

A view to die for / Why we ride

At the start of this morning's ride, Kevin (pilot) gave his oft-repeated warning that he's going to be slow today. Right. But he insisted, he's going to be slow. I hoped he was telling the truth, but by now, I know better.

It was Thursday so we rode through the park, and it took no time at all to see that Kevin was riding plenty strongly, able to entertain Keith for a while anyway, and Keith is FAST. Keith, Kevin, Ludo and Eric were doing just fine, while I'm at the rear, catching up briefly at the park entrance, then dropping off again. I woke up feeling like I was going to be lucky doing 31 or 32 minutes bottom-to-top via the park, but got up in 29-something, and felt just fine about that. Tired, but fine. Shortly after arrival I mentioned to Kevin that, when he starts the ride by telling me he's going to be slow, and then he quickly rides me off his wheel, it would be civil to say something like "I did better than I thought" since without that, I'm left thinking great, he was "slow" today which makes me...

The other Kevin wasn't with us today; he remained at home, nursing a nasty cold, thinking that's a good reason not to ride. In some ways he's obviously from my DNA, and others? I was hoping he would ride, and maybe for once he'd be at my speed.

Speed? I did start feeling better once up on Skyline, even taking a pull once or twice. By the time we got to the descent towards Sky Londa, I took off, trading the lead with Keith, and managed, with perfect tactics, to take the sprint against a far faster rider.

But as always, the highpoint was the incredible view from west-side Old LaHonda road. It is sad that so many people ride up the east side, from Portola Valley to Skyline, and never continue the couple of miles down the coast side, missing a real gem.