

Solo ride this morning; where was everybody?



The spooky tree, or what's left of it, on West Old LaHonda. You never know how many people will show up on the Tuesday/Thursday-morning rides. There's no real rhyme or reason to it. Sometimes it could be 10, or even 12. And, very rarely, it might be just me. This morning was one of those very rare days.

It was a bit warmer than Tuesday, so I dispensed with the base layer (but kept the leg warmers, just in case) and never wished I'd worn it, with the temp never dipping below 50. But certainly the weather wasn't keeping anyone away as it was clear and 55 at the start. I wasn't entirely alone though; there were the usual people out walking their dogs, and heading up through the park I passed a young lady ("young lady" covers an increasingly-broad range as I get older; in this case, she might have been mid-30s to early-40s or so) who said something about it being such a nice day to ride. I agreed as I passed by, thinking that her pace up the hill seemed a lot more civilized than mine. Certainly no records set by me heading up the hill though; 31:24 is quite a bit off the mark for me.

On the other hand, riding by yourself means there are no regroupings, no pauses, which speeds things up a bit. I ended up finishing the ride just a bit earlier than normal, despite feeling pretty like I'd run out of gas on the West Old LaHonda section (which, as you can see in the photo above, was pretty fogged-in).

Riding solo isn't so bad, but I do miss getting to talk with the others. Or at least listen to them, since talking is still a bit tough for me, even though my breathing issues do seem to be improving.