

## New-guy Jim, Karl's back, Robert makes an appearance and generally yet another great day to ride!

As the weather turns nicer, it would seem normal that more people would show up for the every-Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride, but sometimes the opposite happens, as people find ways to do longer rides later in the day, and don't want to be softened-up too much by a hard ride up the hill beforehand. But today, I think people just wanted to get out and ride!



A beautiful morning to ride up Kings Mtn. Spring is finally here!

Roll call? New-guy Jim from Foster City (mid-40s so he's not wrecking the age curve too badly), Marcus, Kevin (pilot Kevin), Karen, George, Karl (back on the bike after taking some time off to play chess) and Robert, whom we haven't seen in quite some time on our morning ride but I see often on my trips to the coast. Eight of us total, a good-sized group for the morning ride.

A bit cooler than I'd hoped for; very comfortable, no issue there, but at 48 degrees on the initial part of the climb, and never warming up past 50 on Skyline and the far side of the hill, my breathing was labored. I really look forward to mid-60s weather, since that's when my lungs start to open up and I don't sound like a leaky steam engine. I hung with the faster riders, who weren't riding particularly fast, until we got to the steeper sections on the last quarter of the climb. George had already decided he was going to take the sprints today by going off the front ahead of me, and I was in no shape to bridge the gaps... that will come later.

Unfortunately Marcus didn't head for home up on Skyline, so I found myself trying to stay glued to his rear wheel on the upper reaches of west-side Old LaHonda, well in front of the rest of the group, who had decided to ride at a more-sensible pace and enjoy the surrounding instead of being fixated on the distance between your front wheel and the rear wheel ahead.

The only thing to spoil a near-perfect ride was a red sedan that thought we were going too slowly down 84 so he decided to tailgate the guys at the back, which is never a comfortable situation. The car finally did pass us, in an extremely-dangerous location and nearly sent a car coming up the hill into a ditch... all to save maybe 4 seconds at the bottom, at most, since we were able to catch back up to him pretty quickly. He was probably running 10 minutes late for work and undoubtedly will blame us for the additional 9 minutes, 56 seconds.