

## This ride never lies



After last week's messy ride, the one where Kevin crashed descending Page Mill due to a seizure, landing in poison oak which had the benefit of providing a nice cushion but... and of course me fishing him out... well, it was time to get back to normal. And normal meant a no-nonsense ride, something we knew we could count on. That, of course, can only describe one thing. Old LaHonda/Pescadero/Tunitas.

The ride that never lies. You can't hide being out of shape, and it will test your mental toughness as you head into the headwinds riding north.

We got off to a very late start, almost noon, partly because we wanted to wait out the fog at the coast, and mostly because we got caught up watching the live feed of the women's Olympic road race. We actually left it with 20k to go, setting up the DVR to record the surprisingly-good coverage on NBC.

My main concern was that Kevin not have any seizures, so I told him to take it easy on the climbs. Yeah, about that. On both Old LaHonda and Tunitas he flew on ahead, getting to the top well before me and riding back to see where I was. No seizures, so why not.

Nothing particularly revelatory about the ride; just over 23 getting up OLH, about 48 up Tunitas. Two weeks ago, I would have been at least a minute faster up each, but that's what several days in Wisconsin, missing my regular rides and replacing them with fried cheeses and brats, does for you. And it's hardly revelatory that Kevin can skip rides and still ride circles around me on climbs. Youth is wasted on the young. I've known that for some time!