

Each mile better than the last (good thing, since the first felt pretty bad!)



The last few days I've had a pretty nasty sore throat, which turned into laryngitis, and after a long day of trying not to talk much at the shop Saturday (but failing miserably at that since it's tough to work with customers without talking), I was not in great shape, just kinda squeaking and croaking and discovering that it's not just hard to talk when you have laryngitis, but forcing yourself to talk really causes some lasting pain! So come this morning and I really wasn't sure what I'd be up to. Making matters more interesting was Kevin having a really nasty headache, so it was just me, heading out for, what, maybe a 10 mile ride?



The "new" duck pond above Portola Valley! Worth the ride up Joaquin? Depends how you like duck ponds. :-) Like I said, that first mile was tough. I was thinking I'd be heading out to Woodside and then turn back. But the next mile was easier, and soon I was thinking sure, just do the loop. It was tough passing Old LaHonda and not heading up, but I didn't see that as an option. Yet it continued to get easier as I rode, so I decided to play a game with myself and do a bit of climbing while forcing myself to stay in the saddle, thinking that might keep my effort down to a reasonable level. Which would be fine except that I decided what the heck, let's do Joaquin (aka "Walking Joaquin" at the end of Alpine Road). Ouch. But not deathly ouch.

From there I started heading back towards Woodside, still feeling better and better. What the heck, let's detour up Old LaHonda! Again, staying completely in the saddle the whole way (not my style). Slow, yeah (26 minutes) but nice. Great view on the other side, then back over 84 into Woodside.

Only 36 miles total, but that's about 26 more than I was thinking at first, and by the top of Old LaHonda, heck, I felt like I could have just kept heading out to the coast and doing Tunitas! But reason prevailed.