

Yep, rode Tuesday, rode Today. Rattlesnakes & Corgis & new rider!



First things first; Tuesday we did ride, but dreadfully slow up Kings, so slow that the rest of the guys rode on ahead before Kevin and I got to the top. The lost fitness from the weeks Kevin couldn't ride have certainly had their effect! We did catch up to the group later on, by riding the West Old LaHonda loop in reverse. Kevin, thankfully, got progressively-faster as we went, a good sign.

Today? First of all, we're back to leg warmers. What's up with that? Gray outside, but a cheerful group with Karl, Karen, Kevin (pilot), JR, Mark P and... Mark brought along someone new to the ride, Liz. Liz may not have been the fastest up Kings this morning, but that might have had something to do with the Ironman she did just a week ago (in 106 degree heat, yikes!). I had a bit of fun keeping an eye on things towards the back and then riding back up to the Karl/Karen/Kevin/Mark group, then dropping back, repeating until dead. Eventually I eased up a bit and rode the rest of the way up with Liz whom, near as I can tell, is a very nice person.

It was foggy & wet & not-so-warm up on Skyline; I saw 48 degrees at one point, making Kevin (son, not the pilot) and I quite thankful we were wearing legwarmers. Someone else was giving me a bad time about my exposed arms, thinking I should have arm warmers, but why? My arms don't get cold, and they're so skinny arm warmers won't stay on them anyway.

On West Old LaHonda it wasn't the view that was interesting; there was no view, just gray. But there was a fairly-large coiled rattlesnake on the road, unfortunately dead before we got to him. Looked like something tore a chunk out of his side. I, of course, stopped, which for some reason surprised Kevin. Why he was surprised I don't know; I always stop to remove snakes from the road. They don't deserve to be run over. Liz, by the way, had no trouble holding to anyone's wheel climbing West Old LaHonda. Too bad; at one point I was getting a bit gassed and thought hey, I'll drop back and see if there's anyone riding slower. Er... nope. Not today!

On the way back we saw the two Corgis in the picture, Lance & Tiger. Yes, they're named after Lance Armstrong and Tiger Woods, born in the heyday of each now-defrocked former sports hero. Well, Tiger's trying to make a comeback, but so far, not much happening. The dogs, however, are very friendly and guilty of nothing more than inappropriate licking & sniffing.