

Very nice day, very short ride, started easy, ended hard



75 degrees on February 4th. Clean air too. Kind of ridiculous but awesome! Normally it would be a longer ride on a Sunday, out to the coast, or maybe up Redwood Gulch, something of substance. But Kevin had to catch an early train to see his girlfriend, and is still nursing a sore left leg from a slight fall he had on Thursday when trying to get past the closed gate at the base of Huddart. So, easy ride south through the foothills & back.

And it was easy, all the way to the southern-most point of the ride, the location of our former store in Los Altos. Yes, had to take a look and see if anything had moved in yet. No sign of life, still up for lease, and part of me hopes it stays vacant for quite a while. My life would have been a whole lot easier had the landlord been willing to make some concessions regarding staying there a while longer with reduced rent, and we would have had no issue with signage advertising the space was available for lease on short notice. But the past is the past, right?

Well, up to that point the ride had been easy. Not terribly adventurous, aside from a minor detour showing Kevin the "shortcut" path that [runs from the end of Robleda](#). It's not too challenging and OK on a road bike in dry weather. But about that return...

As I mentioned earlier, Kevin had a train to catch, and on Foothill, became something of a train engine himself. I don't know where his sore leg went; it was all I could do to stay on his wheel (and we picked up another guy on the way, who was also working hard to stay on the train). Kevin held that pace pretty much the full length of Foothill, thankfully letting up a bit, on request, for the climb up Sand Hill.

Yes, it was really nice to be in shorts, regular jersey, no legwarmers, no base layer, no long-fingered gloves. 75 degrees nice. Wow.