

31.6 degrees? Really?



A bit less left of this tree on West Old LaHonda after the last big storm. After Sunday's surprising ride, where I found some of my power coming back, this morning was a bit of a letdown. Frankly, my body just doesn't like cold, and cold is how the ride started. 31.6 degrees cold. Sure, it warmed up as we began climbing Kings, but I just didn't have those feelings of power that I had just two days prior.

Just Marcus and younger Kevin with me today; older (pilot) Kevin was off to Hong Kong or Sydney, I don't remember which. I lasted just past the park entrance before watching the two of them slowly ride away.

Days like this are especially pretty on West Old LaHonda, and yet Kevin had wanted us to head straight back down 84 because he was worried about getting some things done in the morning. Probably a good thing we continued on, because 84 was backed up all the way to the intersection when we first passed by. The only time we passed by, because seeing that backup, we decided, likely wisely, to head back down Old LaHonda. No, it's not a great descent, too narrow to get any speed, and too twisty to see oncoming traffic until it's right in front of you.

Sad to think it's time to get back on the rain bikes shortly!