

Zwift Island can wait; we found a hole in the clouds!



Kevin descending West Old LaHonda on an unexpectedly beautiful day.

Not quite the ride we expected! The forecast had been for nasty weather, although updates were beginning to show a small break in the morning, ending before noon. Whatever, we were well-prepared for whatever might come. Windproof tights, booties, base layer plus softshell jacket along with a lightweight waterproof jacket for when things got nasty. No biggie.



Upper section of West Old LaHonda Given the forecast we didn't plan anything too ambitious. We skipped Pescadero, choosing instead to do a straight run out to San Gregorio and then back via Tunitas. Tunitas simply wasn't an option; we figured that creek would be going strong enough to finally present us with a real photo opportunity on the way up.

The pace was easy; about 29 minutes up Old LaHonda easy. Of course there wasn't much choice; both Kevin and I have missed a lot of riding this month! It was on West Old LaHonda that we first realized just how beautiful things would be today, catching the sun's rays through the trees as we wound through the upper forested section. We stopped briefly for a photo, then proceeded to the mandatory photo stop where you have the view of the ocean, thinking maybe we could get a feeling for when the next wave of the storm would be rolling in. Nope. Just a lot of gray out there; if there was anything dark and ominous in that direction, it was totally obscured. In the meantime, we were riding in an island of sun, as you can see in the photo at the top of this page!

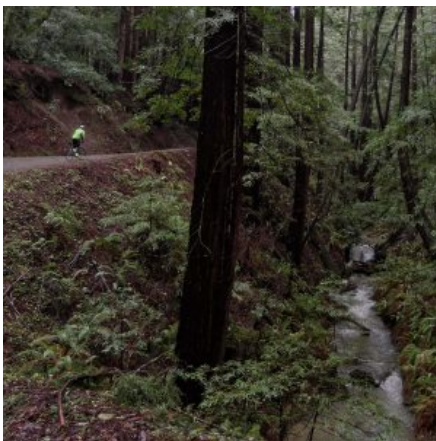
We had a nice run straight out to the coast, with a bit of a side wind but nothing too nasty. Turning up Stage Road, that was nasty. OK, it's only an 8 minute climb at an easy pace (6 minutes if you're pushing hard); who can't survive that?



Heading back home via Tunitas Creel



Kevin trying to check his social app at the Bike Hut, with large Hawk in the backgroundAs we headed up Tunitas we could look back and see things darkening up; clearly there was something chasing us! Still, nothing looking like what the weather forecast had claimed. We made a stop for the restrooms at the Bike Hut, where Kevin tried checking in on his on-line dating app, wanting to make sure his date was on for this evening. No connection, so we'd try again at the top of the hill. Not that it really made a difference knowing then or later, but I get it.



Kevin climbing Tunitas with the creek running strongly.I stopped again to take a photo of Kevin climbing Tunitas with the creek in the background; it's still not that definitive Tunitas photo I'm looking for, but it's getting closer. Someday I'll get it.

Finally, almost to the "grassy knoll" section of Tunitas (where the steep part of the climb is over), we got a bit of real rain. Not drenching rain, but enough to convince Kevin that it had invigorative properties that made him ride faster. Well, since he didn't drop me like a rock, maybe it made me ride faster too! Or it was an illusion that made us both feel like we rode faster but not really.

At the top I suggested we stop and try his phone again; sure enough, he had a connection, at least a phone connection, but the connection with his date had come apart. Not sure how much help I am for him, in terms of advice, because dating is a very different thing these days than it was back in the 70s. I should have known better; the effect of disappointment and/or anger on Kevin, when

he's on a bike, is to make him ride harder, which meant descending Kings, a wet road with debris, just a bit faster than I felt comfortable with. Seen this before, but usually it's on a climb and he just rockets ahead. He survived the descent in one piece though, so all is good.