Solo ride after watching World Cycling Road Championships

The not-so-secret quarry in the Los Altos foothills
It wasn't supposed to be a solo ride this morning, but the World Cycling Road Race went a bit longer than expected, so I missed meeting up with ex-pilot in Woodside at 8:30. In theory I was supposed to chase after them (Kevin and two friends of his), but I knew catching them wasn't going to be in the cards; just riding over Jefferson was tough, really tough, as I'm dealing with the very long tail end of bronchitis, or maybe it was RSV, who knows, but still hacking quite a bit with the slightest change in temperature. Hate that.

But I dutifully rode the prescribed route they'd given, adding an unintended detour or two because the routing through the Los Altos foothills, en route to the quarry, is more than a bit convoluted. At a couple points, where you could see way way way ahead, I'd see if I could find them, but nothing to see here, move along.

I'd love to have headed over the hill to the coast today, but not quite there yet. Got to get rid of the last of this coughing thing. In the meantime, I can still push myself when the opportunity arises, and the short steep hills above Los Altos are just the ticket. It did take a while to find any sort of rhythm, and it never, ever, helps that you head up the lower flanks of Page Mill to Altamont.

The part of this ride I do not see the appeal to is the section through Rancho San Antonio Park. I have yet to ride through when it wasn't packed with walkers and joggers crowding the single paved road that goes through the park. And it is a park after all; the walkers and joggers have just as much right to be there as I do, even more actually. I have roads available to me everywhere, starting at my garage. The walkers and joggers have to drive miles to get there, miles from any coffee shop even! When I enter the park, which is the turnaround point for most of the walkers and joggers, I mean wow, they might be a mile and a half from where they parked their car. The horror, the horror.

When I got to my turnaround point, Peets adjacent to our former Los Altos location, I discovered that Peets is a whole lot busier at 10:30am on a Sunday than it is at 2pm. Packed busy. Also remembered that Peets is notoriously slow compared to the almost-next-door Starbucks. But better coffee and food. Much better. Worth the wait.

The ride back was uneventful; I didn't push myself so hard that I'd start coughing again, and rode back via Arastradero to get in a tiny bit more climbing.

September 29th ahyyuuuuuuu';[[[[[[[[[[[[[[[/;. (Ok, that was a cat walking across the keyboard. It happens). Where was I. Right. September 29th. Still wonderful weather. Definitely noticing the days getting shorter, but still nice. It's hard to believe that just two months from now it's going to be darker and colder. Might even see rain by then.