

Now I am the Master, Kevin is the student! This, too, shall pass...



We stop for Corgis! This guy is on Olive Hill, right near Canada. Two Corgis actually, but this guy is a bit friendlier. Great way to approach the end of the ride (3 miles to go).

Last week's ride had Kevin feeling a bit under the weather (kidney pain issues) so it was a bit on the slow side. Today I wanted to try the same ride again, and see if we could get back up to normal speed.

It started out hopefully, as Kevin rode strongly up Old LaHonda, maybe 4 minutes faster than last Sunday, clocking a 20:something. Me, meh, about a minute behind, and not feeling too badly about that. Nice ride down the back side, seeing JeffZ, someone we see nearly every Sunday, always in the other direction as he's one of those "early" people, while Kevin and I are firmly in the "later" camp. JeffZ also happens to be a customer, with a Trek Project One we sold him that's almost as bright as my Chain Reaction hi-visibility "kit" (shorts & jersey).

After passing by the duck pond, which is looking pretty darned weird lately (heavy plant growth completely covering it, making it appear ducks could walk on it, rather than swim), we came to Haskins which, for some reason, Kevin really dislikes. And today he not only disliked it but wasn't showing anything near the speed he showed on Old LaHonda. Not sure why. The pattern was to repeat itself the remainder of the day, making it one of those extremely-rare outings where I was stronger on the climbs than he was.



Mandatory "does it cover your face" cookie test in Pescadero. It passed.

The usual great lunch in Pescadero, the usual mondo-sized cookie too. The run north on Stage Road was a bit nicer than usual because the headwind was just barely there.

And Tunitas? Slight tailwind as we headed east, something you just can't afford to waste, so I drove Kevin as hard as I could, but found myself getting ahead of him on the steeper parts and having to wait for a bit here & there. That almost never happens. A bit disappointing, as I was really feeling good, partly I think because I've taken myself off the meds my doctor prescribed for my

Reynauds Syndrome (ice-cold hands caused by circulation issues in the fingers). One of those things where you can read the list of possible side effects and say yeah, that one, that one too, oh yeah, that also. We'd chosen the particular medication because it was one of the few that wasn't supposed to affect heart rate (slowing it down), and that's true, it didn't appear to cause much trouble there. But it certainly did elsewhere, including anxiety and sleep issues, among other things I'd rather not discuss. Norvasc, for what it's worth.

Getting back to Tunitas, in the end, it was an OK time, but nothing to get too excited about. I'm looking forward to Kevin being up to full steam and me dying to keep up. Next Sunday, I'm sure!