

## Nothing flashy, just messy today



The Corgis of Olive Hill making a rare morning appearance today. It was the worst type of rain, because it really wasn't rain, just wet roads and an occasional light drizzle. And I was on my own; nobody else showed up, even my son bailing because he didn't get much sleep the night before and felt dizzy as he got ready to ride.

That's OK; nothing wrong with a slow solo ride once in a while. Just ride up the hill, pushing one pedal down, then the other, no hurry to get anywhere. Not that there was any power I could summon anyway; this was what pilot Kevin refers to as a "high gravity day." But you get there, eventually, and once up on Skyline your power starts to kick in, and you feel happy to be out on your bike, in the 43 degree drizzle that isn't quite enough for needing your rain jacket but a bit much for riding without it.

Because I was running well-behind schedule, I skipped the West Old LaHonda loop and went straight down 84. About a 6 minute wait for the one-way control where the road is slipping away, and maybe another 5 minutes added to the descent when the traffic slowly moved through the affected area. Could be worse.

Best part of the ride came towards the end, when the Olive Hill Corgis were out yipping and yapping at passers-by. Not a bad way to end the ride and start the day.