

No photos, no proof... I know... straight from the movie Duel!

Argh. Normally I could care less about the camera I have mounted aft (I probably never used "aft" prior to taking my wife on a couple of cruises), but today... I've got a camera back there, part of the Garmin Vaira 715, but the problem is that it loops what it records, and holds less than two hour before it starts recording back over itself. Time to put a bigger card in that thing!

And what would I have been able to show with that video? Hard to believe, but slow as I am climbing Kings, there was an orange road maintenance truck that was very slowly climbing Kings behind me (OK, us, I was riding with Kevin), maybe a 200 meters behind. It felt like it was just gradually creeping up on us, and the noise it was making... you could hear it easily around the corners. It sounded just like the big old diesel tank truck from the movie Duel. If I'd been just a little bit faster, I could have gotten away from it. Just a little bit slower and I could have pulled off to the side of the road and let it go.

But no. That darned thing seemed perfectly matched for my capabilities today. This must have gone on for 10 minutes! Well seemed like that anyway, maybe it was just 5. Somehow we made it to the top still ahead of it, turned left on Skyline and never looked back. Seriously, I did not look back to see if hit the top, which in hindsight seems kind of strange? What I do know is that, after heading south, we couldn't hear it anymore. Thank goodness.

Today was a copy of Tuesday's ride, which I didn't write about. South on Skyline to the Skegg's parking lot (scenic overlook, which hasn't been very scenic the past 15 years or so as the trees have grown in), then reverse course, west on Swett Road down to Tunitas, and then head down Tunitas as far as the grassy knoll before turning around and heading back up Tunitas and down Kings.

It will be nice to include West Old LaHonda again, but that might have to wait until 84 is back in the game, which could be sometime late June we're hearing. Having the possibility of waiting 8 minutes for the signal on Old LaHonda to turn green cuts into our safety net for getting back in time pretty badly.

It's nice to have something to talk about (Duel) other than my breathing or how slow I am right now. Actually, it's encouraging that I could actually hear the truck over my breathing! Er, maybe not, that truck was REALLY loud.

So what's next? I keep thinking about doing the Santa Cruz loop, first Sunday where it's warm enough to not have to worry about leg warmers, base layers, and heated gloves. It's so far beyond my capabilities right now, but I can't let that stop me. And maybe it isn't. I can't climb fast, but I think I can still keep on going. And thinking back to Kevin's (younger Kevin) first Santa Cruz ride, I must be in at least as good a shape today as he was then, and he made it. So I can! But we had the benefit of Mr. Mustard at the top Highway 9 (Saratoga Gap), who's now been gone for what, 8 years? No coke or hot dog (ok, both, always both) at the 75 mile mark to fuel us the rest of the way home. Means taking that final stop in Boulder Creek really seriously, maybe bring a Coke with us up the hill.

Just checked the weather for the next two Sundays... whew, still too cold for the plan. :-)