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Getting faster, slowly?

What a beautiful morning, nearly warm enough, but not quite, to dispense with leg warmers. That's coming soon, but it's safe to say we're now in prime-time riding weather. As mild as our winters are, I don't look forward to November-March due to colder temps and wetter roads.

Large group this morning; I think just about everyone was there but my son, who will hopefully be back up and running for Thursday's ride. Even Andrew from our shop came out to play, with his work clothes carried in a backpack (and he still danced away from me on the climbs). And Millo, where's he been hiding? We knew he'd been riding with the older slower guys who leave about the time we get back, but he shows up today and he's flying across Skyline! Training secretly is the only thing I can figure.

Towards the end of the ride, just after turning off Tripp onto Kings, Karl took off, getting quite a lead on us until for some reason I decide to chase him down. Nobody else came with me, not at first anyway, but eventually Kevin (pilot) rides up to assist with the chase, but it was too late, no way could I make a second go at getting back to his wheel. My victory was bridging up to it in the first place.

Riding through the forest on the upper stretch of West Old LaHonda