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Can someone explain the weather?

Hard to believe it was 80 degrees yesterday and today this young woman is shivering in the cold & wet.

Riders in the rain

Yesterday seemed warmer than expected; the first day of the big cool-down yet it was still pretty darned warm. And with that, really busy at the shop. I can live with that! But last night... talk about what the wind blew in. Let's get something out in the open. I don't like wind. It's unsettling. Keeps me from sleeping 'cuz there's so much stuff (pollen) in the air, makes me anxious, that sort of thing. So I wake up with about 3 hours sleep this morning for an "early" ride with Kevin because he's got a 2pm on-line gaming gig...

But that "early" ride (supposed to leave at 8am) turned into 9am when it turns out that the breakfast rolls needed half an hour in the oven, and that tossed the original idea, riding to the coast via Pescadero, out the window. Sigh. In the end that was probably best, since Kevin's still in a lot of pain from his kidney stent.

Up the good old reliable Old LaHonda Road to Skyline at a, for Kevin, leisurely 25 minute pace. He wanted to go faster at the start, but towards the end he was hurting and slowing down. Let me be clear; I have no problem adapting to a slower pace. :-)

Down the other side and the rain hit. Not much, not drenching, but enough that I gave the light windbreaker I'd brought to Kevin to stay warm (Dad's do things like that) and reminded him that next time, he needed to get a bit smarter on seriously-cloudy days and carry one himself. It was at the base of West Old LaHonda that we came across the young woman and her friend in the photo, shivering in the wet & relative-cold. No leg warmers. If you don't have leg warmers in your cycling closet, get them!

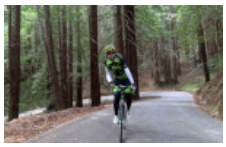
Thankfully it stopped raining shortly and even warmed up for the rest of the ride. The run to the coast was nicer than expected, with an unexpected tailwind quite a bit of the time. After a short stop for a cookie for Kevin at San Gregorio, it was up Stage Road to the coast, again with a tailwind, and really wishing this was a day we were in good shape and going for time because we'd have been pushed up the hill!

The real missed opportunity came on the downhill run to Tunitas on highway one. If I'd thought about it, I would have pushed over

the top and gotten some speed on the way down, because way too late I noticed I was doing 43mph and accelerating... but almost at the bottom. I tucked in to see what I could do and watched my speed... 47... 48...49... 49.2, 49.5, 49.6, 49.7, 49.8... c'mon, you can do it... and that's all she wrote. Two tenths of a mile per hour short of 50. I could have easily gone 55 or better had I tried sooner!

With all the relatively-favorable winds we expected Tunitas to be nasty for the first few miles before the climb, but surprisingly that still wasn't the case. One thing I know for sure; this would have been a terrible day for a ride south to Santa Cruz!

Kevin passing the "Bridge of Death" on Tunitas



One of the classic Tunitas switchbacks

The climb up Tunitas wasn't pretty (actually, it was very pretty; it always is!), but we got to the part where it levels off sooner than expected. Somehow we missed the "false" summit that you misread on the climb, thinking you're closer to the top than you really are. That's the kind of surprise I like.

In the end we got home a bit earlier than expected, so Kevin got to play his role in the game (which his team lost, which should be an indication he should spend more time cycling and less time in on-line games). Just 44 miles and about 4500ft of climbing, but the future looks good.