

I don't know; ride casual. Think that's what we were doing this morning.



Arriving at the start of the Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride and finding... nobody there... is a very unusual occurrence. Even during the worst winter storms, there's usually somebody waiting at Olive Hill & Canada Road, ready for the precise 7:45am departure for Kings & beyond. But today... nobody. Was it the slightly-cooler weather? Sure, we did wear leg warmers this morning (Kevin's idea, actually, and a good one, as it got down to 47), but still quite nice out.

So what would the pace be like, if it's just myself and Kevin? In a word, casual. It wasn't as if Kevin was hurting in any way; he just wasn't feeling like riding fast. Had Marcus shown up, it might have been different. It would have been different. But with just me, Kevin was content to just cruise at maybe 70% effort. At the top of Kings, still nobody. We headed south on Skyline, moderate pace, just late enough that nearly all of the fog had burned off, leaving just the slightest trace of the sun's rays coming through the trees.

And then, at Sky Londa, the two of us became 5, as we met up with JR, Bill & Scotty. Kevin was really wrecking the age curve of this group, being 22 and the rest of us, well, I think at 59 I'm the youngest! Things stayed relatively-calm until the upper stretches of West Old LaHonda, where Kevin put the pedal to the metal and took off. Yeah, well, when you're 22 you can spend the whole ride faking that you're a bit tired or going to just phone it in or whatever, and then just take off. I tried to hang onto his wheel, but it wasn't going to happen. Kevin's figured out that I can't just switch it on & off like he can. Hate that.