

That stuff about California having a "brown" season? It's real



Following Jeff's wheel on West Old LaHonda on a very, very brown day. Finally, a morning not all to myself. George and MikeS (not sure if he's ridden with us before; might have been some time ago) heading up the hill, with George falling off a bit while MikeS powered on ahead. I was kinda sorta happy getting a 29-something. Oh, almost forgot, the orange bullet (JeffZ) that flew past me about halfway up the hill.

Weird temps; nicely cool at the bottom, 59F, but a strong inversion layer around 900ft kicked it up to 75 in a hurry. Still, way cooler than the past few rides! At the top of Kings we waited for George... and waited... and waited... but after 6 or 7 minutes we decided it was time to move on because, after all, it's not like he doesn't know his way home. MikeS accompanied Jeff and I to West Old LaHonda and continued onward to the coast for a return via Tunitas... except he didn't. He got not too far west on 84 before realizing the smoke was getting too thick and turned back, but never catching up to us... which would have been really tough since JeffZ was driving the pace.

In the end I was left alone to descend into Woodside and head home as JeffZ continued north on Skyline to descend Kings.