

What possibly kept you off your bike today?

What a difference a few days makes. Both our Tuesday and Thursday-morning rides this week sported their own style of misery, with Thursday being the worst by far (37 degrees and rain on Skyline). Fast-forward to today. No leg warmers, no base layer, no long-fingered gloves. Mid-60s to mid-70s the entire ride.

It was a solo ride today, since Kevin (my son, not the pilot) was off in Disneyland with his sister. It's not so bad to get out there on your own once in a while, ride at whatever pace you feel like, and let bits & pieces of songs from the wayback days go through your head and you push through the wind or up a steep hill. I originally thought I'd be able to ride a leisurely pace up the climbs, but it quickly became apparent that's just not in my DNA.

The route is sometimes called the "Coastal Classic"- Woodside, Old LaHonda, Pescadero, San Gregorio, Tunitas Creek. I figured I could get it in at 4 hours total, including a quick stop at the Pescadero Bakery, and pretty much nailed it in exactly that time, thanks in no small part to trying to stay on the wheel of a guy named Tomas, who had done our Tuesday/Thursday morning ride some time ago, and was setting a pace a fair amount higher than I would have done on my own.

This ride was not the original plan. The North American Handbuilt Bicycle Show was in Sacramento this weekend, and I was really hoping to head up to it and see the cool eye-candy on display. I was hoping to take my bike on the train and get off in Fairfield and ride the rest of the way into Sacramento, but heard from our staff yesterday that they were doing trackwork and the trains wouldn't be running all the way through. Darn! Driving was out of the question; I've been trying (and actually succeeding) in cutting way back on the amount of driving over the past year, and there was no way I was going to miss riding on a day this nice.