

Died on Page Mill, recovered nicely on Tunitas



It's not always about the cookie in Pescadero. Sometimes you make up the ride on the go; this was one of those times. Kevin didn't want to do the usual Pescadero/Tunitas; not really sure why, but it was kind of nice to ride past Old LaHonda without making that right turn up the hill. I'd thought about Page Mill, but didn't want to bring it up. Kevin's original idea was a short ride, up Old LaHonda and back via West Alpine, but I wanted something longer and Kevin went for Page Mill/San Gregorio/Tunitas.

Climbing Page Mill was the least fun I've had on a bike in a long time. Normally it's tough because it's difficult finding a rhythm; today it was tough just because... well, just because. I was sweating like crazy, constantly having to press my helmet against my headband, trying to squeeze out the salty water before it got to my eyes. Eye I should say; for some reason, it's only an issue on the right side of my head. Whatever the case, 53:20 was one of my slowest-ever times up Page Mill, and it's not like I wasn't trying. The engine room just couldn't deliver anything. Kevin actually stopped twice to wait for me.

Yes, I was thinking terrible things, like maybe I should just turn back, or find some other way to shorten the ride. But if a very long history of rides has taught me anything, it's that I generally feel much better later on, and today wasn't an exception. I did cheat though; the entire run to the coast on 84, I was glued to Kevin's wheel.

At San Gregorio we stopped for a coke and sandwich; not the usual coffee, as it wasn't the usual cold. First sandwich at San Gregorio I think? Not bad; turkey, cheese & lettuce. Leaving San Gregorio I didn't have that post-meal-sluggishness associated with the half-sandwich and pastry when in Pescadero.

There was a favorable breeze from the coast as we headed east on Tunitas, so I tried to "launch" Kevin so he could get a good time, but he didn't seem very interested. He finally ditched me just before the bridge of death (beginning of Strava's "Hammer of Thor" segment). I was determined not to fall apart on Tunitas, and succeeded; it was as different from my earlier climb up Page Mill as could be. And I managed to challenge the upper part too, and thought I did pretty well until I just looked up Kevin's time and found him a full minute faster. Hate that.

Overall a good ride.