

Sometimes it rains on your plans (even when you planned for rain!)

We knew it was going to be raining today; one of those few times where the weather forecast is for 100% rain. Still don't understand what 100% rain means, since anything 40% or above basically means it will rain, and 100% rain clearly doesn't mean it's going to rain any harder than a 40% rain day. It was fairly obvious though that it made sense to plan for rain, so that's what we did, a non-epic 45 mile ride out to the coast via Old LaHonda, 84 & Tunitas on the return. I've ridden up Tunitas when it was really coming down hard, and it was a lot of fun!

So today Kevin and I were prepared for having fun in the rain, but of course, the first thing that breaks up fun is that it didn't really rain per se, just a persistent drizzle. What's with that? Your bike is more messed up by drizzle than heavy rain; drizzle doesn't clear anything off the road, nor does it wash your bike. It just creates muck, and without it seeming like the elements are against you, your motivation wanes. It's also a bit less motivating when there's nobody else out there riding, no rabbits to catch in front of you, no dogs trying to catch you from behind. Still, you're on a bike, and at least you have the motivation of knowing that you're out there while others are staying home, sitting out the storm. Or, as some might think, stupid people are out riding and smart people are waiting a few hours for it to clear up a bit!

The ride was not without its excitement though, when 3/4 of the way up Old LaHonda Kevin had one of his all-too-often-lately (and all-too-often-on-Old LaHonda) seizures. As is the case with most, he had enough warning that he was able to stop and get off the bike, but this one was strong enough that it gave him quite a headache afterward so we had to alter our plans and just loop over the backside of Old LaHonda and head home, turning our planned 45 mile ride into about 25.



A Coke in the rain. Kevin almost has the product-placement right, but he's obscuring the label a bit.

We did make a stop at the Sky Londa market for a Coke, since the caffeine would help with his headache (not as well as the meds he's supposed to bring with him but didn't, but the only thing more unexplainable than random seizures would be the general workings of the 18-year-old brain).



The red line shows the normal route home (over Jefferson); the squiggly stuff shows the short-cut Kevin chose.

Aside from the Coke, Kevin always feels progressively better (after one of his seizures) as he keeps riding, and for some reason wanted to do a tour of the back roads around the Easter Cross above Redwood City. So, add in another two miles of riding in circles (probably looks pretty strange on the Garmin readout!).

Not fun to think about my last ride for a week being a washout; late Monday night I fly to Washington, DC for the annual [League of American Bicyclists Bicycle Summit](#), where we meet with every legislator on the 'hill, trying to convince them that it makes sense to not cut bike projects out of the budget. I don't get back until late late Thursday night/Friday morning, so my next ride will be a week

from today.