

Back from Cambodia, back to routine, different photo



What, you were expecting the usual photo of West Old LaHonda? Got back from Cambodia Wednesday 4:30pm, took a shower, made it to work for the last couple of hours. Most people probably would have just slept after being up for 27 hours straight including a 15 hour plane ride from Singapore to SFO, but I'm not most people. But hey, at least I took a shower first, right? Maybe the real attraction to heading to the shop right after the trip was getting to ride my bike on familiar turf again!

My plan (remember, there's always a plan) worked. Stay up pretty much from beginning to end of the journey home (that 27 hours previously mentioned, and then continue to stay up until normal sleep time in California. The idea being that you're so tired that you fall asleep and don't wake up until the alarm goes off, avoiding getting up in the middle of the night feeling like it's the middle of the day. Got all that? Learned it from trips to France. Just trust me; it works. At least heading east.

So the alarm goes off and I'm feeling kinda sorta maybe OK! Time to do the regular Thursday ride. And it's not as cold as when I left either. Did I bring home some of that warm Cambodia weather with me? Just myself and Kevin this morning, probably a good thing because it wasn't going to be fast. Blame all that on the closed gate at the bottom of Huddart; that must have added 10 minutes to our time up the hill right?

Running behind it would have been easy to skip the West Old LaHonda segment, but routine is important to me. I want to put off as long as possible any sign of a date I can look back to and say, that's when I started cutting the ride short! And of course, a very good thing we didn't because it was the beautiful gorgeous view of the coast. A view that normally would have been at the top of this entry (as has been the case countless time before) except that, on my ride home from work tonight, I saw something even-more-beautiful. One of those super-moons rising above the east bay hills, with the bay below. So I stopped while climbing Jefferson to try and get a decent photo, which kinda sorta worked, but not really. I'll try to do better next time a super-moon comes around while I'm riding home at night.