

Last ride of 2020; 2021 has got to be a better year!

My string of really strong climbs had to end someday, and today was that day. Actually my "Thursday" rides have had some issues lately; last Thursday my head wasn't in the game and I ended up bailing early, just after the climb through the park. Very unlike me, but some very unlikely stuff had been going on for a while and I let it get to me. This morning? It was Colin and Kevin and we started 20 seconds early, something never, ever done. We normally leave at 7:45 on the dot, but I was thinking maybe we could dispense with 2020 a bit sooner. It wasn't as cold as Tuesday, but maybe the dampness got to me. Breathing just wasn't going too well, and there's this thing about climbing where you kinda have to breathe.

Interesting how much warmer 38 feels than 33! Just 5 degrees, why is that such a big deal? What was a bit uncomfortable was slowly catching up to a group of three mountain bikers making their way up the hill, holding a pace where I was a bit concerned I could run out of gas after passing them. Hate that! But I was making fairly steady progress up the hill. Not like Kevin was though; he took off pretty hard, until he blew up at the wide open clearing. Still couldn't catch either he or Colin before the top though.

Heading down the other side of 84 Kevin pointed out a single large wild turkey, perhaps fitting at the end of a pretty ridiculous year. West Old LaHonda was quite beautiful, as you can see in the video at the top.