

The rain didn't end at 7am



We didn't expect to see anyone else out there, yet somehow it wasn't a surprise, as we began the wet and cool climb up Kings, to see someone descending. Dressed in black. Nothing on his legs.

It was reasonably comfortable, never getting below 42, but the amount of rain was surprising, and made for one of those mornings where you really aren't enjoying the descent. Intellectually, you marvel at how well disc brakes and 28c tires handle the speed and curves on a wet day; it's really pretty amazing. But still, you want to get to the bottom, where you aren't worried about having cars on your tail (none today though) and you can put a few watts into the pedals to stay warm.