

Proof that I'm back home- rectangular hay bales



First Sunday ride back home after France, so naturally I had to do the usual, the reference ride as it were. Old LaHonda, Pescadero, Tunitas. Solo today; Kevin's spending time with his girlfriend. Got off to a late start, since I had to watch the final stage of the Tour de France, the Paris finale. A bit odd not being there, and even now I'm playing through my mind the timeframe of coming home, what time it is presently in France (7:54am as I type this), arriving home tomorrow evening. But that wasn't the schedule this year; we did the middle and came home this past Monday. A week early.



Woman I scared with my heavy breathing on Old LaHonda But I'm not in France anymore, and the proof is in the picture. Rectangular hay bales, not the rolled-up version you see everywhere in France.

Old LaHonda went a bit better than I expected, getting under 23 minutes for the first time since April. Scared the crap out of a woman climbing up the hill; she heard my breathing, even over the music playing in her ear buds, and kinda jumped.

Haskins also went a bit better than I thought, just under 10. It didn't feel all that fast, but Strava doesn't lie. All the way out to Pescadero I was feeling pretty good, but probably ate too much for Tunitas and felt bogged down on the steep stuff. Hoping for 48 minutes, but ended up with just a few seconds under 50.

By the time I got home I was pretty much dead, which was a bit surprising. At least Strava's "suffer score" was fairly high (216), indicating the hard effort was not all in my mind.