France vs SF Bay Area, and why it feels so good to hurt

Today was our first "real" ride since coming back from France, almost two weeks ago. Life really got in the way; we got back so late Monday night that Tuesday-morning's ride didn't work out, did get to do Thursday's regular ride, and then Sunday I was off on a place to the midwest for 6 days, killing a whole lot more rides (but did get in a short ride with Kevin Sunday morning before leaving).

So today, yeah, I was really looking forward to something substantial, knowing that it likely wasn't going to feel all that great. Kevin and I opted for the usual reference ride, heading up Old LaHonda, over to Pescadero, and return via Tunitas. Lots of high-quality climbing. And, as expected, it was the climbing which felt most-comfortable. I'll admit that Kevin did drop me towards the top of Old LaHonda, and I'll also admit that wasn't too surprising. Still, my time was 22-something and I was thinking a 24 would be more-likely.

Of course, riding over Old LaHonda and down the other side, comparisons to France were inevitable, and seriously, our roads are pretty awesome here. Even heading out to Pescadero I'm thinking what a nice road, good pavement, very little traffic. And, in all seriousness, can anything compare to the Pescadero Bakery? While there, we came across a woman from Half Moon Bay who mentioned that she really enjoyed my posts from France.

Tunitas, now that was interesting. I felt really good on the steeper sections, while Kevin was in some difficulty. I did some intervals, pushing hard for a bit, then easing off and waiting for Kevin to catch up. As expected, when it leveled out towards the top, Kevin took off and it was all I could do to hold his wheel. Why he can put so many more watts to the pedals on the flatter part, I don't know.

About 58 miles, just under 6000 feet of climbing. One flat (a very rare thing for me, but I'd hit something off the sidewall of the rear tire in Woodside), and a suitably-high Strava "suffer" score. Good times on bikes!