

Breakfast in America



Breakfast at Alice's in Sky L'onda. We normally have a breakfast ride to Alice's for Kevin's birthday (the younger Kevin, not the older guy who likely doesn't look forward to birthdays anymore), but last Thursday was both his birthday AND Thanksgiving, so we postponed it to today. We got the word out to the former regulars, but the fog and work commitments kept everyone away. Everyone except the older Kevin, who had started up the hill several minutes earlier than us and circled back down once he got to the top.

He really didn't need to head up earlier. We are going SLOW these days when it's cold, and it's pretty much always cold. The sub-30-minute times we could routinely get during the summer (and Kevin could sometimes do much better than "just" sub-30) have turned into 34-37 minute casual cruises, slow enough that even I can carry on a conversation. Sometimes.

We did get passed at the bottom of Kings by someone who was really flying; I joked that we could cut him off by riding through the park. Like I said, it was a joke.

At Alice's we met the owner and heard about the history of the place, and learned that the pond behind Alice's was actually a mill pond from back in the day, making railroad ties for the long-abandoned line that ran, for a few years, from San Francisco to Santa Cruz. Older Kevin (pilot) didn't actually join us for breakfast; he rode the West Old LaHonda loop while we ordered our food, and arrived back in time to keep us company while we scarfed down the healthy stuff you see in the photos.