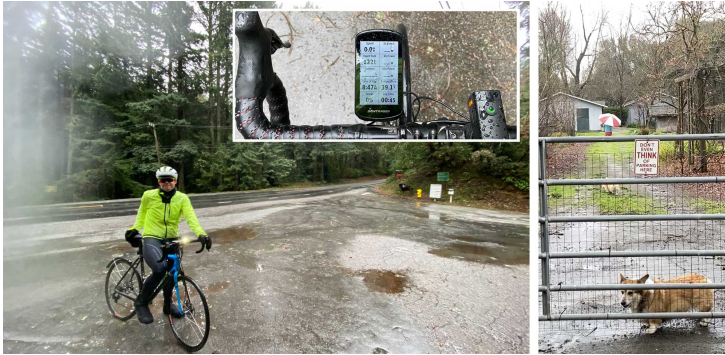


Were we the only ones riding this morning?



Last night it was easy to not feel like riding this morning was going to be fun. Taking out the garbage in the rain, feeling the bite of the cold, and it wasn't really THAT cold, maybe 48? But riding in the rain & cold just didn't seem like something that made sense; if you couldn't stay warm taking out the garbage, how would you handle getting onto a bike and heading out into mid-40s rain, shortly after getting up?



We stopped a mile into the ride to correct Kevin's glove faux pas; he had the gloves over the jacket, not under. You don't want to channel water into your gloves!

And yet, somehow, it all works. I really don't understand the how of it. Maybe it's the preparation? The four layers up top, the thermal tights, the toe warmers, the booties. But is it really going to work? It was going to be raining the whole ride so I even went so far as neoprene gloves (which don't feel all that great on your hands). But- it didn't feel that bad. We hit a couple of squall lines along the way, periods of really heavy rain, but for the most part it was normal stuff (normal rain) and very little wind. It wasn't fast; about 40 minutes up Kings, via the park. And it wasn't long; the temperature was gradually decreasing as we headed up the hill, and the general rule of thumb, when raining, is to head back when it gets below 40. And at the top of Skyline, we saw 38.7.

So back down Kings we went, shortening the ride to just 18 miles or so. But it was a surprisingly good 18 miles, and one of the very few rides in a bazillion years where we saw not a single other cyclist. Not one. But, we did see Corgis.