

The world is back in order; Pescadero's Mastadon back in place



Being Mother's Day I was supposed to get out early on a ride with Kevin, but being Mother's Day also meant having to head out and get coffee for breakfast. So the early start I'd hoped for got later and later, and by the time we could finally get going (10:30) Kevin has having issues of the sort that Immodium AD is used for. Solo ride for Dad.

The original plan was the usual "reference" ride. Up Old LaHonda, down the other side, past the LaHonda Duck Pond, over Haskins Grade to Pescadero, then north on Stage and return via Tunitas. No reason not to stick to the plan, and it gave me an opportunity to see what my legs and lungs could do.

You're never really sure how it's going to go until you get out there and face down the hill first-hand. You might feel sluggish, you might feel good, You just don't know for sure until you start climbing the hill, and even then, it might take a couple of minutes to know if you have it, or not. Even though you know this, you're still playing through the hill in your mind, before you get to it, thinking this is going to be a 24-minute climb or something like that. And that's pretty much exactly what I was thinking, in the few miles before Old LaHonda this morning, that it would be around 24 minutes. But, I hit the 3 minute timing point just a few seconds ahead, and the halfway timing point indicated I might get just under 22 minutes. Which, of course, I did. "Of course" because I'm nothing if not consistent or predictable; this 59-year-old body rarely pulls a rabbit (really fast time) out of a hat, nor does it unexpectedly fail to deliver the usual (semi-mediocre) effort.

No long stop at the Duck Pond for photos this trip, since I needed to get back as quickly as possible, but I did pause long enough to see the turtles are back, or at least one turtle, made nearly-invisible because it was covered in whatever-it-is that's growing on top of the pond. Then it was on to Haskins, which I hoped to get under 10, and did. It wasn't pretty; you'd think, on my own, that I could do it more-efficiently, instead of trying to keep up with someone else's pace. Doesn't seem to work that way.

"Lunch" in Pescadero was a Pepsi (they were out of Coke) and one of their oversized chocolate-chip cookies. Couldn't do a face test because it was too fresh (wouldn't hold shape) and tough to do by yourself. Then it was into the headwind heading north on Stage, which didn't seem as tough as expected.

Tunitas? The legs felt like they'd been done-in by the prior climbs, but you do what you gotta do. No tailwind to help with the climb, but I pushed anyway, and then, just a bit before the real climb starts, my Garmin tells me I'm approaching a segment and gives me my best prior time for that segment, and adds insult to injury by giving me a real-time indication of how I'm doing today vs then (how far ahead or behind at any given time, today showing times only in red, which doesn't mean you're doing well). Still, I finished the Tunitas climb in 47-something, so overall, it was a pretty good ride. Just got to figure out where and why those segments mysteriously appear as I ride!