

The Mastadon is standing tall again!



Order is restored! For the first time in, what, has it maybe been two years? The Mastadon that had fallen into its field a couple miles east of Pescadero is back on its feet. I'll have to look at past entries to see how long it's really been. He had fallen previously, and been put back up fairly promptly, but not this last time.

The ride? A bit cooler than it's been for quite a long time, and I felt that a bit when the road tilted upward. Old LaHonda was tough; Kevin could have easily ridden away from me. I felt just a little bit better on Haskins, but both climbs were the tiniest sliver above 1000 VAM (number of meters you'd climb at that rate in an hour), and that's much better than just slightly below.

Nothing too unusual about lunch in Pescadero, other than them changing the pasty cases around a bit. Look for the cookies and croissants etc to the right; the original location is now reserved for pies.

Stage Road was tough, with a cross or headwind on all three climbs. Tunitas? Yeah well, we were already nearly 3 minutes down on a good time as we entered the forest, so I knew it wasn't going to be anything special. Then Kevin started having a bit of knee pain on the steeper sections, same places I was actually feeling pretty good. He recovered, and then some, on the flatter upper section though, where I could just barely hang onto his wheel.

Overall a nice day for a ride, although it's clear that my lungs do better when it's warmer, even hot, than on cooler days. Hate that.