

37 degrees, damp, no wonder I can't breathe



Eric cresting West Old LaHonda among the tall trees & fog

Good group this morning; both Kevins, Eric, Karl, Karen & Todd. Rode through the Park (it's Thursday, that's what we do on Thursdays, climbing Kings via Greer and Huddart instead of the "easy" way up Kings). For some reason Eric was setting a pretty fast pace on Greer, which translated to a pretty fast pace through the park, which translated to me off the back more-quickly than usual. I thought I could hang on longer but it's just not warm enough right now. In the end it was just under 30 minutes up Kings, making me the weakest link. The two Kevins made it to the top first, long before me. Todd? Not sure; can't believe he wasn't first at the top, but younger Kevin didn't mention him. He split from the group and headed back down the hill shortly after.

Skyline was... wet & cold. Surprisingly cold. I really didn't expect to see 37 degrees in the latter part of April! This wasn't as much of an issue for me as it was for younger Kevin, who really doesn't enjoy wet roads these days, and was annoyed he was on his Madone and not his wet-weather Boone 'cross bike. More likely he'd rather still be in Disneyland, tough act to follow, that.

I finally started to feel better on West Old LaHonda, managing to stay on Karen's wheel through the forest at the top. Karl had escaped much earlier and it seemed like we were making up some ground, but not enough to catch him. Kevin, Kevin & Eric cruised in at a more-reasonable pace.

Definitely looking forward to warmer, drier days!