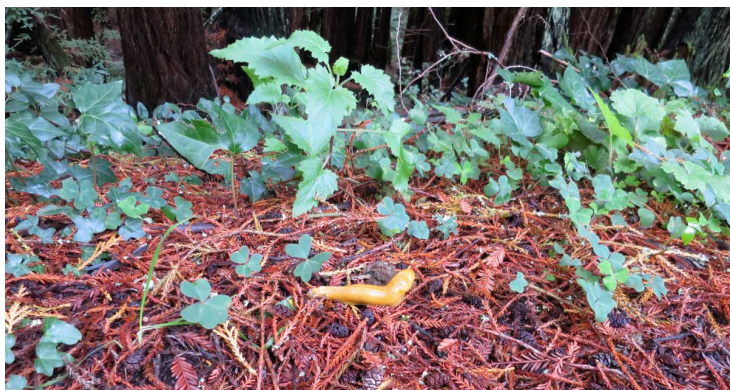


Believe it. It's true. As you get older, you pay a hefty price for time off the bike.



Not too hard to guess what object in this photo I can relate to!

A week ago yesterday, Saturday night, about midnight, I boarded a plane with my daughter and headed to Peru, arriving back home just 6 days later, Friday night (also about midnight). That means my last ride was Thursday, Dec 1st, 10 days ago. And I paid for that.

Kevin and I did the usual Sunday ride; up Old LaHonda, over Haskins to Pescadero, Stage Road to Tunitas and back down Kings. Exact same ride we did for on Thanksgiving, except that for that ride, actual time on the bike was 3hrs 57 minutes, while for this ride, 4hrs 12. Average power output for the pre-Peru ride was 211 vs 191, a difference of about 10%.

Still, it was a nice ride. I got to stop on the way up Old LaHonda and help a guy who'd crashed earlier and needed his bike checked over. At the duck pond we had to slow down a bit as two large groups of ducks crossed the road in front of us. The usual Pescadero sandwich but with hot coffee this time instead of cold coke (did I mention it was pretty cold today, even at the coast?). But... no cookie!!! They ran out of cookies very early in the day. First time that's ever happened to us.

Regarding the colder temps, as we descended Kings we passed a guy with only regular riding shorts, no leg warmers. Descending in 39 degree weather like that isn't just bad for your knees, but likely downright unsafe as shivering doesn't make for good bike handling!

There was no speed in our legs today, just miles, but that's OK. If you think about it, a 15 minute difference in ride time isn't that big a deal.

It's good to be back. No more long spells off the bike for a while. At 60, I just can't take the time off and survive! --Mike--