

Foggy up on Skyline this morning



Guess it had to end sometime, that string of just simply awesome weather. Sunday we were able to ride without leg warmers or base layers, but this morning we were reminded that not every day will be perfect. Darn.

Kevin (my son, not the pilot), Eric, Karl, Karen, JR and... the return of Nigel! Nigel from the UK, that guy who doesn't bother coming over here unless he's fit enough to ride most of us into the ground. Nigel and Eric rode on up ahead, while I was trying to keep an eye on Kevin, who was lagging behind a bit. Apparently Sunday's ride took more out of him than expected, although I think his sore legs would have been much better had he ridden to work and back yesterday, instead of getting a ride with his sister. I held up for Kevin at the big clearing although this time I stayed far enough ahead of him that I didn't have to worry about the usual sudden surge/second wind on his part and he goes flying past me. That's right, I don't trust him.

The fog was all along Skyline and the west side of Old LaHonda, causing slick enough conditions that Kevin almost took a spill in front of Nigel descending Skyline towards Sky Londa. Depending upon your point of view, Kevin was either incredibly-skilled to avoid hitting the pavement, or riding just a bit too fast for the conditions.

Oh, right, forgot to mention the young woman wearing the Stanford kit that joined us up on Skyline. Mentioned to her that this is a regular ride, which she said she already knew (and for whatever wise reason decides not to show up). Australian accent, I think.