will be a mess, whether it's dumping from the sky or just on the ground. The difference? If it's dumping on you, you get street cred.

Apparently the heavy rain preceding the ride scared everybody off; nobody at the start but myself and Kevin. We proceeded at a moderate pace after first stopping to shed our jackets, and then another stop towards the base of Kings when Kevin had a seizure. A couple minutes later we're heading back up again and intercept the other Kevin, who'd gotten a late start and was heading down to meet us.

Older Kevin was joking with younger Kevin that we'd started riding too late because there was a group of young women he'd seen up near the top of Kings as he was heading down. Only turns out he wasn't joking! About half a mile from the top we saw half a dozen women riding down, some of them woefully underdressed for the cold wet morning! Brrr. We were quite comfy, dressed appropriately, keeping to a steady tempo.