

That was a tough ride to the coast!



The cookie tells the tale. Or does it? It seems metaphorical, but what's the metaphor?

It was a strange day Sunday; colder than it had been for some time, although certainly nothing out of the ordinary for an ordinary February. Not that there's been anything ordinary about a February that didn't seem to have a drop of rain. Given how the weather's been, you'd think I'd be feeling great. You'd think Kevin would be feeling great. But far from it. It was a long long long haul. We didn't even get to enjoy the easy pace of a slow long haul either, as we came across James P heading up Old LaHonda. We'd figured a phone-it-in 27 minute ride of Old La Honda, maybe even 28. But James, who can climb wicked-fast, came across us and went into what, for him, was idle mode. Which meant picking up the speed a bit. Hate that.

13 minutes up Haskins? This ride wasn't getting faster as it went, that's for sure. Then we had the ultimate indignity of being passed by a group of 3 on gravel bikes, two of them featuring gravel tires. Yikes.

Pescadero. What's with the lopsided cookie? What does that mean?

Winds were picking up so Kevin thought hey, cool, let's ride the coast north and look at the waves! Yep. Waves there were, along with a pretty nasty headwind.

And then there's Tunitas. Oh. My. 1 hour, 39 seconds.

Still, in the end, it felt better to have ridden than not.