

Just a few hours later and it wouldn't have been wet (or 35.8 degrees either!)



It wasn't that surprising when Kevin and I showed up for this morning's ride, finding nobody else there. It was (lightly) raining, it was (quite definitely) cold. We headed out, pretty easy pace, up the hill. I was hoping the temperature would go up a bit; instead it went slowly down as we climbed. We were quite surprised to see a guy heading down the hill, helmetless, in the rain.



Yes, it really was 35.8 degrees on Skyline, in the rain. Proof is shown on the Garmin display. The next surprise came just a few minutes later, just past the part where you get the nice view looking south towards Stanford. The other Kevin riding down the hill to meet us. Really didn't expect that; the other Kevin (pilot Kevin) is slightly more sensible than me, so I figured he'd be out swimming this morning, not riding his bike. He joined us for the rest of the run up Kings and south to 84, where we parted company; he stayed "up top" and did the West Old LaHonda loop, while we headed back down the hill. Before getting the idea that we wimped out while the other Kevin did the heroic thing, the other Kevin actually lives up on Skyline, so he ended up doing fewer miles and less climbing than we did. Which also means less descending in the cold!

About that cold. Rain isn't so bad. Cold isn't so bad. But rain & cold together can be nasty, and 35.8 degrees is definitely cold enough to be nasty! Thankfully it warmed up to a toasty 40 by the time we got to the bottom of 84, and once on Canada Road, just a couple miles to go, blue sky started showing up. By mid-day, the roads had dried up completely, and with that, whatever extra-credit we'd normally have received for riding in the rain & cold became null & void. Hate that. It's so much more satisfying when it storms through the whole day, and people ask "Did you really ride today?"