

A morning a bit out of kilter



An interesting morning! I woke up not just in a fog, but... well yes, I was pretty much in a fog! Not really a fog but it was dark & gray out there, with some moisture on the pavement. Surely next week's rain hadn't come early? Funny thing though; getting on the bike, I didn't feel like I had to worry about keeping up with Kevin. For the first time in ages, I felt stronger than I expected to be.

Just one other person with us today, the other Kevin (Pilot). He'd had a really tough ride yesterday and was showing it today. As much as my legs felt like they wanted to go, I held back and stayed with the pilot. Since it was Thursday, we rode up through the park... and that nasty initial steep part, the one where I die? I didn't die. I felt good. But for the nearly 40 years I've been doing this ride, I've always made sure nobody was left alone at the back, and that wasn't going to change today, just because I felt good.

About 2/3rds of the way up the hill we were passed by a young lady; Strava's "flyby" feature identified her as someone who, according to her ride notes, crashed later in the day while descending Old LaHonda. You can see her ride (and the photo showing her torn up kit) here. [here](#)

West Old LaHonda is still there, no obvious change in condition. The only thing particularly unusual this morning was a really long wait at the one-lane section of 84. About 15 minutes of waiting. We're likely going to take the detour using Skywood to get around the first (and longer) of the two work zones, hopefully saving some time.

Well, as much as I felt pretty darned good this morning, it wasn't good enough keeping up with younger Kevin heading home over Jefferson. We were doing a pretty good clip, with me very close to the limit, when all of a sudden Kevin just takes off. I mean vroom, twists the accelerator and leaves me in the dust! If I'd had any warning, I might have done a bit better trying to keep him in sight. Maybe next time.