

Almost, but not quite Epic. Cold enough to be miserable, but steady rain, no downpour.



Another beautiful morning on Skyline! We are a strange lot. OK, maybe not we, could just be me. I go to bed, night before a stormy morning ride, looking forward to it. There's something about being out there, when it's really dumping, and nobody else is on the road (except maybe your son who you dragged out, and an aging airline pilot who is often smart enough to stay in bed, but not always), and the rain is coming down HARD, everything's soaked through so you've already reached equilibrium (there's no way to get either more wet or dry off)... it's just a matter of keeping the fire going strong enough to stay warm.

An ideal epic ride would be heavy rain, temps anywhere in the 50s, and maybe a bit of wind to howl through the Redwoods. What kept this morning from being ideal was a lack of really heavy rain (seriously, that's not optional) and it was just too darned cold. Sure, 40 degrees is a whole lot warmer than the 28 degrees we've been seeing on some recent rides, but 40 degrees and wet? After the water's found a way to sneak through your clothes, just before hitting the descent? That's not part of the requirement. I'm still trying to figure out exactly how to dress for that, to tell you the truth. On the other hand, I might not be too far off from nailing the cold & wet dress code, since I never did feel like shivering, never got that oscillation going when descending because your arms and legs are shaking so bad.

So now I'm thinking, maybe I have too many restrictions on what qualifies as an ideal epic ride? Maybe it's not truly epic if I say it doesn't need to include the really bad stuff. Maybe there are degrees of epic, and I should be going for the ultimate!

Or maybe I'm becoming mildly sensible in my getting-older age.