

Glad I didn't change plans based on weather early in the ride!



The not-so-pretty view from West Old LaHonda Another solo Sunday ride, this time because Kevin's goofing off in Disneyland with his sister. The plan was the usual; Old LaHonda, Pescadero, Tunitas. I thought about doing something else, but there aren't too many foothill variants you can do that end up on Skyline without including Redwood Gulch, and I really didn't feel like doing Redwood Gulch again, at least not anytime soon. Already been there, done that, maybe three times this year.

But it got colder and, towards the top, wetter as I climbed Old LaHonda, and the "view" from the other side didn't extend too far. But I came across others who weren't being deterred, and if they were tough enough, I was. Thankfully, by the time I got to the top of Haskins, the skies in the direction of the coast were beginning to clear up. Life is good.

Happy to report the Mastadon is still standing tall, steadied by ropes on each side. Without Kevin along, I was able to stop and smell the roses (take photos) whenever I wanted, one of the nicer things about riding solo. Not so nice, of course, is not having someone to ride behind during the inevitable headwinds riding Stage Road north!

The Pescadero bakery/market is beginning to lose some credibility; not a single cookie in the display case today! Olallieberry Strudle wasn't a bad stand-in though. I was able to locate a friendly wheel leaving Pescadero; poor guy got to hear my heavy breathing on the Stage Road climbs, probably the reason he headed home via 84 instead of Tunitas.

In the end, it wasn't a fast ride, it wasn't a pretty ride, but it was a good ride.