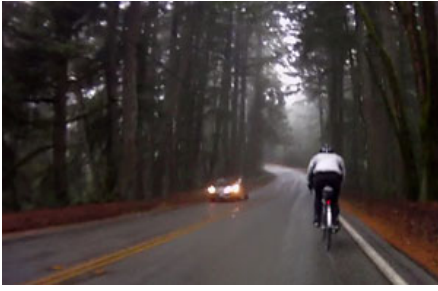


Not quite the ride planned, but you do what you can



A wet January day on Skyline

The plan? Kevin and I ride to Pescadero/San Gregorio/Tunitas and back. The usual coastal run. The weather? We knew it was going to be questionable at best, but we're strong enough, we're stupid enough, and we've got the gear for it. We got going around 9:50am (fairly early for us!) and headed out into a light drizzle, nothing nasty, just enough to make it not much fun. Almost nobody else out on the road; we saw 3 people on Canada, and not a single cyclist heading up or down Old LaHonda! A rare day indeed.

We weren't burning up the pavement on the climb, but we weren't slacking either, just a good, steady climb, knowing we had a long ride ahead of us. About 2/3rds of the way up Kevin's dropped back a bit, and I look back on the last steep corner and he's heading to the edge of the road and getting off his bike. Unfortunately I know where this is going; he's had a bit of warning that a seizure is coming on, and the ones where he gets the warnings are the ones that tend to be a bit bigger. This was no exception; he was tensed up for about two minutes before coming out of it. We got back on and continued up the hill, delayed by no more than 5 minutes, but as the rain got heavier & the temps got colder, Kevin had lost his enthusiasm for the Pescadero Bakery so we scaled things back, heading down west-side Old LaHonda but then back up to Skyline and north all the way to 92 and back Canada. Even though significantly shortened (37 miles instead of 58), it still wasn't easy, with the rain getting pretty heavy up on Skyline, soaking through our gloves, and the temperature holding steady at 45. At one point Kevin said, in a way that could have been mistaken for sarcasm, "This is what we do for fun." But it wasn't sarcastic; in our own warped minds, it was fun!