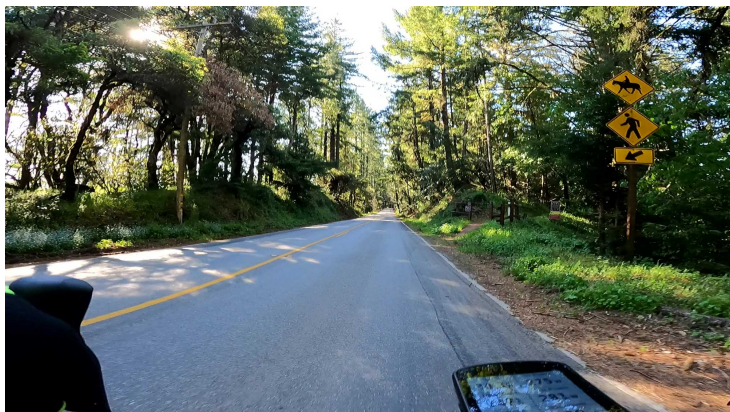


The catch took a very long time



We knew it wasn't going to be fast; Kevin and I were still feeling the effects of Sunday's tough ride, although really, it wasn't that hard, it wasn't that long, it wasn't that hot. Are we really that out of shape? Maybe.

Just to two of us at the start, with Kevin (ex-pilot) joining us as we started up Kings. As the climb went on I gradually started feeling better. Nearing the top I thought I spotted someone well ahead; she (Christy V) pulled off for a moment just as we arrived. Kevin (not pilot) had to water a tree, which seemed to take forever today, as Kevin (pilot) and the woman rode on ahead. I don't know how long we were delayed; it didn't seem *THAT* long, but by the time we got back on the road, they were nowhere to be seen. Rounding each corner we'd be looking into the next straight section, thinking we'd see them, but no. Finally, just as we were running out of the rolling stuff at the top, there they are. I pulled hard to get us back to them; we talked a bit about our regular Tuesday/Thursday ride, and figured we'd regroup at Sky Londa. But. Kevin, Kevin and I get to Sky Londa, and no sign of her. Not knowing if she'd had a flat, we retraced our steps back up Skyline, towards Kings, and... nowhere to be seen. We later found, through Strava, that she'd taken some sort of a wrong turn, but where? One of life's mysteries.