

Beautiful Thanksgiving Day ride; ironic to bonk on a day everyone celebrates food!



Very hard to believe it's going to be raining in a day or two. Equally hard to believe I managed to survive this ride; last night, I went to bed thinking there was very little chance I'd be out there. Something has hit me such that food "drains." But I felt good enough when I woke up to go through the required rituals, still not really believing I'd be doing the full ride though. Had to get out there, because this was, after all, "my" ride, I'd tried to publicize it here (not knowing that a problem with Wordpress was preventing people from seeing recent postings!), so I had to at least make an appearance. I thought about just sending Kevin on his own, but that wouldn't have happened, he would have chosen to sleep in.

Todd, Jim, Eric, Kevin and I set out from the usual place at the usual time, discovering that it can get pretty cold this time of year in Woodside! Just over 35 degree cold. Old LaHonda was at a moderate 24 minute pace, which was still pushing it a bit for me, and on Haskins I just tried to keep people in sight. It's not easy going on a tough ride without really having eaten for a day or two! Thankfully, we had Todd with us, pulling us in a heroic fashion on the flats. At Pescadero we stopped at the gas station/restaurant, the only place open in town, where I had a baby burrito at 9:33am. Hey, why not? It felt good to have something in my stomach! While Jim, Kevin and I were eating, Todd and Eric pushed on, never to be seen again (as if I was going to catch up to them on Tunitas?).

Yes, it felt good eating real food, but it wasn't doing much for me. Tunitas was HARD! Just going through the motions, one pedal in front of the other. But in the end I finished the usual "coastal classic" and collapsed on the couch, attracting the attention of other family members who thought I was on my deathbed. Nope. Just resting! It had to have been one of the toughest rides of my life. Probably feeling "bonked" for nearly 40 miles. I have no idea how the professionals manage to get sick in a stage race and keep on going, without getting eliminated by the time cut. They're made of tougher stuff than me!