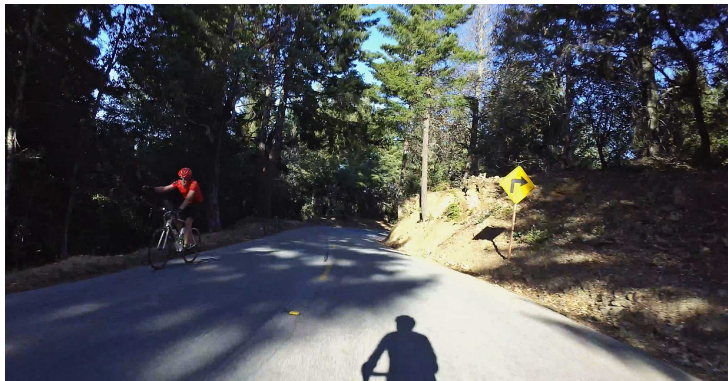


Still a little fight left in me (best time up Haskins in 3 years)



Descending Kings we pass Jan climbing up the hill. Jan's a former regular on the Tuesday/Thursday rides who doesn't think he's fast enough for us. Think again! We're looking forward to seeing him return. It was a very long day. Not that it started any earlier than any other Sunday, but the way it started was a bit... tiring might be the right word? As in, inflating what seemed like an endless supply of bikes needing air at the Foster City Community Bike Ride, an event we've provided support for a good many years. There's something about pumping up tires that seems to twist you around a bit, and afterward, arriving how around noon, getting out on a bike ride feels like the last thing you want to do.

But, of course, it's what you **MUST** do. Well, me, anyway. Kevin didn't feel up to it, after pumping up all those tires, so I headed out solo for the usual Old LaHonda/Pescadero/Tunitas loop. Except, it wasn't. First, I had two extended stops, trying to get my Garmin and iPhone to play well together. Seems that IOS13 might have broken something. When I gave up, not sure why, but Old LaHonda didn't seem quite so appealing, so I headed up 84 instead, with all the traffic, all the fumes, everything that gives reason for going down 84, never up. Well, sometimes you just have to remember why it's never up, always down. Today I remembered! Played with the Garmin and iPhone again up on top, still no luck. Headed down towards LaHonda, not really knowing how it was going to go.

Well, it went better than expected, for the run up Haskins and out to the coast. Recorded my 5th best Strava time (past 11 years) for Haskins, and best time in three years. I wasn't sure if I could keep my string of fast (ok, fast for the 63 year old version of me) going. It's almost begun to take some of the fun out of looking forward to the next ride, due to the pressure of trying to get another good time. Well, as they said on Game of Thrones, Winter is Coming. That will put an end to all that!

Going solo was interesting. You have time to think about things, figure things out. You also have too much time to think about things that rattle you. Got to do both today, with most of the rattling coming on Stage Road and some of Tunitas.

Solo? Not completely. I did convince Kevin to get out and meet me at the top of Kings. Unfortunately, I mis-timed things and had him waiting up there for 25 minutes. At least that's what he says; I'll check Strava to be sure.

I finished the ride feeling like there was nothing left to give. Legs tired, stomach growling a bit, and even slightly light-headed. I was riding on fumes. Oh. Wait. I **was** riding on fumes. Kevin and I descended Kings behind a seriously-smoking, get this, Prius! What the heck?

In the end, another one of those rides that I easily could have talked myself out of, and very glad I didn't.