

## Ride more, post less... that would be fine, but riding the same, just posting less = bad



I was asking Kevin last night if he remembers the last Tuesday/Thursday morning ride we didn't have to wear leg warmers. Nope. Already too distant a memory. Maybe 6 weeks ago? That might be something to keep track of, from year to year. The last two weeks seem to have defined the move from warmer to cooler weather; Sunday's ride to the coast, even though we didn't leave until 11am, was still well-served by both leg warmers and long-sleeve base layer! And it's only... oh, wait, it's the 3rd week of October, just a week away from November. So yeah, it's time.

Sunday's ride was shortened significantly from the plan; the idea was to do a semi-ambitious reverse-Pescadero with West Alpine as the finale. Unfortunately it wasn't more than 100 meters up Old LaHonda before it became apparent Kevin's knee wasn't up to the challenge; we shortened the 67 mile ride to just 45 miles, taking 84 all the way out to the coast and then back home via Tunitas. No accomplishments, other than the these-days-rare sighting of me pulling Kevin along, instead of the other way around.

Things turned around quickly for Kevin this morning. Just three of us out there; myself, Kevin & JR. Kevin and I led up Kings from the start, but a bit before the park entrance I peeled off to wait for JR. Kevin went on, pushing pretty hard and ended up with about 26 minutes, 30 seconds, leaving me to wonder how well I might have done had I held onto his wheel longer and kept pushing once dropped.

Cold? I wouldn't say "cold" but just, well, a bit cold. OK, cold. Actually used toe warmers. Didn't drop below 42, but heck, we haven't seen 42 in maybe half a year? We were comfortably dressed for it, much more so than some of the other people we saw out on the road at the start, no leg warmers, no base layers.

But it was beautiful. The fog burned off before we got to it, and the coast, as you can see, was clear.