

To The Sea! A better-than-expected ride to the coast.



You'd think I'd get tired of posting photos of West Old LaHonda, pretty much this exact shot. But today seemed especially nice, unexpectedly so.

After Thursday's ride, where I felt so bad going up Kings I didn't even want to write about it... so bad I was beginning to wonder if everything in my future was going to be in decline... I didn't have the greatest expectations for today's ride. I figured 30 minutes up Old LaHonda, and actually made it in 27-something. Which was horrifyingly slow for Kevin, who later blamed me for ruining a day where he thought he could be posting some really good numbers. Yeah, well, I'm a bit skeptical, especially since, after the run out to the coast, he was insisting that he was pulling me the whole way and that was absolutely false. I was able to ride to his side mode of the way (don't worry, never when cars were present, and the Garmin Radar units give excellent warning way before they arrive) and, for the last two miles, I was pulling solidly into San Gregorio.



It's not like I was strong... I wasn't. But I was feeling far better than I have in at least a couple of weeks.

Oh, and did I mention we stopped about halfway up Old LaHonda for a mountain lion sighting? Except it wasn't; since it stood motionless in the distance, we have to assume it was a statue of a mountain lion, but meant for what purpose? Why would someone put something like that about 100 feet off the road, where it could be seen and mistaken as the real thing? It was located just before 442 Old LaHonda, right hand side of the road while climbing.

OK, back to San Gregorio. I was ok just blowing through and mentioned that to Kevin, but he apparently didn't think I was serious (he complained about this stop later). The usual cup of coffee, plus an almond cake for me, coconut rum bread pudding for Kevin. Damn fine coffee, as Agent Cooper (from the TV show Twin Peaks).

Stage Road wasn't easy but wasn't impossible either, with beautiful views of the valley we'd just ridden through enroute to San Gregorio. One of those days everything looked 3D.



Tunitas. Slight tailwind and it was here that Kevin started to complain about how I was holding him back. It's not like I don't know the way home; I finally convinced him that, if he felt that good, he should take off and try and get a good time. Eventually he got bored of me and started riding hard just as the climb began. He pulled ahead pretty quickly but I never got that feeling I'd be lucky to finish on the same day, and got to the top in about 54 minutes, just 3 minutes behind him. A couple weeks ago, it took something like an hour and 4 minutes, so big improvement!

So feeling a lot more hopeful today than Thursday!