A typical Tuesday or Thursday's biking log

- 6:55am- The alarm goes off. Actual not the alarm, but whatever the radio defaults to after a power outage. AM 600, where there is no station at all really, just some static. As I get out of bed, Jack, our psycho Welsh Corgi, gets very excited because he knows it's time to wake up Kevin, which involves a required ritual... Jack has to run from the end of the hallway and jump onto Kevin's door, kicking it open. Very important that Kevin's door can be pushed open or else we'll have one very damaged Corgi!

The next 30 minutes are devoted to getting Cytomax bottles ready, Kevin taking his epilepsy meds, coffee and something to eat (I generally don't eat before a morning ride unless it's over 50 miles), inflating tires, putting the Garmins on the bikes, etc.

- 7:30 the garage door rolls up and Kevin and I roll out to the ride.
- 7:40-7:43am we arrive at the start of the Tuesday/Thursday-morning ride, exchange plesantries with the others who show up and wait until the Garmin says it's-
- 7:45 at which we leave promptly. If someone's late, they chase.
- 7:54 and we're starting up Kings.
- 8:24 the last of us have arrived at the top. Usually, that's me.
- 8:38 Skyline sprint at Sky Londa
- 8:50 Starting up west-side Old LaHonda
- 9:02 Arrive at Skyline, head north to Sky Londa
- 9:05 Start 84 descent into Woodside
- 9:11 Arrive at bottom of 84; some make the right turn here to head back towards Palo Alto while the rest of us continue back to the start
- 9:18am Back at the start; leisurely pace north on Canada, then back home via Jefferson
- 9:31 Time for a shower!
- 10:25 Strap on the 14 pound backpack for a quick downhill 3 mile ride to work
- 10:34 Arrive at work in time to get things ready to open at 11am
- 7:30pm (approximate) Strap on 14 pound backback for the not-so-quick 3 mile ride home, which includes climbing 400 feet at the end.
- 7:45pm (approximate) arrive home completely out-of-breath because no matter how much I say I'm going to ride easy going home, it never happens because that's apparently not who I am.