

Lazy Sunday ride



Sometimes there's a reason for why you are where you are, when you are. Today was one of those days.

Got out earlier than normal; Kevin (kid, not Pilot) was elsewhere so I hitched onto someone else's ride with Kevin (Pilot), Mark, Laura, and several others. This was not a fast ride, nor was it an "express" in terms of infrequent stops. More of a milk train with strong riders who chose not to go terribly fast today. Hey, what the heck, it's not like I'm that fast anymore either! And it gave me a chance to actually have conversations while climbing hills, a rarity. But at 30 minutes up Old LaHonda, easily done.

A LOT of people out today!!! Or maybe there are simply more people out at 9am than 11 or 12, when Kevin and I usually get going. Whatever, the hills were alive with cyclists! Including San Gregorio, where we made a stop and saw quite a few groups cruising through.

The coast was quite clear, no smoke (finally!). The run up Tunitas was unusual; a stop on the way for the old guys to make sure roadside vegetation wasn't too dry (it's still fire season, right?) and then the group split up a bit on the climb. About halfway up we came across a guy struggling with his wheel at the side of the road. A spoke had broken and he couldn't get it out. Turned out to be much worse than that; a spoke had come loose, gotten itself wrapped around the space between the cassette and the hub and totally jammed things up. It took quite a bit to get it dislodged, but finally got him on his way. One of those things where it did actually take someone with a lot of bike knowledge to figure out what needed to be done, so glad I came along at the right time.