

First "real" ride since coming back; that was not easy!



I'd like to think that I could just jump onto a bike, no matter how out of shape I am, and "easily" ride a hilly 60 mile ride. Maybe not really fast, but without much trouble. Maybe I could, not that many years ago, but today, doing the "regular" coast ride, out to Pescadero and return via Tunitas... well, it wasn't very easy!

Kevin had no issues; he took off shortly from the start on Old LaHonda and finished in 19-something, giving him plenty of time to turn around and ride back down the hill a bit and watch me struggle the rest of the way up. Oh, to be 22 again. Or 23; his birthday's coming up shortly. Guess I should say "Oh, to be looking forward to a birthday again!"



This was the last time I'd finish a climb ahead of Kevin on this ride! He doesn't like Stage Road. Neither do I (but maybe I should?) Haskins wasn't so bad, and how could it be, with the Pescadero Bakery on the other side? Even Stage Road was a bit nicer than usual, because there was almost no headwind. And that final climb back up to Skyline, just past San Gregorio? That was the last time in the ride I had anything on Kevin. I don't like that climb, but it goes fairly well for me; maybe I should rethink my definition of hills I like!

And then there's Tunitas. We had a pretty good run-in to the start of the climb, maybe just a minute off what would be a fast "launch" up the hill. I held my own until just past the bridge of death, and then... well, that was about it for my legs. In a way, it felt good for my legs to be failing me, instead of my lungs.