

November in California, a pretty awesome time to ride



It wasn't going to be an easy ride for Kevin; the past couple weeks he's had colds, kidney issues, and, while I was off in Africa and he should have been riding... long story short, about three weeks since he'd done a "real" ride. That plus I got a nasty cold that peaked yesterday but I'm still dealing with it today (Kevin's finally getting over it), so sure, it wasn't the fastest "coastal classic" ever, but it was up there with the better ones. Gorgeous weather; really clear, temps from about 47 up to 63 (warmer out on the coast, which is pretty normal this time of year). Easy to dress for- just regular stuff plus a light baselayer and leg warmers. We brought along long-fingered gloves, just in case, but didn't need them.



Less than an hour from home and I've got roads like this to ride..

Lots of people out there. In Woodside, up Old LaHonda, even a fair number on the "other side" (west of Skyline). Easy enough pace up Old LaHonda that two people passed us (at 23:30 it was surprising it wasn't more!). The Duck Pond in LaHonda still needs water but at least it's surrounded by green, not brown. And it's always around that area that you realize it's going to be a good ride, no matter how you felt before. Not that we rode too quickly up Haskins, but the pace felt good, not really fast, but not sluggish. Good. Sometimes "good" is a pretty great feeling.



[Click for a larger view of the strange cloud formation. Maybe you had to be there...](#)

The usual stop in Pescadero for a sandwich and a coke, where we were kept company by a black cat we haven't seen before, and looked up into the sky to see an unusual cloud formation where everything seemed to be flowing west from a central point, radiating outward. As if the center of the universe was just over our heads. Yeah, I notice strange things sometimes! But check out the photo and see what you think.

Heading north on Stage Road was the usual headwind slog for the first part, but thankfully, there's no longer any relevance to the warnings about loose gravel.

No rush on Tunitas today, but there was some incentive to keep the pace up a bit when we came across some other unexpectedly-fast

cyclists and, you know the rules, if you pass someone, you have to stay ahead of them!

So we arrived home feeling pretty good about a ride where there was some concern we'd feel pretty bad. Not that that's every actually happened though; that's one of the amazing things about riding a bike. You almost always feel better as it goes along.
--Mike--