

32 degrees felt nicer than expected

The day didn't start out the way I'd have liked. Pretty restless the night before, so not much sleep, which I really thought would get to me but, surprisingly, I woke up feeling not-so-bad. Everything was going well; I'd gotten all the really-cold-weather gear out the night before, did the coffee thing and started out on the bike... and it wouldn't shift. Di2 battery 100% dead, for reasons unknown. A rare self-discharge issue. So, back to the garage, get the rain bike, remove the fenders, move the lights and computer over, switch shoes, and, leaving the house a good 12 minutes late, text Kevin (pilot) just in case he's there, waiting for me, and suggest he ride back toward me, riding over Jefferson. Which he did.

Met up with a guy named Brian who was taking it easy today; Cat 3 racer who younger Kevin could likely have fun with. Today, I had no problem for the first half of the climb, despite the cold (32 degrees), but the two of them (Brian and Kevin) gradually started riding away from me as the climb continued. I finished probably a minute or two down on them at the top, but felt better than I usually do on the rain bike, and the cold? It just didn't feel that bad. I was quite surprised.

Had to head directly down 84 since I was running so late; Kevin (pilot) had to do West Old LaHonda on his own. Guessing it was beautiful.