Good to stick to the plan, unless it's not good to stick to the plan

It's Sunday, and Sundays there's a default ride that's become nearly as routine as Tuesday & Thursday mornings. Up Old LaHonda, over Haskins to Pescadero, Stage Road to Tunitas & back. Today we were simply too lazy to really think of anything else to do. But things didn't turn out quite the way we didn't plan them to.

Old LaHonda, same as it ever was, finally got back to 1000+ VAM again. Nothing really fast at 23:02 but fast enough on the first part to "launch" Kevin and tell him to race on ahead. He finished almost exactly three minutes ahead of me, still on the same day, so I'm good. Other side of the hill though? We stopped at the "picture spot" on West Old LaHonda and saw one heck of a lot of fog out on the coast. We were dressed for a nice warm day, our bikes had been cleaned up a bit (not really, just cosmetic stuff so they're not too embarassing), and started thinking of alternatives. We both came to the same thing at the same time. West Alpine. But then what? Well, if you're going to change the plan, you gotta pay the piper and make it a bit ugly right? Best way to do that is head south on Skyline to 9. Skyline the "hard" way.

Truth be told, it wasn't that hard, and came with a reward- a hot dog and coke from Mr. Mustard! Then it was time to descend 9, take the Redwood Gulch cutoff and drop in on our Los Altos store, say hi, then coffee at Peets before heading back to Redwood City, looping through the Foothills. It was all very nice until I decided to try and get Kevin to spend some time in the drops (the lower part of the handlebar on a road bike). I had to explain that it's not for aerodynamics but rather to use some different muscles. Big mistake. He discovered it really worked, and nearly blew me off his wheel heading north on Canada! Wondering what I've unleashed. But it's

a good thing. Just got to figure out why.