

I can't keep track of that many!

Ohmygosh, a gray foggy morning, I roll up to the start and there's just a couple other guys there (Eric and Kevin), but soon we're joined by John, Jan, Mike, Ludo, Chris, and shortly after the start, Marcos. So heavily outnumbered I made no protest whatsoever about Kevin's desire to ride up through the park, and for the 3rd consecutive time, the gate at the bottom was open!

Pretty easy ride up the hill overall, although truthfully I wasn't in a position to confirm that, hanging out around the tail end of the group. The fog cleared about 3/4 of the way up the hill, but made a reappearance on the far side climbing up west-side Old LaHonda. The bunnies that had been so numerous on Old LaHonda before are completely gone now, replaced by the ever-increasing number of really fat Ravens. Maybe we should just call them RFRs for short?

Unfortunately, the days of predictably-dry roads are over, so I'll be lucky to keep some of the guys in sight on the descents. I just don't feel comfortable riding over tar stripes and feeling my tires slide a bit, while some of the guys just don't seem to care. When it's literally raining, not just drizzly or damp, it's not so bad. You get consistent traction, and you're usually on your rain bike with slightly wider tires. But today I was content to let the fearless guys ride off the front, while I wait for more "definitive" weather, completely dry or completely wet. Unfortunately, it's the completely wet that's coming.