

A morning to crash & burn

Once in a while a day comes along where you wonder, should I have just stayed in bed and not ridden? Those days are thankfully rare, but today might have been one. It was dry as we left the house, as expected; the weather forecast said no rain until late tonight. Wrong. By the time we got to the start it was beginning to get damp, and emotions dampened further when two of our regulars announced that they had to turn back a bit early because HP had called them in for one-on-one meetings, meaning they expected to be fired (both work for the Palm division that HP purchased, wrecked, and is now in the process of open-sourcing the platform).

No drama on the ride up the hill, but up on Skyline it got cold. Nastily cold, as in 37 degrees and rain. We're spoiled in California; it rarely rains below the mid-40s. That colder stuff just bites right through whatever you're wearing and generally feels miserable (although not as bad as the 42 degrees and dry at the end of Sunday's long ride!). Most of our group headed back down 84 when we got to Sky Londa, leaving just myself, Kevin (pilot), Kevin (son) and John. We kept the pace reasonable and stayed warm, but the descent into Woodside wasn't much fun, with very slippery pavement and more cars than normal. I hung back and let them pass, while the two Kevin's charged ahead (with John just ahead of me). Pilot Kevin was flying down the hill, making it to the bottom without incident, while the other Kevin crashed & burned just a couple corners from the bottom.

Nothing broken, bike's mostly ok (rear derailleur a bit banged up, broken helmet), so we were able to continue heading home a few minutes later. Kevin's going to be a bit stiff tomorrow, but should be OK for Thursday's ride.