

The world isn't flat; we didn't fall off the edge at 5 miles



6.83 miles from home, 1.83 miles beyond the 5 mile barrier. This won't be a regular thing for a while. The morning started off with my alarm clock working. Yay! An alarm clock I've owned for over 35 years, that somehow I managed to screw up the settings a week ago. I didn't have to text Kevin (pilot) saying we'd be late; instead, Kevin (pilot) texted me, saying he'd be leaving early, because he was going to be riding slow.

Kevin (kid) and I hit the base of the hill fairly hard, hard enough that I'm thinking this is not going to last. Well, not for me anyway. Just before the park we spotted Kevin (pilot) up ahead; I came off the kid's wheel and rode the rest of the way with the old guy. Kevin (kid) disappeared quickly while I kept Kevin (old guy/pilot) company while doing some intervals up Kings. It might have been nice to try to keep up with Kevin (kid) a bit longer, and go for a decent time up the hill, but I've never felt good leaving somebody back there all alone. I know too well what that feels like.

Yes, if you looked up at Skyline you saw it was wet. But let me tell you, there's a HUGE difference between 35 degree wet and 42.

We did push our limits just a bit and ride West Old LaHonda, which extends 2 miles past San Mateo County's 5-miles-from-home limit. Rides to the coast are a thing of the past though. Sunday rides will need to become a bit creative to be challenging; Page Mill is too far beyond the 5 mile limit to rationalize. No Tunitas, no West Alpine. No wonder we're selling so many trainers.