

Chased but never caught (AltoVelo A-ride somewhere behind us)



Kevin not his usual self on West Alpine

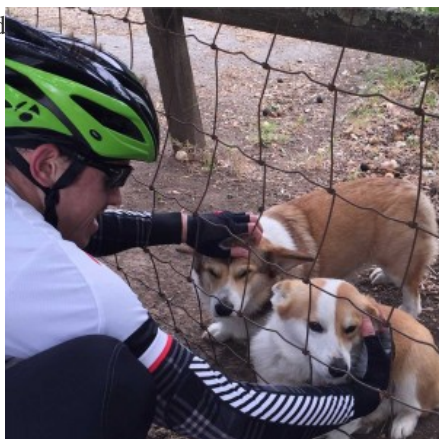
The plan was to hook up with the Alto Velo A-Ride and do the reverse-Pescadero loop. Nice plan, but when we got to the bottom of Old LaHonda for the rendezvous, just a bit early, Kevin didn't want to wait, so we just headed up the hill, figuring they'd catch up to us soon enough.



Traditional cookie "big as your face" test

But there's something about knowing that there are "dogs" chasing you... something that makes you go just a little bit harder. Me anyway. I figured they'd likely catch up to us on the long run to San Gregorio, but no, we stayed clear. We continued to stay clear on Stage Road, although I kept looking back across the valley to see where they might be. Figuring that we'd need to keep the food break at Pescadero short, no sandwich today, just a pastry plus half a cookie.

As is usually the case, I feel better as the distance increases, but it was still a bit of a surprise that I'd need to hold back a bit for Kevin on Haskins, and



mildly frustrating later on to see that, if I hadn't held up, I would likely have had my best Strava time up Haskins. West Alpine proved to be a "Bridge of Death" too far for Kevin, as he continued to fall off his normal torrid climbing pace. This was most-likely due to him not riding last Sunday, and made a bit worse because I got in quite a few more weekday miles than normal (when I rode to see the Tour of California stage near San Jose).

Fortunately the ride ended on a high note as Kevin spotted the two Corgis on Olive Hill near Canada.

And, by the way, "they" never passed us. We saw a few of "them" in Pescadero, but it looked like a pretty small group was doing AltoVelo's A-ride, likely with most if not all of the faster riders off doing a race somewhere.