

Almost just me again... almost!



I couldn't help but stop and admire the view, since Marcus had ridden not much past the top of Kings so the rest of the ride, this view, was all mine, with plenty of time to stop and take it all in.

Was I destined to ride both Tuesday & Thursday's rides alone? Seemed that way when nobody else showed up at the start this morning! Rode all the way out to Greer Road, working my way up to the back route through Huddart Park when Marcus came along.

That figures. The fastest climber in our group, with me, presently perhaps the slowest. When my son Kevin rides with Marcus, he later tells me of interesting conversations. Me? Anything is entirely one-sided, since the best I can get out are one-syllable answers to questions regarding Life, The Universe, and Everything. I didn't get much chance to continue a conversation "up top" since Marcus headed back home just a mile or two after the Kings climb (he lives up there).

The weather has certainly changed; today was the second ride in a row featuring leg warmers! Since this is the first day of October, that shouldn't be all that much of a surprise. On West Old LaHonda, you could even catch glimpses of virga, rain that doesn't quite make it to the ground, streaking downward from some clouds off the coast.

In the "interesting timing" department, I was thinking about the lack of rabbits on West Old LaHonda lately when one raced across the road directly in front of my wheel!

I arrived back at the start about 6 minutes later than would have been the case with a group, and since 6 minutes is pretty much exactly how much time I spent stopped on West Old LaHonda, taking photos and admiring the view, it seemed the universe was at least somewhat in order.