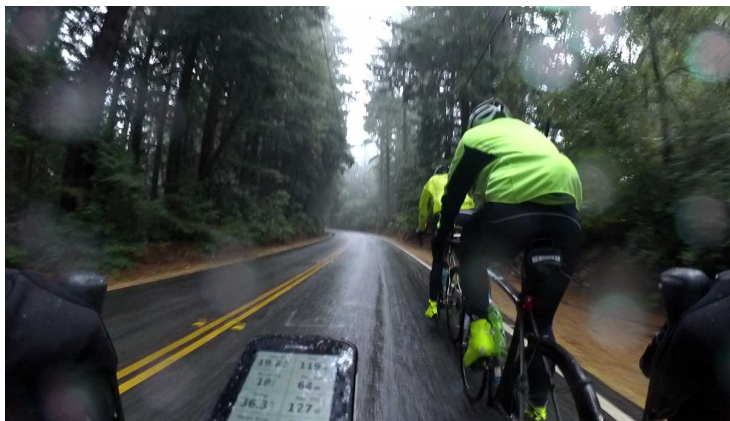


## A few hours ahead of the real storm



36 degrees and light rain, a bit of wind, but hardly epic. It was another one of those nights where you go to bed knowing it's going to be wet in the morning, but that's pretty much it... just wet. Nothing nasty, nothing wild, nothing epic. It's going to make a mess of your bike, and at least you're going to be really thankful you have a "rain" bike for days like this 'cuz your nice bike would be seriously trashed by the end of the ride.



The guy on Kings with the way-low seat. At least, up on Skyline, it was fairly cold. It took a while to get there, probably 36 minutes or so, as neither Kevin nor I (or any of the other people who didn't show up) weren't feeling really fast this morning. We did pass a guy we've seen before on the way up, notable for not wearing leg warmers (in weather like this???) and a seat that's way way way too low. I wasn't positive it was a low seat causing his knees to kick out about a foot away from his bike at the top of each pedal stroke, but as we passed, yep, definitely a too-low seat. No helmet either, but hey, wet roads, maybe if you crash you just slide right?

At the top we caught up with Millo, a used-to-be-regular on our ride before he got sensible and started riding with a group that goes out about the time our group returns. Not sure what inspired him to come out on a day like this, but the company was appreciated, and the added visibility of yet another bright-yellow-clad cyclist in the group couldn't hurt!

Due to the slow climb we ran out of time to do the West Old La Honda loop, heading directly back down 84 from Skyline. Overall a nice ride, but would have been even-nice had we had some real rain, not just light drizzle, to accompany the 36 degrees. That would have made it epic, not merely messy. And yeah, if you want to think I'm nuts, I'm not going to try and talk you out of it.