

We rode Page Mill because I wanted to do myself in. I succeeded.



Descending West Alpine. My preferred direction. Kevin prefers the climb. It's been a tough, slow week. Two "easy" rides up Kings ("easy" = slow, but not actually easy), combined with eating too much at night, left me with a fat & sluggish feeling as I approached today's ride. I thought about doing a flatter route, maybe looping down around Los Altos & back, but really, what I need to do, is confront my fears, do the ride I'd wonder why I was doing. And something different than the usual. Not Kings, not Old LaHonda, not Redwood Gulch/Highway 9. What's left?

Page Mill. And of my gosh it was bad. Kevin had been having knee issues the past couple of weeks, but of course, not today. He wanted to move, and I wanted to find the tow rope. This was the first time I'd felt a real need for my lowest gear in... like forever? Well, at least since Redwood Gulch. And I'm thinking, a 28 on the back isn't going to cut it much longer. Things got a little better as the climb went on; the steepest section (between Gates 3 & 4) felt a lot better than what came before. I was surprised finishing under 55 minutes; I figured I'd be lucky to break an hour.

Nice weather at least; 55 to 66 degrees. We overdressed a bit, with heavier leg warmers, and Kevin definitely could have used regular gloves. Me? No choice but to stay with long-fingered gloves, as my Raynauds has worsened considerably this past year. I even have a new secret weapon- electrically-heated gloves. They actually work. I don't think I could have done the last couple Tuesday/Thursday rides without them.