

So this is summer, eh?



It had to come to an end sometime... all those nice days not having to get all dressed up for the cold. Sure, there have been a number of days where leg warmers were a good idea, but this was the first morning where I went with a base layer, and glad I did. Not that 48 and a bit damp is all that bad; I did fine without long-fingered gloves.

Of course, "I did fine" is all relative. We had JR, Eric, Scotty, Marcus and, for a brief time, George on the ride this morning. Younger Kevin stayed home as he'd had a really rough night with his poison oak. That's fine, he would have wrecked the age curve, although Marcus is something around 40, dragging it down a fair amount anyway. But of course it's Scotty, who claims to be closer to 70 than 60, that drops me on Kings with ease. Hate that! But I'd hate it even more if I didn't get out and ride. That's not how I feel at the time, but once we start up West Old LaHonda I usually get that feeling of wow, what a great way to start the day.