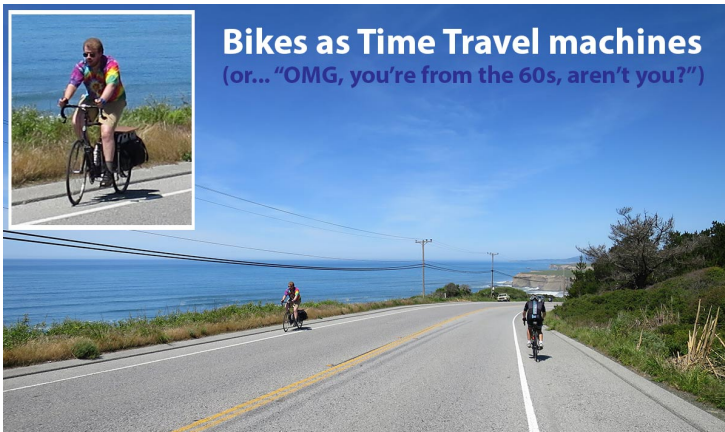


The long winter is OVER! But did we go back in time to the 60s?



This was the ride I've been waiting for. The emergence from a too-long winter, a winter in which I gained more weight than I should have, slowed down more than I should have, and frankly became more discouraged than I should have. Maybe all it took was a day when the temps reached into the low 80s?

It was also nice that Kevin's finally back up to speed, no mysterious pain issues, so he's got a good shot at being in pretty good shape right when he's going to end up spending a month off the bike due to his upcoming brain surgery (for his epilepsy). Kevin, of course, dusted me up Old LaHonda. Still, 22:12 for me is a lot better than I've been doing lately.

I followed that up with 9:41 on Haskins, which is just a handful of seconds away from being in my top-10 for that climb. I probably like Haskins better than most because, for reasons not easy to understand, I've almost always had the upper hand on my son on it. Today was especially nice because I got to turn the tables on Kevin, finishing far enough ahead of him that I had time to turn around at the top and ride back to him.



Missing in action, the Triceratops at the edge of this field, looking upon a Mastadon. Two odd things on the way to Pescadero though. First, seeing Kevin riding "in the drops" (holding onto the lower part of the bars) for several minutes. That is so rare that it might be a sign of an upcoming apocalypse. Second, the field with the nearly-lifesize Mastadon & Triceratops? They're gone! For some time the Mastadon had been on its side, likely waiting for the end of the rain so it could be put upright without falling over again. But today, neither were there. First, we lose the "Machine Gun Man" sculptures on Stage Road. Now this. What's next?

Lunch at Pescadero was, as usual, the excellent chicken club at Arcangeli Bakery, with mandatory oversized cookie and a coke. Now that it's warm again, no need for coffee! My final moments to shine were on the three Stage Road bumps, all of which, again, were just a handful of seconds away from a personal top-10. It was on the Highway 1 descent to Tunitas that we spied the escapee from the 60s, seen in the photo at the top of the page.



Kevin and the Olive Hill CorgisTunitas, of course, was another thing entirely. I did a pretty good job along the bottom (flatter) section, even having to wait for Kevin a couple of times. But as soon as it got steep, boom, he was gone. At least I didn't completely fall apart on the climb, motivated by dogs behind me (riders trying to catch me) and rabbits ahead (riders to try and chase down).

Speaking of dogs, one of the highpoints of our Sunday rides is seeing the Corgis on Olive Hill Road. We pass by their place twice each Tuesday & Thursday morning, but they're never out then, only on Sundays. Nice pair of dogs. The only thing better than seeing the Corgis toward the end of the ride is seeing the Corgis **and** a lemonade stand on Canada Road! No such luck today, just the Corgis. Could be the lemonade stand kids were caught off-guard by the pleasantly-warm weather! --Mike--