

Winter isn't coming. It's here.



It's Thanksgiving, time for the annual Turkey-Day ride out to the coast. It was also time to seriously bundle up, although I wasn't quite aware how serious the need was.



Just three of us this morning; we didn't do a formal pre-announced ride this year. Myself, Kevin & Todd. The plan was the usual; head out to the coast and back. Normally it would have been Tunitas for the return but Todd had to get back a bit early so we went for 84 instead. Or at least that was the plan.

Cold? Oh yeah, it was cold. Actually saw 27.5 degrees just before the start of Old LaHonda, but only have a photo of it being 29-something in Woodside 'cuz I really didn't feel like taking the gloves off again. Not really a big deal taking off, but getting them back on, when it's that cold, is a bit of an ordeal.

Todd and Kevin "rode casual" and rode up and away from me going up Old LaHonda, which wasn't much of a surprise. It did warm up a bit on West Old LaHonda; a balmy 32 degrees! We were hoping it would get even-nicer as we neared the coast, but never made it. Todd got a nasty flat near the duck pond, one of those glass slices that really wrecks a tire. It was booted with a dollar bill but not the sort of thing you'd trust your life with so we headed back at that point, Todd and Kevin flying up 84 and I'm just trying to hang on, and then later, keep them in sight.

This Sunday will be better!