

Rode 92 to Half Moon Bay just because you can...



Riding over Highway 92 to Half Moon Bay is not on the recommended ride list for... much of anybody. Why would you do it? It's busy, it's loud, and as you approach Half Moon Bay, the shoulder becomes non-existent. So why do it? Because you can. Because the road belong to everybody, because for at least a few more years you're strong and fast enough, and also because you want to see how your son handles not-so-great riding conditions. And, thankfully, it's only a couple miles that are like that.

Today's ride headed north on Canada, over 92 to Half Moon Bay, then south on Highway 1, Verde, and a connection with Tunitas via Los Lobitos cut-off. But instead of heading up Tunitas and home (which would have been a very short ride), we headed back to the coast and, at San Gregorio, east to LaHonda. Lunch at the Pioneer Market (pre-made \$5 sandwiches which were actually pretty good)(and, of course, a Coke).

West Alpine was next on the list, but not before the usual detour past the Duck Pond which, as you can see, had some pretty strange color stuff floating on top of the water! It was the color of rust at the near end, changing to sorta-green as it went on. Didn't seem to bother the ducks any!

West Alpine? Well, at 47 minutes, it was nothing to get too excited about, but it felt pretty good.

Everything about this route is pretty nice except for the Highway 92 part, but even that isn't all that bad, and probably nicer than people have in most parts of the country. We're pretty badly spoiled here!