

Life goes by at just the right speed on a bike

I had been concerned about how I'd do today, after missing Thursday's ride for my treadmill test. A few aches and pains associated with that test didn't help alleviate my fears. But y'know, you get back on the bike, you point it up a hill, and you just go. Maybe not as fast as the week before, but it's still fun, you still see something new each time, even when it's a route you've done over and over and over.



One of (at least) 4 peacocks at the house outside of Pescadero

That route being the usual. Up Old LaHonda, over Haskins, lunch & cookie in Pescadero, Stage Road and return via Tunitas.

Old LaHonda was right at 24 mintues; Kevin was being kind and stayed with me the whole way up. As usual I felt better on Haskins, and even better on Stage. Tunitas? Yeah, well, we had to stop a couple times for emergency vehicles (one that was taking care of a tree that had recently fallen, not sure of the other) and it just didn't seem like a day we had to kill ourselves.

Most-interesting thing on the ride was discovering not one, not two, but four peacocks at the house on Stage Road just outside of Pescadero. The house that used to have the metal sculpture machine-gun-man outside.